

THE
FORTNIGHTLY

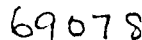
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A CASUAL ENGLISH visitor to the 'House of Europe' at Strasbourg, as he strolls along the corridors adjacent to the Assembly Hall, may well stop short and smile when he observes on the door of one of the office-rooms the bilingual legend—"*Questeur—Serjeant-at-Arms*". The *questeurs* in the French Parliament are three members of the Bureau specially charged with the administrative and financial arrangements of their Chamber, whereas Strasbourg's "Serjeant-at-Arms", who happens to be an Italian, is an official exclusively concerned with questions of security and accommodation. This Westminster touch belongs to the parliamentary frills and furbelows with which the Consultative Assembly is decked. The Clerk of the Assembly (*Greffier*), now a high official of the Secretariat (Italian)—following the misconceived experiment in 1949 of importing Lord Crampton (Sir Gilbert as he was then) from the House of Commons—is served, during the sessions of the Assembly, by a posse of Parliamentary officers, from London, Brussels and Paris, who are temporary members of the Council's Secretariat. Incidentally, the House of Commons clerks have, blithely, sought to introduce into the English terminology of this traditionless body the at times archaic idiom of our ancient legislature: for example, an amendment is not adopted but agreed to, it is not negatived (or rejected) but disagreed to! Procedure, be it said, is emphatically more on Continental than British lines. Such Parliamentary excursions at all events mark the Strasbourg Assembly off distinctly from the international conference on the United Nations pattern.

The Consultative Assembly is, however, of course, not a Parliament in any real acceptance of the term ; there is no Government responsible to it, no administration over which it can exercise control ; nor, as far as one can see ahead, is it likely to acquire authentic parliamentary status. The Representatives from the 15 different countries, are indeed, with one or two exceptions, members of their national Parliaments ; but they have no mandate from their electors to ' speak European ' , they are representative only of a hypothetical European opinion. In the original blue print devised by the Committee for the Study of European Unity, there is believed to have been a suggestion that as many as a third or a quarter of the national team might be

chosen from outside Parliament. That the Representatives should be chosen *by* the various legislatures, on the other hand, has been established dogma all along on the Continent, to which, however, Britain's spokesmen vigorously demurred. The Statute, consequently, left the matter to the discretion of the Governments, and it is only recently that the Assembly has persuaded the Committee of Ministers to alter the text so as to give sanction to the original idea. There exists, after all, a fetishism about 'Parliament' on the Continent no less than in Britain—only they are two different cults. One sometimes feels indeed that this difference between the conception of the rôle of Parliament held instinctively by the Englishman, on the one hand, and Continental democrats on the other, accounts for many of the difficulties under which the Council of Europe is labouring.

However that may be, it is as a would-be European Parliament, remember, that the Strasbourg areopagus made its bow to the world. The Council of Europe was indeed sired by the Foreign Ministers composing the Consultative Council of the Brussels Treaty Organization; but its dam was the International Co-ordinating Committee of the Hague Congress, which, with a burning desire for the democratic process, in its zeal for European Union, in 1948, had hitched its waggon to the notion of a representative European Assembly. The assumption was that 'Free Europe' could demand nothing less. And it was only under pressure from the more prudent national bureaucracies that this aspiration was whittled down to the more modest demand for a consultative or deliberative Assembly such as exists. The French and Belgian Governments, it may be recalled, in September 1948 sponsored the latter proposal.

The late Mr. Bevin, himself never a good House of Commons man, saw no good in such an irresponsible, not to say irresponsible, body. His mind was set upon inter-governmental collaboration for the achievement of Western Union, as in the Brussels Treaty Organization, the O.E.E.C. and the prospective Atlantic alliance, and he was prepared to accept no more than a Council of Ministers for Europe (for an experimental period of five years) which would in fact have been merely a segment of the United Nations organization. How the 18 sages of the advisory Committee in Paris contrived to marry these two disparate conceptions, and how Mr. Bevin's resistance was eventually overborne by his Brussels Treaty colleagues belongs to history. But it is certainly relevant now to recall that from the first the Committee of Ministers was regarded in the chancelleries as the senior, and effective, partner, and the Assembly, by which Strasbourg is known to the public at large, was looked upon by the policy-makers as, at best, wurzelflummery, at worst a positive nuisance which must not be allowed to interfere with the rotation of

the well-lubricated inter-governmental wheels.

The two bodies have now shaken down into a tolerable régime of co-existence, and the Chairman-in-office of the Committee of Ministers, M. Stikker, when he delivered his report to the Assembly last May, skilfully applied the balm in reminding his hearers that the growth of the European parliamentary democracies has been effected largely by the inter-play of two major elements, a charter plus unwritten parliamentary procedure, the inference being that Strasbourg, slowly but surely, would develop in the same way. But, in fact, there is no disposition now, on the part of the British Government, and those which take their cue from London, the three Scandinavian countries—and Ireland (*mirabile dictu*), any more than there was in 1949, to allow the Consultative Assembly to acquire legislative or executive powers. The Assembly, oddly enough, which would fain be a Parliament, and, in any case, has real value as a forum for discussion, has devoted most of its energies to constructing designs for a European Government! And the Ministers have consistently blocked the road with the reminder that contemporary forms of association of States, including the Council of Europe, leave responsibility where, at the present stage of development, it belongs—with the Governments of the individual States answerable to the national Parliaments. As Mr. Morrison observed when leading the Labour group of Representatives at the 1949 Assembly, the procedure of co-operation at Government level, of voluntary partnership in common tasks, is the only one for which any Government has a mandate from the electorate.

This background is essential to an understanding of the stubborn British resistance to the slap-happy enthusiasm of the Continental parliamentarians with their continual schemes for establishing, by recommendations and resolutions galore, a tightly-woven European polity. Not that Britain's spokesmen, up to now, have gone about their 'debunking' job very tactfully! The representatives of the Labour Government, having consistently missed their cue on the Strasbourg stage, because of insularity, on the one hand and, be it said, petty jealousy of Mr. Churchill, finally nailed their colours to the mast of 'external association', that curious formula which Mr. de Valera invented as a solvent of Anglo-Irish difficulties. And, as we have seen at the Assembly which has just ended, the Conservative Government have found it impossible, as things are, to go beyond this formula. The difference is mainly one of temperature—as Mr. Boothby said, "a warm douche instead of a cold douche."

The recent meeting of the Consultative Assembly—the second part of the Third Session—was a perfect illustration of the moonbeam-chasing to which not a few Continental politicians, when they get to Strasbourg, are addicted. Because their mental training has been

grounded in *le droit* and half-baked political philosophy, and because of the strong federalist strain in the movement for 'European Union', the French and Italian Representatives, in particular, persist in the attempt to create some sort of executive body for Europe which should over-ride national policies and considerations. 'Kim' Mackay, it may be recalled—thereby completely unrepresentative of the Labour Party (and of British opinion)—had contrived a year ago a variant of this in his Protocol for the Amendment of the Statute, designed to confer on the Assembly law-making powers. The latest idea is a sort of combination of both proposals: the appointment of High Commissioners for various spheres of activity by conventions drawn up in Strasbourg even if applicable only to a limited number of countries, as, for example, the six States that have participated in the conferences on the Schuman Plan and the European Army project. In fact, this motion of partial functional federation does not prosper because, Britain having made her position crystal-clear, the very sponsors of the schemes for little Europe in the end run away from them; in plain language, France is unwilling to be left inside a cage with Germany. What these zealots for European Government do not appear to recognize is that even if a resolution to federate were adopted unanimously by the Assembly at Strasbourg, there still remains the long and difficult task of convincing the parliaments of the Member States that the resolution be accepted. There remains the British difficulty, which is a very real one. M. Spaak and others were right enough in reiterating time and again that Britain is, in terms of up-to-date strategy and economics, an integral part of Europe. The point is, however, that the concept of 'Europe', in the world of to-day, if it is to have any real meaning, must comprise the Continent *plus* Britain and the Commonwealth countries, if not the whole sterling area. The British, on the other hand, are right in maintaining that federation, open or disguised, is not the only road to European—or Atlantic—unity.

Yet in one main particular, of course, the British depreciators of Strasbourg are abundantly right—in their instinct that Europe by itself, still less western Europe, is not a significant grouping in the world of to-day; all the major problems have an 'Atlantic' or wider setting. It has taken the champions of 'European Union' in the context of Strasbourg over two years to realize this prime and essential fact. The main feature of the hurried First Part of the 1951 Assembly in May, it may be recalled, was the proposal for a joint discussion between members of the Assembly and members of the U.S. Congress. Lord Layton's mission to Washington bore fruit, and the talks only took place on November 19 and the following days, just a week before the opening of the Second Part of this year's Assembly.

A palaver of this kind, even so, suggests little more than a replica of the kind of discussions that take place under the auspices of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. In what, then, does the Consultative Assembly differ from the latter? In other words, given the hard fact that the Committee of Ministers, whether we like it or not, is the flywheel of the Council of Europe machinery, what exactly to-day after two and a half years, is meant by the Strasbourg gospel: "What is the 'form'?"

* * * * *

The paramount need for the Pax Americana, for the acceptance of United States leadership of the west, in the world as it is to-day, speaks for itself. Without this "roof of security", as Mr. Bevin called the Atlantic Treaty, no political structure in Europe, and certainly not the British Commonwealth of nations, could survive the pressure from the east. One by one the peoples of the Old World would be succumbing to the siren voices of Communism. Britain's Labour Government, for all the vituperation about Mr. Churchill's Fulton speech, perforce, clung to this life-line: it was precisely for lack of a common Anglo-American policy that Britain suffered the *débâcle* of Abadan. But, on the other hand, in the hearts and minds of all who live, move and have their being on this side of the Atlantic 'there'll always be a Europe.' It should not have been left to General Eisenhower (in his Independence Day speech) to proclaim that the union of Europe was essential not only as a bulwark against Russia but to preserve European independence *vis-à-vis* America.

Politics in the broadest and deepest sense—and it is, after all, as a political challenge that Kremlinism has to be met and defeated—is in the last analysis not a matter of military strategy or economic strength but of psychological *élan*. And in that respect, let us admit, the enemy still has the advantage. It is unhappily true that the west, as a whole lacks the spur of moral idealism, that *mystique*, as the French would say, which alone can secure effective action and victory. Consciousness of Atlantic unity, among ordinary men and women is bound to be a plant of slow growth. Thus, a certain *accidie* is endemic on the Continent, partly because of the appeal of Communism itself to the ordinary man's yearning for peace and his selfish impulses, partly because the social pattern lacks the coherence and integration of Britain's Welfare State—and partly, be it said, because of a certain inherent distrust of, and refractoriness towards, American ways. The last is conspicuous, of course, in the case of France, whose rôle remains decisive. Hence the moral necessity of the European 'myth'.

For this reason alone the existence of the Council of Europe, and, specifically, the Consultative Assembly as a forum where the nations'

problems can be placed in their European setting, is in itself a most valuable asset, even though its activities might seem at present to contribute nothing to the sum total of actual achievement. (Sneers at another 'talking-shop' are misplaced; that is precisely what it is meant to be.) Here, in Strasbourg, is a noble nationalism-transcending cause to live and work, and, if necessary, die for, without which all the elaborate paraphernalia of NATO committees and paper planning are vain. When Mr. Churchill, in August 1950, introduced in the Consultative Assembly his motion for the creation of a 'European Army' he gauged exactly what was the need of the hour. He made it clear in his speech that there was no question of proceeding without the full collaboration of the United States and Canada, no idea of undermining the Atlantic Treaty Organization. He was simply using the forum of Strasbourg to ventilate the popular dissatisfaction and dismay concerning the actual military unpreparedness which the Korean crisis had floodlit. And he was at the same time testifying, in the presence of the first independent German delegation at a post-war conference, to the need for welding the German Federal Republic, in the most positive and concrete way, into the comity of the west. (The Schuman Plan, which had the same objective, was then no more than a project.) It was a triumph of psychology and timing, a shot in the arm which acted, for a time at any rate, as a very necessary tonic to the whole European body politic. Only party-political myopia could have represented it as a "stunt". Six weeks later, indeed, the Council of the Atlantic Treaty Organization itself, in its blue print for integrated defence, set out on the course which had been charted. And, a year later, we had Mr. John Strachey blandly proclaiming that, after all, the French (who, of course, seized on the idea) were right. There was no other way of grappling with the German problem.

In the meantime, however, Britain's official spokesmen were busily engaged in contracting out of the 'making of Europe', on one specious plea or another, only to be jolted back into line by the Americans themselves. Now, in deference to the British Government's susceptibilities, the formula, sponsored by the three Powers at their Washington meeting on September 14, was :

the inclusion of a democratic Germany, on a basis of equality, in a *continenta* European community, which itself will form part of a constantly developing Atlantic community.

The new 'boss-word' is community, as with the coal and steel pool with Britain on the side-lines.

Admittedly the British attitude towards European integration which is resented on the Continent and incomprehensible to Americans was never just a matter of Transport House ignorance and prejudice

Distrust of the Continent goes deep in the average Englishman and was reinforced in the present instance by the Labour Party dogma of 'no entanglements' lest they involve interference with Britain's egalitarian 'national' socialism—fair shares, full employment and all that. And one must certainly not underrate the effect of differing experience. In the quaint phrase employed by Labour's white-headed boy, Mr. Anthony Crosland, Britain "has avoided the despairing disillusionment with the nation-State" which the experience of invasion or defeat has brought about in the Continental countries.* That no country on this side of the Atlantic can stand alone, can call itself 'independent' from the economic or defence point of view is in fact elementary realism. What does not follow is that—to borrow (unkindly) Mr. Attlee's phrase of 1939 "Europe must *federate* or perish." The British at Strasbourg—and this applies to Conservative as well as Labour representatives—have made a valuable negative contribution in blowing away the froth of 'federation'. Why it should have ever been thought that this eighteenth-century device would be applicable to the political, economic and social conditions of to-day, passes the wit of man to comprehend. The only charitable explanation, which happens to be the right one, is that the zealots of European Union at Strasbourg who use the term do not mean what they say. Frenchmen, from M. Herriot downwards, will be found to use the term for the project of closer unity as loosely as did M. Briand in his original proposal for a United States of Europe at the League of Nations Assembly in 1929. (M. Schuman, in his pronouncement, last autumn, was just as much a sinner.). What is meant, presumably, is that it is up to European statesmanship, with its political maturity, by comparison with America, and its vastly more urgent need, to find some way of breaking with the conference system with its hallowed right of veto which is inherent in inter-governmental co-operation.

Let us see how this has worked out at the Council of Europe. The Committee of Ministers, in August 1949, consulted the Assembly on the question whether any changes might be necessary in the political structure of Europe to achieve greater unity. The answer it got, by a unanimous vote of the Assembly, was that the problems of common interest to the States of Europe could not be solved within the framework of the present structure; and the Assembly went on to state that the aim and goal must be the creation of "a European political authority with limited functions but real powers." That is still to-day the pure milk of the Strasbourg gospel. The divergences have been, and are, on the methods and on the pace of development. To the ingenuous—or disingenuous—federal doctrine the British (and their Scandinavian satellites) opposed the 'functional' approach.

* Article in *The Political Quarterly*, April-June, 1951.

When the latter had successfully routed the constitution-mongers, including the 'Little Europeans' who advocated going ahead without Britain, two avenues were explored. All manner of suggestions were made for the revision of the Statute, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, there was the plan for union by sectors or 'functional union' through a cluster of so-called specialized authorities on the pattern of the Schuman Plan. Mr. Mackay's ambitious protocol for the revision of the Statute has perished by the wayside, but the notion of a supranational authority in this or that particular sphere of common concern holds the field. Without any great enthusiasm the Committee of Ministers has given its blessing to the idea of specialized authorities, and agreed in principle to another suggestion of the Assembly for the conclusion of "partial agreements" among some but not all of the Members of the Council. It remains true that the specialized authorities—for coal and steel, for a European Army, for agriculture and for transport—are tending to develop outside the Council, for the very good reason that the 'founding fathers' in their wisdom, in 1949, did not want mere parliamentarians, representing nobody but themselves, to concern themselves with the major issues of economic policy and defence, to pry into the mysteries of O.E.E.C. and the Western Union or Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Since the political field is thus barred, mainly owing to the detachment of Britain, the principal activity of the committees of experts is—with the notable exception of the Convention for the Protection of Human Rights—in social, refugee and cultural questions or on trivia, like the standardization of passports or a European postage stamp. Failing attempts to secure convention-making powers for the Council and to endow it with executive functions in some shape or form, the efforts of the selected, not elected, parliamentarians at Strasbourg must necessarily be directed to developing the consultative functions of the Assembly (for, in fact, it is rarely if ever consulted by the Ministers, who, naturally, prefer tame experts), to clarifying the relationship of specialized authorities with the Council and, last but by no means least, to bringing about a merger with the Council of the O.E.E.C. and what remains of the Brussels Treaty enterprise.

Is the idea that existing inter-governmental collaboration can be made subject to democratic control through the Consultative Assembly a will-o'-the-wisp? It is too early to say. What one can, and must, say in all honesty is that the control will not be by parliamentary process, properly speaking. Well-wishers of the unique pilot project of 'European Union' at Strasbourg, may hope at any rate that it will, after two years, learn to eschew fiction and fancy and to concentrate upon the job that a body of this kind can do—which is to create, in the several countries, through fulfilling its function as a forum, an effective 'European' climate of opinion.

ENGLAND AS AN EX-WORLD POWER

BY J. H. HUIZINGA

JEAN Servan Schreiber has recently described Great Britain as "America's satellite *par excellence*", basing this unflattering characterization on his belief in John Bull's utter economic dependence on Uncle Sam. Possibly there is exaggeration in this view, but what can hardly be denied and is even beginning to be recognized in Britain itself is that this country is indeed no longer capable of independent action in the field of foreign policy. Recent events in Persia have demonstrated that only too clearly. For when it came to the point where the object of policy could only be achieved by falling back on the ultimate sanction of force, Britain could not decide independently whether the game was worth the candle that might only too easily have set the whole world aflame but had to abide by the judgment of Washington. That is to say, while she is still strong enough to defend her remaining positions of power by force, she is no longer strong enough to take the attitude of "damn the consequences". Wherever in our highly combustible world the sanction of force threatens to upset the international balance of power and hence to result in world war or even in a loss of territory in the cold war, Britain must obtain the consent of America which alone is strong enough to win such a war for her before she can safely resort to this *ultima ratio* of all foreign policy.

It is a strange paradox that because the British are still by far the strongest of America's European allies they are made to feel their dependence on Washington more frequently and acutely than any other member of the western community. Luxemburg, to take one of the smallest, hardly feels this dependence just because it has no imperial outposts whose defence raises questions of global strategy in which America must inevitably have the last word. The Belgians, too, rarely notice it. Like Britain they still have valuable overseas possessions but they are situated in a part of the world where the use of force to maintain the *status quo* carries little or no risk of disturbing the international balance of power and hence does not require the fiat of America. Britain's remaining strongholds abroad, however, are not only far more numerous than those of any other European nation but are also at least partly located in that no-man's-land between the eastern and the western world where a military or even a

false diplomatic move might only too easily upset the balance of power, and hence is of the greatest concern to the Americans who will have to bear the lion's share of the consequences.

Naturally the British find it difficult to adjust themselves to this situation. Intellectually they cannot escape the recognition that they have lost their autonomy in foreign policy, as the *Economist* has boldly expressed it. Emotionally they constantly rebel against it. It is a conflict between the head and the heart which manifests itself in many different ways. Sometimes it finds expression in the words of one and the same person. Thus the *Spectator* recently admitted that British power "was not what it used to be" only to deny vehemently in the next sentence "the idea, grown up East and West of Suez, that the day of Britain's greatness is past; false as it is, its falsity must be demonstrated." Even Mr. Churchill occasionally betrays a similar self-contradictory spirit. It is perhaps one of the greatest merits of this super-patriot that he has done more than any other Englishman to open the people's eyes to the tragic fact of their "finest hour" having proved their last as a world power. Yet he, too, sometimes seeks to escape from this painful recognition of England's decline as was the case this summer when he attributed the liberties which Egypt, Persia, Albania, Argentine and Chile have dared to take with the British Lion to "... Mr. Attlee's attempt to impose doctrinaire socialism on this country." Mr. Morrison, now that he is free to speak his mind, or rather his heart, vents his feelings by warning the new Government not to be too subservient to America and asking for the moon—"a relationship with the U.S. based on discussions between ... political equals." And Mr. Morrison was not the only one who voiced concern at Britain's growing dependence on America during the recent debate on foreign affairs. There were many others equally unwilling to resign themselves to the facts of international life. Thus Lord Halifax, who blandly assured Mr. Morrison that there was no need to worry since the relationship between the U.S. and Britain was one of "recognized partnership" of mutual value. Thus the Socialist Mr. Craddock, who equated America's material superiority with Britain's "tremendous experience and wisdom in political matters" and seemed to think that the latter was sufficient to guarantee the fulfilment of Mr. Morrison's demand for a relationship of "political equals". Thus the Conservative Captain Pilkington, who felt that Britain could claim not only equality but leadership "because after all it is quality and not quantity that counts, it is will power and determination and not the possession of guns and butter." Thus the Bevanites, whose resentment of Britain's dependence on her American ally leads them to to propound the strange theory that it can be lessened by equipping the nation with teeth and spectacles rather than with arms paid for

by American dollars, as if by some mysterious process military weakness would prove a source of diplomatic strength in the counsels of the western coalition.

There are many other examples of such outbursts of emotional rebellion against the will of history. Think of the numerous leading Conservatives and other prominent Englishmen whose proud British hearts so clearly got the better of their cool British heads when they demanded military intervention in the Persian powder keg regardless of the American veto. The present Minister of War, Brigadier Head, the present Minister of Supply, Duncan Sandys, the Leader of the Tory Party in the Lords, the Marquess of Salisbury, the former ambassador in Paris, Sir Duff Cooper, the former Foreign Office Chief, Sir Robert Vansittart—all of them at that time adopted, though some more explicitly than others, the "damn the consequences" attitude and were supported in this by numerous newspapers including, towards the end, even *The Times*. No more typical expression of their feelings than the *cri de coeur* of the Conservative writer Malcolm Muggeridge who exclaimed in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Have we sunk so low in the world that we are no longer capable of action on our own account?" Sometimes, too, these rebellious feelings express themselves in outbursts of violent world-embracing xenophobia of which Lord Beaverbrook's mass-circulation paper, the *Sunday Express*, afforded a striking example some weeks ago when it denounced the UN as "a collection of jackals ... who have hated us for years because of our strength ... who have been consumed with envy because of the wideness of our possessions ... and who have but one common desire, the destruction of the prestige and power of Britain."

Other instances of this resentment are to be found in the scornful denigration of specific representatives of those "lesser breeds without the law" who now dare to challenge Britain. Thus the highly respected historian Arthur Bryant, who recently wrote of the "lying, fraud, ill-faith, tyranny and hatred of those ruling lands who have ceased to fear England's age-long watch for freedom and justice." Thus, too, ex-Minister Richard Stokes's contemptuous reference to Dr. Mossadeq as a man "who could not even manage a sweet shop." Thus, the *Spectator's* explanation of the Egyptian Premier's nationalism as due to his being "a tired old man, who finds consolation for his old age only in the applause of the Cairo mob."

Such are the many different forms in which the emotional resistance against the intellectual recognition of England's loss of autonomy in foreign affairs expresses itself. "The contemporary world", so one of the most clear-sighted Sunday papers has put it with that same courage in facing facts which the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Economist*, too, have frequently displayed, "is American-led and

American-centred, but many of our habits and policies are still geared to a British-centred and British-led world in which we can call the tune to suit ourselves."

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It is a curious fact that in spite of this growing though unwilling recognition of Britain's loss of stature, the fundamental conception dominating nearly all British thinking about foreign policy still seems to be that of an Atlantic community resting on three pillars, the U.S., the Commonwealth and Europe. Nobody questions whether the underlying assumption of this Churchillian conception is still valid. But is it not possible that Britain might find herself in a better position to gain indispensable American support for the defence of the west's remaining and largely European-controlled outposts in the no-man's-land of the Middle East, Asia and Africa if she spoke as the leader of a United Europe rather than as the leader of a Commonwealth club, some of whose strategically and numerically most important members will play-act but not really play?

Is the British pillar really still strong enough to stand alone? To the continental eye it sometimes looks as if the British realize in their heart of hearts that the answer might be in the negative but cannot bring themselves to admit it. For it is a fact that every time there has been a Continental initiative aiming at the gradual translation into reality of Mr. Churchill's professed desire for the construction of a European pillar next to the British one, the immediate and practically unanimous reaction in this country has ranged all the way from polite scepticism to outright hostility. Is this because of a sincere intellectual conviction that it cannot be done? Or is it at least partly because of a subconscious feeling that it should not be done since a European pillar, that really was a pillar, might well overshadow the British one?

Whatever the answer, most people in this country still seem to take it for granted that the British Commonwealth remains a world power well able to stand on its own legs. In some respects this attitude seems rather like that maintained, even quite recently, by the Liberal Party in Britain's domestic politics. It is a sufficiently illuminating parallel to merit some elaboration. Just as the Liberals were the most powerful party in the State some 50 years ago so the British were the strongest power on the global scene. And just as the Liberals have since then gradually lost by far the greatest part of their supporters when their working-class following left to set up for themselves as the Labour Party, so the British party has seen its membership dwindle, as the Asiatic masses founded their own independent parties. To be sure, the Indian and Pakistani parties—unlike the Irish and the Burmese—still call themselves members of

the British party. But as they no longer take the British Whip nor contribute to the party's battle-chest their nominal support is of no greater and more lasting value than the support of the Irish Party was to the Liberals. As for Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, though their hearts are doubtless still with the British party their heads and stomachs compel them to rely increasingly on the American party and hence to take the American rather than the British Whip. It would doubtless be going too far to say that they have imitated the example of those Liberals who joined the strongest party in 1931. But that the trend is in that direction can hardly be denied. Besides, how many of them are there? In Australia and New Zealand no more than the population of London, in South Africa more than half of whose whites can certainly not be said to take the British Whip, just about a million, in Canada which has gone farthest in following the National Liberal example, 13 million. It does not add up to a world power even when the remaining colonies, whose population is less than that of the recently demised Dutch Empire, are included.

Like the Liberal Party at home, therefore, the British party in the world is now only a shadow of its former self. But just as the Liberals are still refusing to acknowledge that they are played out so the British often seem to cling to the dream of recovering their former status as a world power. And therein lies perhaps at least a partial explanation for the British refusal to make common cause with the European splinter-parties in the western coalition, some of whom—like France and Belgium—have much the same special interests to defend, and try to gain the leadership of a united European party. Such a block would have a far larger though admittedly poorer "following in the country" than the American party which now dominates the coalition and would obviously speak with a far more powerful voice than that of its separate national components. There seems to be no question, moreover, of the present leader of the coalition vetoing such a "ganging up" as a potential threat to his leadership. On the contrary, with truly reckless generosity he has done everything in his power to encourage the formation of a united European party. Why then will the British have nothing to do with it? At least partly, I would suggest (there are other reasons of course), because of their inability or reluctance to face the facts of their own party's loss of world power status rather like the unwillingness of the Liberal Party even now to recognize that its days of power are over.

There is one great difference, however, between the position of the British party in the world and that of the Liberal Party at Westminster. The latter have maintained their independence of action, the former have not. Unlike the Liberals who have refused to take the Tory

Whip in exchange for support on the electoral battlefield, the greatly weakened British party "in the Parliament of Man" has felt compelled to take the American Whip in exchange for support on the military and financial battlefield. The inevitable consequence, of course, is that this British party has forfeited the only really effective means of bringing pressure to bear on the American party, the threat of voting—or fighting—with the other side. However small Mr. Davies's party, the Liberal leader can wield this threat with considerable effect. So—as recent events have proved—can Dr. Mossadeq, the leader of another tiny splinter party that has preserved its bargaining or blackmailing power by staying on the fence. But however large John Bull's party, as long as he dare not detach it from the American-led coalition he can no more hope to threaten its leader into accepting his views than the National Liberals can hope to pressurize Mr. Churchill. He can only try to persuade, knowing that he has nothing to fall back upon, if sweet reason should fail to convince, except the suicidal threat to cross the floor.

It seems a painful situation, especially for such a proud and once all-powerful party as the British. And that makes it all the more curious that the obvious palliative—remedy would be too strong a word—is hardly ever even discussed and that the questions arising out of such a discussion are hardly ever raised. Is the underlying assumption of the Churchillian conception still valid? Will the British voice really carry most weight in the coalition headquarters at Washington by continuing to speak for a group which is not a disciplined party at all but only an "old boys' association"? Would Britain's interests not be better served by trying to gain the leadership of the European party that is slowly but surely coming into being? Might not the sacrifice of sovereignty involved in such a course be more than compensated by the gain of influence where it really counts in Washington? Has not the Persian episode proved that the independence of action to which sovereign Britain so stubbornly clings is purely illusory? There may be a thousand good reasons—I can think of a few myself—why the answer to these questions should turn out to be: 'A thousand times no.' But it is difficult to find a single good reason why they should never even get asked.

(The author is the London Correspondent of the Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant.)

THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVE VICTORY

BY T. E. UTLEY

NO amount of statistical interpretation of the General Election result can avert the conclusion that it reveals a closer correspondence between political opinion and social class than is usual in Britain. It is true that the swing towards the Right was about the same in predominantly working-class constituencies as it was in rural and middle-class areas, but this merely shows that the floating voter, who is in any case a rare phenomenon, is no rarer in one class than in another. It does not alter the fact that the majority of wage-earners obviously voted Socialist, whereas that section of the middle classes which is concentrated mainly in suburban constituencies and in the country voted Conservative. Since this has now happened in two successive general elections the inference that Britain may be entering on a prolonged period of organized class conflict, reflecting itself in an almost equal division of power between the two main parties in the Commons, is tempting if not irresistible.

Against this it has been argued that the election shows nothing except the truth of the old generalization that opinion in Britain changes very slowly, but when a sudden swing does take place its results are never stable, and that when two general elections occur soon after each other, they almost always produce the same results. At least one famous precedent seems to support this theory. The immense Liberal majority of 1906 sank heavily in 1910, and the position of parties remained almost unaltered in the election of 1911. The parallel however is not exact. There is absolutely no reason for regarding the Labour victory of 1945 as the consequence of a sudden flight of popular fancy. On the contrary, there are many reasons for regarding it as the cumulative effect of a natural reaction against a period of Conservative ascendancy which had been artificially prolonged by war. Had there been a general election in 1940, as in the ordinary course of things there would have been, it would almost certainly have narrowed the gap between Conservative and Labour in the Commons. As it was, the factors making for a swing towards the Left were still further intensified by the war, and the impossibility of expelling an administration elected in 1935, a year which belonged to a totally different epoch from the 1940's, confirmed the tendency. It was the election of 1950, not that of 1945, which showed a sudden

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change of opinion, and that change, far from proving unstable, was maintained in the last election. Whatever is happening is not to be explained in terms of a regular oscillation of party fortunes. For one reason or another, the two-party system, which was always supposed to ensure the automatic return of a government strong enough to govern and sufficiently representative of all classes to enable it to deliver the country for five years from the strain of acute party conflict, had failed to do these things. The influence of social and economic factors on voting may or may not decline. The present close balance of forces is no doubt due in part to other than social causes. It is often forgotten, for example, that in order to work with perfect efficiency the two-party system demands the existence of a third party, always knocking at the gates just hard enough to discomfort one of the privileged parties within but not strong enough to force an entry. Under the British constitution the function of a third party is to split votes. That the Liberals failed to do this effectively in 1950 is proved by the relatively small difference which the disappearance of so many of their candidates made in 1951. The existence of a respectably strong third party is almost certain to operate to the disadvantage of one of the main parties and to the advantage of the other, and at a time when the country is fairly evenly divided between Right and Left it helps to prevent that equal division from being reflected in the Commons. The last two elections revealed, however, that the electorate now holds third parties in contempt, and it is no longer possible to look to such a party to be a serious factor either in Parliament or in the constituencies. Furthermore, both the main parties are now so thoroughly disciplined that the possibility of a House of Commons which finds itself in a state of deadlock providing a secure administration through the re-grouping of Members inside the House has been practically banished. The only hope, therefore, of achieving a really strong Government is for one of the parties to gain a decisive majority of votes. Since the evidence suggests that voting is now following pre-determined class lines the hope is not strong.

At all times incomes and social status have influenced opinions, and never more than in the nineteenth century, the classic age of party government; but the relationship between them was less rigid than it is now, and the nation's class structure was far more complex. The division between the propertied and the propertyless, for example, was complicated by the simultaneous conflict between town and country. The alliance which nineteenth-century Toryism was always trying to perfect between the Tory squirearchy and the urban workers against Liberal manufacturers is an instance of how the vertical divisions of society were often more important than its horizontal divisions. Religion, in the shape of the traditional enmity between

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Anglicans and Nonconformists, was also a powerful factor in elections. All this left the political parties a great deal of scope for manoeuvre. New social and political alliances were always possible, and the danger of the community ranging itself in two opposite and equal alliances was never very real. It is with this danger that both parties, and more conspicuously the Conservatives, have now to contend. It is for the Conservatives to use the slender and fleeting opportunity provided by their victory to win some working-class adherents and thereby make it necessary for Labour to abandon its reliance on the unreflecting loyalty of its working-class supporters.

It is clear that Mr. Churchill has all this in mind. The conflict which has been going on inside the Conservative Party since 1945 between those who, led and epitomized by Mr. Butler, have based their views on the assumption that the welfare State has come to stay, and those who hoped to return to power on Mr. Churchill's slogan about setting the people free, has ended in an unqualified victory for Mr. Butler. His appointment to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is merely the confirmation of that victory. After only a month of Tory rule it is obvious that there is no likelihood of the sudden abandonment of Labour's planning technique, or the indiscriminate dismantling of the machinery through which it was exercised. The objects of housing policy, for example, have changed, the emphasis having shifted from the importance of ensuring exact equality of treatment for the applicants for houses, to the importance of actually building houses, but the administrative methods to be used remain the same. So far the Conservative Government have tried to present themselves not as the purveyor of a new policy but as a body of expert administrators coming fresh to a task which has been too long in the hands of hide-bound theoreticians. That is certainly the impression intended to be conveyed by Mr. Churchill's reorganization of the Cabinet. It may be doubted whether the appointment of Lord Woolton to co-ordinate the activities of only two Government departments will tend to efficiency, but the appearance of such Ministers, with vague overall powers is plainly meant to suggest that the age of talking is ended and the age of deeds begun. Similarly, Mr. Butler's speech in the debate on the Address presented him in the rôle of an experienced surgeon rescuing a dying patient from the attentions of a class of medical students mainly interested in the theory of their subject. All along the line the emphasis has been on administrative efficiency uninhibited by doctrine.

To this rule there is one outstanding and crucial exception, the fiscal measures which the Government have taken to reduce the rate of the nation's progress towards bankruptcy. Public opinion is still very confused about the nature of Britain's economic problem. It tends to think of economic policy in terms of a choice between

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toughness and leniency, and to put such widely different measures as a reduction in the food ration and a withdrawal of food subsidies in the same category. But the choice is really between two different kinds of toughness. The immediate task facing any British Government must be to divert a large part of the nation's resources of material and manpower to the production of armaments and exports, and to bring about a corresponding reduction in the demands of the home market, and there are, broadly speaking, two methods by which this can be done, either a drastic extension of physical controls or a substantial lessening of State interference. At present the whole machinery of State intervention is being used to obscure realities. Subsidies conceal shortages which would otherwise be reflected in higher prices, and by so doing release money for forms of expenditure which the nation cannot afford. Inflated wages conceal, and by concealing accelerate, the advance towards bankruptcy. Rigorous State planning directed to the proper ends, however, would not have this effect. If Labour had planned more ruthlessly its economic policy would have been more successful, but its planning contained one fatal flaw. It was unable, through its dependence on the trade unions, to control what Socialist theory rightly holds to be the most important of all commodities, labour itself. A national wages policy, even without recourse to direction of labour, would have done something to prevent the worst effects of inflation, and to deflect labour into the channels where it is most needed. Price control without wage control, on the other hand, is a veritable recipe for inflation.

The new Government will certainly not conduct their campaign against inflation by means of direct controls. Their strategy will be to reduce rather than increase State direction, to allow economic facts to speak for themselves rather than to compel the people by ordinance to respect them. The attempt has already started in the raising of the bank rate by a half per cent. This must be followed by more drastic and more unpopular measures. The question, successfully avoided during the election campaign, of how public expenditure is to be cut without reducing the social services is still unanswered, and the still more critical question of how resources are to be diverted from home production to armaments and exports without causing temporary unemployment also remains to be answered.

The Government have forsworn radical deflation. They have accepted the concept of the welfare State as every party must, and with it the responsibility for maintaining constant supervision of the national economy. But within these limits they must seek, by judicious restraint on government action rather than by increasing it, to restore some of the incentives of a free economy, and in so doing they will inevitably restore some of the risks and even some of the positive evils of a free economy. If these risks and evils are to be

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avoided it can only be by substituting the disadvantages of a thoroughly planned economy, disadvantages which the Labour Party shrank from imposing. Britain might overcome her crisis either by leaning a good deal further towards the Left or by leaning rather more towards the Right than the Conservatives have so far envisaged. The one thing she cannot do is not to move at all. Parliamentary democracy always obscures the truth that politics is a choice of evils, and the Government's supreme task is to drive that truth home. In approaching that task they will be constantly handicapped by the knowledge that every move in the direction of economy, every instance of unemployment, every decline in the nation's standard of life, will be attributed by half the electorate to a deliberate attempt to revert to the bad old days. Consideration of party strategy will always tend to hold the Government back, but even on a short and purely sectarian view timidity will not pay, for if the necessary measures are not taken the nation's standard of life will continue to decline until catastrophe in the form of mass unemployment and universal poverty supervenes. The lesson to be taught is that there is a real choice in politics, a choice between having rather more freedom and rather less security, and rather less security and rather more freedom. Up to a point the best of both worlds can be combined, but the point was reached long ago.

JAPAN : ASSET OR LIABILITY

BY MARC T. GREENE

THE West's need of Japan in the present critical Far Eastern position is admittedly great, and none is more aware of that than Japan herself. But the question of whether, in her regained power and restored pride, she will be a good working partner against the Russian endeavour to control the Far East inevitably accompanies the conclusion of the liberal, American-devised, Peace Treaty. Is this too liberal? Will it revive pre-war Japanese chauvinism? Will its economic terms prove a hardship to other nations trading with the Orient, especially Britain? What we have yielded both politically and economically is too clear to be overlooked by anybody. In effect, we have made an ally of a late foe without sufficient assurance that she will remain an ally.

From the point of view of the West the greatest uncertainty of the future is Japanese rearmament. And from the point of view of Britain in particular additional uncertainty arises over a rehabilitated Japanese textile industry and the English export trade in cotton goods. The Peace Treaty removes the limit of 400,000,000 spindles upon Japanese manufacturers and permits them to expand as they can and will, perhaps even beyond the three times this figure of pre-war days.

War strength and potential of course rest upon economics. And an improved economic condition must inevitably stimulate Japanese assurance towards the West, the "cockiness" so manifest to all foreigners in Japan during the decade before the war. Already the Japanese state of mind is: "They cannot get along without us, therefore we can force them to yield even more than they have done."

At the close of the war the West, especially America, was faced with the problem of an impoverished, despairing, hopeless Japan, a condition that encouraged radicalism under whatever name and in which radicalism was already making dangerous progress. At all costs this had to be countered. As General MacArthur said to the writer, in Tokyo, a couple of years ago: "We had to save the Japanese or kill them." That is to say, lift them from their physical and psychological slough, or else either let them starve or shoot them if they turned to Russia. From a view-point of expedience, not less than of humanitarianism, they had to be saved. They were: to a degree far beyond their utmost expectations. The peasantry

became better fed, more economically secure, than at any time in Japanese history. Industrial workers became acquainted with comforts never before known. To create an impression of friendliness so as to secure Japanese favour on our side, hundreds of war prisoners were released, and thousands were "purged".

But more than that, the "MacArthur policy" was to restore power and influence to Japanese commercial, industrial and financial leaders in measure that has amounted to a complete resurrection of the notorious Zaibatsu, which is, in effect, a nation-wide cartel. Nothing has changed the established "MacArthur policy"; its effect and influence were not linked to the continued presence of the controversial soldier in Japan. And one of his last official acts, a few weeks before the General's dismissal, was to issue a call for Japanese military re-armament.

Now Japanese re-armament poses more than one question, and raises not a few doubts. Britain and the British Dominions, especially Australia and New Zealand, can only contemplate with alarm but one more lamentable proof that the world must maintain itself more or less in the form of one armed camp against another. General MacArthur at no time either favoured implementing the Yalta and Cairo declarations on Japanese militarism in their entirety, nor even demolished the Japanese army or actually dissolved the Japanese General Staff. He went so far as to suggest the use of Japanese in a "reformed" Japanese army to be officered by Americans. Precisely what a "reformed" army is was not explained.

The reorganization and rehabilitation of the Japanese military establishment as planned and commenced by him has progressed materially since his recall by President Truman. But even that is not the greatest danger and uncertainty. Who can view other than with alarm the fact that (as in Germany) control of that establishment is undoubtedly not only getting back into the hands of the same group, or their descendants, who organized and commenced the Pacific war, but that it is being largely financed by the aforesaid Zaibatsu? And the notion that re-arming Japan holds no danger as long as she is a willing ally of the West and "does as she is told" is singularly naïve in view of the fact that such people as the powerful Hatoyama, once considered by many the real power in Japan, is among the "purged" and again influential. Significantly, too, the Japanese National Youth Salvation Party—jingoistic as any of the Nazi youth organizations in Germany a dozen years ago—declaims about a "third world war exhausting both the West and Russia," whereupon Japan will be able to "establish herself" in Asia "and in the world."

We must not, then, in our uncertainty over the political and economic effects of the Peace Treaty, overlook its psychological effects.

These are of particular significance with a people like the Japanese. Everyone who has been in Japan since the war must have been struck both with the exceeding generosity of the American treatment of the late enemy and with his reactions to it. That generosity by no means excluded the social aspect ; in this connection it is notable that more than 1,400 American soldiers have married Japanese girls. Few social distinctions have existed between conquerors and conquered. Japanese deputations of all kinds, from newspaper editors to diplomats have visited America, and continue to, being treated there exactly as such were before the war. In fact, as one observant visitor whimsically put it, each side seems to be assuring the other that it is sorry " the whole thing happened, and anxious to forget it."

The Japanese response to this is naturally one of renewed self-confidence, conviction that defeat was some inexplicable kind of mischance, certainly that restoration of the *status quo ante* is now only a matter of time, and secret hope that the ultimate hegemony of the East is not an impossibility after all. To achieve this, however, it is obviously necessary to restore the strong export-trade position of pre-war years, when Japanese travelling salesmen were penetrating into the remotest corners of, not only Asia, but East, Central and South Africa, and even Australasia. As a result you could purchase bicycles for a couple of pounds in Uganda, cameras for a couple of shillings in Samoa, and fountain-pens for even less in Bangkok. Indeed, Japanese trade was especially flourishing in Siam, while her textiles and rubber goods were cutting seriously into English exports to Ceylon and New Zealand. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that all these goods were " shoddy " as has been claimed. The bicycles would run enduringly. The " two-bob " cameras would actually take pictures and the " one-bob " pens would really write. Similarly the rubber soled " tennis shoes " would wear as well as British goods at twice their cost.

All this the Japanese have every expectation of bringing to pass again ; there seems no reason why they should not. That is the spectre that is haunting the dreams of Lancashire, and other places. Nor was there ever any evidence that, in Australia for example, strong Anti-Japanese sentiment kept anybody from buying low-priced Japanese goods. It is apt to be the case that, when ideological and economic considerations conflict, the latter is more likely than not to win. Already the Japanese textile industry has achieved a remarkable recovery, even without the benefit of the provisions of the Peace Treaty. Though total textile production amounts currently to only half that of 15 years ago, most people will be surprised to learn that overall industrial production is some 40 per cent. higher than at that time. Between 1949 and the summer of 1951 Japanese total manufacturing production advanced from 75 per cent. of 1935's to

140 per cent. of it. Raw silk fell off and continues to, because of the increase in rayon production, but as to that, the Japanese rayon output went from 16,000,000 square yards three years ago to nearly 65,000,000 in the year just ended. The value of the total textile exports increased from 163,000,000 American dollars to 235,000,000 in less than a single year. Japan has already benefited by more than 300,000,000 dollars' worth of " procurement " orders in Korea, and the expectation is that when hostilities cease there and rehabilitation is in order it will be strongly to Japan's economic advantage. Japanese exporters also foresee in such event a resumption of trade to China, cotton-goods and machinery to be exchanged for coal, rice, soya-beans and oils.

To all this the Peace Treaty contains no preventive and few, if any, restrictive provisions. So that Japanese manufacturers not only have high hopes of equalling, if not exceeding, pre-war exports in cotton cloth, but even of restoring some of the trade in raw silks, seeing that even under occupation restrictions 100,000 bales were exported last year. (In 1934, the best year, the export of raw silk reached over half a million bales.) Of this 100,000, last year the United Kingdom took 11,000 and nearly 50,000 went to the United States.

No longer supporting a war machine, no longer put to the huge expenses of the other leading nations for creating and maintaining enormous defence forces and agencies, everything favours a future of sound and prosperous economy for a Japan that only half a dozen years ago was deep in the slough of impoverishment, wretchedness and despair. The American idea of rehabilitating Far Eastern economy by making Japan the " factory of Asia " and thus, in 1948, discontinuing the dismantling of Japanese factories for reparations, was not, of course, taken kindly by countries that had suffered at her hands ; especially the Philippines which really signed the Peace Treaty, as it were under protests and still ask for reparations, or by Australia which had long been a " dumping-ground " of Japanese cheap export production. Yet despite high duties America herself imported more than 400 millions of dollars' worth of everything, from raw silk and canned tunafish to scrap steel and toys, in 1951.

The Peace Treaty fixed no limits of any kind on anything, from increase of exports to increase of armed forces. Whether the Japanese themselves will bear the cost of the continuance of Allied soldiers in the country is yet to be decided, but " indirectly " America will bear much of it through the cost of maintenance of the various bases. These, moreover, will employ many Japanese, purchase Japanese production, and contribute to the country's economy in other ways. Yet it is certain that, as the Japanese increase in prosperity, expand their military strength and feel their renewed power

generally again, a clamour will arise for the withdrawal of all foreign military contingents.

The conditions of Japanese production, while an improvement over those of pre-war, are still such as to cause concern among other exporting countries. On the basis of a 48-hour week the general wage runs from the equivalent of £7 10s. 0d. a month to a third more. Working conditions are greatly improved. For example, there is no more sleeping among machines, a notorious pre-war abuse ; also ended is the tyranny, moral as well as physical, of foremen, overseers and the like. Consequently the worker is more contented and more enthusiastic in his labour, and therefore likely to speed up his output. His cost of living, of course, is far lower than in Western countries, so that his wage has more purchasing power than might be thought possible.

"One of the greatest assets in opening up existing resources in Japan," said the head of Mitsubishi not long ago, "is the abundant supply of labour provided by the dense and increasing population" (the increase is more than 1,500,000 annually). "The natural resources are thus supplemented by the human element in a most remarkable manner." Remarkable in Japan, and productive of apprehension elsewhere. But in Japan itself there is grave danger because of a rice shortage, a danger becoming apparent throughout the entire East. Japan, moreover, must import heavily and the main exporting countries, Siam, Indo-China and Burma, are full of their own trouble, especially the last two. Indo-China is now exporting no more than 100,000 tons of rice a year, as against 1,150,000 pre-war. This, of course, links up with the rice problem in the whole of the Orient, which is the problem of production lagging far behind the needs of an ever-increasing population.

But given the necessary conditions in sources of supply and potential markets, there are three elements of economic production that give Japan an advantageously competitive position in world trade : an abundance of cheap and skilled labour, a relatively well-developed industrial establishment, and a key position on the North Pacific shipping routes—practically the same trade advantages which Britain exploited successfully in the early nineteenth century.

On the cultural side there is perhaps some significance in the astonishing "come-back" of Shintoism. Though the loss of the war blasted Japanese claims to "divinity" of racial origin and so forth, and the renunciation by the Emperor of his own personal divinity, together with the S.C.A. abolition of national financial assistance to Shinto shrines, appeared at the time to consign Shintoism to oblivion, it has survived all these and other shocks and to-day its adherents are said to number 42,000,000, out of the Japanese population of twice that. This revival is largely due to the energy and determination

of the Shinto priests who, meek and humble during the ultra-militarist régime, immediately after the war inaugurated a campaign of amazing activity, for the first time taking their faith to the people instead of sitting in their cubicles and letting the people come to them. Perhaps the real significance of this is that, inasmuch as Shintoism is more a belief in race and nation, a kind of super-patriotism than strictly a religion, a revival of it on such a scale connotes a renewal of faith in that race and nation, a revived confidence in their destiny, and a reborn determination to make them powerful.

It is certain that, in any case, the new Japan, whose birth is coincident with the granting of one of the most generous peace treaties to a conquered people in all history, holds every potentiality for becoming a valuable—perhaps an invaluable—asset to the West in the endeavour to contain Soviet Russia in the Orient. On the other hand, what with the amazing amount of aid it has had in the few years since and the Peace Treaty's "green light" for it to go ahead full speed in every respect, there is the possibility of a restoration of strength and power that will imbue the Japanese people with something of the old dangerous arrogance.

(The author, an American, has recently returned from another visit to Japan. He was formerly a special correspondent to both the military and civilian branches of the Occupation Authority there.)

THE BRITISH PROTECTORATES IN AFRICA—II

BY A. SILLERY

THE relations between the British-administered Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland and the Union of South Africa were discussed in the first part of this article*, and reasons were given why the British Government should resist any demand that the three territories should be handed over to the Union. The people are strenuously opposed to the idea of transfer, the continuance of British protection is a matter of honour, and any surrender would have serious consequences in the rest of our colonial empire.

While it is vital that Great Britain should retain control it is also important that there should be no complacency about our stewardship. Are our systems and methods of administration the best that can be devised? Are we doing the best we can for the people who so confidently put themselves in our charge? Have we developed, or are we developing these territories to the best advantage of their inhabitants and of the empire in general?

The Protectorates are governed by the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in South Africa, who therefore combines the function of Governor of these quasi-colonies with that of British Ambassador to the Union. Under him he has a Resident Commissioner in each Protectorate, who is now invariably recruited from the colonial service. The Resident Commissioner is assisted by a staff comparable to that of any small African dependency.

When the Colonial Office was divided into two in 1926, and the Dominions Office was formed to deal with the affairs of the self-governing countries of the empire, one might have expected that the Protectorates would remain under the Colonial Office. Instead they were placed under the Dominions Office and thus it is that they are the responsibility of the Minister for Commonwealth Relations.

The organization within which the Protectorates fall has been attacked on several grounds. First it is said that it is a mistake to keep them under the Commonwealth Relations Office which has no interest in colonial territories and no qualifications for governing them. There must therefore be neglect and inefficiency, and the Protectorates are deprived of the expert services that the Colonial

Office can mobilize and dispense. It is quite true that the British Government took on the Protectorates in a spirit of very limited responsibility, and more than once tried to palm them off on to someone else. When finally they fell back into Britain's lap, there was no idea that there should be any more than a kind of remote control involving as little trouble and expense as possible. In the last generation there has been a change and the charge of stagnation is no longer valid, however well-founded it may have been in the past. The C.R.O. has a special department which devotes itself to Protectorate affairs, which works in close co-operation with the Colonial Office and which has lately shown much activity. From the practical point of view it is doubtful whether the Protectorates suffer in comparison with other colonies. They have, for instance, received a good share of the Colonial Development Fund, and the Colonial Development Corporation is taking an interest in Swaziland and Bechuanaland; recruits to the service, where possible, come from the common pool, and the Protectorate governments are kept well up-to-date with new policies and directives.

The second criticism is more serious and more difficult to refute; it is that the C.R.O. and the High Commissioner, who both have the duty of maintaining good relations with South Africa, are prone to sacrifice the interests of the Protectorates when these conflict with South African policy. It is a criticism not lightly to be dismissed. The antinomy is not so great in Whitehall, where there is opportunity for consultation with the Colonial Office at all levels. But the High Commissioner's office has no such external corrective and is therefore in real danger of falling away from the principles that Great Britain has set herself in her dealings with her African dependencies. Apart from the question of principle there is also that of efficiency. The amount that the Resident Commissioners have to refer to the High Commissioner and he in his turn to the C.R.O. is staggering. Add to this the advent of the Nationalist Government in South Africa, which has greatly increased the diplomatic side of the High Commissioner's duties, and it will readily be seen that he has not enough time to apply himself to Protectorate affairs in the way he should.

It is true that a too rigid adherence to British principles of government, in the face of strong South African opposition, might do material harm to the Protectorates. They are so dependent economically on their powerful neighbour that a break with the Union might cause grave deprivations to their inhabitants. It must also be remembered that the position of High Commissioner is one of great prestige and that the holder of that office is more likely to be successful in negotiations with the Union than an administrator who was not also High Commissioner would be. In spite of these arguments it still seems that the High Commissioner's two functions are so

* THE FORTNIGHTLY, December 1951

antithetic that it is impossible for one man conscientiously to carry them out.

A third criticism is that the person usually chosen to be High Commissioner is not always, or even often, a colonial specialist and is therefore not qualified to administer Africans. This argument has little weight. In general the High Commissioner only deals with high policy and is in any case advised by Resident Commissioners and a competent Chief Secretary ; one also assumes that for this post only able and versatile men would be chosen.

Within the territories themselves the policy of limited responsibility was for long pushed to the point of scandal, and until the early 'thirties there can have been few colonies, at least in Africa, that were so neglected. But, as has already been said, this neglect is now being remedied, and Bechuanaland and Swaziland at least should in time become comparatively wealthy. It is only in Basutoland, overcrowded, fighting against soil erosion, and, as far as is known, with no mineral resources, that one has serious fears of the economic future. That all three Protectorates need more men and more money to carry out a full programme of social and economic development cannot be disputed. Nevertheless, progress in the last 20 years has been remarkable and provided there is no interruption and no relaxation of effort they should—always with reservations in the case of Basutoland—have a reasonably prosperous future.

Political progress has been slower. Popular representation is vested in councils, in Bechuanaland and Swaziland African and European, in Basutoland African only. Their rôle is only advisory and their advice is not binding on the Resident Commissioners, who are at liberty to accept or reject it as they please. The consequence is that their debates, though frank and very lengthy, have an air of unreality, and one sometimes senses in their members a certain frustration. Local government is carried on by means of Native Authorities in accordance with the principles of indirect rule. The manner in which this form of rule is exercised is open to some criticism, but, except for occasional scandals, and in Basutoland the horror of ritual murder, in which chiefs' families are implicated, the system works well enough and the people themselves seem quite satisfied.

The European administration was previously recruited directly in Southern Africa. In recent years recruits have begun to join the service from Great Britain in significant numbers. Suggestions have been made that because of their South African origin some of the officials are imbued with colour prejudice. This is quite untrue. The administration consists of able, fair-minded and loyal men, somewhat limited in outlook by reason of the isolation of the Protectorates from the main stream of colonial life, but on the whole

perfectly adequate for their duties. Efforts have been made comparatively lately to bring the Protectorate services into the colonial system of promotions, transfers and exchanges. This may be all to the good, but it may also have the effect of destroying the contentedness and local loyalty that enabled the old administration to work away happily in sometimes unattractive places, without very much hope of high promotion, but also without restlessness, just for love of the people and of the country. The principal fault of the administration is that far too few of its officers speak African languages at all fluently.

The conclusion is that materially the Protectorates are doing as well as can be expected and far better than might have been foreseen 20 years ago, but that the political organization gives less ground for satisfaction and might be changed. One can pass the C.R.O. ; there are good reasons why the same office that handles relations with South Africa should also deal with Protectorate affairs, and one cannot any longer complain that the Protectorates themselves are neglected. But the time has come when we should seriously consider whether the High Commissioner should not be relieved of the government of these dependencies. In that case how would they be governed ? One suggestion has been made that alongside the High Commissioner there should also be a governor for the Protectorates, with his headquarters in one of them. There is little point in this multiplication of offices. The thing could be done quite simply by raising the status of the Resident Commissioners to that of governors and by giving them the right of direct access to the Secretary of State. There are several places administered by governors which are poorer and smaller than these. The High Commissioner would then only concern himself with the Protectorates as representative of the British Government when anything affecting South Africa needed to be discussed with the Union Government.

Within the Protectorates one reform is necessary beyond doubt. It is fully time that the outmoded advisory councils were abolished and replaced by legislative councils. If properly constituted these would give the people of the country a real outlet for their political talent and a genuine and creative interest in their affairs. There is plenty of material in the Protectorates from which councillors could be recruited and there is no reason why a legislature in each territory should not exercise its powers in a satisfactory way.

There are no very obvious changes to be made either to the system of local government or to the European administration. The Native Authorities have shown themselves, on the whole, to be a satisfactory instrument of government and generally acceptable to the people. It would in any case be difficult, if not impossible, to replace them with anything else and only changes in detail here and

there might be suggested. The European administration has stood up well to the increasing tempo of the times, and, in Bechuanaland, to an extremely difficult political situation created by the Seretse affair.

There is however one long overdue reform in administrative dispositions which concerns Bechuanaland alone. This territory must be the only one in the empire that has its capital outside its own borders. Mafeking, where headquarters are situated on a piece of land called the Imperial Reserve, is 16 miles south of the southern boundary of the Protectorate. A site in the Protectorate combining convenient position, good communications, plentiful water and other amenities is not easy to find and the move would certainly be expensive. Nevertheless it should be made. A capital in the Protectorate would not only have obvious economic and administrative advantages, but it should also, in time, become a focus of interest and loyalty to its people.

The Protectorates, especially Bechuanaland, have recently been very much in the news. Though the cause of this publicity may be regrettable, it has at least had the effect of focussing public and official interest on these countries and their worthy, loyal people in a way that sounder but less sensational arguments, based on their needs, did not. It is impossible that British public opinion would now countenance the transfer of the Protectorates to any other government, and it is unlikely that they will ever be allowed to fall back into the state of stagnation from which they have comparatively lately emerged. It is to be hoped that the question of political reform, which, as this article has tried to show, needs examination, will also not be forgotten.

(Now Secretary of the Taylor Institution, Oxford University, Mr. Anthony Sillery, C.V.O., was formerly Resident Commissioner for the Protectorate of Bechuanaland.)

GERMAN RESTITUTION AND REPARATION

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

THE declaration in September by the Chancellor of the Western Germany Federal Government about restitution to the victims of Nazi spoliation, and about reparation, in particular, to the Jewish people, who were the most helpless victims, is a welcome sign of grace. There have been personal declarations of regret and repentance by leaders of the German church and the laity for the terrible extermination by the Nazis of six million Jews. But this is the first time that the head of a Government in Germany has confessed that "unspeakable crimes were perpetrated in the name of the German people, which imposed upon them the obligation to make moral and material amends." And that confession was followed by the declaration that, "the Federal Government are prepared, jointly with representatives of Jewry and of the State of Israel which has admitted so many homeless refugees, to bring about a solution of the problem of material reparation, in order to facilitate a spiritual purging of unparalleled suffering."

During the summer the British and American High Commissioners in Western Germany addressed letters to the premiers of the provinces in the British and American zones to confirm the determination of their Governments to complete the process of restoring their property to the victims of Nazi persecution. The British High Commissioner added: "You should know that my Government intend to insure that provision is made in the contractual agreements between the Federal Government and the Allied Governments for the preservation of the law now regulating restitution in the British zone and for continued execution of the programme thereunder."

* * * *

The Nazi spoliation of the Jews, not only in Germany but in every country occupied by the Germans, was on an unparalleled scale. The purpose, carried through with German thoroughness, was to deprive the Jews of all their property, mobile and immobile. It was pursued under cover of legal enactments, partly by confiscation of land, valuables and securities, partly by forced sale of businesses, houses and immovable property, and partly by special taxes levied on

all who left the country. The value of the property so taken ran into billions of marks. The Allied powers in 1943 solemnly declared their intention to right this wrong and secure the restitution of the property at the end of the war. And after the unconditional surrender of Germany, restitution and reparation were included among the reserved subjects in which the Allied Control Commission had full powers of legislation. The hope and intention in 1946 was to issue one uniform law of restitution for the four occupied zones. But before there was agreement between the Allies on the terms of the law, they had fallen out on other, and more vital, issues. The draft law was held in suspense, and the action for restitution was postponed; except that in each zone the holders of property acquired during the Nazi régime were ordered to file a statement, and any disposition of the property was blocked.

The Americans were the first of the occupant powers to take action. In November 1947 they issued a military government law on restitution of identifiable property, of which the principles have been a model for legislation in the other zones. The French followed them in 1948, but it was not till May 1949 that the British issued their military government law for the British zone. Two months later an ordinance was enacted in Berlin by the City Council (*Magistrat*) for the British, American and French sectors. The four laws differ in detail but follow the same broad lines.

The express aim is to secure, to the largest extent possible, the speedy restitution of identifiable property to persons who were unjustly deprived of it between January 1933 and May 1945 for reasons of race, religion, nationality, political views or political opposition to National Socialism. Property is to be restored to its former owner or his successor in interest, even though the interests of other persons who had no knowledge of the wrongful taking must be subordinated. Provisions of the law for the protection of purchases in good faith, which would defeat restitution, are disregarded, except where the law provides otherwise. The examination and adjudication of the claims is entrusted not to Allied bodies but to German tribunals composed of judges specially selected with the approval of the Allied government. That system follows the trusting precedent of what were called the "Old Lace Trials", in the British zone, of the less important Nazi leaders by German courts in 1947 and 1948. It was, however, hardly calculated to achieve the speedy restitution which was the aim. German judges have a habit of elaboration, and they were not likely to shed it in dealing with matters which were unpopular with their fellow citizens. Doubtless, a knowledge of German law was essential for the fair trial of the claims; but that might have been supplied by the appointment of German judges as assessors to an Allied authority resolved to carry

through restitution without delays. However, in all the three zones the Allied judicial control of the process has been exercised only in the highest of four instances.

It was another invitation to delay that claims for restitution normally passed through three German instances: (1) The restitution agency, composed of a single judge who tried to bring the parties to an amicable settlement; (2) the restitution chamber, which, failing such settlement, heard the case forensically and gave a legal judgment and (3) the court of appeal of a region, which heard appeals both on the facts and on points of law. The final recourse was to an Allied tribunal which, in the British zone, was called the Board of Review, and was composed of three British members. They could review the judgment when they found that the German tribunal had perpetrated some miscarriage of justice, or given a perverse interpretation of the law. They could, moreover, give an opinion on some controversial point of the law which had engaged two or more German tribunals. But if speed and justice are generally incompatible, the present system makes a combination of speed and restitution almost impossible.

True, the military government law laid down rules of procedure which were designed to circumvent legal obstruction. The restitution authorities are directed to take fully into account the circumstances in which the claimant finds himself as a result of measures of persecution, and are to receive sworn declarations where the production of first-hand evidence is rendered difficult or impossible. On the other hand, the law provides for counter-claims, for the obligation of the claimant to repay the purchase price, if it was received by him, for taking accounts of profits and encumbrances, and so forth; abundant opportunities for a determined defendant to put off the day of reckoning.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in fact the experience of the three zones has proved that, even with Allied supervision, the process of restitution is measured and long-drawn. In the American zone, where the law has been in operation four years, about half the 120,000 claims have been finally disposed, and the value of the property restored is some 700 million Deutsche Marks which, at the official rate of exchange, is equal to 60 million pounds. In the French zone, where the number of cases is very much smaller, the proportion disposed of is about the same. In the British zone, where the law was enacted in 1949, the position is more unsatisfactory; for less than a quarter of the claims filed have been disposed of. In Berlin, the outcome is still more meagre; only a tiny fraction of the claims have been settled.

The prospects of settling the bulk of the claims remaining are not as gloomy indeed as the mere figures would indicate. In both the

British and the American zones a large part, nearly half, are in respect of unclaimed, heirless, and communal property, and the claimant is not an individual but a trust corporation which has not to prove title of succession. The Allied governments approved the establishment of these bodies, which claim, and take over, the properties and apply them, or the compensation therefor, to the benefit of the refugee victims of the Nazis. They are concerned with collective and not with individual rehabilitation. The effort has been made in the American zone to arrange an overall settlement of all the cases of the kind with the governments of the province or *land*. In this way the government pays a lump sum to the trust corporation, and takes over the claims against the individual restitutors. The arrangement has been made in two of the four provinces in the American zone and, if it were adopted in the other two, the task would be mainly accomplished. In the British zone two trust corporations have been approved, one for Jewish and the other for non-Jewish claims. But they have not yet been working a year. A commission appointed last summer by the Foreign Office to inquire into the delays of restitution recommended that in the British zone likewise attempts should be made to obtain a global settlement of the claims of the two corporations. It made also detailed suggestions for simplification of the law and the procedure.

Inevitably, a resistance to the process of restitution has been engineered by the "victims of restitution" and by the Neo-Nazis, whose resurgence in Western Germany has recently given cause for anxiety. A League of Loyal Restitutors has been formed, and carries on vigorous political activity for a revision of the law, which would effectively emasculate it, and for stopping amicable settlements, which are the only way of assuring a speedy solution. The Loyalists hope that Allied control will soon be reduced or abandoned; and it was probably to counter their agitation and manoeuvres that the British and American High Commissioners made their categorical declarations.

The restitution of identifiable property is only a part of the remedial action for the wrongs done to individuals by the Nazis. Larger numbers of persons and greater sums are involved in the claims for compensation for loss of liberty, loss of life and health, damage to property, business, or calling. The principle that the German authorities, federal or provincial, should pay indemnities to the mass of sufferers in the Nazi concentration camps or the displaced persons' camps has been recognized. And in several of the provinces the adjudication of claims has been proceeding for some time. Tens of thousands of the flotsam and jetsam population who were displaced by the ruthless war machine of the Nazis have filed their claims. The British zone is again relatively backward in dealing

with these claims. One of the unsettled questions there is whether refugees from Germany, now living in the Allied countries or in Israel, are entitled to compensation on the same terms as those who have remained in Germany, and if so, how the transfer of such an indemnity can be arranged. It is estimated that the total amount involved by the indemnification claims is 3 billion marks, or 250 million pounds.

The third branch of restitution, in the broad sense of the term, is the claim against the central German Government for compensation for movable property which was confiscated, either directly or in the form of spoliationary taxation. The property has disappeared in most cases, and the claim is for money compensation. The total amount is estimated at 2 billion German marks, or 170 million pounds, in the three zones. Hitherto the Federal Government have not admitted liability for the obligations of the former Reich government; and the Allies have not made a categorical statement about federal responsibility. But the declaration of Dr. Adenauer at least suggests admission of moral responsibility and, in view of the remarkable recovery of the German economy, it should be economically practicable for the Federal Government to pay these debts, possibly by the allocation of a share of the equalization of burdens tax, which is being introduced in Western Germany, on the lines of our war damage tax.

So far we have been dealing with the various forms of restitution and compensation for property and for injuries to individuals. A larger aspect of reparations for the Nazi crimes against humanity perpetrated upon all the Jews in Europe has been raised in recent months by the Government of Israel, not directly with the German Government but with the three occupant powers of Western Germany. Israel claims a substantial contribution for the resettlement of the half million displaced Jews from central Europe, who have migrated since 1933 to the National Home or to the new State. They have come from Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and they continue to come from Rumania and Hungary. Most have arrived destitute of material goods or capital, and the cost of settlement reaches astronomical figures. All that has been done hitherto by way of German contribution to the enormous bill for resettlement is the allocation, at a conference of the Allied powers in Paris in 1946, of the non-monetary gold found in Germany by the Allies, and of a sum of 25 million dollars from German assets in neutral countries. Those sums were placed at the disposal of the Inter-Governmental Committee for Refugees, and by them applied for Jewish refugees through two Jewish philanthropic bodies.

The recent declaration of Dr. Adenauer holds out the hand to the Government of Israel and to the Jewish bodies for direct negotiation.

Hitherto, opinion in Israel has been divided on the point of holding any diplomatic relations with the German State. One of the motives of that refusal to talk was the absence of an admission of guilt and of any act of repentance by the Germans. The outspoken statement of the Chancellor goes some way to correct that omission. Material reparations are "to facilitate a spiritual purging" of unheard-of suffering.

The response of the Government of Israel has been cautious but not unpromising. They want to see acts of reparation before they can consider the profession of repentance as genuine. They have put a figure to their claims on account of the 400,000 immigrants from Germany and central Europe who have been absorbed into the State since the Hitler persecution. Israel has hitherto opposed at the United Nations the restoration of Germany to the comity of nations. And she opposed the ending of the state of war between the western nations and Germany. If a new spirit is shown in Germany and reparation is made, she may be willing to drop that hostility, and fulfil the vision of George Eliot, who, in the nineteenth century, was among the first to hail the return of the Jews to their historic home: "The new Judaea shall be a land set for a halting place of enmities."

(Professor Bentwich was a member of the Foreign Office Committee which went to Germany last summer to report on the progress of restitution in the British Zone.)

UNIVERSITY GRANTS

BY DOUGLAS VEALE

TO most people it would seem to be a self-evident assumption that the University Grants Committee which is distributing more than £13,500,000 a year of public money to universities, must exercise some control over the purposes on which the money is spent. To anyone familiar with universities the assumption is not quite so self-evident as it appears. There are so many factors in universities which limit the capacity for new expenditure that even if the universities were given a kind of Fortunatus's purse into which to dip, their expenditure would not be likely to get out of hand. The most obvious of these limiting factors are staff and buildings. It is never easy to create a new post in a university because there are so many conditions to be fulfilled. In the first place the need for the post must be felt by enough members of the faculty in which it is to be established, to create a demand for it. Then there must be someone able and willing to fill it who is already something of a specialist in his subject which will often be one not widely studied hitherto. And finally there must be some place in which he can work for which there is no stronger competitor. But shortage of buildings cramps university development just as much as it does every other kind of institution. Even were there no building controls in operation the fact that buildings must be close to one another if they are to be of any use, forces the universities to restrict their development to those buildings which they themselves feel that they cannot do without. Finally, universities are subject to one limiting factor which is probably unique—the absence of motive. For instance, the compulsion to teach is a stimulus to the pursuit of knowledge, but expand the number of pupils to the point at which teaching leaves no time for study and research, and it becomes a burden. Or again, to allow two men to occupy themselves on exactly the same investigation would to any head of a department seem an inconceivable waste of time, money and space, because, contrary to commercial experience, the multiplication of a successful academic process is not an additional source of profit but an outright loss. The claim that universities if given a free hand would not spend extravagantly is not disproved by their always under the present system asking for more State grants than they get. There is all the difference in the

world between bearing the final responsibility for your own expenditure both wise and unwise, from whatever source it is met, and being able to leave to some other authority the responsibility for settling what you shall spend.

In the report of the University Grants Committee on development published in 1948, an extract from a report submitted by one university was quoted with approval: it was that "a proved capacity for useful expenditure" was a factor which ought in some measure to govern the allocation of public funds. The committee's approval of this quotation indicates that it recognizes that there is some force in the view stated above. And that view is not without respectable precedent in the shape of the formula by which under the Local Government Act, 1929, grants to local authorities were intended to be fixed. The scheme of that Act was roughly that the existing Government grants were consolidated and increased: they were then to be reviewed periodically and were to increase automatically as the total expenditure of local authorities increased. As long as any local authority could satisfy the central authority that it was not below the average level of efficiency, it was not required to make a case for increased grants nor were the sum total of local authorities required to make out what would nowadays be called a global case. How lamentably we have fallen short of this ideal is well known. But the scheme broke down not because there was anything wrong with the principle, but because constant changes in the structure of local government since 1929 prevented it from ever having a fair trial.

Lest it should be objected that the local authorities were required to increase their expenditure out of the rates (their "own money") in order to attract increased grants under the formula, while the universities have no resources corresponding to the rates which they can increase at will, it is only necessary to point out that even in 1949-1950 Government grants produced 63.9 per cent. of the total recurrent expenditure of all universities. Of the remaining 36.1 per cent. fees, which were 17.7 per cent. of the total expenditure, are one source of income which increases automatically as numbers grow. But even if it had to be admitted that an automatic formula could not be applied to Government grants to universities, there would be no need to rush into the opposite extreme. No-one would nowadays wish to revert to the discredited system under which grants from the central Government should be paid, only after every detail of the proposed expenditure has been scrutinized in Whitehall. There is no need to argue the case against that view, because there is no ground for believing that anybody holds or ever again will hold it.

The question, then, which is worrying all universities in the British Commonwealth and many of them in the U.S.A., is what amount of control by the authority which allocates grants of public money

will be demanded by Governments? What they are all wondering in Great Britain is whether the University Grants Committee will be allowed to become a body whose duty is to extract from the public purse all the money that the universities would like to be able to spend, or be forced, by pressure from without, to be one that imposes upon the universities the tasks which the public demands. The policy ultimately prevailing will, of course, be a compromise, but towards which extreme will it have a bias? The answer depends mainly upon whether the common sense of the universities themselves is given time, and has the will, to operate.

A Warden of All Souls who visited France after the Treaty of Amiens and had the privilege of an interview with Napoleon Buonaparte, was asked on his return what the great man was like. "Well," he said, "it was easy to see that he was not a university man." And that was all he had to say. The intellectual arrogance which prompted that remark has not even yet entirely disappeared from the universities, but there are hardly more than vestigial remains of it. In Oxford and Cambridge the stream of visitors eminent in all walks of life who, as honorary fellows of colleges or in other capacities, pass to and fro between the world of action outside and the world of thought within the universities, and in the other universities the mixed composition of the governing bodies, keep academic opinion in close contact with well-informed lay opinion. Even, therefore, if scholars were, as citizens, indifferent to social problems (which is far from being the fact), their minds could not fail to become infected by these contacts with an interest in those problems.

Will Governments have the patience and restraint to allow these influences to operate spontaneously? The appeal to experience does not give a very encouraging answer. The recent history of local government is a warning against what may happen to the universities. It has long been accepted doctrine in this country that the healthy working of democracy demands the existence of strong organs of local government. If this doctrine means anything it means that there ought to be some machinery for adjusting central plans to local conditions; and that machinery can, of course, be used for obstruction as well as for adjustment of the central plan. Nevertheless, if the central plan is a good one, the obstructive local authority is certain in time to learn its error. But the bureaucrat in his office cannot see the endless local difficulties out of which what seems to him to be a wanton obstruction arises, and the result has been the rapid erosion of local government and the crushing out of individualism. The bureaucrat's excuse is that while the grass is growing, the horse starves.

What makes men and women take up academic careers is not the hope of becoming rich or powerful, but their liking of the conditions.

The most important of the conditions is that the universities give an environment in which extreme individualism can flourish. That, of course, is not claimed on their behalf as a merit but is stated as a fact. Interference with this individualism is a breach of an implied condition of the employment of every academic person. Somehow or other this individualism has got to be preserved, and the task of university administration is to stand between it and the harsh social forces which threaten it.

What are the particular matters in which initiative in a university ought to continue to be vested in small units? Probably none of these would ask for more—except, of course, the elementary right to survive—than to settle and vary their own programmes of work, and for protection against any interference with their methods or any form of censorship of their results. From time to time, in all academic pursuits survival means expansion. A point comes at which data can no longer be usefully accumulated, but must be used. If expansion of a subject is arbitrarily halted at that point, the subject stagnates. Obviously such expansion is most likely to be halted at times like the present when retrenchment of public expenditure is a condition of national survival. And that condition prompts also prying into the details of how public money is spent. The change from an expanding to a contracting economy is anyhow a painful one. The universities cannot claim that they ought not to be asked to submit to this change. But each university can judge for itself better than anyone else can judge for it, how the change can best be made. Some immediate social need may suffer in the process, but no social loss could be greater than the loss of the universities' independence.

How simple, then, it all seems: the several parts of the university submit their claims for money to the central authority in the university; that body presents them in the most persuasive form possible to the University Grants Committee, which in its turn presents them to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who foots the bill. At no stage dares anybody to criticize because that would be an infringement of academic independence. But of course in real life things do not work like that. The lawyer who dissuades his client from a particular plea, true though it be, because he "will never persuade the Court to believe it," or Sir Robert Peel when he told the Under Secretary for Ireland that it "was vain to say to the House of Commons: 'This is a delicate subject and does not bear discussion'—a loud laugh would be the answer to such an argument," are both asserting the right of the person who has to present a case to influence the selection of the facts presented. In the presentation of a claim for grants the selection at each stage is inevitably of claims to be dropped, not of claims to be added. And there can be no

escape from the risk that sometimes what looks well on paper may oust what is really more worth while. The risk is reduced but not removed by the composition of the University Grants Committee itself, which is a body mainly of eminent scholars, themselves engaged in academic work and well qualified to distinguish what is meretricious from what is sound.

The British universities have grown up in habits of thrift. They have had so little to spend that they undertook no enterprise unless the prospect of valuable results was assured as fully as profound thought and careful preparation could make it. That is one way of getting results. Another is to dash into one investigation after another if the money is available and perhaps get the same result in the same time but at much greater expense. (And of course there are stages between these extremes.) Apart from the cost, the relative merits of the two methods depend in part upon temperament. One man is cautious and reflective, another is bold and intuitive. But few scholars can be first the one and then the other. One danger of dependence on State grants is that periods of free and restricted expenditure will alternate and that the universities will be unable to adjust their programmes quickly enough. It may well be that the most important task of university administrators, both in the universities and in Government, will be to avoid abrupt changes in the rate of expansion and development. In the Annual Report for 1950-1951 Oxford calculated that only about 43 per cent. of its total expenditure was controllable. The rest was spent on such purposes as the stipends of permanent academic staff and the essential upkeep of premises. The same report pointed out that when in 1930-1931 the Government attempted drastic economies with the determination to achieve results, national expenditure, until the conversion of the five per cent war loan was carried out, was reduced by no more than three per cent. of the total. Even that result required special legislation enabling contracts to be broken without compensation. Universities could no more than the Government suddenly reduce their existing activities except by wrecking important parts of them, with unforeseeable consequences to the remainder. What they could do is to restrict developments.

All developments fall with more or less precision into two classes. Either they are a natural growth from an established stock, which it would be as criminal to check as to check a child's growth with gin and compression, or they are the planting of a new stock which is expected in due course to flourish and yield fruit. When a development of the latter kind is not undertaken, the ultimate loss both to learning and to the public may be even greater than in the other case, but nobody knows for certain and no established interest suffers. If then the universities knew in advance what increments

of grants they were going to get for a long time ahead and were assured of proper notice of any intention to reduce them, they could adjust their programmes accordingly, giving priority to the growth of established stocks.

If a scheme for automatic increments were introduced and the periodic revision of them given up, each university would be saved the labour now involved once in five years in arguing its case. This has been described as "time wasted which adds nothing to the sum of knowledge." The grants would be determined by the statistics of past expenditure and the Government would not be tempted to interfere in the details of academic business. There is nothing repugnant to commonsense in such an arrangement.

The form in which the University Grants Committee asked for information from the universities in the present quinquennial applications, indicates that the committee itself attaches much more importance to statistics than to picturesque presentation, and probably intends to work out some kind of standard figures of growth against which the claims of each university can be measured. In such a state of affairs what would be the functions of the University Grants Committee? Probably much more important than was originally intended. When the automatic growth of State grants was introduced for local authorities, everybody recognized that the inefficient local authority must be penalized. The Minister of Health's function was to judge by all the information open to him whether any particular authority was inefficient within the meaning of the Act. That scheme was never given a fair trial and perhaps it would not have worked because of the political difficulties. Probably the difficulties might be less when dealing with universities; men of learning quickly know when a department is losing its distinction. There will hardly ever be a university in which from time to time some department is not in that state, but if there were one in which several departments were simultaneously in it, the position would have been reached at which intervention would be justified and would present few difficulties.

(Mr. Veale's article is a sequel to his "University Administration" published in the November 1951 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Since 1930 he has been Registrar of Oxford University.)

TRACKING SEA BIRDS BY RINGING

BY RICHARD PERRY

ONE of the most fascinating scientific experiments of this century has been the marking of individual birds by means of light metal rings on their legs. Each ring bears a serial number and reference. Thus birds ringed in Great Britain, under the auspices of the British Trust for Ornithology, bear the inscription *British Museum Nat. Hist. London*. But marking by this method has now reached international proportions. In North America some 400,000 birds are banded annually, and some 20,000 recovered of those banded in previous years. In Britain a record total of over 57,000 birds were ringed in 1949 and some 3,000 recoveries were reported. Extensive ringing is, or has been, undertaken in Norway, Sweden, Finland, the U.S.S.R., Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland and Poland, with Greenland, Iceland and the Faeroe Isles contributing their quota.

In Great Britain about half the annual total of ringed birds are nestlings and the other half adults or juveniles trapped in various types of cages, either during the nesting season, or in their winter quarters, or at such migratory stations around our coasts as the Fair Isle, midway between Shetland and Orkney, the Isle of May in the Firth of Forth, Spurn Head, Cley on the north Norfolk coast, Lundy in the Bristol Channel, or the island of Skokholm off the Pembrokeshire coast.

There are various advantages in marking individual birds with practically fool-proof numbered rings. Thus, where previously we could only conjecture as to the place of origin of a bird shot or found dead, and could only ascertain its approximate age if it was in one of the immature plumages, we can now learn, by referring the ring number to the appropriate authority, the exact locality in which any bird recovered was ringed and, in the case of a nestling, its precise age—thus obtaining a mass of data on that intriguing problem, the potential life span of a wild bird. The recoveries of ringed birds also throw light on such problems as the daily mileage of a migrant, the route it follows, and its powers of 'homing'. Finally, we can learn not only the exact breeding localities and winter-quarters of the various geographical races of one species, but also those favoured

by the various age groups and sexes.

In the British Isles we are especially fortunate in the numbers and variety of species of our nesting sea birds, and it was really a summer spent in Shetland studying the breeding history of skuas and gannets that inspired me with the ambition to undertake what looks like being a lifelong piece of research—namely the analysis of the recoveries of all British and European ringed birds. These of course increase annually at the rate of some five per cent. of the total ringed every year, though a proportion of this five per cent. is made up of dead nestlings or fledglings, which, while of interest to the statistician calculating mortality rates and average expectation of life, is of no interest to me.

It may be remembered that during the course of that summer in Shetland I was able to ring 112 nestlings of the great skua or Bonxie and 28 Arctic skuas. From this operation sprang my present interest in ringing, and it is on the results of ringing sea-birds that I wish to concentrate in this paper. As it happens 'Operation Skua' has so far proved singularly unfruitful, for in the four years that have passed since my expedition only one ringed skua has been reported—that of a seven-months-old Bonxie which alighted exhausted on board a French fishing-smack off West Flanders in January 1947, and died the next day—which perhaps was not surprising, inasmuch as the skipper took the bird home with him.

Though almost negative, thus far, the operation has, however raised an interesting problem, in so far as no ringed skuas of any kind have been seen in Shetland during the nesting seasons that have elapsed, though a special lookout has been kept for ringed birds. This apparent failure to return to their Shetland birthplace can be accounted for by four possibilities. First, by assuming that all have died in the interim period. This is highly improbable, though in stormy years there may be a considerable mortality among the juveniles. In 1939, for example, no fewer than eleven ringed young bonxies from Shetland came to grief on the British and Channel coasts between September and November.

We may assume, in the second place, that the young skuas do not return to their breeding grounds until they are some years old. This is very probably the case, as it is a characteristic of other large sea-fowl such as gulls, which do not begin to breed until they are four or five years old, while no young gannet has been recovered at its breeding cliff until its third summer, though more than 12,000 have been ringed and some 450 recovered. There are, however, two records of bonxies ringed as nestlings in the south of Iceland, which were shot off the north of Iceland in their second and third summers respectively. This does not, of course, necessarily mean that either were breeding when shot. Almost certainly they were not. And there is a third

record of an Icelandic bonxie which was shot in south-west Greenland in the August of its second summer. An Icelandic Arctic skua has, however, been shot near its birthplace in its fourth summer.

A third possibility is that the young bonxies do not necessarily return to nest in their native colonies or countries of origin. Thus, though over 800 British bonxies have now been ringed, and 25 recovered not one has been reported from its place of ringing, though one of those 1939 birds ringed as a nestling on Noss was recovered six summers later on the opposite mainland of Shetland. The remainder however, have all been recovered as juveniles in their first autumn or winter as far south as Portugal, except for one—a nestling from the north of Shetland, also ringed in 1939—recovered in its winter-quarters off Boston, U.S.A., some 3,000 miles distant, the following February, and another recovered off the Gironde in its first summer.

Finally, we could assume that all those I marked have got rid of their rings, the bonxie having a powerful beak, or that the rings have been worn away by salt water action. This, again, is improbable, for such large marine birds as cormorants, herring-gulls and Sandwich terns have all been recovered wearing rings more than 20 years old. Thus, it is still possible that some of those skuas ringed in 1946 may be recovered in Shetland. Skuas are long-lived fowl. There is a record of a bonxie living to the age of 24 years in captivity, while two of the smaller Arctic skuas are known to have returned to the same nesting territories in Shetland for at least 31 consecutive years.

On the other hand it is possible that some, at any rate, of the Noss youngsters will not return to nest on that island at their appointed time. Consider in this respect the puffin. This, again, is a species that may not breed for some years after fledging. The bird fowlers of the Faeroe Isles, indeed, assert that the puffin does not begin to breed until it is at least four years old, and in fact no ringed nestlings have been re-taken on those islands until their third summer. A young puffin ringed on Skokholm, however, was recovered on that island the following July, though, again, this does not necessarily imply that it was breeding. (It is worth noting perhaps that there is a Faeroese record of an albino puffin which was to be seen at the same colony for 60 years, though it did not alight to breed during the last ten years of its life.) Now, all these young Faeroese puffins returned eventually to their native colonies, but this has not been the case with Icelandic puffins. Thus, of 16 nestlings ringed in that country, every one was recovered two, or three, summers later at a different colony from that in which it had been ringed; whereas, of 20 ringed as breeding adults, all but five were recovered, up to seven summers later, at the colonies in which they had been ringed. Similarly some scores of puffins ringed as adults in Orkney have all been recovered

where ringed ; a French-ringed nestling was recovered two summers later in the Scilly Isles.

If then, the habits of puffins are to be thought typical of sea-fowl in general, there is a clear tendency for the adult sea bird to return to the same breeding colony year after year, but a likelihood that the young bird may eventually breed in a different locality from that in which it was born. Thus the Noss skuas may eventually turn up in some other parts of Shetland or Orkney, or even in Faeroe or Iceland, where of course the chances of seeing or recovering any ringed birds are very much less than in Shetland.

If, too, it is a fact that young sea birds, rather than returning to their birthplaces to breed, are as likely, or more likely, to accompany any adults they may contact at the winter fishing grounds to the breeding grounds of the latter, we can understand how these youngsters are able to achieve their remarkable migratory journey. Consider, again, in this respect, the puffin. On December 20 and 21, 1939, by an extraordinary coincidence, two young puffins, which had been ringed within a week of each other on St. Kilda the previous August, were recovered on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland—those wonderful fishing grounds for sea birds from breeding stations on both sides of the Atlantic. Though the adult puffins may be seen at their nesting burrows on the night their young ones fledge, they do not apparently associate with them once they have got down to the sea, for juvenile puffins are always seen alone at sea. But obviously the latter cannot divine the whereabouts of the winter fishing grounds of whose very existence they are ignorant. We must assume, therefore, that eventually the youngsters contact adult birds from their own or other colonies and accompany them to the fishing grounds. It is not therefore surprising to find that one young puffin from St. Kilda was recovered off Orkney the following March, while others from Sutherland and the Farne Islands have been recovered the same autumn or winter off the south of Norway. Others no doubt will eventually be reported from the Atlantic coast of France, where an adult, ringed in Pembrokeshire, was recovered off the Gironde two winters subsequently.

The significance of the young gannet cannot be overlooked. Here is a clear-cut instance of the young bird and the adult migrating separately, for while the earliest young gannets are fledging in August, all, or the vast bulk, of their parents are still on the nesting cliffs in October, by which date the recoveries of ringed birds show that the advance guard of the fledgling gannets have reached western Morocco. True, young gannets are more often seen at sea in the company of older non-breeding birds than alone, and it is very possible that the latter lead the way to the southern limit of their winter range off Mauretania, 1,200 miles north of the equator. Even so, the numbers

of these older birds must be strictly limited, for 90 per cent. of those recovered in North African seas have been juveniles in their first winter, and none has been older than in its fourth winter, while only three gannets ringed as adults have been recovered as far south as Spain, 90 per cent. of all adults ringed having been recovered in British waters.

These percentages illustrate the well known fact that the urge to migrate is stronger in the young bird than in the adult, and decreases with age, so that in the main we shall expect to find that those sea birds undertaking the longest migrations are young. In no case has this fact been more beautifully demonstrated by ringing than in that of that charming little gull, the kittiwake, which nests in colonies of thousands on the cliffs around our coasts. While no fewer than 11 young kittiwakes from British colonies, mainly the Farne Islands off Northumberland, have been recovered on the other side of the Atlantic especially on the Grand Banks, no adult kittiwake has ever been recovered outside British waters. Two of these youngsters were recovered off south-west Greenland and Newfoundland respectively as early as October 1 and November 14 their first autumn—that is to say not more than two or three months after they had fledged. No ringed nestlings have been recovered at their birthplace before their second summer, and some were still in the western Atlantic one or two summers after being ringed. Of these, one second summer bird was recovered far up the Davis Strait : while other nestlings from the Farne Islands and the Isle of May have been reported from such varying localities as Iceland, Faeroe, Denmark, Holland and the Bay of Biscay. Those kittiwakes at the Grand Banks are joined by others from Denmark and Iceland, the latter being of special interest, because the two Icelandic recoveries were both adults.

As our young kittiwakes move out of British waters in the autumn, so their place is taken by others from colonies in the far north ; we have the records of three nestlings from Murmansk in Arctic Russia, which were recovered on the east coast of Scotland in their first or second winters. These transatlantic voyages are not made solely, of course, in a west to east direction. Two Arctic tern nestlings from west Greenland and New Brunswick respectively have been recovered in Britain as early as September and October their first autumn. Two others from Labrador were subsequently recovered, one in the Bay of Biscay in October the same autumn, the other on the coast of Natal (8,000 miles or more distant) in November, and a third from Maine was recovered in August in southern Nigeria four years after ringing.

But the Arctic tern is a regular oceanic traveller, whose astounding migrations span the seas from Arctic to Antarctic. Much more remarkable are the vagrancies of individual coastal species brought

to light by ringing. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the record of a Caspian tern which was ringed as a nestling on Lake Michigan and recovered 12 years later on the Yorkshire coast. Had this bird not been ringed it would have been recorded as a vagrant from a colony in western Europe or North Africa, where it also breeds, as Caspian terns have been observed in the British Isles on some 30 previous occasions. Then there is the reverse case of another coastal and inland species, the gull-billed tern, of which a Danish nestling was recovered in September the same year in Barbados. It is interesting to note that this gull is also a native of the eastern Americas.

Everyone knows the black-headed gull, as common inland as on the coast, and a gull that one does not normally observe more than a mile or two offshore. Yet three black-headed gulls, ringed at Rossitten in the south-east corner of the Baltic, have crossed the Atlantic, two of them as juveniles, to be recovered in Labrador, the Gulf of Mexico and Barbados; the last was the unexpected destination, reached in November, after a flight of well over 4,000 miles. A fourth nestling ringed in Belgium in 1932 was recovered in Labrador in its second autumn.

Finally, there is the extraordinary record of a cormorant ringed in Holland and recovered two years later at a point west of the Great Lakes, nearly 5,000 miles distant, though no other Dutch cormorant is known to have migrated further than North Africa. No doubt this remarkable bird was lost, though it was not in its first year. But if the recoveries of ringed birds have demonstrated two facts above all others, they are that (a) if a bird has the power of flight there is virtually no limit to the distance it can fly, and (b) wherever it may be on the earth's surface that point is always at one end of an imaginary line prolonged from its breeding station, though, as we have seen, the latter is not necessarily the same as its birthplace. Of this, striking evidence is afforded by a series of experiments performed with the aid of Manx shearwaters breeding on Skokholm. This shearwater nests underground in colonies on several islands off our west and north coasts, at which it is nocturnal, though fishing by day at sea, of course, up to 600 miles from its breeding station, each sex incubating in turn for spells of up to six days. Though a bird of powerful flight, it is seldom seen more than 200 miles out in the Atlantic and does not appear to winter further south than the Bay of Biscay. More than 37,000 Manx shearwaters have now been ringed, of which some 1,600 have been subsequently recovered. Among these are a number of nesting adults which have been transported to a distance from Skokholm and then released. Their ability to 'home' directly has been strikingly demonstrated. Thus one released at Start Point in south Devon, 220 miles distant as the crow flies, was back in its nesting burrow on Skokholm within ten hours—two puffins released

from the same place took five days to return to their burrows—while two others released in Surrey were back the next day, and a non-breeding bird released in Worcestershire returned within five days, in contrast to the record of another non-breeding bird which did not return until the following May. From further afield two released in the Faeroe Isles covered the 700 miles back to Skokholm in 11 and 12 days respectively, while a Faeroese bird with a nestling took 32 days to return to Faeroe from the Firth of Forth. An interesting contrast is afforded by two Skokholm birds, one with a nestling and the other with an egg, released on the Isle of May, the former 'homing' in 11 days, the latter in 27 days. From the French coast we have one released at Le Havre in April taking 29 days to return, and another released from Cape Finisterre in July not returning until the following May.

Thus far we have been dealing with 'homing' records from within the Manx shearwaters' specific, if not individual, breeding range, though they do not of course normally fly over inland counties. But now we have to consider four remarkable records of 'homing' from localities where no Manx shearwater has ever been known to occur. First two records of birds released at Venice, 930 miles as the crow flies, or 3,700 miles by sea, from Stockholm. In one instance the bird was back at its burrow within 14 days, in the other it did not return until the following March. And finally three records of shearwaters released in Switzerland, one returning from Berne in 13 days, and two from Lugano in 15 and 18 days respectively. The instances I have quoted are, of course, of successful 'homers' (others never returned), but they demonstrate conclusively that the migrant bird is as fixed in its relationship to its breeding station as the moon is to the earth. In the present state of our knowledge each man may put forward his own theory to account for this relationship, but I would suggest that the ultimate solution to the problem will be expressed in terms of magnetic attraction.

KING DAVID

(An extract)

BY JOSEPH BRADDOCK

Sleep I could not for a black coil of trouble :
 Tumultuous thoughts like burning tongues
 Seared me, hissing malicious adders.
 The cure I tried to find assailed me more.
 Sleep. No sleep would come to me—sour thoughts
 Like oxen yoked stumped heavily round and round,
 With foreboding, corroding fears :
 My sons were not my former joy ;
 The stratagems of old Achitophel
 Cold as a basilisk ; Abiathar stale too,
 Remembering how, till lately, I would bend
 To pore with him above new lettering,
 His fine, historical accounts of battles ;
 All savour gone, my age but vanity.
 I sought the solace of my golden poetry,
 To ease my pain with music of my harp.
 Beauty would not dissolve in words—
 I could not rest that night by any means.
 The bars of moonlight, splintered by the lattice,
 From wall and ceiling peered like amber eyes,
 Pale as girls' whey cheeks on my cedar couch.
 So in that heat I found the palace roof,
 Thinking to wash me in the moon's clear fire ;
 Take beauty's healing from a sleeping city,
 A city signed in glory with my name.

The earth lay blanched in moonlight and in peace.
 As I stood idle on the terrace, suddenly
 My eyes with eagle speed embraced a sight
 Making me young again, filling each vein
 With tumult, with wild thunder of the spring.

For—God be raised !—a woman slim like fountain water
 Moved on the roof-top below mine
 Adjacent to the court : her body's wonder

Gleamed through a shift diaphanous, as delicate as morning gossamer.
 Her beauty caught my breath, rousing my heart
 To knocking, for that lucky raiment
 Like a soft cloud passed from her well-fleshed shoulders,
 Her polished flanks, dropped sighing round her feet.
 She fell to rinsing from a silver basin
 Certain she was unseen ; inclined her head
 Shaking a glossy blue-black wing of hair,
 Smiling in ecstasy of perfect youth.
 Then, as she turned upon her heel
 With lightly undulating, heavy hips,
 White water-pearls adorned her sinuous back.

I asked Benaiah who she was.
 “ Did deep blue eyes slant upwards towards temples
 Of whitest elegance, made whiter far
 By contrast with those loosened locks of jet ?
 Was her nose slender ? Did her nostrils flare ?
 If so, I know her.”

Who is she ?

“ I heard speech of her from your nephew, Jonadab,
 Who shared the guard with me to-night.”

Who is she ?

“ Nothing escapes your nephew's wicked eye,
 A know-all gossip ! ”

Come !—her name ?

“ Her name is Bathsheba.”
 Her lids hide treasures. Is she a virgin ?
 “ That flask is broken, will not seal again.”
 So, she is married. Her husband's name ?

“ It is Uriah,

A Hittite in your bodyguard, now serving
 At Rabbah.”

Benaiah, my will is prisoner,

Held captive by the blue swords of her eyes.
 Do not withhold your knowledge. Tell me all.
 Only to dream such beauty can rekindle
 Passion's beacon, heal hurt, banish darkness . . .
 What of Uriah ? Speak of his character.

“ He loves unbearded boys to train for war.
 Women he treats as toys.”

What age is he ?

“ Around dull, callow twenty I should guess.”
 He wins that throw by twenty years ; but woman
 Is nice of sense, and I am David—

I am resolved to touch her living features,
 Golden of body, golden of spirit.
 Go, find my nephew Jonadab,
 Command him to the house of Bathsheba. . .
 As she is rosy, comely,
 I'll woo her humbly ;
 Nor dumbly with my poet's mouth.

Can I govern my heart, who rule a nation ?
 I should commune much with my inner spirit ;
 For love, that dizzy leaping flame enfolds me
 To my soul's danger. What are passion, love, desire ?
 More than alluring toils compelling Samson
 To pull down pillars on the Philistines ;
 More than prolific rut, a frolic lacing of lithe limbs ;
 More than aspiring search, the wrestling with an angel.
 For this love, as I know it, is divine ;
 Her body is a glass where shines reflected
 Cloud-hidden God, a holy writ of living beauty.

(Sings to the accompaniment of his harp)

How coldly curves the moon's scimitar !
 Her whitest gleam
 Is grey beside your curving breast.
 The lion-visaged sun
 Goes smoking home to rest,
 Shows never a burning beam
 More ruby-deep
 Than your lips' proffered wine.
 Look at the dazzling host of stars—
 O little hands, O sultry hair,
 Heart's blood of mine !—
 Wheeling incandescent there :
 None blaze so fiercely bright
 As blue marauding eyes.
 Fruit of my soul ! your eyes
 Have started fires within my brain
 No later weeping thunder skies
 Shall ever quench again.

A LAMPLIGHTER IN VICTORIA STREET—III

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

SITTING at his desk, scenes recalled by the lamplighter hold for him a quality of light and clarity of definition that rival any screen. He read a brief paragraph in *The Times*, stating that in Madrid the Home Minister had forbidden the use of the *banderillas de fuego* in the bull rings of Spain. In Victoria Street days they were in common use. From the Plaza de Toros of Seville and Cadiz and the Plaza del Triunfo in Madrid the lamplighter has watched mobs of savages, excited and clamorous, howling, "*Fuego ! Fuego !*" to the president, whose fiat was needed to add crowning horror to a bloody scene, and if he has refused assent, further cries of "*Verguenza ! Verguenza !* (Shame)", have filled the air. Fire naderils placed with so much skill and daring on the shoulders of a bull that was not showing fight, exploded and scorched the skin. Seeing them in use made it impossible to go again to the bull ring.

Then the lamplighter turns back for a moment to Seville to recall two strange sights. The first is the mourning procession for Espartero, ace of matadors, killed in the arena of Madrid by one of the famous Miura bulls, the "Herd of Death", to the almost hysterical grief of all Spain, a country which, even when very poor, could pay its most popular *Diestros* as much as £20,000 a year. The other picture is of the Plaza of San Fernando during one of the early morning walks, taken to avoid exercise in the "Hours of Fire". "Dawn's left hand was in the sky" but the plaza was filling up with women and children, many of the women in tears. Then the strains of a military band were heard, and as the bandsmen came leading a company of lads (they were little more), he asked one of the weeping women by his side where the recruits were going. "They are going to God, Señor, but their road is by the swamps of Cuba." This was in thousands of cases literally true. In the distance, but coming nearer week by week, was the Spanish-American war. Perhaps the sense of tragedy in town and country was heightened by the beauty of southern Spain at that season, its rich gift of sunshine, olive and vine, fruit and flowers, clear explanation why poverty and content could travel hand in hand.

The lamplighter can never forget the beggar he met on the river bank outside Cordova, a thing of rags and tatters, middle-aged, unwashed and singing. "You are happy," he said, offering him a

cigarette. "Why?" "It is a fine day, *Señor*," the beggar replied, "the sun warms me; I have two oranges in my pocket and no cares. Why should I not sing?" He rose to his feet to receive the peseta that rewarded happiness and raised what in far off times had been recognizably a hat. "*Vaya con Dios, Señor*," he said. He would have forgotten me by the time the peseta was spent in some *ventorillo*, but none the less nearly sixty years later my lamp reveals him still smiling, still full of the joy of life that must linger for all time in Andalusia among those who leave politics alone.

It is no far cry from the banks of the Guadalquivir to Madrid; it is a farther one from the beggar by his roadside to the sanctum of His Excellency the Duke of Almodovar in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but the lamp lights his desk as he talks about Spanish interests in Morocco, and how in old times Spain sacrificed her wealth to extend the colonial empire that had gone. The Duke's secretary, Don Alfonso Merry del Val, was destined to become marquis and doyen of ambassadors in London, a grave, far-sighted man, intensely faithful to his convictions and his country. His brother became Papal Secretary of State. A newspaper indiscretion broke association with Madrid, but "Don Roberto", who was a friend of the Duke, promised to explain the position when they met at the Algeciras Conference, and wrote that all was well and the Duke would restore communication when he returned to Madrid. But he was not fated to return; unending work killed yet another man whose patriotism led him to overtax his strength. My lamp has not shone on two more serious patriots, who, though they marched so indefatigably behind the times, were capable of supreme loyalty; it shines at the same time on an old friend, well beloved and greatly admired, Don Roberto to his intimates, R.B. Cunninghame Graham to the rest. The lamp lights him upon three special occasions, our first and last meeting and one taken half way along the road of life. Only the first belongs to Victoria Street, for it was in the late nineties, in the house—or should one say palace?—of Walter Harris, traveller and *Times* correspondent in Morocco. I had just arrived to lunch. "You have not met Cunninghame Graham," he says, as the tall, elegant man sitting in a corner of the study rose to his feet. "I know him intimately," I say, as we shake hands, and he looks puzzled. "I have read and re-read *Al Moghreb el Acksa*," I explained, and his quick response marked the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the Destroyer of Delights intervened, more than forty years later.

The middle distance memory belongs to the time when the lamplighter was Don Roberto's guest at Ardoch in Dumbartonshire. We were walking along a country road and he pointed to a ruin on a hilltop. "That belonged to Robert the Bruce," he remarked. "I am rather proud to have it on my land." "It ought to be a national

monument instead of a mere ruin," I suggest. "Impossible," he replies. "If I gave it to the nation my countrymen would at once turn it into a public house and call it 'The Original Bruce Arms.'"

The third and last memory is not far away and lies beyond Victoria Street. We are lunching together at the Spanish Restaurant, and he is telling me that only a few days stand between him and his journey to South America. "Don Roberto," I plead, "don't go. You are over eighty; such journeys are for younger men. I have a horrid presentiment; you are one of my oldest friends and I hate the thought of you travelling so far." "Cheer up, *Amigo*," he says, "I shall be back before the season is over; we will dine together and I will tell you all about it. What a pity there is no longer an Empire Theatre complete with Adeline Genée; what pleasant hours she gave us both!" Now my lamp shines back on a little company in a box at the Empire. It holds Don Roberto's brother Charles (a Commander in the R.N. and Equerry to King Edward VII), his sister-in-law and nephew. The last named, little more than a school-boy, is so enthusiastic about Adeline Genée, that I offer to take him round to the stage and present him, but Mrs. Charles forbids. "He is too young to go behind the scenes," she says, with a fine sense of the proprieties of Victoria Street. To-day that boy is an admiral, holding a very important position, and owner of Ardoch where I was his uncle's guest.

The lamp shines on the Earl's Court exhibitions. There were many of them, starting, if memory serves me truly, with the 'Healtheries' and 'Fisheries', and continuing for several years with a measure of success. Imre Kiralfy was the nominal head of the company that ran the exhibitions, but he was not actively concerned. The real work was done by two men I knew and respected, Hermann Hart and Mr. Hartley. They were pleasant, kindly men, concerned for the welfare of those who worked with them, and one evening I met Mr. Hartley's boy, an extremely intelligent looking youngster, frank, smiling and attractive. Hermann Hart remarked, as father and son strolled into the grounds: "You see that youngster there. I tell you he is destined to do great things. I have never met anyone of his years quite so gifted. Look out for him." Both my old friends have long gone to their rest, but there is no occasion to look far to discover the son, because he is General Sir Harold Hartley, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., who has distinguished himself in every field of activity that has attracted him, and in addition to his military and scientific achievements, is a director of *The Times*.

At the music halls Harry Lauder, contrived to be amusing while combining humour with decency, a task that proved too much for so many of his contemporaries. I recall the Sunday evening when I met him at dinner in a friend's house. It was something of an occasion,

there must have been nearly a score of guests, and when our host said: "I have persuaded my old friend, Mr. Lauder, to go to the piano," there was great applause. The comedian left the dinner table, went to the piano, paused for a moment to look at the guests and struck up the opening bars of a hymn, which he proceeded to sing as though he liked it. "Ye'll no' ha' forgotten, it's the braw Sawbath," he remarked quietly when the last chord sounded.

Writing of hymns recalls another incident that led to my giving offence quite unpremeditated to that eminent romantic actor, Mr. Wilson Barrett. *The Sign of the Cross* was being presented at the Lyric Theatre; I was standing in the wings watching the play from that coign of vantage. Miss Maud Jefferies was heroine, and a very beautiful one. The time came when all the people on the stage who were to be martyred sang a hymn to prove how little the prospect worried them. They had scarcely finished when Wilson Barrett came down to where I was standing. "Well, Mr. Bensusan," he said, "what did you think of the hymn?" "To tell you the truth, Sir," I said, pointing to Miss Jefferies, "I was too busy admiring her, to give a thought to any hymn." "You are very flippant this evening," he rebuked, and went off, to live up to the virtues inherent in the play.

The lamplighter had a great admiration for Beerbohm Tree, and visited him at His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, from time to time. It chanced that, following a long journey on the Continent, I received a letter from a newspaper, asking me to see Mr. Tree about a forthcoming production. I went down the corridor, knocked at the door and opened it. Sitting by the table was a huge fat man to whom I bowed and said: "I am waiting to see Mr. Tree." He waved me to a chair; several minutes passed; then a quite familiar voice said: "You have forgotten me apparently." There was some excuse, for Beerbohm Tree was made up as Falstaff. They were playing *The Merry Wives of Windsor* but, having been out of England for so long, I knew nothing of this.

Tree was at his best on the stage when the performance was on, but at his worst on the stage during a rehearsal, when his tongue was unrestrained. He would scold everybody, even his wife, and I can recall incidents that were embarrassing to the onlooker; but he was very highly strung and gave everything that was in him to the part he was playing. One night I met him as he was coming off and he said to me: "How did it go?" I forget the play, but it was a highly emotional one and he had excelled. "In the last act," I told him, "I shivered; my spine seemed reacted to your voice." "You could not have paid me a greater compliment," he said; it had the merit of being true.

The lamp shines for a moment on a quiet, modest man, working in the outer office of my agents, Perris & Cazenove, as honest and

competent a firm as any writer could wish to deal with. It was a great loss to me and I imagine to all their clients when they gave up business. The man, whose name I did not know, used to chat with me. He looked simple but clever, I felt that he had some reserves of capacity that the office could never call for. Long years afterwards, when I had reviewed *Limehouse Nights*, I had a letter from Thomas Burke, thanking me. He wrote: "You won't have forgotten that we often used to meet in Henrietta Street when you were waiting to see Perris or Cazenove." Here was a writer of extraordinary power and deepest sympathies, who died all too soon.

The lamplighter contributed by request to the first number of the *Daily Express*, but his notes were crowded out. This was no unusual occurrence. One night Sir Arthur Pearson, pointing to a pile of papers, told a colleague: "More than two hundred pounds worth of telegrams wasted for lack of space." There was a hint here of the expenses that a daily paper must meet. David Anderson who ran the London School of Journalism of which I am perhaps the sole survivor, would tell the story of a man who sold his soul to the devil in return for three years of unlimited extravagance. A contract was drawn up and signed. The man ran a town house, a country house, a Mediterranean villa and a yacht and the devil met all bills without flinching. Then with only six months of the term to run, the man said that, for a final experience, he would start a daily paper. The devil argued, cajoled, offered many other sources of excitement, but all in vain. "I will have a daily paper here and now," said the man. "I'll be back in half an hour," said the devil angrily. "Well," said the man, when Satan returned, holding an envelope, "have you brought the money with you?" "No," said the devil, "I have brought back your contract. There are limits to expenditure, even where I come from."

Before R.D.B., the well beloved, took charge at the *Express*, he was on the *Mail*. "You are going to bury yourself in Shoe Lane," 'Mr. Alfred' told him, "the *Express* is doing 80,000 a day at the most." To-day the paper has the highest circulation among our dailies. The lamplighter recalls the earlier editor, B. Fletcher Robinson, who brought a great reputation from Oxford and was killed by oysters. He told me a strange story of how he went to Devon for a holiday and, on Dartmoor, thought out the plot of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, which he offered to the one man who could do justice to it. "Two hours work," he remarked, "a thousand pounds an hour. Could that be beaten?" "Credo quia incredibile," I told him.

(Mr. Bensusan's other 'Lamplighter' articles were published in the January 1950 and January 1951 issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

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PALMERSTON'S NICHE

By ASA BRIGGS

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

THE POUND, THE DOLLAR AND INFLATION

May I offer some comments on the letter in the December 1951 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY in which Mr. R. P. Schwarz refers to the article which I contributed last October?

Mr. Schwarz contends that "the low level of British export prices should be corrected by an appropriate adjustment of selling prices, best effected by the exporters themselves." Any such adjustment would mean concerted action, directed to maintaining the extravagant profit margin which devaluation has made possible. How is concerted action to be brought about? Who is to take the initiative? Are the prices of exportable goods sold at home to be similarly adjusted, or is there to be a system of dual pricing?

Mr. Schwarz suggests that "the expansion of incomes ought to be taken care of by our steeply progressive tax system." Taxation of excessive profits may be an effective method of restraining demand, but it leaves open the inducements to claim increases of wages, and diminishes the inducements to resist them.

Even as things are, the adjustment of export prices is being brought about by the rise of wages, which *pro tanto* nullifies the competitive advantage which devaluation was intended to confer.

He may be right when he says that the International Monetary Fund would not accept the view that fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold, linked to an unstable dollar, would constitute a "fundamental disequilibrium" for other money units. But the idea that "the promotion of exchange stability" is to be attained by linking money units to an unstable standard is not very plausible.

Mr. Schwarz holds that "so long as rearmament continues on its present scale inflation can at best be slowed down. Even that requires international action." And he refers to American prices: "their rise cannot be halted, much less can they be reduced, without severe measures of control in the United States." But suppose the measures of control are not forthcoming; does he imagine that the rise of price must be communicated to Great Britain *regardless of the rate of exchange*? Any comparison of British and American wages, prices and costs must be based on the rate of exchange. High American prices need not mean high British prices if the dollar value of the pound is raised.

Of the use of bank rate Mr. Schwarz says "it might well produce considerable unemployment." Like so many critics of bank rate policy, he seems to imagine that there is no intermediate stage between an over-employment which has brought our economic system to a state of breakdown and a state of deflation in which the number of unemployed will be reckoned by the million.

Yours faithfully,

R. G. HAWTREY.

London, W.8.

It has become part of the current jargon of politics to say that we are no longer living in the Age of Palmerston. In his painstaking study,* based on nearly twenty years' research, Professor Webster shows that at any rate from 1830 to 1841, Palmerston's policy was far from being a policy of glory and gunpowder. Expressions of national egotism were preceded by a recognition of ethical values which Gladstone himself could not have bettered.

In this detailed and carefully documented account, no new or startling conclusions emerge either about Palmerston's character or his approach to particular countries or to particular problems. Indeed what Professor Webster does, drawing upon his personal experience as well as his research in the study, is to smash simplified explanations of British motives and policy during these years. He never rests content with a clever generalization, and although he usually proceeds with quiet restraint, he sometimes indulges in bouts of his accustomed vigour. In place of bright witticisms gleaned from tainted sources like Talleyrand, Greville or Princess Lieven and sweeping conclusions drawn from secondary authorities, he offers the reader a sober analysis based on years of primary research. In particular he has made extensive use of the private papers of Palmerston at Broadlands, which have never been used systematically before to illuminate the dark corners of a difficult period of nineteenth-century diplomatic history.

The book is introduced by 82 pages of general discussion, which attempt to place Palmerston in his niche. They range widely over constitutional and economic as well as diplomatic problems.

There is only one point of importance which appears to be left out—the rôle of the British fleet which, as we are told later, although never very firmly, was an essential agent in the effective working out and execution of policy. Perhaps indeed throughout the whole of the two volumes too little is said about power as compared with what is said about the liberal movement or the social order which liberalism and nationalism disturbed. Professor Webster's emphasis is in line with his previous studies and is in some ways a pleasant change after much recent writing, but it contrasts forcibly with tabloid pictures of Palmerston's purposes and achievement.

As Professor Webster says in his conclusion, all estimates of these 11 years must necessarily be influenced by Palmerston's later career. The years 1830-1841 were years when many important decisions were taken concerning Belgium, the Near East, Spain and Portugal, but the years between the fall of Peel and the European Revolutions on the one side and the death of Palmerston and the rise of Bismarck on the other side were full of more momentous changes in international relations. Between 1830 and 1841 Palmerston undoubtedly stands out as one of the best of British foreign ministers, but will he stand out so well when the whole of his long career is uncovered with the same care as has been devoted to his first 11 years at the Foreign Office? Surely after 1848 it was not merely a question of Palmerston's foreign policy seeming "inconsistent" with that of his previous period of office; it was a question of British interests themselves shifting and changing in a new world, which Palmerston did not always

* *The Foreign Policy of Lord Palmerston*, by Sir Charles Webster. Bell. 2 vols 63s.

understand. In such a setting the complications of Palmerston's character and outlook—impetuosity and patience, bluntness of speech and social charm, sympathy with continental liberalism and opposition to domestic reform, technical expertise and verbal extravagance—really began to be complicating.

For those who like history to be written in slogans and characters to be stereotyped, this book is full of salutary admonitions. During these years Palmerston was on good terms with the Court, and no-one hailed Victoria's reign with more enthusiasm or gave the Queen more praise than he. Inside the Cabinet Palmerston could be described as "the most amiable of colleagues on account of the good humour with which you tolerate the utmost freedom of discussion on every plan and every paper which you propose." He had not yet become, in Herzen's words, "the finest meteorological instrument in England, who indicated with the greatest fidelity the temperature of the middle classes." It was Peel and not Palmerston who was coming to represent "the idea of the age." Palmerston only became the Palmerston of legend after the period described in this book.

It is unfortunate for the conscientious historian, as well as it was for the radical reformer, that Palmerston lived for so long. If it has taken Professor Webster 20 years to deal with 11 years, it will certainly take at least another 20 to deal in equal detail with the rest. In the meantime, although Professor Webster has written a definitive account of the years 1830-1841, which may be supplemented but can never be supplanted, we must continue to make our own assessments of Palmerston's achievement as a whole. If we are not as tentative as we ought to be in our conclusions and seek for colour and excitement on the basis of imperfect evidence, we can claim in part extenuation that the age of Palmerston is continually becoming more exciting the further it slips away.

HUSKISSON AND HIS AGE, by C. R. Fay. *Longmans*. 30s.

It is not every biography that begins with the death of the hero. Mr. Fay has elected this approach—and not solely in order to remind his readers that Huskisson was that man who was killed in that railway accident in 1830. His method deliberately neglects the framework of time. Surveying with a delighted eye the period which he has thoroughly studied, Mr. Fay presents us rather with a series of chapters on different subjects connected with the life or at any rate the times of Huskisson—on Peel, on the art of letter writing, on the Sussex of Huskisson and Hayley, on the Liverpool of Huskisson and John Gladstone. The resultant work has a Proustian effect. It is discursive, it has a strongly essayist flavour, but at the end a full and interesting picture—a picture of the politico-economic England during the first half of last century—does emerge. It is fair to add that we are promised an exposition of Huskisson's policy in a later volume.

Obviously in a book like this each man will pick what is most to his taste. The chapter on the Staffordshire of Huskisson and Littleton, for instance, has matter on the truck system which could have added fire to Marx's indictment. Others will prefer an aspect of an age which embraced the rule of the old oligarchy as well as that of the new industrialism. A letter from Huskisson to Littleton has this charming postscript: "There is an old story of Dudley muttering 'how do you do' to the Duchess of Beaufort and then before he withdrew saying aloud to himself 'I think I have said enough.' I am just saying 'I owe Littleton a letter, I have written too much—but he need not read it.'" But much of the most graceful stuff was from other pens.

For the truth is that Huskisson, the "Liberal-Tory", tended a trifle to dryness. He had something of the Civil Service touch; not a great party man, but certainly a most capable administrator. Like every able man who has held power he grasped the fact

that a Government can improve on the operation of *laissez faire*. In an astonishingly modern paper to Liverpool, written a year or two after Waterloo, he shows how public work undertaken by the Government acts as a "multiplier" and spreads employment among a much greater number of people than those engaged directly by the authorities. Yet he was of course eminently a sound currency man. "Why was money invented at all" he wrote a few weeks before his death "but that it should serve as an invariable standard, and a measure of value in contracts between man and man?" The close inter-relation between the currency and the economic state of the country was axiomatic to him. "You might as well make a Peer Chancellor of the Exchequer as pretend to make him the parliamentary and responsible representative of the Board of Trade" he wrote. And the assimilation of the Board to the Treasury, so far as it goes, shows foresight as well as insight. When Huskisson became President of the Board of Trade in February 1823, the office did not carry with it entry into the Cabinet; entry was not secured until nine months later. To-day the President is automatically a member of the Cabinet. This change in constitutional practice is in part a tribute to Huskisson's work.

W. H. JOHNSTON

INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS, by Dorothy M. Pickles. *Sylvan Press*. 12s. 6d.

Mrs. Pickles has written an attractive and useful book. Its title accurately indicates its range and intention. This is an introductory volume, meant for students who are interested in politics but have not grounded themselves in the classical writings on the subject. It has three purposes—to stimulate thought and discussion, to help in distinguishing between the permanent issues and the ephemeral ones, and finally to provide jumping off places for people who wish to go more deeply into the problems that it sketches. Mrs. Pickles has been

strikingly successful in her three objectives—largely because, although the book covers fairly familiar ground, it has been thought out afresh, is written attractively and draws its illustrations from novel and up-to-date contexts. A book of this sort competes in a field already extensively cultivated, but these qualities should give it a peculiar appeal and guarantee it wide usefulness.

With Mrs. Pickles' analysis of "Man and the State", which deals both with the internal and the external problems of government, one can have little quarrel; in balance and fairness it is admirable. One minor point, however, caught my eye. Aristotle is quoted as stating that government was first formed "that we might live, but continued that we may live happily." In choosing to render in this way an apothegm which is more normally translated "but continued that we may live well", Mrs. Pickles is perhaps revealing the one limitation which her approach imposes on her. She is not to be blamed if in a book of 200 pages she has been unable to relate the problems of political philosophy to the issues of moral philosophy with which they are so inescapably bound up. Indeed in a chapter on "Rights and Duties", Mrs. Pickles makes it clear that she is keenly aware of the moral obligations which a modern democracy imposes on its citizens. Nevertheless if there is an unsatisfactory element in her treatment it is a certain disposition to reduce the moral problems of politics to a merely external clashing of discrepant individual wills. Thus for example, in the second half of the book, which traces in an often stimulating way, the relationship between man and his fellow citizens, she seems sometimes to provide too superficial a diagnosis of the malady of modern democracies—the plight of the little man in a big State. "The idea of neighbourliness" which is advocated as one of the cures for this sickness is attractive only so long as it springs from a spontaneous and creative instinct of community. But it is precisely this which is lacking in a mass industrial

democratic society where the citizen has been reduced to a cog in the social machine. To stimulate "neighbourliness" under these circumstances is at best to invite the sheep to huddle together for a little deceptive warmth, and at worst to encourage that invasion of privacy which is one of the most debasing features of modern urban society. The problem which this type of solution merely trifles with can only be met by a much more radical cure—a cure addressed to the invalid not as citizen but as man. It is the problem of personality; it is the tawdriness of the average citizen's private life which makes his social and political existence such a pathetic search after security and mass satisfaction. In other words a first-class State cannot be built out of second-rate men. There is a point beyond which civic virtue, however admirable, cannot pass. The individual can only get a limited amount of nourishment from his society. The rest must come from that neglected source within himself.

H. G. NICHOLAS

**IRISH NATIONALISM AND
BRITISH DEMOCRACY**, by E.
Strauss. *Methuen*. 21s.

The Irish Republic is in the political doldrums. Her problems are like those of most other countries to-day—such things as the cost of living, the balance of trade and social services—but these do not greatly agitate the public conscience or provoke enthusiasm. It is those events which closely concern personalities and localities that make political news. Our crises since the end of the war have risen around bacon factories, distilleries and sub-post offices. True, there was Dr. Browne's Mother and Child Bill. But the mothers and children seemed to arouse less interest than the haggings of the doctor, his cabinet colleagues and the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Incidentally, the mothers and children are still no better off and few people worry.

There is, of course, partition. A few days after the British General Election

a mass meeting was held in O'Connell Street, Dublin, to celebrate the return of the Nationalist candidates in Northern Ireland. The victorious anti-partitionists themselves were there and boomed their triumph through the loudspeakers at an audience hardly of "mass" proportions. Most of Dublin's citizens seemed to be at or going to the pictures. It looks as though that particular horse runs no faster at home than at Hyde Park Corner.

With Mr. de Valera's Fianna Fail party in office stagnation is more marked than before. Mr. Costello's *mixum gatherum* Government was, in the nature of things, unpredictable and anything might, and occasionally did, happen. To-day there is not even that hope and the Dail discusses parish pumps and economics with almost equal apathy. There is simply nothing to get excited about. The blame for this stagnation can be placed variously. Ireland cut herself off from international affairs by neutrality in wartime and, later, by refusing to have anything to do with the Atlantic Treaty. For apathy in internal affairs some say the reactionary attitude of the Roman Catholic Church is responsible—"if the Bishops want it done they'll say so; if they don't want it it can't be done." Or, perhaps, the men in politics are to blame for all. They are indeed an uninspired and uninspiring collection.

Those who read Mr. Strauss's book may be persuaded to find the cause elsewhere and to say that Ireland's apathy is the inevitable result of deprivation of her historic focus of interest, the British connection. They may also, from another point of view, see that Britain suffered no little deprivation, not in her pride or her pocket, but politically by the breaking of that connection. For Mr. Strauss succeeds remarkably well in demonstrating not only the effect on Ireland of British rule but also the reciprocal effect of Irish reaction to that rule on British home and empire politics. To say that the commonwealth concept as we have it to-day is largely, if uncon-

sciously, an Irish concept is not more an exaggeration than to say that the Irish question played a major part in shaping the modern British political scene. Which latter proposition Mr. Strauss appears to demonstrate very well.

The book, while maintaining its thesis of the interplay of Irish nationalism and British democracy, succeeds also in presenting an account of the social history of Ireland in the nineteenth century and could be read for this alone. Ireland has still to find a Trevelyan but, until she finds one, this work fills a need and fills it well. The present reviewer regrets that the author has succumbed to the fashion of collecting his references at the end of the book. Footnotes come more easily on the reader.

Mr. Strauss is an Austrian and perhaps that accounts for some involved and ponderous writing. But we must not expect to have it every way and his style may be forgiven for his lack of bias. He deals faithfully with Ireland's wrongs but no Irishman could have dealt with them so dispassionately. And it is regrettably unlikely that any Englishman would have bothered to deal with the subject at all.

F. A. G. WILLIS

HUMANITY AND DEITY, by Wilbur
Marshall Urban. *Allen and Unwin*.
25s.

**THE PRESENCE OF THE KING-
DOM**, by Jaques Ellul. *S.C.M.*
Press. 9s. 6d.

Professor Urban has written a book which is sure to attract the attention of thinkers whose interest lies on the borderland of philosophy and religion, and his main concern is to re-establish a genuinely rational philosophy of religion. That attempt implies steering a middle course somewhere between what is rapidly becoming the conventional neo-orthodoxy of our time, and a liberalism which tends to dissolve religion into pure philosophy, especially scientific philosophy. There is moreover a third party, or rather, type of religion which he has in view—

the simple piety of the man who, having faith, believes that he needs no more.

What Professor Urban presents us with in the end is an axiological religious philosophy. This, he believes, is a form of religious philosophy which underpins simple faith and gives to religion a sound basis in rational philosophy. It is, in a word, fundamentally a philosophy of value. It is impossible to start religious reflection from the idea of pure Being for pure Being, as Hegel said, is pure nothingness. It is only when Being, is seen to have Value as inherent in itself that it becomes a really fruitful notion at all. To the charge of subjectivism so frequently made against this type of religious philosophy Professor Urban's answer is twofold. On the one hand the axiological premise is there in Aquinas and Anselm and many other great Christian doctors and, secondly, values and "facts" are on exactly the same footing. We do not make them; we simply find them, and the real argument for their objective existence is not that they make a world neatly fashioned according to our wishes, but that without them the meaning of the world as we know it would not be.

Working with this axiological interpretation of reality Professor Urban is able to give us both solid assurance that by rational argument we can rise to the conception of God and he gives us an illuminating criticism of the classical arguments for God based upon it. The language in which such rational argument is cast is, and must be, symbolical. Our own human experience alone can interpret to us the things of God but it can never tell us the whole truth. In that regard religion is on exactly the same footing as science for, as the author shows, science itself is symbolical and uses symbolic expressions to describe both its aims and its methods. That recognition of the limits common to both science and religion enables him to state their true relationships with unusual attractiveness and force. Scientists as well as theologians and philosophers will find here much to

challenge their unthinking. It is a fine, fresh book and it is to be doubted whether we have received so thorough a piece of philosophical and religious thinking from America for more than a generation.

Professor Ellul's book is of a very different kidney. It speaks essentially the language of faith and, what is more, of militant faith. The phrase "no compromise" is written on every page of it. It is born out of tragedy—the world's tragedy and the Christian's. Its background is the deep need of practical revolution to make justice and brotherhood a reality, and the frustration and suffering which spring from the fact that, at the present level of thought and practice in western civilization, neither of them can be achieved. The tragedy is no less the Christian's. The genuine Christian has in him the seeds of a new life which is essentially revolutionary but, alas, the Christian has succumbed, not to the Biblical but to the sociological and anthropological interpretations of human nature and its possibilities. "Their inner impulse (the impulse of true revolution) seems to have faded away and . . . Christians usually act as sociological beings. They seem to be unaware of their Christian freedom." The book is mainly concerned therefore with clarifying the objectives and the means of true Christian faith and of the ways in which the newer and truer Christianity can be communicated to others. We need, the author declares, a new style of living both as individual Christians and as churches.

The black and white of cold judgment can hardly do justice to a slim little volume which glows and burns with an intense spiritual fire and heat which is all too rare nowadays. It is a fine plea for action based upon Biblical faith and one's admiration for the book is hardly tempered by the wish that Professor Ellul had been a little clearer as to what Bible it is whose faith he desires Christians both to follow and to obey.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT

ISLAM: BELIEFS AND PRACTICES,
by A. S. Tritton. *Hutchinson's University Library.* 7s. 6d.

Doctor Tritton's book is an encyclopaedia of Islamic fact compressed within an extraordinarily small compass. Tabloided history normally betrays its limits by being either unreadable or incomprehensible or both. But Doctor Tritton has brilliantly overcome the problem of tabloidization—if I may use so dreadful a word. His book is not only informative and readable but it is arresting and, in places, highly entertaining. I quote one deliciously phrased comment: "In some ways the Khariji conscience is very tender; if you find a fig lying under a fig tree, the correct thing is to pin the fig to the tree."

The scope of the book covers the complete story of the Islamic faith and its history. The tale of Mohamed's mission and of the writing of the Koran and of the establishment of Moslem ritual and doctrine leads on to an analysis of Moslem beliefs and their evolution and of Moslem law and customs and their origin. Then after two intensely interesting and enlightening chapters on the Islamic sects and their characteristics and differences and, secondly, on mysticism, the author explains the organization of the Moslem State and the principles of Moslem social life and the growth of the modern movements in Islam. And having given us this background, he turns, in Chapter XI, to the innate strength of Islam as a factor in the life of every Moslem. His conclusions are brilliantly phrased and most pungent; and as there are over two hundred million Moslems in the world, the reality of their faith is to-day—perhaps as never before—a factor of crucial importance in world politics. For Islam is profoundly powerful and alive over about one-third of the world's land-surface. Doctor Tritton quotes: "To the Moslems religion is a reality not to be assumed with Levitical attire, but part of their daily life." Again: "The Moslem is sure that his faith will

give him bliss in this world and in the next." Finally, there is the tremendous fact of Allah which is illustrated by the Koranic assertion that: "He is nearer to man than the vein in his neck." Doctor Tritton's conclusions (Chapter XI) can and should be read again and again.

Those of us whose lives and work have been in the Moslem world will close the book with regret that it was not written 20 or 30 years ago. Then Moslem feeling in the Middle East and Africa, in India and Indonesia was beginning to surge with ever-growing impetus towards emancipation. But, if I may use a commonplace, "better late than never." There is still a big British rôle to be played in Moslem lands. And now Doctor Tritton has given those who will play it, a book from which those of us of older vintages would have greatly benefited in our day. We are further indebted to Dr. Tritton for an excellent index.

OWEN TWEEDY

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, by James A. Williamson. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

A new series of 'Brief Lives' could hardly find a more attractive title for its first volume. As well as being a great historical figure in a stirring age, Drake has always been a legend to Englishmen. Mr. Williamson succeeds in the task of separating fact from fancy without dispersing the legendary glow on Drake's career.

Three main feats have placed Drake on the pinnacle which he shares with Nelson alone among English sailors—his voyage round the world, his raid on Cadiz where he "singd the King of Spain's beard" and the rout of the Armada. All these are vividly described with a model freshness and simplicity. Later generations have often wondered why Lord Howard of Effingham and not Drake was in supreme command against Philip of Spain's great fleet in 1588. Here the reason is made clear—"Drake would not have been obeyed . . . he was self-made, self-reliant, no seeker of advice, no follower of fixed plans."

He had Nelson's capacity for reading awkward signals with a blind eye. His triumphs in the Spanish Main had aroused envy as well as admiration among his fellow captains, and in an age when our notions of naval discipline and subordination did not exist tradition required the presence of a great nobleman rather than the genius of a fighting sailor. *El Draque* inspired panic in Spanish hearts, even far inland, and the rabble chanted his name under the windows of the house where the unhappy Medina Sidonia lay sick on his return. He would have inspired even more terror among the sombre file-readers of Whitehall, and it is interesting to notice in two 'Lives' which have appeared recently how both Beatty and Keyes fretted in administrative posts after proving themselves authentic sons of Drake at sea. There is a spirit of independence necessary to great sailors which makes an office a poor anchorage.

Mr. Williamson does not shrink from the task of showing what a sad anticlimax were the last eight years of Drake's life. A biographer might well wish that he had died in the hour of victory, like Nelson, instead of surviving his triumphs, like Marlborough, to face discouragement in a world which he had so nearly conquered. Many will think that the last two pages of this book are the best. They contain a fine summary of what Drake did for English sea-power—not creating it (no man did that)—but shaping it by his daring into a bright, offensive weapon, and teaching Europe to see His Most Catholic Majesty as "a colossus stuffed with clouts." He put a flame into the hearts of Englishmen on the sea: "War-hardened men were sure that they heard Drake's Drum beating loud as the Kaiser's fleet came in to surrender in 1918." Surely it was heard again in the summer of 1940, over the narrow sea between Dover and Dunkirk, when that fantastic armada was manned and captained by a thousand Drakes?

RUPERT MARTIN

JOHN GERARD : The autobiography of an Elizabethan. Translated from the Latin by Philip Caraman. Longmans. 18s.

John Gerard was born in Lancashire in 1564, the son of Sir Thomas Gerard, a devout Roman Catholic: his education, begun in England, was continued in France and completed in Rome by his ordination to the priesthood and his admission to membership of the Society of Jesus. In 1588 he was ordered back to England by his superiors to work for the counter-Reformation or "English mission". Then after 18 arduous and perilous years he was ordered back to Rome to train others for the mission he had left and this autobiography was written primarily (and again to order) for the instruction of his pupils.

Of necessity, Gerard's life and work were clandestine, from his secret landing on the Norfolk coast to his eventual return to what was always his true home. His birth gave him a ready access to and a natural background in the houses of the gentry who had remained faithful to the Papacy and he moved from one to another of these, publicly a layman of the upper classes, secretly a priest and a Jesuit. His was one of the lives of the hunted; usually under suspicion and frequently in hiding, he had many a narrow escape before and after being arrested, tried and imprisoned in the Tower where he was tortured in a vain attempt to make him give information. He tells his story simply and humbly; an apparent touch of complacency here and there is in fact the natural attitude of one who serves an authority infallibly right; and he is markedly free from any bitterness.

The book is of considerable interest from several angles. To the contemporary Roman Catholic it can but bring pride in a hero of the faith; to the ordinary reader who has heard in a vague way of secret missions, "priest's holes" and the like, it will bring a new reality; to the student of history the copious appendices and carefully docu-

mented notes will be of considerable value. Of Gerard's deep piety, devotion to duty and utter disregard of self there can be no question. Here, indeed, is a dedicated life, yet there is also something frightening in this revelation of what is to-day called a conditioned mind which sees everything in stark black and white and is incapable of asking any questions. To Gerard, whatever is ordered or allowed by his own authorities is utterly and absolutely right; the other side is *a priori* no less utterly and absolutely wrong. Nobody would expect of him a hesitating loyalty, but a more understanding attitude would be quite consistent with an equally uncompromising one.

Again, he protests repeatedly and sincerely his work has nothing to do with politics, yet any man thinking for himself knew that, at a higher level, immense political issues were involved in the religious struggle; nor does his own simple acceptance of persecution include any hint that the victim of to-day was the sinner of yesterday. The sub-title: "The Diary of an Elizabethan" is true in point of time but his mind, allegiance and aspirations were remote from those of England in the reign of Elizabeth and although born here Gerard returned essentially a foreigner.

JOHN HALET

SHAKESPEARE and ELIZABETHAN POETRY, by M. C. Bradbrook. Chatto and Windus. 16s.

Miss Bradbrook, a Fellow of Girton and a Lecturer in English at Cambridge has already a reputation as an Elizabethan scholar. She is therefore unduly modest when in the preface to this study of Shakespeare's earlier work in relation to the poetry of the time, she speaks of the picture that she has here drawn as "rough and crude" and seeks justification for "my platitudes or my howlers." She herself supplies the evidence of her qualifications in her thirty-two page apparatus of notes in which she shows her intima-

familiarity with the ambit of Elizabethan critical studies on both sides of the Atlantic. And in her commentary she ranges for illustrations of her dicta from Lucretius and Virgil to W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot and Katherine Mansfield, besides drawing upon the sister arts in Van Eyck and Velasquez and Wagner.

In her introductory chapter Miss Bradbrook discusses some of the broader features of the relation between medievalism and the Renaissance. It has recently become the fashion to emphasize the links between them, but she claims that "the differences are as important as the likenesses, since they make up the rich and fecund welter of Elizabethan life, thought, and language." As the centre of the Court poetry was the queen herself, and Miss Bradbrook quotes relevantly from Spenser, Sidney and others. But, in my opinion, she should, on stylistic evidence, credit the prophetic lines about Elizabeth's reign in *Henry VIII* not to Shakespeare but to Fletcher. Allied to this court poetry is what Miss Bradbrook, in one of her earlier interesting chapters, calls "the Ovidian Romance". Here she discusses in turn Lodge's *Scilla's Metamorphosis*, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, and Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. Of the two latter she says epigrammatically: "The delightful *bravura* of Marlowe's mocking wit was all-pervasive; but Shakespeare still had some heavy provincial Warwickshire loam sticking to his boots." She shows discrimination in claiming for Chapman's continuation of *Hero and Leander* that it has an emblematic and enamelled beauty of its own." She might have pointed out that T.H.'s (doubtless Thomas Heywood's) *Oenone and Paris* is the first known imitation of *Venus and Adonis*.

In his early poetry and plays Shakespeare affected in part the patterned, rhetorical style, then in fashion. But he broke away from it, as Miss Bradbrook points out, especially in the matter of vocabulary. "His achievement depends before all else on the

power, range and strength of his use of words." The shift can be seen by contrasting the style of *Richard III* with *Richard II*. The earlier style is characteristic of *Titus and Andronicus* and *the Rape of Lucrece*. It is one of the most valuable features of Miss Bradbrook's study that she devotes so much attention to these and other of the less popular of Shakespeare's works. She finds in the tragedy and the poem what she calls a "heraldic" quality, linking them together, while in *Titus* she sees anticipated some of the elements of *Lear*, and in the soliloquies of Tarquin "a first cartoon for the study of *Macbeth*." She does not accept fully the view that has been lately stressed that Shakespeare's history plays are designed with a moral purpose to illustrate the evils springing from civil strife. If so, there would have been no sufficient reason for the introduction of a Falstaff. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is another, in her view, undervalued play which prefigures the greater comedies. For Miss Bradbrook's interpretation of these, with their "polyphonic music", students will do well to go to her own pages, not as a "bedside book", but one which will repay their alert attention by stimulus (if not always assent) and illumination.

F. S. BOAS

ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM : 17th and 18th Centuries, by J. W. H. Atkins. Methuen. 21s.

At a first glance Professor Atkins's enterprise and achievement in this volume appear almost staggeringly ambitious; especially since he has already done for the criticism of antiquity and of the Renaissance what he now does for the later period. To assess the general development of critical writing and examine each critic's personal contribution might well be the task of a super-brain. It is with relief and no reproach that we find the structure to be in some measure a pre-fab. There is no secret about this. Both in his preface and abundantly in

his textual notes the author acknowledges his debt to those who have already marshalled sections of his material, and so enabled him to work concisely from more limited sources that supply him with selections and decisions ready-made. So we find him, for example, drawing heartily on Professor Nicol Smith for Shakespearean criticism, on J. Spingarn for seventeenth century critical essays, and on W. P. Ker for the essays of Dryden. With these authorities he no more joins issue than a builder would in assembling the sections of his house.

To this extent, then, the present work is academic, scholarly, orthodox and unexceptionable. All these are admirable qualities in a text-book, but might be held inadequate for a labour of constructive research. As it happens, it would be equally unfair to minimize Professor Atkins's part in the matter as to magnify it. Besides some luminous comments on the detail he has taken a broad all-over view that establishes a general progress over his whole period and so puts a roof on the structure. Much of his argument and many of his conclusions are his own entirely, and seem usually to be borne out by the examples quoted from the period.

The seventeenth century is not, as we now judge criticism, an age of outstanding brilliance. Its virtue is in promise and expansion. Professor Atkins shows it struggling to break away from an arid allegiance to the neo-classical precepts of France (under which French critics too were growing restive). That it did emerge, through a dawning sense that the humanities ought to invade cold judgment, is the significant factor which, carrying on through the eighteenth century, leads up eventually to the aesthetic and personal critical values of the emergent Coleridge. The first stirrings of escape are seen in a number of writers little read today—though we ought to note Temple who decried the stultifying "modern craze for ridicule and burlesque." But it is Dryden who

inevitably dominates an epoch that seems composed of dwarfs beside him. Loosening up the rigid conceptions of the classicists, he is the pivotal point of this whole survey. After him the way was open to psychology and the creative imagination; even though Addison, whose function was to popularize rather than to develop, still saw fancy and imagination as synonymous entities. That secondary distinction was left to the nineteenth century. Of Dryden Professor Atkins concludes significantly that his greatness lay in his own "native sensibility which made him keenly alive to artistic values", and that his "judgment . . . was of a supra-rational kind."

The ice, in fact, becomes a little thin here. How far, in our present wider knowledge of psychology, are we justified in basing such a survey on influence and development at all? How far is each critic independent of tradition? The answer is, perhaps, fifty-fifty. There may be over-much insistence on Longinus as a motive-force for the period; but Professor Atkins certainly presents a case for the growing enlightenment of Shakespeare criticism, till with Morgann on Falstaff (an essay that deserves a separate reprint) character and motive in a work of fiction are examined as never before, and a delicate critical instrument has been formed. Morgann finds not merely rules but rational judgment to be inadequate without sensibilities and a more than logical vision. This in 1777, the year Johnson began his *Lives of the Poets*, is, in its smaller field, as suggestive as anything the Great Cham uttered in a body of writings that to some have only placed him as the "high priest of classicism". Such, we may note, is not the view of Professor Atkins, who after some first-hand examination concludes that Johnson, if inclined to sanity rather than poetry, paved the way towards the new aesthetic that was to jettison all fixed external standards, and assess the work through the mind of its creator.

SYLVA NORMAN

Mr. BELUNCLE, by V. S. Pritchett.
Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

UP THE COUNTRY, by Brent of Bin
Bin. *Angus & Robertson*. 12s. 6d.

JEZEBEL'S DUST, by Fred Urquhart.
Methuen. 12s. 6d.

"One of the great comic creations of our time" is the publishers' claim for the first of these three novels, and since the author is Mr. V. S. Pritchett, one begins to read with respect. *Mr. Beluncle* is not the earliest essay in fiction of this excellent critic, but inevitably, if unreasonably, it is the critic's reputation that holds the mind. When such taste, such style have been shown, such a faculty of going to the heart of things, what may not be hoped for from a novel?

Mr. Pritchett's *milieu* here, as in his short stories, is the English suburban middle-class. It is an area of life in which, the cynic might say, experience is too dull and the weather too damp ever to call up intimations of another world. Yet it is here, surprisingly, that there flourish best those odd growths, the dissenting religions. The Church of the Last Purification, Toronto, is Mr. Beluncle's latest fad of this kind. It furnishes one centre of interest; the Beluncle family's quarrel, which is its stake in life, another; the young Henry's burgeoning love affair, yet a third. But there are many more, gyrating around each other in this underworld of the spirit in which the author is so patently at home. Mr. Beluncle himself is a blend of booby and tyrant, owning as distant cousins Babbitt and Mr. Forster's Henry Wilcox. He exists improvisantly, translating the edicts of Mrs. Parkinson's God into the pattern of his own eccentric life.

When the book is read, the last turn of speech noted, the last comparison admired, there remains the question why it disappoints. For disappoint it does, despite the poetic talent by which so often the sense is made to shine. Mr. Pritchett is an observer, not a moralist, and in many respects the way of the moralist is easier. Given a

certain equipment, the mere fact of his intention may carry him through. Here one has the impression that Mr. Pritchett's original impulse has exhausted itself. Again, in creating Mr. Beluncle at two levels—the real, and the larger, more bizarre than life—he seriously overtaxes his resources. Falstaff emerges whole from such a synthesis; Mr. Beluncle palpably does not.

For the run of English readers, the novel of the Australian outback has meant *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*; there have been others, but we have remembered them more for their likeness to each other than for themselves. The society they have depicted is one at the stage of adventure, and the adventure has dwarfed the protagonists. Australia, in short, has commonly been the hero of these novels. *Up the Country* maintains the family likeness, but in doing so loses nothing of its own quality. Births, loves, deaths, marrying and giving in marriage, balls, floods and bushrangers, are all encountered here. The catalogue may be typical, but the zest which goes to the telling is not. There is a clarity, a warmth, a vivid if unobtrusive sense of life. *Up the Country* is not a new book, but it deserves to gain a host of new readers.

In another idiom, that of the Edinburgh working-class, is *Jezabel's Dust*. Bessie Hipkiss, a young housemaid, is happiest in her day-dreams, which are founded on cinema romance. She is not at heart a bad girl, but the Allied invasion of Scotland proves too much for her amenable temperament. She is seduced by a Polish officer, taken to wife by another, widowed by the progress of the war. When her happiness seems finally secured, her first lover makes a threatening re-appearance. There are the materials of high tragedy in this squalid little story, but Mr. Urquhart chooses a less ambitious treatment. Possibly his instinct is a sound one. At all events he makes Bessie a probable character and achieves a persuasive picture of her life.

JOHN EALES

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

This month the pattern looks something like a map of the paths that link the general to the particular, the wide-spread plains to the solitary peaks, anonymity to fame.

Cunning fingers

Thus the natural starting-point is *ENGLISH POPULAR ART* by Margaret Lambert and Enid Marx (*Batsford*. 16s.). Though grouped under orderly headings, copiously illustrated and discussed with obvious enjoyment and unobtrusive erudition, the examples—in retrospect—come tumbling higgledy-piggledy to mind. Here among them are gingerbread-stamps, tombstones, marionettes, trade cards, weathervanes, teapots, chimneypieces, straw marquetry, toys, ballads and broadsides; paintings—on walls, signs, Christmas cards, glass—and tinselled, appliquéed, silhouetted or embroidered pictures. Country crafts and craftsmen are dying out, yet by preserving their work for study there ought to be a fair possibility, as the authors suggest, that through future designers “some of the old individual qualities and delight in simple forms” may be regained.

Artist-craftsmen

Dr. Lambert and Miss Marx claim too that many “motives have filtered down from more sophisticated levels.” And an immediate instance—of the glories of weaving—is provided by *FRENCH TAPESTRIES: From the XIVth to the XVIIIth Centuries* (also *Batsford*. 7s. 6d.). George Wingfield Digby, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has written an “introduction” to this handsome picture book with “Notes on the Plates” which add up into quite an historical survey. From the great hangings of 1375—measuring 472 feet and 18 feet high—depicting St. John’s vision of the Apocalypse, designed by the court painter, executed by the merchant-weaver of Paris, and now

housed in the Angers *Musée des Tapisseries*, the distinguished story unfolds. The technical accomplishment of the Flemish weavers who installed their 60 looms close to the Gobelins dyeworks in the reign of Louis XIV, and the independent characteristics and reputation of the Beauvais workrooms, flourished until the outbreak of the French Revolution. In the nineteenth century the production of Beauvais “became increasingly devoted to tapestry for upholstery.”

Academicians

In fact, it had become what the French so neatly call “*imagerie populaire*”. Many would have us believe that the term might equally apply to the situation of painting, sculpture and architecture in Britain which culminated in *THE ROYAL ACADEMY* (*Bell*. 15s.). However this may be, its secretary, Sir Walter R. M. Lamb, has produced a revised and enlarged edition of the useful book he published in 1935. Not only are chapters devoted to the presidencies, beginning with Reynolds’, but the records of the schools, the library, the exhibitions, lists of members, the relevant extract from the Chantrey will, details of the Leighton fund, and the Instrument of Foundation (quoted in full) are some of the “household words” that nevertheless are but vaguely understood by the general public. Perhaps with something like defiance it is reported here that what could be seen of the pictures between and behind the loitering chatterers at the Private View on December 8 of the Winter Exhibition, “The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy 1768-1868”, was on the whole pleasing. Especially welcome were the Turners gathered from private and other collections. Much of the work one has naturally “grown out of”, and the absence of Romneys and Rossettis increased some disconcertment, but, to eyes grown strained and perplexed by

modern manifestations, the prospect of returning when the galleries are emptier promises refreshment—not soporific but anodyne.

Poetry for fun

For as Ogden Nash puts it in “Epstein, spare that Yule log!”:

... the mantelpiece contains
The angular remains
Of a later representative Picasso.
There are circles, there are dots,
There are corners, there are spots,
There are modernistic snapshots of the city,

not one of the best poems (and this in many cases is their correct description) in *FAMILY REUNION* (*Dent*. 8s. 6d.). In answer to a request for a collection of his verses for and about the young, the poet said that he would rather “make a book for the family, which is a unit composed not only of children, but of men, women, an occasional animal, and the common cold.” So he divides these pages into Part I “The Man is Father of the Child, but he never quite gets used to it”; Part II “Daddy, I Want a Pet for my Very Own”; Part III “Around the House, or, what parents think about when they aren’t thinking about children”, and the satire, the cloak of world weariness that he occasionally dons, does not disguise the kindly philosopher and the understanding adult whose criticisms are thereby incapable of destructiveness. More quotation is impossible—so up goes *Family Reunion* beside his *Versus* and *The Face is Familiar*, information that should be construed as cordial recommendation to read for yourself.

A dusty answer

Ogden Nash, it is unnecessary to state, does not figure among the other American poets, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, in *THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN POETRY* (*Bell*. 8s. 6d.). The urge to add “and more’s the pity” is restrained, because J. Isaacs in these broadcast lectures now printed does make a sincere and profound plea for the importance, the authenticity, of the place the present

custodians have in the tradition of innovation in English literature, which commands respect for if not unqualified assent to all his views. With his capable guidance we can see for ourselves how Spenser, Wordsworth, Marlowe, Keats or Shelley administered enough shocks to their contemporaries to qualify for the rôle of ancestors to “the moderns”. We can even see that these could trace their technique to the metaphysical poets of seventeenth-century England and to the symbolists of France in the nineteenth. But what we are not reassured about is the ability of our middle-twentieth century practitioners to produce descendants. If their aim is T. S. Eliot’s own, as quoted in the last paragraph of this book, who can be sure that poetry is not already dead, killed perhaps by science?

And, when Mr. Isaacs says that the chief and standard device Mr. E. has taught “modern poets is that method of incorporating a line from some other poet, or some other language, deftly converted, its license-plates so altered that its own proprietor would hardly recognize it,” we cannot feel that it is one “to produce reverberations of meaning, and above all of feeling.” Instead, we remember those people who used the jewels of Wilde’s conversation to decorate their own bare offerings. In the November 1951 *FORTNIGHTLY*, Mr. Herbert Palmer quoted Dr. Edith Sitwell’s “incorporation” and now, as Mr. Isaacs cites:

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,

smoothing her hair mechanically and putting a record on the gramophone, we yield to disappointment and despair that the pupils should so be given stones for bread.

Battles long ago

Mr. Isaacs quotes D. H. Lawrence’s affirmations on “the essence of poetry” as he conceived it for his time, and Harry T. Moore in *THE LIFE AND WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE* (*Allen & Unwin*. 25s.) now explores, interprets

and assesses his range and influence as poet, novelist, essayist and painter. To one who, young when he died, was excited and stimulated by the work of the circle of people who moved about him, who still holds that his travel pieces were the ones that mattered most and who recalls undimmed the awesome morning in 1930 that brought the news of his death, this book is no raking over of ashes to find a spark, for it burns on its own account fresh and strong and clear. To one, moreover, who has read too much about him by enemies of Lawrence who called themselves his friends, it appears to be one of the fairest and fullest reckonings that will ever be made of that complex and controversial character. Mr. Moore will forgive and perhaps understand the dismay that greeted the announcement that his book "was submitted in partial fulfilment of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Boston University Graduate School." Yet, informative and searching as it is, it has no smell of the lamp, and entirely lacks the portentiousness that afflicts the writing of so many academic Americans.

Shaw's corner

One small bone is to be picked with him: after attending the press conference of the Bernard Shaw Memorial Appeal where the speakers, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ivor Brown, Lady Astor, Mr. Felix Aylmer and Sir Lewis Casson, all testified to that cranky, cantankerous gentleman's ready generosity to young and struggling authors, I disliked Mr. Moore's interpolation "(the Morrells even persuaded George Bernard Shaw to make a small contribution)" when telling of the fund raised by Sir Edward Marsh and others to help the needy Lawrence. Fortunately the balance is redressed by A. C. Ward, who dedicates his book *BERNARD SHAW* (Longmans.

10s. 6d.) to this man "who taught me to do my own thinking" and says that he was "generous, though he detested 'charity' because it was much used to disguise the evil injustice of poverty." In a chapter on "Shaw and the Contemporary Situation", in one of biography, in "Fiction and Criticism" and in studies of the development as a playwright, the author starts a purposeful trickle of what is certain to become a flood of writing about the dead giant. It is unlikely that the full spate will produce any more complete or satisfactory estimate.

A ring of friends

Shaw himself finished the Preface to *SALT AND HIS CIRCLE* by Stephen Winsten (*Hutchinson*. 16s.) the night before his last accident, and figures throughout the book; he even corrected and advised on many of the references to himself, and there is a facsimile of a postcard vigorously phrased, and clearly written as ever, six months before his death. A witness at Shaw's wedding, Salt and he were truly intimates, but so were Salt and Meredith, and Swinburne, and Chesterton, Gandhi, W. H. Hudson, Olive Shreiner and a host of others. It is not surprising these people loved him; though largely unknown by the world when he died in 1939 he was a true original—the product of Eton and Cambridge, dedicating his soul to humanitarianism, his mind and heart to the understanding of Shelley, Thoreau and Melville, his ready wit to the composition of verses of the quality that adorn each chapter of the book. When he was 90 he wrote his own admirable funeral address to "give the deceased the assurance that the words said at his cremation will be what he himself would have desired. He promises in turn to be brief . . ." A lively subject, Henry Salt, for Mr. Winsten, the lively observer.

GRACE BANYARD

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THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA

BY A CORRESPONDENT

R EPORTS from Korea appearing in the United Kingdom press during recent months, written in some cases by very able correspondents, have contained substantial misinterpretations of such important events as the 1950 elections and have reflected vividly the serious limitations under which western reporters of Korean internal affairs must work.

Of these limitations the first is language. Few non-Koreans indeed speak Korean. Few Koreans speak western languages, and of those who do many are not qualified to represent the thoughts and views of their countrymen. The language barrier nevertheless is not impenetrable to anyone who speaks Japanese. Moreover at least some sections of public opinion are reflected in translations made from the Korean press, while the brief reports prepared in English of the debates in the National Assembly are of particular interest and value since, in the view of the United Nations Commission on Unification and Rehabilitation, these debates are often genuinely representative of public feeling.* Finally, as in older democratic countries, a reliable, although rare and limited, test of public opinion is provided by elections.

Even when a correspondent has obtained information from these sources however he may easily misinterpret it through false analogy with the countries of his experience. Reports often—to take a random example—divide the Assembly into parties supporting and opposing the Government. But the terms "Party", "Government" and "Opposition" have for us definite and technical implications which are inapplicable to Korean circumstances. It is therefore necessary, if one wishes to interpret Korean politics aright, first to understand these circumstances; and this in turn requires either extensive experience within a Korean social environment, or at least some knowledge of the social history of Korea in this generation.

* * * *

Unfortunately concise information on the recent history of Korea

* Report of the U.N. Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea, United Nations, New York, 1951, Paragraph 152.

is not easily accessible. Hulbert's *History of Korea* (2 vols. Seoul, 1905) and *The Passing of Korea* (New York, 1906) give some account of earlier history under the loose Chinese suzerainty, as does M. Frederick Nelson's *Korea and the Old Orders in Eastern Asia* (Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 1946). From these it is possible to appreciate the deep influence which Chinese ideas have had upon the development of Korean culture and society. These political histories however do not emphasize such social phenomena as, for instance, the contributions—something between voluntary subscriptions and an imposed tax—which it has been customary for local officials in the Far East to levy, upon their appointment and whenever thereafter exceptional public need arises. Yet these levies have been taken since the seventh century in Japan and probably earlier in China and Korea. When they are criticized in the National Assembly to-day therefore members are condemning not illegal innovations of a corrupt police but only the *abuse* of an ancient and tolerated custom. The abuse in some cases may even result from excess of zeal for the public good although it often springs from personal greed.

Another heritage which the histories do not stress is the association of traditional oriental forms of government with the quite exceptional corruption and inefficiency of the last days of the Korean monarchy. This has probably been a major cause of Korean enthusiasm for a republican democracy of which they have had no experience and little understanding. It must be remembered that until 1945 virtually the only source from which Korea could obtain knowledge of democratic institutions was Japan, and Japan failed signally to extend to Korea even such representative institutions as she had herself adopted.

Grajdanzev's *Modern Korea* (New York, 1944) gives a well-documented, if uninspiring, account of the shortcomings of Japanese rule in the country from 1910 to the beginning of the Pacific war. The author does not indeed recognize that the Japanese intended to treat the Koreans as equals in the measure in which they could assimilate themselves to their masters; and he does not discuss the temperamental incompatibility between the two peoples which aggravated the faults of the Japanese administration. He shows in detail only the results, which were that while Korea enjoyed unaccustomed peace and a developing economy, the standard of living of the natives did not rise; and while opportunities for education were increased, the alien language in which instruction was given ensured that Koreans were almost always outstripped by Japanese in scholastic achievements and in professional careers. Nevertheless, at least elementary education and technical skills became widespread under Japan's domination, thus preparing Koreans to fulfil the lower and middle rôles of a more highly developed society, although denying them the

opportunity to learn the higher, co-ordinating functions. But this marked lack of Koreans with either the education, training or experience required for higher administrative, judicial, economic or political positions has been one of the greatest—apart from the Communist menace, perhaps the greatest—of the handicaps which the Republic of Korea, and, earlier, the American Military Government, have had to face.

When United States forces landed in Korea in September 1945, primarily to accept the surrender and arrange the repatriation of Japanese forces, they retained initially a number of senior Japanese officials under their orders and thus incurred much unpopularity among the Koreans. Subsequently they endeavoured to govern directly in part by administrative order and in part by the promotion or appointment of those Koreans who seemed most suitable. A particularly unsatisfactory feature of this system was the undue influence which it gave to the handful of able interpreters who formed its indispensable nodal point. Meanwhile self-appointed "People's Committees" had already sprung up in south as well as in north Korea. That in Seoul was headed by a respectable Marxist afterwards assassinated. The briefest examination of these committees' credentials however showed that they represented no more than a fraction of the population, and their claim to power had at once to be publicly resisted. Other organizations and parties multiplied rapidly, but were equally unable to substantiate their claims to be representative. The total number of alleged members far exceeded the population of the entire country. In these circumstances the United States, at the Moscow Conference in December 1945, proposed a period of trusteeship for Korea. This was so unpopular in Korea that certain right-wing groups used the opportunity for an attempted *coup*. The Moscow decision in favour of trusteeship was announced on December 27, 1945. On the 31st the right-wing "Provisional Government" which had returned from Chungking ordered a strike of government employees. They maintained parades and demonstrations for the first three days of 1946, but since the police remained at their posts and kept order the strikes petered out and the *coup* failed.

The Communists, who had taken a leading part in protesting against trusteeship, also planned a demonstration for January 2, 1946. On the evening before, however, their headquarters decided (or were told) that since the Soviet Union had agreed to trusteeship they should reverse their stand. The Communist paraders next morning, as a result, carried ludicrously contradictory banners and shouted contradictory slogans. On the following day "support for the Moscow decisions" became the party line and was used by the

Russians in the Soviet-American negotiations, as a shibboleth to exclude all save Communist-dominated parties from any share in initiating a Korean Government to reunite the country. These dreary negotiations, which led to the ultimate American appeal to the United Nations, have been sufficiently summarized in United States and United Nations documents, as well as in the United Kingdom White Paper on Korea (Cmd. 8078) of 1950.

Developments within south Korea, from 1945 to 1949, are described in more detail in George M. McCune's *Korea To-day*.^{*} This book, however, perhaps from a desire to be scrupulously dispassionate, fails to reflect the colour of these four lurid years. In October 1946, a savage riot in Taegu resulted in the deaths of more than fifty policemen. The author does not mention that the revulsion caused by the massacre was believed in Korea to be a chief cause of the temporary withdrawal of the Korean Communists from public notice. When the party re-emerged it was in the disguise of a "Labour Party". It plotted or attempted revolution normally twice or thrice each year, meeting on every occasion effective resistance from the police. One of the abortive revolts was found to have been organized in part by a senior Russian official staying in Seoul as a guest of the Americans. A more successful revolt which cost much time and many lives to put down occurred in 1948 at Yosu in the south of the peninsula. Another, in 1950, which was staged entirely by guerrillas infiltrated across the 38th parallel, was apparently intended to play a part in the invasion. It was in fact effectively put down but seems to have drawn off substantial reserves of south Korean troops who might otherwise have stiffened the resistance to the main north Korean attack of June and July 1950.

Mr. McCune in describing these troubles seems unwilling to apportion the greater blame to either side and suggests, without concrete evidence, that much of the "leftist opposition" was provoked by police terrorism. The police were undoubtedly widely feared. But as to the side from which the initial provocation came all the reliable evidence points one way.

One example of the attitude of the public may be seen in Cheju (Quelpart) island off south Korea where the insurgents, said to be receiving reinforcements and supplies from north Korea, kept the island in turmoil for three years. The bulk of the population eventually deserted their lands to seek the protection of the police in the towns.

As in Cheju island so in Korea as a whole the movements of the population are an index of the attitude of the people towards the two sides in the struggle. From mid-1945 to mid-1950 more than a tenth,

^{*} Published by Allen and Unwin (London 1950).

probably about a fifth, of the inhabitants of north Korea fled to the south, and since the temporary occupation of the north by United Nations forces something like a third of the inhabitants have endeavoured to fly from the renewal of Communist rule.

It is true that the police of the Republic of Korea are harsh in the treatment of suspects as well as of convicted criminals. It is true also that the methods which they use are those learned from the Japanese and include something resembling "Thought Control". The Koreans indeed lack even that suavity which normally characterizes the Japanese. But it is equally true that they are devoted to duty and zealous, when occasion demands, against law-breakers of the political right as well as of the left. Although their ruthlessness may have increased with the increase of the threats which they have to face, there is no evidence that Koreans in general expect or desire the police to adopt during the present war the respect for the rights of the individual which we in the west now take for granted—at least in times of peace—but which has never yet been enjoyed in Korea.

A particular characteristic of the police which requires explanation is their allegedly partisan support for President Rhee. No evidence has been adduced to suggest that police loyalty was bought. It does not appear to have been simply made over to Dr. Rhee by the American Military Government, who preferred indeed his more accommodating rivals, Kim Koo and Kim Kyu-sik. It seems rather to have been won by the President's consistency in refusing any form of compromise with the Communist enemy, and perhaps also by his apparent avoidance of the political assassinations or violence with which at one time or another most of his rivals, of the right and left alike, have been associated.

It has been suggested that police support brought the President to power. This however is contradicted by the report of the United Nations Temporary Commission of 1948. Here again the author of *Korea To-day* suggests that the conclusions of the Commission should be set against "many unofficial reports", some of which maintained that the elections were "conducted in an atmosphere of terrorism." The three hundred pages of annexes of the 1948 Commission's report however contain evidence, of incomparably greater value than vague references to unofficial observers. The net result of police activity was in fact so to curb attempted terrorism as to allow the substantially free expression of the will of the people.

From this election resulted the first Assembly which adopted a Constitution on the United States model giving the President wide executive powers and four years' security of tenure subject only to impeachment. This provision was deliberate and it is worth noting

that another Far Eastern country, the Philippines, some years ago took the same decision in view of the need felt there also for a strong executive. For themselves the assemblymen reserved, besides the functions of legislature, only the rights of interpellation of Ministers, of budget control and of veto over the President's choice of Prime Minister. During the two years of the first Assembly's life the extraordinary demands of the situation and the inexperience of the administration aroused great irritation in the Chamber. Owing to the rudimentary nature of the party organization and the absence of party discipline this irritation was vented in largely-ineffectual criticism, unconstitutional votes of "no confidence" and unco-ordinated legislative plans. In the resultant frustration the majority of the Assembly wished to amend the Constitution to introduce a system of Cabinets responsible to the Legislature. When the amendments came to the vote however the number of abstentions sufficed to defeat them.

The elections of 1950 enjoyed the same extraordinary advantage of being observed by a reasonably unbiassed, privileged and international United Nations Commission as did those of 1948. They must similarly be accepted by anyone willing to credit good evidence as a genuine reflection of the public will, but they have been much misinterpreted by the press in this country. The fact that most of the former members were unseated showed public dissatisfaction and a desire for change but can hardly be interpreted as a Government defeat since the only Government party in the first Assembly was in a minority. Still less can it be considered an Opposition victory since the only formal Opposition—that of the left—has nominally been unrepresented in either Assembly. Both Assemblies appear to have contained a handful of members who for patriotic or personal motives have acted ambiguously; but these have lacked support alike from the country and from their colleagues. The very great majority in both Assemblies alike have been sincere patriots inexperienced in democratic machinery, struggling to remedy the glaring defects in an equally inexperienced administration.

The National Democrat Party has shown more cohesion than other groups and may well in future produce true parliamentary statesmen. A number of other groups and independents have, quite recently, attempted to combine themselves into a new Government Party. If they were to find sufficient common ground and submit to party discipline they might have a clear majority in the House. Despite their general support of the Government however they are unlikely to forgo the right to interpellate, criticize and on occasion bully the Ministers for the short-comings of the administration.

But it is noteworthy that in these harsh criticisms of the Govern-

ment which are so striking a feature of parliamentary life in Korea, a certain respect is normally shown for the ageing President. His temperament is autocratic. He is said to indulge his favourites. He controls his Ministers over closely in such matters as finance where his skill and training are probably less than theirs. He has said some tactless things about this country, contrasting democracy with monarchy. But he remains the outstanding figure of Korean politics, the campaigner for independence during forty years who has never compromised and never lowered his aims for any immediate advantage.

The suggestion, often repeated in the western press, that Dr. Rhee is a right-wing extremist involves another misleading use of western political terminology. His economic policy inclines to the left. For Korean industry he favours a high degree of nationalization. He has been the principal driving force behind the 1949 land reforms, which, in the opinion of the present United Nations Commission*, reflect great credit on the Republic. There is no doubt that he is in intention the representative not of any one class or interest but of the whole Korean nation. He wishes now to emphasize this by amending the Constitution to allow of his direct election by the people. And on the available evidence it appears that most of the citizens of the Republic accept him at this valuation. Interrogation of refugees and the experience of the United Nations forces during the occupation of north Korea in 1950 suggest that even in the Communist zone many regard him as their national leader. It was for this that the first Assembly elected him in 1948, and if he stands for re-election this year it seems not improbable that the second Assembly may elect him again.

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What has been said may serve to throw some light on the present political situation in south Korea. In view of the concern of the United Nations with Korean affairs however a glance at the future may also be in place. The reunion of the two halves of Korea and the defence of independence are international problems which purely Korean politics are powerless to solve. There is no evidence that a free north Korea would prove to be politically much different from the south. Indeed the U.N. Commission believe† that free opinion in the north has generally favoured joining the Republic of Korea as at present constituted. A reunited Korea if it could be achieved would be capable of a more balanced economy than a truncated south; but its economy would still need to be largely rebuilt through the genero-

* Op. cit. Paragraph 320.

† Op. cit. Paragraph 121.

sity of its friends.

Democratic institutions however have been accepted and have been preserved or even, in some directions, developed during the present war. A continuation of United Nations interest exercised through commissions residing in the country, with occasional debates in the General Assembly, would encourage further development and has been recommended by the present United Nations Commission.*

But it is probably in the field of administration that the United Nations can give Korea the most striking future assistance. The country has inherited from Japan a keener appreciation of efficiency than is to be found in some other Far Eastern countries. The Koreans have moreover a devotion to education for its own sake more passionate than in any other country of which the writer has experience. These virtues have become overlaid by inefficiency, faction and corruption spread by the present upheaval, but have by no means been lost. It may therefore be possible, with a mere handful of first-class advisers lent by the leading United Nations, to reorganize the Government, the economy and the finance of the country, to improve the fiscal, judicial and penal systems and to train a generation of able and upright administrative civil servants. This may prove in the long run, of all the forms of help which we can give, the most useful for the attainment of genuine independence in unhappy Korea.

THE EGYPTIAN IMPASSE

By C. H. BROWN

THE epoch of Egyptian history which began in 1798 with the landing of Napoleon ended in October 1951, when Nahas Pasha announced the abrogation of the 1936 Treaty of Alliance with England. The period is sharply differentiated from the years that went before, and the years yet to come, for it was then that Egypt came under direct European influence, and accepted it with comparative willingness. Throughout the period, which begins with England and France fighting on Egyptian soil and in Egyptian territorial waters, and takes almost in its stride the English occupation of 1882, there has been opposition to the invaders.

The main influences of the century and a half may be briefly summarized. Napoleon did not stop long in Egypt, but he brought with him, or induced to follow him, a team of experts and servants. Many of these stayed long after he had left. Their influence remained even longer, and left French culture as the dominating one in educated Egyptian minds. Only recently, as the aftermath of the Cromer régime, has English become the main foreign language of the country, while French street names like 'Champollion' have survived in Cairo, presumably now to be swept away with all the other foreign words by the prevailing xenophobia.

A few Frenchmen entered government service under the Albanian adventurer Mohamed Ali, who founded the present dynasty in the early years of the nineteenth century. These French experts must have some of the credit for the development of modern Egypt, though a more lasting mark was perhaps made by the archaeologists and *litterati* who were financed from academic sources in France. It was they who initiated the serious study of Egyptian problems, on the foundations of which later generations built.

Mohamed Ali has considerable fame in Egypt to-day, not only as the ancestor of her modern kings, but also as the effective founder of modern government in a country where this art had for centuries lain dormant. How far the title of 'Great' is justified by his intellectual status is difficult to judge at this distance. He had a virgin field to work in, and he had the spirit of the times on his side. The rudiments of a civil service which he created were a faint copy, perhaps appropriate to the circumstances, of the more developed governmental

* Op.cit Paragraph 371.

systems of England and France.

As the patron of the French textile engineer, Jumel, Mohamed Ali has a more certain claim to fame. Jumel had been invited to Egypt to organize a cotton spinning industry. His attempt to do so met with only temporary success, but from his discovery of a plant growing in a Cairo garden starts the whole history of Egyptian long staple cotton as it is known to-day. Jumel realized the possibilities of this plant and brought it to the notice of his patron, who in turn seems to have been equally impressed, and who took active steps first to encourage and later to enforce the growing of the new crop. The venture proved extremely successful, and the importance of cotton in the economic life of the country grew steadily. It was finally the American Civil War which fixed the crop firmly as Egypt's main economic basis. The fibre which had been steadily getting more appreciated suddenly became indispensable.

The increasing interest of Lancashire spinners in Egyptian cotton paralleled and to some extent stimulated the increasing political influence of England on Egypt. As Mohamed Ali's heirs got deeper into debt, English financiers came to exercise a larger share of influence, culminating in Disraeli's spectacular purchase of Suez Canal shares from the bankrupt Ismail Pasha.

With the British occupation in 1882 began the direct political control which was ended nominally in 1922. It was then that the Turkish suzerainty, which had been changed to an open British Protectorate with the declaration of war in 1914, was replaced by a new sovereign State. Some points were admittedly reserved in the 1922 Declaration of Independence, including the right to station British troops on Egyptian soil. It was not until 1936 that an Egyptian government could be found willing to sign, apparently of its own free will, a treaty granting this right which Britain had previously unilaterally claimed.

So we come to the Egypt of to-day, to a generation which overlaps that of the Cromer régime. It was under Cromer that the British influence which began openly in 1882 reached its culminating point. It seems to be the basic psychological tragedy of modern Egypt that this influence is so openly deplored. The disinterested observer can see only good in the irrigation system with which the names of Sir William Willcocks and Sir Murdoch Macdonald will always be associated. The present generation of senior Egyptian irrigation engineers were juniors under these men, and in almost all branches of the public service we can see the results of a similar influence of the British advisers of Cromer on the officials of to-day. More recently the cotton research work started by Dr. W. L. Balls in 1904 has been built up, with the addition of a spinning test mill in 1935, to a degree of competence which has played a considerable part in

strengthening the technical position of Egyptian cotton.

These monuments of British work in Egypt remain, some of them, including the educational system, having maintained a nucleus of British staff right up to the end. The end, now here, is the Egyptian cabinet's decision, in December 1951, to dismiss all British experts in all branches of the government service. The number of these officials was perhaps at its peak in the early 1920's, when practically every branch of Egyptian life was under English influence, and English traffic policemen stood on point duty in the main towns. These officials have been gradually reduced by death, retirement, or replacement by trained Egyptians. It was generally admitted, however, as much by educated Egyptians as by foreign observers, that the nucleus of experienced experts remaining had a value greater than their numbers. It follows that the December decision, obviously a direct result of the treaty abrogation of October, will probably be a more direct loss to Egypt than to the displaced experts themselves.

Leaving on one side, as being outside the scope of this article, the major political and military issues raised by the unilateral abrogation, the deeper long-term aspects of the present Anglo-Egyptian impasse merit serious consideration. This final break with the remaining British experts in government service is only the culminating point in a growing anti-western nationalism which has been obvious for some time. The country seems quite unaware that she is putting the clock back, that she is copying the European jingoism of centuries ago. Serious English thinking has long ago grown out of this kind of attitude into a more sober realization of its relative place in a kaleidoscope of evolving world culture. Egypt seems at present completely oblivious of this world culture, and unaware of the real contribution she could make to it if only she would see her own position in a spirit of more sober objectivity.

It is above all the sobriety and the objectivity of western thinking which one misses in Egypt to-day. Although a few, unfortunately only a few, leading men appreciate the impossible position into which the country's whole attitude is putting her, the majority seem quite unaware of it. No silliness of exaggeration or of emotionalism seems too ridiculous to find utterance in speech or in writing and to be believed by the semi-educated to whom it is addressed. Once taken up, there is no going back on these exaggerations for fear of being dubbed a defeatist or a traitor.

The attitude towards Israel is as good an example of this as any. The whole country talks as though a cultural and economic boycott of Israel could be maintained for ever, and it is government policy to refuse to sit at the same table as Jewish delegates at any international conference, while the existence of a Jewish menace is everywhere believed in. It is the emotionalism of this kind of extravagance

which is its most objectional feature to the more sober western mind. Behind our contemporary political and social doubts, and forming their more hopeful and attractive side, there is a philosophy of scepticism, of a deep feeling that under-statement is safer than over-statement. This kind of scepticism is unknown in most modern Egyptian thinking.

Feeling so sure that she needs neither western expert help nor military aid, that her salvation can be achieved by a form of economic isolationism, has Egypt also any clear idea of where this will lead to? The whole attention of the country is now given to "the national cause", as it is rather naïvely called. Supposing for a moment that her major aspiration, the withdrawal of all foreign troops, were realized, how is Egypt equipped to face her own problems by herself? In considering this, and forgetting for the moment the Sudan issue as the red herring it almost certainly is, we see immediately what little thought is being given to these questions by Egyptians themselves.

There are three prevalent ideas abroad in Egypt to-day, which many of her countrymen appear to rely on as solutions. The first of these is industrialization, which, with no great analysis of cause and effect, is taken as almost synonymous with civilization. A further assumption is that little is necessary but the will to action, and there is scant patience either with those who point out the difficulties or with those who doubt the advantages of urbanizing a peasant mentality which has many attractive features. In truth all the requirements for modern industry in Egypt are absent. She has no coal, only moderate oil resources, and no iron ore except the much discussed but hitherto unworked deposits lying in the desert near Assuan. Electrification of the Assuan dam has been long talked of, and is exactly typical of those major projects which seem so difficult to get implemented under modern political conditions.

Where cotton spinning is concerned all seem agreed. Why ship raw cotton to Lancashire to be spun, and then ship back the finished goods? The industry founded as a result of such questionings is the largest in Egypt to-day. Mills were designed and equipped with modern English machinery, and even with a relatively inefficient labour supply satisfactory goods are turned out. Technically, the project must be counted a success, but in its economics serious difficulties are apparent. Even the worst cotton grown in Egypt is fairly high quality by world standards, but it is used for a mass production article which would normally be made of cheaper cotton abroad, either American or Indian. The obvious solution of importing cheaper foreign cotton is turned down because it cuts at the roots of the *raison d'être* of the industry: to process a local raw material. So the double device of high tariffs on competitive goods, and of

subsidies both open and concealed, has been necessary to make cotton spinning pay. The difficulty is to see what economic gain there is to the country as a whole. The consumer clearly pays more than he would need to do if his cheap fabrics were imported, while the burden on the budget of continual assistance to the industry is far from negligible. The true account is perhaps too difficult to calculate. Certainly no Egyptian attempts to calculate it.

The case is much the same for the second prevalent form of economic nationalism, which is a reluctance to rely too much on the cotton growing in which Egypt really does seem to hold all the trump cards. With the population increasing, it has become necessary to import food-stuffs, mainly wheat and maize. A widespread belief exists that this is against the prestige of an agricultural country, and so the scales are deliberately weighted in favour of cereal growing. Export taxes on cotton and import taxes on wheat not having sufficed to produce what is believed to be a natural balance, recourse is had to a legal minimum acreage of wheat for every farmer. It is difficult to see how the financial loss thus forced on the individual farmer can represent a national gain, since the cotton grown by an acre is exchangeable on world markets for more wheat than this same acre can grow. The fact that cotton already provides 75 per cent. of the whole country's exports is surely proof of its natural suitability. It would seem that such an excellent and reliable source of foreign exchange could safely be depended on even more than is done at present. When Egyptian cotton fails to find a market, the resulting price drop would automatically lead farmers to prefer other crops without government direction.

The third dominant idea in modern Egypt is the belief in an army. It is to be not the kind of army which Egypt had in the bad old days of foreign occupation, but a large, well-equipped and independent force. Like other minority ideas in a country where disagreement soon comes to be stigmatized as heresy, opposition to this is seldom voiced in public. Yet the proposal seems tragically naïve. Who in the world could even the best Egyptian army be equipped to fight? The lessons of Holland and Belgium in 1940 do not seem to have been learnt in Egypt. The real objection to a large Egyptian army seems however an economic one. Already many projects of possible social reform are shelved or delayed by the prior claims of money for arms. The whole attitude is the bitterest fruit of modern nationalism run wild. The spectacle of all the devotion and thought which could go to social reform being given to arming and thinking in terms of armed strength is a depressing one. The country simply is not wealthy enough to support the army which Egyptians have in mind without imposing poverty on the civilian economy. Nor, as we have seen, are there any ready means of increasing national wealth;

on the contrary, the present high prices of cotton may not last, while the population increase goes on inexorably.

No study of the position in which Egypt finds itself to-day could be complete without laying the greatest possible emphasis on the population problem. It is becoming a familiar one now in all under-developed countries, and Egypt is a typical example of the way the problem arises. Public health services, with the assistance of modern drugs, reduce the death-rate, but there are no similar factors in operation to reduce the birth-rate. The resulting quarter of a million of population increase per year has no natural outlets and no significant increase in land area is possible.

It is a common diagnosis that such a situation can only lead to a social revolution, of which the country is already on the brink. It is further suggested that this is only being postponed by diverting the attention of potential revolutionaries to the supposed menace without. The theory is plausible, but I do not myself see any evidence of it being correct. It implies a two-facedness in the ruling classes, since on this theory their political antagonism to England is insincere. My own reading is that, however mistaken, shallow and over-emotional this antagonism is, it is sincere, and that its holders are imprisoned in their own fallacious *mystique*.

The supposition that there are potential sources of social revolt in Egypt rests too much on the assumption that there ought to be such sources. But the peasants are completely unorganized and leaderless and accept their lot with characteristic oriental fatalism, while the new urban proletariat seems equally devoid of leaders with any serious claim to the title. These growing numbers of town artisans, and the increasing army of poorer white-collared workers have many grievances. Their lot is in some ways more difficult than that of the peasants precisely because their economic and social aspirations are greater. But not many blame the rulers for their difficulties. In Egypt the rich and powerful seem to be respected still by the average man. After all it is they and they alone who are able to give or to withhold that all important job for one's needy relative. The system is a pernicious one, but it is accepted, and cabinet ministers do not easily allow staff commissions the final word on appointments.

The conclusion must be that any serious social revolution, apart from an occasional outbreak of rioting, needs a clearer idea of aim and method and a better sense of organization than exist among the dispossessed in Egypt.

(The author worked with the Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture from 1921 to 1951.)

THE CULT OF PETAINISM IN FRANCE

BY DAVID THOMSON

EX-MARSHAL PETAIN is dead, but Pétainism lives on. Circumstances have conspired, during the past year, to give it new life. The drift away from the left in French politics has brought new advantages to the forces of the right which suffered eclipse seven years ago; the weakness and instability of the Fourth Republic have bred disillusionment amongst moderates, and have reinforced the arguments of the traditional critics of parliamentary democracy; the punishments and civil disabilities imposed after liberation on 'collaborators', Vichy supporters and 'purged' civil servants have come to seem out of place seven years after liberation, and even the Gaullists, heirs of the mantle of anti-Communism which Pétain wore for four years, now demand a general amnesty. A comprehensive amnesty bill comes before the National Assembly in the New Year, and its measures are undoubtedly wise. It remains to be seen whether it will operate quickly enough to kill the new *mystique* of Pétainism which made such headway in the second half of 1951. The old man's death in prison, and his burial on the Ile d'Yeu last July, gave an opening to all who sought to obliterate their own past mistakes, follies or crimes by a posthumous vindication of the Marshal's rule at Vichy. Even a former British subject, who took French nationality from Pétain's hands, joined in the chorus of adulation.* Is it possible amidst so much excitement and confusion, to form any balanced view of the place of Pétain in French history?

The factors in French history are extraordinarily constant, and if French history tends to form itself into an oddly repetitive pattern it is because French politics are so incorrigibly retrospective. The present controversy about Pétain, which is a dispute entirely about the past, reveals all these normal characteristics. It was no novelty in 1940 for salvation to be sought through the wisdom of the elders. In 1870, after the disaster of Sedan, it was Adolphe Thiers, at 73, who was called upon to save the nation. In 1917, at the climax of the war, it was Georges Clemenceau at 76 who undertook to lead France to victory. In 1934, when the Republic seemed in danger from the effects of the world economic crisis and the antics of the Fascist leagues, it was "Papa Doumergue", at 77, who was recalled from

* Sisley Huddleston: *Pétain: Patriot or Traitor?* Dakers. 15s.

retirement to tide over the crisis, and it was Marshal Pétain, at 78, who became his Minister of War. So in 1940 it was natural, after General Weygand (aged 73) had reported that he could not stem the German advance into France, that Marshal Pétain should be asked (on Paul Reynaud's suggestion) to form an emergency government. He was then 84. In every major national crisis of the last eighty years France has turned for salvation to a septuagenarian; except in 1940, when it was to an octogenarian.

When Pétain sought and obtained from the hastily summoned National Assembly a vote of emergency powers to devise a new constitution, it was equally characteristic that his régime should attract the enthusiastic support of the inveterate anti-parliamentarians of the *Action française*, led by Charles Maurras, and earn for Vichy the nick-name of "the revenge of the anti-Dreyfusards." The Third Republic, both in its institutions and in its party leaders, was as much discredited by the defeat of 1940 as Bonapartism had been by the defeat of 1870. The four years during which Pétain was Head of the State at Vichy were used by all the anti-republican forces to pour scorn on its record and to victimize its former leaders. The trials at Riom, in 1942, were staged in order to shift all blame for the defeat on to the shoulders of the parliamentary leaders, especially Blum, Daladier and Reynaud. Only when their spirited defence threw some of the blame back on to the heads of the generals who had left the French army and air-force so ill-prepared and ill-equipped were the trials called off.

The case for the Vichy Government was—and it still is—that it was a material and a tactical advantage for France to have a government which might act as something of a shock absorber between the demands of the Germans and the helpless people of France. The original strength of Vichy was simply that it was an authority with which the Germans were prepared to negotiate. From the needs of Germany in 1940, even at the moment of victory over France, it snatched by means of the armistice the four planks of material power which it was later able to use as a basis for semi-independence. These were the rights to administer the unoccupied zone, to maintain an "armistice army" of 100,000 men, to command the bulk of the French fleet in the Mediterranean ports, and to keep control over the colonies. Except for the few colonial territories which joined the Free French in 1940, Vichy retained all these assets intact until November 1942. The allied occupation of French North Africa deprived it of all save its Far Eastern colonies. It led to the German occupation of the whole of France and the dissolution of the "armistice army", and this in turn led to the scuttling of most of the fleet at Toulon. Thereafter, Pétain ruled at Vichy more clearly on German sufferance and more directly under German pressure.

And until liberation the only assets of Vichy were the nimble wits of Pierre Laval and the *mystique* of Pétainism, which kept remote colonial governors like Admiral Decoux in Indo-China loyal to it.*

It is misleading, therefore, to generalize about the period of the Vichy Government as a whole. It changed in purpose and even in substance, as well as in personnel, with each phase of the war. But the constant factor, which grew in significance throughout the whole period, was the appeal of Pétain himself. At first, he was popularly conceived as the veteran 'Victor of Verdun', the most distinguished living Marshal of France, called to save what he could from the ruin of the nation. Then, thanks to the labours of the *Action française* and the other forces of traditionalist reaction, he was exalted into the object of a cult. Ministers took an oath of fidelity to 'his person'. He was given a personal guard of honour and a personal flag. Stamps and coins were issued bearing his effigy. The Vichy press lavished adulation upon him, and treated him as a sort of substitute-king. A series of acts provided for the 'succession', Laval and Darlan becoming in turn the 'Dauphin'. There grew up at Vichy a veritable court. The régime wooed, with some success, the Roman Catholic Church. Successive ministers bore the burden of blame for unpopular measures, and only latterly was any of the blame transferred to Pétain himself. He served, in short, as the focus for a remarkable degree of personal loyalty and semi-regal prestige, which undoubtedly did something to preserve some degree of national cohesion in conditions of humiliation and despair.

The core of his popular appeal was that he could claim to have "stood by a stricken France"; that though others might wield the sword, he would try to be a shield. This was the note struck in the first *communiqué*, issued on the day that the armistice was signed: "The Government has considered it its duty to stay in France, to share the fate of all Frenchmen." Or, as Laval put it more racily: "You can't defend France by leaving her." As a man old enough to remember the previous national defeat, for he was a boy of 14 in 1870, Pétain became the symbol of survival in spite of adversity and tragedy; a symbol of faith, when there seemed little hope and no charity. Even the nonsense about the 'National Revolution' and the 'new order' which Vichy propaganda made so much of in 1940 and 1941 made some sense as an act of faith. Belief that France had a future as a nation was the repeated theme of his speeches and broadcasts.†

But meanwhile, across the English Channel, another French soldier had also committed himself to a momentous act of faith. A couple of days after Pétain took over from Paul Reynaud, General de Gaulle

* See Admiral Decoux: *A la barre de l'Indochine* (1940-1945).

† See the selection in *Quatre Années au Pouvoir* (1949) by Philippe Pétain.

took the first step which led to the formation of the Free French movement. For a time many Frenchmen persuaded themselves that the two actions were reconcilable: that if Pétain was the shield, General de Gaulle would be the sword, and even that there was an understanding between them. In 1947, Pétain maintained that in 1940 he had said: "There will be one leader abroad, and there will be one at home." In 1948 Lucien Galimand, a former Deputy and an officer of the Free French Forces, published his book with the arresting title, *Vive Pétain, Vive de Gaulle*. Having voted in favour of emergency powers for Pétain in July 1940, and having also served in the forces of armed resistance, he was well qualified to lament the clash between the two. Could this conflict have been avoided, or was it inherent in the contrasting decisions of 1940? Was it due to the intransigence of General de Gaulle and the Free French movement, as Mr. Sisley Huddleston suggests, or were those who clung to the "shield and the sword" theory doomed to disappointment from the start? It is on answers to these questions that the historical verdict on Pétain will ultimately rest.

General de Gaulle's action in June 1940 was a revolutionary act. Because it was essential to repudiate the armistice in order to carry on the fight, it was also necessary to repudiate the French Government which had made it. When, a month later, that Government gained emergency powers, it was irresistible also to deny the legality and legitimacy of that Government. On the other hand, it was equally necessary for the men of Vichy to denounce General de Gaulle if they were to uphold the armistice. The method they chose, doubtless under German pressure, was to get a military court at Clermont-Ferrand to pass sentence of military degradation and death on Charles de Gaulle, for desertion in time of war and for acts of treason against the State. From then onwards, it was inevitably war to the knife between Free French and Vichy. Marshal Pétain later claimed that this was a mere "act of discipline", to check an exodus of French officers abroad, and that the sentence was only one "of principle" never intended to be carried out.* For the same reason, it was equally necessary for General de Gaulle to have Pétain formally condemned and sentenced to death in 1945, though he promptly commuted the sentence to one of life imprisonment.

The Free French, being by self-selection the most intransigent

* See *Quatre Années au Pouvoir*, p. 21; in 1947, Pétain even claimed that his only objection was that General de Gaulle, as a subordinate officer, had gone abroad without seeking his permission, and that he would have given such permission had he been asked! (*Les Événements survenus en France de 1933 à 1945: Témoignages*, Tome 1, p. 184). Certainly by 1942 he might well have been willing to play a 'double game'. It was claimed at his trial in 1945, and has not to my knowledge been denied, that when formally protesting to the United States *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Tuck, against American landings on North Africa, he gave Mr. Tuck a little tap on the shoulder and slyly hummed a few bars of *La Marseillaise*! (*Le Procès Pétain*, p. 376).

Frenchmen, and in no mood to resist temptations, developed a full-dress theory of Pétain's treachery and treason. It was embodied in such publications as the anonymous pamphlet called *Pétain-Laval: The Conspiracy*, published in 1942. Resting on such ambiguous and dubious evidence as Gustave Hervé's pamphlet of 1935, *C'est Pétain qu'il nous faut*, and of Anatole de Monzie's wartime diary *Ci-devant*, published in 1941, the argument was that the defeat of France, the formation of the Vichy Government and the overthrow of the Republic were all results of a deliberate and long-hatched plot. In this plot Laval was the chief conspirator but Pétain was the willing accomplice. This view, that all the disasters of 1940 had been consciously contrived by the men of Vichy in order to put themselves in power, remained the more or less official and generally accepted view of the Gaullist movement. Although it was so absurdly melodramatic, and ran counter to such obvious facts as the incalculability of events in 1940 and the orgy of hand-to-mouth measures and improvisation which was the most striking feature of the new Vichy régime, it was plausible enough to gain acceptance in the heat of wartime. It had the advantage of presenting Charles de Gaulle as the hero who had frustrated so dastardly a plot by raising the standard of revolt, and of condemning from the start the men of Vichy. It omits the awkward facts that Reynaud might not have recommended Pétain as his successor, that President Lebrun might have rejected him anyhow, and that the 'Popular Front' Assembly might likewise have refused to ratify the armistice or to confer the necessary emergency powers. It also overlooks the fact that Laval held no ministerial post until after the armistice was signed. It presupposes that Germany could be foreseen to be willing to enter into so odd an arrangement as the armistice terms which made Vichy possible. It credits the conspirators with a superhuman foresight and control over events, and requires a degree of accommodating pliability and predictability on the part of all those who held power that is beyond belief. But it served its purpose, and is the main source of the anti-Pétainist legend.*

By 1945, then, two contrary myths about Pétain dominated France. According to one, he was the 'Victor of Verdun' who added martyrdom to his heroism by standing as a shield between crippled France and her rapacious conqueror. According to the other, he was either a semi-fascist reactionary whose ambition and hatred of democracy made him a ready accomplice of the enemies of the Republic and even a conscious traitor to his country, or at best a senile defeatist whose vanity put him at the mercy of more crafty adventurers, bent on using him as a mask for their own power. A

* There is, of course, a corresponding 'plot' theory about the General, similarly crediting him with superhuman foresight: its fullest exposition is in Henri de Kerillis: *I Accuse de Gaulle* (1946).

book such as Mr. Huddleston's does something to destroy the second of these myths. But it goes too far in its efforts to vindicate everything Pétain did and to shift blame for most of the ills of modern France on to the shoulders of either the pre-war parliamentary leaders on the one hand, or the post-war governments of General de Gaulle and the Fourth Republic on the other.

The most important facts about Pétain in 1940 were that he was 84, and that he was a professional soldier. Having to deal with a supreme political crisis at that age, he was almost completely at the mercy of those politicians whom he felt he could most rely upon to perform the task which he regarded it as his national duty to perform: that is, to rally the country in the moment of defeat and to make the best terms he could with the enemy. Thereafter, having made the momentous decision to stay in France and to make the armistice work, he found himself edged and pushed into endorsing a whole series of measures many of which he disliked and most of which he probably did not understand. He seems to have enjoyed moments of lively lucidity, when his native shrewdness and soldierly qualities exerted some influence on events. But the courtiers intrigued busily around him, jostling jealously for position, and he was only too often bewildered by palace manoeuvres. Mr. Huddleston records that in 1943, after a long talk with him during the morning, Pétain failed even to recognize him shortly after lunch. There is something pathetic and misguided in trying to decide whether such an old man, evidently in his dotage, was a patriot or a traitor. The report of the parliamentary commission of inquiry recently published, which includes a verbatim account of the 'evidence' taken from Pétain on the Ile d'Yeu in July 1947 still further strengthens this feeling. The answers are the barely coherent replies of a very weary and fuddled old man, who remembers chiefly that it was 'his war' in 1914-1918, and expresses surprise at hearing of some of the deeds at Vichy for which he was allegedly responsible, whilst admitting often enough that he was simply wrong in his judgments and his decisions.*

That Pétain, between the two wars, was too old-fashioned in his ideas to appreciate the revolution in warfare brought about by mechanization and aircraft; that he was by temperament over-cautious and pessimistic, even to the point of defeatism; that he was politically naïve and had a bias towards the authoritarianism often found in French service chiefs—all these facts can be admitted. But they do not total to a charge of treason, and they carry a certain censure on governments which were content to rely on the advice and services of such a man even more than a condemnation of the

* *Les Événements survenus en France de 1933 à 1945: Témoignages et documents, Tome I*, pp. 167-186. The full text of the trial of Pétain in 1945 is only slightly less pathetic—see *Procès du Maréchal Pétain: Compte rendu in extenso des audiences transmis par le Secrétariat général de la Haute Cour de Justice* (1945).

man himself. But by the same token, they do not entitle him to the fervent adulation and hero worship which his devotees bestow upon him. Is it not nearer the truth to see him as a rather faint-hearted and enfeebled old man, with a sense of public spirit and service strong enough to make him willing to shoulder responsibilities beyond his powers and his comprehension?

Myths are often more effectively created by their opponents than by their supporters. A firm policy of reconciliation and a truce to recriminations after 1944, had such been politically feasible, would have been the only sure way to kill the *mystique* of Pétainism. But General de Gaulle had to outbid the Communists in demands for *épuration*, and Pétainism thrived on semi-martyrdom. The scandalously mismanaged trials of Pétain and Laval were the breeding ground of the myth, and the prisoner on the Ile d'Yeu, however gently he was in fact treated, became the symbol of thousands of other victims of the purge. Amnesty can now dispel the myth as a force in French politics only if it happens to coincide with a period of improvement in social and economic conditions and a consequent recession of Communism in France.

French political life tends to be hag-ridden by the past. Read any issue of the weekly *Aspects de la France*, which is devoted to the revival of all that the *Action française* stood for and is now clamouring for revision of the trials of Pétain and Maurras, and it is at once apparent how little the past ever dies in France. It was a real sign of hope that the main resistance movements, during the war, looked so much to the future. The curse of recriminations during and after liberation was that they turned the eyes even of resistance towards the past. And the curse of Pétainism to-day is that it would perpetuate this obsession with history to the neglect of pressing contemporary issues. It may be that Pétain was not, in this sense, a Pétainist. But before the *mystique* becomes completely detached from the person, it is important to explode both the Vichy and the Gaullist myths of Pétain, and to see him neither as hero nor as traitor, but as a distinguished public servant who, through human weaknesses, dotage and political simplicity, helped to divide the country which he no doubt hoped to serve.

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NATIONALISM & THE GERMAN HISTORICAL TRADITION

BY MARTIN BRAUN

ON the eve of far-reaching decisions about the future relationship between the west and the German Federal Republic, it seems natural to cast the mind back for a moment to the situation immediately after the German capitulation in 1945. Then many a German was bold enough to assume that the downfall of the Hitler régime would automatically lead to the re-admission of the German people into the community of nations. This did not happen, because it could not. The optimistic Germans blinded themselves to the crucial fact that Hitler had merely brought to its logical conclusion the mentality of isolationism of which the beginnings can be traced back to the era of Bismarck. Viewing the whole process in retrospect, the historian can hardly fail to observe that Germany's constant nightmare of being "encircled" by hostile and jealous powers was basically a kind of wish-fulfilment—a projection of Germany's own defiant separatism on to the world around her. In this attitude of national egocentricity, which degenerated into self-idolatry, Germany achieved a nationalism all her own and quite distinct from any other European nationalism.

There is a rather amusing passage in Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, where this ardent apostle of German superiority disputes the German right to the title "nation of thinkers". The Germans, he argues, might be a nation of soldiers and merchants and of scholars and artists but thinkers are scarce amongst them. Now Chamberlain was no doubt a crank obsessed with the idea of a German-Aryan world mission, but he was by no means a fool. His refusal to acknowledge the Germans as a "nation of thinkers" results from his identification of thought with analytical thought, which quite possibly is not developed in the German cultural tradition and character. However this may be, Germany can certainly—at least since the days of Herder—claim to be the country of thinkers who speculate on the meaning of the historical process. Chamberlain's own life bears this out. The son of an English admiral, he settled down in Germany, giving up natural science in favour of philosophy and history. He became an historical thinker, and his *magnum opus*, perhaps the greatest best-seller of its kind before Spengler and Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, was an achievement typical of the

German cultural and emotional environment.

Chamberlain's name conjures up at once a host of poets and writers whose combined efforts over several generations turned Germany into a hothouse of historical speculation and dreams of a millennial Reich. Spengler, together with Moeller van den Bruck (*The Third Reich*), A. Rosenberg (*The Myth of the Twentieth Century*), and E. Juenger (*The Worker*), formed the spearhead of German nationalism in its most virulent phase. It would be tedious to catalogue all who left their mark on national consciousness, though three at least must be named, Fichte, Hegel, and Nietzsche. It is far more important to gain an adequate idea of this legacy as a whole, a legacy of thinking in historical concepts or in terms of a national mythology. To create it, a great variety of types has been at work—the poet-professor (Schiller; Uhland, Arndt, Hoffmann von Fallersleben), the professor who wrote one "inspiring" novel after the other, all of them concerned with the glory of ancient *Germanentum* (Felix Dahn), the dramatist who dabbled in an intensely patriotic journalism (Kleist), the composer who at the same time wielded his pen for a national ideal (Richard Wagner), the novelist making propaganda for German *Lebensraum* (Hans Grimm), the poet pure and proper (Hoelderlin, Stefan George), the orientalist who advocated a de-orientalized Christianity and the struggle against Judaism (Paul de Lagarde *alias* Boetticher), the ex-general who as a publicist had a special axe to grind (Bernhardi, Ludendorff, Haushofer), the specialist of *Germanistik*, pre-history, anthropology and folk-lore, and finally, but not least, the professional historian who during the nineteenth century emerged as a leading figure in the political and national movements of the German middle classes. In Germany more than anywhere else we encounter the phenomenon of "history as character-maker", *Geschichte als Bildungsmacht*, to use the significant title of a little book by the German historian Gerhard Ritter. Indeed, in Germany, history or—more precisely—national myth in the garb of history, moulded the general outlook to an extent difficult to imagine in a country where men like Kipling and Seeley represent the high-water marks of the imperialist mentality.

German historiography has outstanding achievements to its credit. It is enough to point to the greatest European historian since Gibbon, Leopold von Ranke, whose dispassionate and universal outlook remained a steadying influence on successive generations of German historians. Yet it was not Ranke, but his critic and opponent Treitschke, who with his militantly nationalistic rhetoric evoked a tremendous response in the hearts of the young, and reached vast sections of the middle classes outside the university. And it was Treitschke, also, who after his death continued to exert the most enduring influence on German public opinion. His glorification of

war and naked force, his apotheosis of the "Power State", his scorn of moral principles in international relations, his tirades against nations he feared or despised, his anti-Semitism, all make him a forerunner of the Nazis. But it is a measure of the deterioration of the cultural atmosphere in Germany that, when compared with men like Spengler or Rosenberg—let alone with anti-Semitic writers of the vulgar type—Treitschke still gives the impression of humanity and liberal-mindedness.

Closely allied to the attitude of white-hot nationalism was another trend which, though not confined to Germany, reached there its fullest momentum: the trend towards specialization in scholarship and science. The German specialist became a ready tool in the hands of the State, an easy prey to any ideology which appealed to his dreams of power. On the other hand, it should be recognized that some specialists deserve sympathy rather than contempt. For specialization was, apart from emigration, the only solution for any political non-conformist who, by tackling issues and subjects of crucial importance, would have involved himself in conflict with State authority; a sense of political frustration induced specialization. There is no more instructive case of an intellectual giant who, embittered by the anti-liberal turn of events in Germany, was driven into the *ersatz* activity of specialization than that of Theodor Mommsen, whose testament contains the most moving political confession ever written by a German scholar. If Mommsen chose to leave his *History of Rome* incomplete, rather than write in the atmosphere of the Second Empire the sections dealing with Augustus and his successors, it does not require much imagination to visualize the difficulties of those historians who had to cope with subjects of immediate political relevance. Professor Trevelyan's dictum: "True history can only do good. . . . It is false history, distorted by propagandists, that makes fanaticism and war," reflects the existence in England of a politically neutral field of inquiry; it makes little allowance for the predicament of even the best-intentioned historian who has to work in an entirely different environment, exposed to external pressure and steeped in an ideology that obscures the borderline between falsehood and truth.

Another factor is that where, as in Germany, the prevailing influence was a combination of national egocentricity and intense specialization, a brand of historiography could not emerge of sufficient breadth and sympathy to strike a common chord in men of other nations. Actually, one has to go back to Ranke, who essentially belongs to the era of Metternich, to find a German historian with so world-wide an appeal as, for instance, Renan, Taine, Burckhardt, Pirenne, Huizinga and Toynbee. There is, of course, one exception—Spengler. But his popularity was strictly "seasonal", and he

became an international best-seller despite his German peculiarities, while with a Pirenne or Huizinga their Belgian or Dutch background operates as an asset rather than a handicap in conveying a historical picture of universal validity and appeal.

The question poses itself: what lies behind this national egocentricity and excessive pre-occupation with history, so characteristic of Germany since the second half of the last century? The answer can hardly be in doubt: it is the secularization of *Weltanschauung*, with history more and more filling the gap left by religion. As the word *Deutschland* became over-charged with displaced religious emotion, so countless Germans exhibited an attitude of almost mystical devotion to their historic destiny, a destiny they envisaged as a force making for cleavage and separation. In this respect German nationalism differs from other varieties of this European movement. When we glance at such representative thinkers as Mazzini, Dostoevsky or Mickiewicz, we find that for them nationalism and the Christian tradition coalesce into creeds in which national and universal aspirations are most impressively blended. For it was the aim of these prophets of Italy, Russia and Poland to give a universal meaning to the historic rôle of their nations within the Christian scheme of things, while German nationalism, being fundamentally isolationist, displayed either hostility or indifference towards the Christian heritage of Europe. Even an eighteenth-century cosmopolitan like Herder could ask himself whether Germany had not paid too high a price for Christianity in forfeiting genuine nationality. A few generations later many Germans were sufficiently paganized to look upon the 4,500 Saxons executed by Charlemagne in Verden as martyrs sacrificed on the altar of an alien religion. German nationalism ran its full course by ending up with Rosenberg's "myth", with *Deutschreligion*, with the project of a radically de-Christianized "German Church", in short, with open apostasy. But apostasy—Professor Toynbee reminds us—"is not just a repudiation of a once accepted faith—a rejection of democracy or Christianity or whatever the apostate's previous faith may have been. Apostasy is a relapse from a later and higher faith to some earlier and lower one; and the earlier and lower religion into which the apostates of our time have fallen back is the immemorially old pagan worship of Juggernaut—the idolization of collective human power." This means, in our context, the idolization of Germany as a nation and, in more recent times, as the core of the "Aryan" race.

If, in German self-idolatry, the nation becomes god, its history is the unique process by which the deity reveals itself. This self-revelation occurs above all in the appearance of great men, heroes like some of the medieval emperors, Luther, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, and—for millions of Germans not so long ago—Hitler. But unlike the

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heroes of other nations, such as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, these figures do not represent universal humanitarian ideals; instead, they stand exclusively for national virtues, values and aspirations. The status of German heroes like Frederick and Bismarck is or was very similar to that of demigods, with the historian as priest and the rest as ordinary worshippers. The intensification of this hero-worship* into a national mysticism may explain why the Nazis, even in the turmoil of war, took good care to protect the coffins of Frederick and Hindenburg from damage and from the risk of falling into Russian hands, as though they were the palladium of the *Reich*. There is a revealing entry in Goebbels' diaries, written at the height of the war (May 12, 1943). "The Fuehrer"—it runs—"characterized it as nothing short of absurd that Frederick the Great . . . was buried under the cupola of the Potsdam Garrison Church, although he wished to be interred beside his dogs in the park of Sans Souci. Thank God, English air raids have compelled us to end this condition. The coffin of Frederick the Great has been placed where it is safe from bombs. The Fuehrer will never restore it to the Potsdam Garrison Church." Goebbels then meditates on plans for the future. Should a mausoleum in Greek style be built for the king in the park of Sans Souci? Or should he be laid to rest in the great Soldiers' Hall of the new War Ministry? And he concludes his musings thus: "Personally, I should prefer to see the wish of the great king fulfilled and him given his last resting place in Sans Souci. The Fuehrer, too, rather inclines to this view. But these are problems for the future." These are problems only for a twisted mind which raises the unimportant question of the burial place of a Prussian king on to the plane of myth and ritual. And is not the rivalry between the Nazis and the historians of the Prussian school as to the rightful ownership of the "Fridericus" tradition a reminder that in such a controversy emotional and semi-religious values are at stake? But Nazis and Prussian historians were in complete agreement on one point, that it was sacrilege to doubt the superhuman greatness of these figures. And so intense is the self-identification of some of the German historians with these national heroes that even to-day they fear that their own prestige would be undermined if a sort of Gotterdammerung were to overtake the German pantheon. The whole complex is, of course, without analogy in English historiography.

Considering the obvious link between the rise of the pseudo-religion of national self-deification and the progressive disintegration

of Christian belief in Germany, it will not appear surprising that it was the Catholic regions of Germany, with their basically intact pattern of religious life, which were in the long run least affected by the Nazi apostasy. This remains true, notwithstanding the fact that Bavaria was the cradle of the Nazi movement, and both Hitler and Goebbels were men of Catholic family background. (In this connection it may be worth recalling that even in pre-Nazi days the only German historian who had the inner resources to oppose the Treitschkean picture of German history by producing a masterpiece written in the spirit of European cultural solidarity was a devout Catholic, Franz Schnabel.) The ideological challenge of Naziism could only be met by those who were able to take their stand on universal principles and supra-national convictions, whether Catholic, Protestant or humanitarian. Each of these creeds had its martyrs, some of them world-famous like Pastor Niemöller, but most of them simple working-class people who suffered and died for their ideal of a just social order. True, these forces have never been capable of asserting themselves decisively, and nationalism is still the most potent undercurrent in German politics. Nevertheless, they constitute the only hope for a spiritual as well as a political return of Germany into the family of nations.

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* The hero-mystique is well illustrated by an episode related in the reminiscences of Dr. Paul Schmidt in *Hitler's Interpreter* (1951, p. 207): "Hitler complained bitterly about Pétain, who had declined his invitation to attend the interment of the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son. Hitler, as a big gesture, had had these brought from Vienna to Paris."

PERSIA'S NEED FOR LAND REFORM

BY P. H. T. BECKETT

THE great part of Persia is sheltered by the ring of the Zagros and Elburz mountains and their extensions southwards and eastwards from the rain-bearing winds from the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea, which drop most of the moisture they carry as they rise over the crests. So that in central Persia the factor limiting agriculture and human settlement is water supply. The soil is generally fertile, and there is space enough and to spare; only the water is lacking. In England village settlements have as often as not grown up where a rise in the land placed their sites above the level of floods, or where the narrowing of a valley permitted a bridge to be built across an unfordable river. In either case the sites have been chosen to avoid the handicap of too much water. Over most of Persia the rainfall is too low for crops to be grown without irrigation, so settlements grow up wherever there is available water, and there can hardly be too much.

Only in the mountains is the rainfall sufficient, and settlement is limited here by the rigours of the winter months, and the intermittent lawlessness of the tribesmen. The nomads have themselves learned to avoid extremes of weather by migrating every winter to lower lands, but have often imposed hard terms upon the settled peoples in what they consider to be tribal territory. The greater part of the settled cultivators live on the central plateau, and in the few great intermontane basins, wherever the rainfall over a wide area of mountain or hillside is canalized by run-off and percolation on to a small area of plain at the mountain's foot.

Here on the limit of the eroded material washed down by the spring torrents, where the finer material is deposited as rich soil, the village grow up. There is no average village, the size being determined only by the yield of the well or spring, and populations vary from say ten families in the small clusters of houses in the mountain valleys, or which all the able-bodied will be shepherds, to over 400 families in the large villages on the plain, of whom perhaps half or less will be peasants, a few will be craftsmen and gendarmes, landowners or schoolmasters, and the rest casual labourers and carpet weavers. The density of the villages depends entirely on the quality of the aquifer, the water-bearing strata below. Where the flow of ground

water is free, then there will be a nearly continuous belt of cultivated land along the edge of the foothills, with small satellite villages gathered round larger, where a bazaar or mosque provides a focus.

Village lands are owned by the landlord, the *muja*, or more commonly by a number of landlords as the holdings are split by inheritance and amalgamated by marriage. The landowner may have acquired tenure by converting the desert to the 'sown', that is by enclosing and providing water for an area previously uncultivated, or he will be descended from the first holder. It is uncommon for peasants to own their land as independent farmers. This is, I suppose, because if a peasant had sufficient capital to tide him over the inevitable bad year that reduces his fellows to borrowing at interest, then he would probably multiply his holdings from his increase in the good years and would not remain a peasant.

The peasant individually is generally a simple, courteous soul, helpful to the traveller and the stranger, and well able to endure hardships. As for many simple people, the qualities of a crowd are considerably less than the sum of the qualities of the individuals composing it, and the kindly passer-by one day who stops to help change a wheel may stop to jeer on the next occasion when he passes in a crowd. All the peasant asks from governments and landowners is to be left alone to rear his family, and to reap a crop where he has sown, and to achieve this he has put up with a great deal of oppression. It is this endurance of the Persian peasant that has maintained some sort of stability in the land through the ages, as one invading force followed another and successive ruling classes have been massacred and displaced.

The water that gives life to the village may come directly from a well, where there is a good flow in the aquifer, and it is near the surface. In the arid south where the annual rainfall is concentrated in a short period, and most of it runs off the bare hills without percolating down to replenish the ground water, the winter torrents may be led into reservoirs. But generally, and nearly universally in the central plateau which is the heart of Persia—in a way even more so than Azerbaijan, the most thickly populated province, because it is more independent of Russian influence—the water is derived from a *qanat*.

The aquifer beneath the areas of good soil is generally deep as the ground water percolates from the foothill gullies into the porous rock debris that makes the plain. The rainfall over a wide area of mountain will eventually find its way down to the plain through quite a small area of foothill, and this canalization enables cultivation to take place; but coming as it does from catchment areas at widely varying distances from the plain the water flow will be spread out over the whole year, so that at any one time the head of ground water

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will be low, and the rate of flow small. So a well is dug as close to the foothills as possible to strike the water table where it is near to the surface. Then from the foot of the shaft a horizontal or slightly sloping tunnel is dug, so that it meets the land surface at the uphill end of the village lands and the water flows out over the fields.

By this means the aquifer is tapped where the flow is most concentrated, and by extending the tunnel back the water-yielding surface is very much greater—perhaps a hundred or a thousand fold—than that of a single well shaft. The underground conduit will suffer very little loss by evaporation. Such *qanāts* play a vital part in agriculture and settlement generally, and in the drier areas may commonly be up to 20 miles long and 300 feet deep where they tap the water table, with examples known of a tunnel 70 miles long, and a shaft 1,000 feet deep—all excavated by men with picks, and by the light of primitive oil lamps.

Clearly the capital required to build, or even to maintain such *qanāts*, which one cynic has adduced as one of the only two original ideas that have come from Persia, is much greater than any peasant can afford, and the peasants have so far shown themselves unable to work together in co-operative schemes, so the money must be put up by the *muja*, the local capitalist. He may build a *qanāt* as a speculative investment, or he may inherit it. Generally speaking the ownership of land and water go together.

A *muja* may manage his land in one of three ways. He may farm it himself, paying casual labourers to do the work about 25 rials a day, where a kilogram of rice costs 18 rials; or he may let it on a four-year lease to a farmer with some capital, who will try and rent a number of holdings to achieve a sizeable total, which he will work with hired labour; or he may share-crop it. In the last case, which is the most common, the peasants draw lots each year for which plot of land each group of three or four will cultivate. The *muja* orders which crops shall be grown, and provides seed and water. He may provide draught animals. Then after the harvest he takes back 65-80 per cent. of the yield, depending on the crop, the mulct being larger in the more arid and remote provinces. From this he will provide seed for the following year, and will pay taxes of roughly 10-15 per cent. of the total crop. If as is likely the *muja* owns the water that drives the mill, then he will acquire a further share in the harvest as the price for grinding his peasants' corn. The net profit from all this, after the cost of maintaining the *qanāts* has been deducted, is by common admission in South Persia about 30 per cent. of the total crop.

The first two systems appear to work efficiently enough, though they are hard on the labourer whose wages are low. He may be laid off during the winter when there is no cultivation to be done, but when

his need is greatest, since the villagers are living on stored food and cannot give so open-handedly to the unemployed as during the summer. The last and most common system has worked all right through the ages, but it shows all the disadvantages of share-cropping at its worst. Excepting for the peasants of the owner of only a small holding, the chance of a peasant drawing the same plot in successive years is so small that no one makes any attempt to improve the land by extra cultivation or weeding; "What is the use," one peasant said, "of planting shade trees? Only the *Muja* will benefit!" Then the share of the peasant is so small that he has little inducement to farm well—even if he were to produce a third as much again extra as a result of hard work, the increase in his share will only be one-twelfth which, when translated into pounds and ounces, is too small to make the effort worth while, and this although most of the peasants are living very little above subsistence level.

However, with what appear to us to be its inequalities, this system has worked reasonably well for several hundreds of years, and the peasants have gone on working under whoever owned the land, native or invader. The balance of interests has somehow been maintained. The landlord has according to his lights looked after his peasants, and as far as possible has protected them from molestation. By maintaining the land and water he has provided security of tenure for the cultivators. On their side of this implicit bargain the peasants have worked hard for small return, and by their labours have supported a large landowning class, and paid for an army and a civil service, and generally buffered the State against catastrophes.

But the balance, always delicate, is now in jeopardy if not already lost. Some of the landowners, enough to be significant, are not carrying out their side of the bargain. There are too many absentee landlords, employing agents to collect their rents, since every Persian who can read wishes to get to Tehran, and once there to stay there. Then as a result of the insecurity caused by the war, and a feeling of not knowing what is coming next, many *qanāt* owners are failing to maintain the tunnels, in order to send the money saved abroad as insurance against the crash that they fear, so that the flow of water is decreasing. Add to this a number of years of low rainfall, at any rate in the south, and the fact that the growing population has scrubbed up much of the desert vegetation for fuel so that the sand is beginning to blow over the cultivated lands, and we have land going out of cultivation and the security of tenure of the peasant threatened.

In fact the proportion of the village populations that is now landless is becoming alarming; in the worst areas perhaps up to half the able-bodied men have no land and no permanent employment, and the market for the crafts to which they might turn is diminishing. This is too high a number for the destitute to be helped over a bad period

by their relations, and the bad period shows signs of being too long, so that in many of the villages there is despair. The people have been living too near to the subsistence level for too long to have any reserves upon which to fall back. And the carpet industry is failing as a result of currency restrictions and trade quotas, and is unable to absorb this mass of cheap labour as it has in the past.

All this has happened before—many times—but there is a new factor in the situation. The wind of liberal ideas has blown through Persia from the west, so that even the illiterate peasant is just beginning to ask why his share of the fruits of his labours is so small. A different wind is blowing from the north, offering an administration that is not corrupt and expropriation of the landowners. In previous periods a time of chaos has been followed by the rule of a strong Shah who has by vigorous action restored confidence and restarted the investment of money in the maintenance of the fields. But the new ideas are too strong, and the old balance cannot be restored. Unless a new balance between owner and peasant can be found, and that soon, the inter-related effects of insecurity and unemployment will extend until the State breaks down. The Shah has attempted to give a lead by handing crown lands over to his peasants, but there is no sign this lead has been followed, and probably the only result has been to reduce the resources with which the crown might take over the administration should the occasion demand.

In conclusion it is perhaps alarming to note that in the two Asian countries most directly threatened by Russia—South Korea and Persia—the landlords' shares of the crops are 80 per cent.* and 70 per cent. respectively, compared with 50 per cent. in Kuomintang China, and 37 per cent. under the new régime.†

(Some months ago the author led a scientific expedition in Persia to study water, soil, flora and fauna and to make museum collections.)

* Quoting John Gunther.

† Quoting the *Economist*, June 1951.

WHAT ARE UNIVERSITIES FOR ?

BY J. F. WOLFENDEN

IN asking this question it is not suggested that the answer shall be dictated from outside the universities. Still less is it suggested that the answer should be given, or any policy which might flow from the answer be imposed, by "the State". We have seen in other countries the consequences of the use of the universities as instruments of party doctrine, and we do not want that here. The whole tradition of the British universities is against their serving any such end, and it is clear that no responsible person intends to use them for it. Indeed, the admirably non-interventionist principles and practice of the University Grants Committee are an almost incredible example of the spending of public money with the deliberate minimum of Treasury intervention and control. At the same time, nobody should forget that it is public money, to the tune of some £20,000,000 a year. And although that sum may be trifling in comparison with other expenditure of a less obviously productive kind, it is big enough to deserve and demand justification in its spending. In short, if the universities themselves do not find some answer to the question, it could happen that one day before long somebody else might answer it for them—and not necessarily in a way they would like.

Secondly, it is not suggested that any answer which the universities might give—and it is their business to give one—would universally apply to every teacher or every student in every university. An answer which was universally applicable would probably be the wrong one, if it implied a policy of uniformity. Each university in Britain has its own particular interests, over and above the provision made by all of them in the fields of teaching and research generally recognized and accepted as appropriate to them all. One shows a special interest in ancient philosophy, another in atomic physics, a third in agriculture, a fourth in metallurgy. So uniformity would be uncongenial, and inappropriate; it would in fact destroy one of the delights of university development, the right of each institution to follow its own line of interest. But short of a deadening uniformity or an artificially imposed system, there are certain ideals, practices, objectives and principles which all universities, *qua* universities, have in common; and they owe it both to themselves and to society that

they should state plainly and with as much agreement as they can command what it is that they believe to be the purpose of their existence in the middle of the twentieth century.

In what follows the duties of a university in connection with research and original work are omitted, not, indeed, because they are not important but because the immediate practical problem is on the teaching side of a university's life. Original work, of all kinds and in all fields, remains one of the two prime duties of any establishment for higher education. In real life the problem usually hits the universities from the bitterly practical point of view of selection of students for admission. The number of students admitted is at present about 24,000 a year. The number of applications is something like five times that figure. The number of applicants is quite unknown, for nobody knows how many applications, at different universities, each applicant makes. Each university knows, to its pain and grief, that it has to cope with four or five times as many applications as it has vacancies available in any one year. It applies, for its own purposes, its own selection procedure, and it reaches something like satisfaction, with transient irritations caused by the last-minute withdrawals of candidates who have obtained places elsewhere. It never knows whether or not those candidates whom it rejected would have been more successful than those whom it accepted; it does know that it has a casualty-rate, among those whom it did accept, which represents a substantial waste of teaching-time and public money. It constantly tries to improve its selection procedure, by attempting to interview more and more of its applicants or by raising higher and higher its faculty requirements, or by relying more and more (or, it may be, less and less) on the recommendations of headmasters and headmistresses.

But behind all this devoted labour in the rooms of registrars and deans of faculties there is a growing uneasiness. The actual machinery is, without much doubt, improving all the time. But more and more the feeling grows that nobody quite knows what purpose this improving machinery is supposed to be serving. The machinery is becoming more efficient as a means to an end. The trouble is that the end which it is intended to serve is obscure, inadequately defined, and, to the extent to which it is defined, incomplete.

On a short and restricted view a tolerably satisfactory answer can be given. The university official charged with selection for a particular faculty, the dean, the registrar, the admissions secretary, or whoever he may be, can ask himself the simple question: "Which of these hundreds of applicants for these comparatively few vacancies seem, from their stated qualifications and records, the most likely to obtain degrees in the subjects they propose to study?" It is

fairly easy to rule out those who by the age of 18 cannot show, by success in examinations taken before that age, the standard of ability and attainment required for undertaking, with reasonable prospect of success, the course of study leading to a degree. Even at this stage there are dangers—the late developer, the difficulty a particular school may have had in providing adequate teaching in a particular subject, the precocious student who reaches his peak before he leaves school. There is further evidence to be taken into account, from school reports and interviews. The number of vacancies available is determined by a variety of factors, including laboratory accommodation, the popularity of a particular department, the casualty-rate in the intermediate examination. Battling his way through all these complications (and many more) the dean, after a great deal of work, does in the end produce his list of acceptances, on the basis that these persons, rather than the other applicants, have the best prospect of completing a degree course. It is easy to criticize both this sort of procedure and the criteria which lie behind it. But what else is a dean to do? If there is to be any criticism it should be aimed not at him but at those on whose behalf he acts; and it should be based not on the procedure of an executive officer but on the absence of an articulate and coherent answer to the fundamental question.

The problem of selection may be looked at from another, and perhaps a more illuminating, point of view. The procedure we have outlined—and, with local variants, it is pretty general throughout the modern universities—is founded on the assumption that the main function of the dean is to select, from among a large number of applicants, those persons who seem most likely to complete a degree course. It is time that this assumption was more closely and more critically examined.

For if it is uncritically accepted it has many consequences, not all of them intended. First, on the simply practical level, it sets the dean an almost impossible task. No amount of human endeavour can select out of the total number of applicants the one-fifth who will in the end be successful. The casualty-rate between arrival at the university and the final examination is high. Of those who begin a degree course and fall by the wayside a large proportion enter the university at public expense, and it may therefore be argued that if the obtaining of a degree is the purpose of university life the public money spent on these failures is wasted. Certainly it might be argued that the time of professors and lecturers could have been better employed. It may seem odd that with so many applicants to choose from the proportion of failures is so high, and it may seem that deans are very inefficient selectors. The truth rather is that success in the old higher certificate examination or at advanced level in the new general certificate of education is a very unreliable pointer

to success in university studies. The difference not only in standard but in the whole approach and method of university teaching is so great from that of any but an exceptional school that earlier examination results are often more misleading than helpful. Unless standards are to be reduced, or methods made more like those of school than they are already—and both these courses would be vigorously opposed by many university teachers on many grounds—the failures and the wastage will continue. There are those who believe that we are already ‘scraping the barrel’, that there are not in fact enough young men and women coming out of the schools each year qualified in mind and temperament to complete university degree courses, that so far from needing broader and more lavish public provision for intending students we have already gone too far, unless we are to envisage a substantial drop in the standard of a degree. We have as yet very little evidence about what happens to the applicants for places who are not accepted. It may be that some of them would have made a better showing at studies than some of those who were accepted; the selection procedure lacks this ‘control group’. But there seems no antecedent reason to suppose that many of them would have been any better than their successful rivals. The trouble lies deeper and leads to the second main consequence of the fundamental assumption underlying this selection procedure.

Perhaps this can best be put in the form of a question. Are there 24,000 young men and women coming out of the schools each year who are fitted for higher education at university level? More accurately, are there 24,000 who ought to be selected, on academic evidence, as suitable for studies leading to a degree? If there are, then choosing them is simply a matter of selection technique. If there are not, what is to be done about it? Enough has been said to suggest that there are not, that selection procedure is not so shatteringly bad as to lose any substantial number of properly equipped applicants, and that the casualty-rate suggests an excess of supply of university places over genuine demands.

Is it likely that there will be 24,000 a year, out of an annual age-group of about 600,000, who will deserve selection, on academic grounds, for places? Does one person out of every 25 who are born qualify, on these criteria? It seems, to put it mildly, improbable—unless current notions of the functions of the modern universities are considerably modified. The possible modifications are many. First, it might be suggested that the insistence on a nominally academic criterion for admission is inconsistent with the real nature and function of a university. What the dean does, to put it crudely, is to arrange his applicants in a list in order of alleged academic merit and then draw a horizontal line at the point where he has enough to fill his available vacancies. No dean in his senses would argue that

there was any measurable difference between the bottom candidate above the line and the top candidate below it. But he feels, since a university is—whatever else it may or may not be—an institution for higher education, that he must select in academic order of merit. Yet the university itself would be seriously misrepresented if it were regarded as no more than a place where people amass the information necessary to the satisfaction of examiners. The university authorities encourage the existence of a bewildering variety of clubs and societies which make no very obvious contribution to the acquiring of a degree, which, indeed, cultivated to excess, sometimes contribute to the opposite. In those universities which set store by corporate life, in colleges, halls of residence or hostels, much more is offered to the student than simply attendance at lectures. The extent to which other activities and other experiences are to be encouraged may vary from one place to another and from one tutor to another within the same university. But, to put it as mildly as possible, there would be few university teachers who would positively assert that the sole and sufficient reason for spending three or four years at a university was to get a degree. And yet it is on this basis that deans conduct their admissions procedure. Worse, it is on this basis that the young themselves have come to assess the purpose and value of their university careers. They genuinely believe that the State or the L.E.A. (or, less frequently, their father) has sent them to the university “to get a degree”. Not, mark you, “to follow the course of study leading to a degree”; still less “to live in a university, with all that that implies in education and maturity of mind and character.” There is a well-known story of a parent whose daughter fell seriously ill in the summer of her last year and was therefore unable to take her final degree examination. “Oh dear,” he wailed (or words to that effect), “three years wasted.” But if he was wrong the universities themselves are not wholly blameless, for both by their admissions procedure and by their failure to give a more positive account of their own function, they have led thousands of people to think that he was right. Many university teachers deplore the ‘utilitarian’ or ‘chrematistic’ attitude of their pupils to-day. “They come here to get a ticket, to collect the piece of paper that will get them a job.” And if they do, whose fault is it? The fault of their schoolmasters and schoolmistresses? But they are the product of the universities. The fault of their prospective employers? But if they were not university graduates themselves they have presumably, in this respect at least, taken their standards from the universities. The fault of their parents? If so, then all the more urgent is the need for the universities to make their own position clear. Nobody would deny that there is an element of the ‘vocational’ in a university education, and nobody would regret that the young man who in

former days went to a university 'to have a good time' for three or four years is an obsolete phenomenon. But there is a great gulf between that and the ticket-hunting of to-day. One thing is quite clear: whoever is to blame for the present attitude it is not the present generation of students. They have been brought up in this atmosphere; they genuinely believe that sums of public money have been invested in them for this purpose, and most of them conscientiously try to make a proper return for this investment. Is that the right frame of mind for making the most of the opportunities which a university affords?

Of course the academic criterion must be an important one. It would be wrong to waste public money and professorial time on those who were intellectually incompetent. But unless it can be demonstrated that there are 24,000 young people each year who are destined for an academic future we deceive ourselves and mislead them if we base the whole of our university procedure on the assumption that the academic is the one and only relevant criterion. Ought not we rather to say, quite plainly and openly, that the university has other functions in addition to serving as the place from which recruits to the learned professions will annually go out to their first job? That it must always be, but need it be that and no more? There are several thousands of young men and women each year who will in the course of time come to positions of responsibility in a wide variety of careers other than the academic. In plain fact they are academically indistinguishable from many of the present inhabitants of universities, though they may have lacked one required 'advanced level pass' in the general certificate of education. Yet at present this lack may deprive them of the university place which is filled instead by a worthy but undistinguished competitor. Obviously the first-class brains of the country must be given the best possible education appropriate to their particular abilities, whether it be in a university or in a college of higher technology. But when all the first-class academic brains have been catered for there will still be a great many university places unfilled. We should be doing a greater service to the community at large if we admitted to those places the young people who are going to be the leaders in agriculture, commerce, the press, industry, radio, politics and local government than if we reserve the places for some of those who fill them to-day. They would suffer no more casualties on the way to a degree than does the present population, and their final degree classes would be no lower. Much more important, we should be fulfilling our obligation to the nation on a much wider front than we do at the moment, for university habits of thought and living would spread themselves to many places where they are at present unknown. There would be no 'fall in academic standards'; the comparatively few who set the pace, the

first-class brains, would be there just as they are now. Still less would there be any increase of 'vocational training'; in simple fact there is a great deal of that now, unnoticed because the range of vocations concerned is narrow, traditional and respectable. The only differences, from the academic point of view, would be that different people would occupy the lower reaches of the second class and that the circle of 'producing teachers to produce teachers' would be broken—to the advantage of all concerned.

In short, the newer universities must begin to face the wider responsibilities to the nation at large which the older universities used to perform almost by accident. Another way of expressing the same point is to say that the range of jobs for which a university career is regarded as a valuable preliminary must be greatly widened. It is no objection to murmur 'American' in tones of horror or contempt. Our modern universities are by now robust enough to face this new obligation without falling into the traps which the experience of their American counterparts has demonstrated. And there is no harm in learning a lesson or two from overseas.

Some such re-orientation as this is essential if the newer universities are going to fulfil their function in the twentieth century. So far they have tried, with considerable success, to provide an academic leaven in places which the older universities left untouched. The time has come for an extensive re-thinking and an explicit re-statement of their place in the national life.

(The author is the Vice-Chancellor of Reading University.)

THE ACADEMIC AMATEUR

BY M. F. LLOYD PRICHARD

THE Registrar of Oxford University describes and pays tribute to the system whereby in the older universities, academic amateurs assume responsibility for university administration. He notes that until fairly recent times administration in the universities was a fairly simple business and illustrates his point with the fact that "thirty years ago there was still living in Oxford an old lady who as a girl had helped her uncle, then vice-chancellor, to keep the university accounts." But he goes on to invite us to support his claim that even with a vast increase in the complexity and size of university business, there is still a case to be made for the academic amateur.*

* * * *

There is little doubt that, in the main, with the multitudinous administrative, academic and clerical duties, performed by academic staff in every university department, the academic amateur deals wisely and efficiently, doing work that no trained professional could do so well. For in this sphere the scholar in control is safer and more dependable, since his function is to ensure—and quite rightly—"the predominance of academic views in the conduct of university business."

At the same time, however, where this particular concern is not at stake and where it is of greater importance to make sure that the conduct of university business is equal in efficiency to any other kind of business, it can be strongly argued that the case for the academic amateur is weak and that the argument for the trained professional personnel is sounder. This statement is particularly true in relation to the office of steward or junior bursar, an office which in most men's or women's colleges is filled by a Fellow of the college (who nowadays may be primarily a scientist or classical scholar or mathematician) since the assumption is still made (but with little justification) that in this sphere too, the academic amateur is the best fitted to take control.

The nature of the office can be well understood from the account of it given in the life of Sir Michael Sadler written by his son. Michael

Sadler went up to Trinity College, Oxford, with a classical scholarship and exhibition. By 1884 he achieved a double first. He then began a search for work. He wished to marry and he wanted to live in Oxford. In 1885 he was appointed to the secretaryship of University Extension and in 1886 he was appointed steward of Christ Church, retaining the secretaryship but giving up any other recurrent educational work which might conflict with the rules.

These rules, as published in the leaflet issued by the Governing Body of Christ Church, were as follows :

The Steward performs the duties usually consigned in other Colleges to the Junior Bursar.

He has the general management and control of the domestic arrangements of the House, including the rooms, hall, kitchen, buttery, office, coal yards, quadrangles and general establishment, and of the servants employed in the various departments, about 90 in number.

There are 196 sets of rooms, to which breakfast, luncheon, etc., are served from the kitchen, the only meal held in common being 7 o'clock dinner which is provided for about 200.

The Steward is expected to dine at least two or three times a week with the Governing Body at the High Table.

All complaints as to the management and supplies come before him for investigation and remedy.

He is responsible for the accounts of all the departments under his care and these are officially audited every year.

During Full Term, the Steward is required to be continually resident and to have fixed office hours.

During Vacation he is required to reside so long as may be necessary for the proper discharge of his duties but not less than a week or half a week at both the beginning and end of a vacation according as it is long or short.

The necessary residence is thus for at least twenty-nine weeks in each year.

The Steward may not hold any other office, or undertake any educational or other work without obtaining the consent of the Governing Body.

He will be appointed in the first instance for a year, at the end of which time it is hoped that he will have proved his efficiency and enable the Governing Body to appoint him for a longer period, probably five years, at the expiration of which time he will be re-eligible.

Much the same description of the office of steward or junior bursar holds good in detail for the other colleges of Oxford or Cambridge though in most cases it may be given only in general terms as, for example, when college statutes provide that the "Junior Bursar shall, so far as possible, take charge of the domestic affairs of the college." But it can be easily imagined that the duties are extremely comprehensive. Sadler's biographer tells us that the files kept by him for his nine years of office as steward of accounts and correspondence show the great variety of the duties. "On the one hand were the recurrent (if often delicate) problems of domestic discipline, of catering and of dealing with complaints from members of Common Room" which included innumerable complaints from Lewis Carroll about milk,

* "University Administration" by Douglas Veale. THE FORTNIGHTLY, November 1951.

drainage, gas supply, electric bell pushes, food, ginger beer, etc. "At the other end of the scale the Steward was called upon to deal with certain matters of serious moment." Thus, a block of buildings to house the poor in St. Thomas's was to be erected and the undertaking involved site allocation, architect's designs, official permissions and elaborate calculations of costs and likely rent-return on money expended. "All this was the Steward's business, who had to interview everyone concerned and attend meetings of the Governing Body to make his reports and register decisions." The biographer adds: "There can be no doubt that the experience gained at Ch. Ch. of handling colleagues and servants, of estate management, of the general complications of property, building lines, drainage and so forth was of the utmost value to him when years later he played a leading part in the discussions about the New Bodleian and became initially the inspirer of the Oxford Preservation Trust." It is of interest, however, to add that Sadler was appointed to the post of steward without any apparent qualifications whatsoever, except what natural ability he possessed and this must have been extremely theoretical for his son tells us that in 1889 when he returned to his home and found pipes freezing, he decided to remove "some woodwork in order to wrap the pipes in hot cloths; totally devoid of skill in the use of his hands he damages the woodwork beyond repair. By the time a carpenter comes to the rescue, the pipes have once again frozen up."

We do not doubt that Sadler made an efficient steward, for his calibre was such that there were probably few jobs he could not have undertaken. But is this judgment true of every person appointed in colleges as steward or junior bursar? May not the existence of academic amateurs in these important jobs be some explanation of the discomfort which has been part characteristic of domestic living in the older universities? May it not also be part explanation of the losses which colleges have been sustaining, particularly of late? (One College recently showed a loss of £4,000 in one year in the running of its kitchens.) After all, these difficult days are terribly testing even for persons skilled in domestic management.

One Cambridge steward when asked how he came to be appointed, admitted that he had protested on being asked to be steward that he knew nothing of domestic administration but was persuaded to accept appointment on being reassured that he would have a trained woman under him!* Such is the curious compromise invented in

the universities to ensure that the academic amateur shall still hold the office and appear to function with efficiency. It is, however, dangerous because few trained persons are content to exercise their craft in subjection to panto-pragmatics and a great deal of irritation is unjustifiably generated in a situation where a qualified person must in every decision taken defer to persons who are, through no fault of their own often, just ignorant pickthanks.

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Our considered conclusion is that, although in the purely academic sphere, the academic amateur is largely successful, after wide observation of the other spheres in which he is called upon to operate and particularly those where ability in administration of practical affairs is called for, his office holding is unjustifiable, uncertain and unprofitable. Injustice is being done both to him and to the college which he is attempting to serve by asking him to accept the office of Steward or Junior Bursar.

(Dr. Lloyd Prichard is researching in Cambridge on the financial history of the inter-war years.)

* One Cambridge college has been wise enough to see the limits of the academic amateur. After years during which the domestic bursar (a trained woman holding the I.M.A. certificate) was subservient to the steward, Gonville and Caius College has appointed a woman to be steward with combined functions. It should be placed on record that the domestic bursar, Miss Knox, did not accept the appointment for which she had fought but, nevertheless, the Master and Fellows of the college, aware of the importance of the issue, accepted the responsibility of the creation of the novel post of Steward and Domestic Bursar.

MRS. MACAULAY

BY DAISY L. HOBMAN

BOSWELL, in his recently published *London Journal*, relates the story of Mrs. Macaulay and Dr. Johnson which is also told in the *Life*. He quotes the doctor as saying : " Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. I came to her one day and said I was quite a convert to her republican system, and thought mankind all upon a footing ; and I begged that her footman might be allowed to dine with us. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers count down only the length of themselves. They would all have some people below them ; why not, then, have people above them ? " To-day this lady's name survives through a sneering reference, yet she once had a not inconsiderable reputation as a historian, among her contemporaries in England, as well as in America and France, where her work was translated at Mirabeau's suggestion. She made an income by her pen, as well she might, since each volume of her *History of England from the Accession of James I to the Elevation of the House of Hanover* sold at £4 10s. 0d. per bound copy. As a middle-aged widow she was referred to in an ode as

Britannia's glory through the world display'd,
And dauntless freedom by one matchless maid.

One of her correspondents, Augustus Toplady the hymn-writer, assured her that she owed the safeguarding of her health to her country : " If you do not take care of its best citizen, you will be guilty of the highest injustice to the public " ; and another was sufficiently illustrious to describe in a letter how it felt to be the first American President. A woman whose friends included George Washington, and whose writings, however much they may have been discredited subsequently, were based upon research in an age when feminine scholarship was altogether exceptional, must have been remarkable, and, in fact, there does emerge from the scanty data of her life the outline of a forceful and original personality.

Catherine Sawbridge was probably born in 1731, although there is a slight discrepancy about the exact date. Her father, John Sawbridge of Wye, Kent, had married Elizabeth Wanley, daughter and heiress of a London banker, so that in youth she obviously had an affluent social background. Like many other gifted women she owed much to a father with enlightened views on female education ; she was

privately taught and was encouraged to read Roman history, which is supposed to have fostered in her a lifelong passion for liberty. She was nearly thirty when, in June 1760, she married, having doubtless already spent much time in writing and research ; but as all her life she seems to have responded readily to the attraction of sex, it is not unlikely that she had had one or more love affairs during a spinsterhood unduly prolonged for those times. Her husband, George Macaulay, was a Scottish doctor who had settled in London, where he was appointed physician and treasurer to the Brownlow Street Lying-In Hospital. There was one daughter of the marriage about whom little is known. Catherine published the first volume of her *History* in 1763, and after her husband's death three years later, she remained in London, presumably absorbed in her work. In 1774, either on account of her frequent ill-health, or more likely because she found life dull, she moved to Bath, where she took a house in St. James's Parade. She had met with some very hostile criticism of her work, but in this little world of fashion she found herself duly flattered and sought after, as a literary celebrity. On her forty-fifth birthday she was presented with six odes by different authors, which were read aloud, according to one of them, to " a polite and brilliant audience," and were afterwards published. A stanza in one ode ran,

Lo ! the child of Liberty !
'Tis she ! 'tis she ! 'tis she !

Of course there was unkind gossip as well as adulation. She was frequently painted or sculptured, usually with an owl or other Minervan accessory ; a full-length portrait of her as a Roman matron in voluminous draperies represents a tall handsome woman with large features, straight wide brow and curiously retreating chin. She was considered vain and her enemies declared that she was raddled with paint. Toplady cautioned her in one of his letters not to renew her acquaintance with " the dapper doctor ", whoever that might have been, and above all not to be seen with him in public. " The world is very malicious : and a character so eminently conspicuous as yours, is a mark at which envy and censure delight to seize every opportunity of discharging their arrows." He also encouraged her to try and forget an affair with an unnamed gentleman, who seems to have been heartless enough to have withdrawn from a promising flirtation. More satisfactory was her friendship with Dr. Thomas Wilson, rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, whose duties apparently did not often require his presence in the capital. He placed his library at her disposal, and actually invited her to come and live in his own house in Bath. He admired her so much that he even wanted to enjoy her nearness after death, so he had a vault prepared for her remains, and placed a statue of her, with the inevitable quill pen and stacked-up volumes, within the altar-rails

of his London church. It did not remain there long.

In 1778 Catherine married again, William Graham, described as a surgeon's mate, which implies some kind of medical apprenticeship. It was an unconventional step on her part, for not only was he her social inferior, but also he was less than half her age. He was by no means the only young man to have been dazzled by the fame of a much older woman, but in such cases any ridicule is usually reserved for the woman rather than the man. The wedding took place in Lancaster on December 17, probably in order to avoid all comment in her circle until it was an accomplished fact. It was not long kept secret. Less than a fortnight later the Rev. R. Polwhele, composer of one of her birthday odes, received a letter from a friend in Bath.

E. Rack to R.P., Esq.

Bath, Dec. 29, 1778.

Poor Mrs. Macaulay! She is irrecoverably fallen. "*Frailty*, thy name is Woman!" Her passions, even at 52 (sic), were too strong for her reason; and she has taken to bed a stout brawny Scotchman of 21. For shame! Her enemies' triumph is now complete. Her friends can say nothing in her favour. O, poor Catherine!—never canst thou emerge from the abyss into which thou art fallen!

Dr. Wilson's feelings may well be imagined. If there had indeed been secrecy on her part before the marriage, he would naturally have been infuriated, but the deepest wound must have been made by jealousy. He reacted immediately by removing her statue and selling her vault. The open wrath of her friend and the censorious whispers of her acquaintances must have rendered Bath an unpleasant abode for Catherine, so very sensibly she left and went to live in Leicester, and later at Binfield, Berkshire.

She had always enjoyed travelling, and before her second marriage she had visited France more than once, and had met many famous people there, including Benjamin Franklin. In 1784, or possibly a little later, she went off again, this time to North America, where she stayed for ten days with the Washingtons at Mount Vernon, their Virginian home. After her return the story of her life becomes obscure. All that can be ascertained is the date of her death, 1791, and the fact that a monument was erected to her by her second husband. He gave up medicine in order to take holy orders, and a few years after her death the Rev. William Graham, M.A., married again.

From a modern point of view Catherine Macaulay's most interesting experience was her friendship with George Washington. If he over-estimated her fame, he undoubtedly had a genuine respect for her ability. In a letter dated January 10, 1786, which he wrote to her after her visit, expressing regret for the distress caused by the heat during her journey to New York, he says: "The plaudits of a lady, so celebrated as Mrs. Macaulay (sic) Graham, could not fail of making a deep impression on my sensibility; and my pride was more than a

little flattered by your approbation of my conduct through an arduous and painful contest." She submitted to him a "Treatise on Education" and he discussed with her the plans proposed by the Federal Constitution for the United States. And he wrote to her after his inauguration.

New York, Jany. 9, 1790.

In the first place I thank you for your congratulatory sentiments on the event which has placed me at the head of the American Government; as well as for the indulgent partiality, which it is to be feared, however, may have warped your judgment too much in my favour. But you do me no more than justice in supposing that, if I had been permitted to indulge my first and finest wish, I should have remained in a private Station. Although neither the present age or Posterity may possibly give me full credit for the feelings which I have experienced on the subject; yet I have a consciousness, that nothing short of an absolute conviction of duty could ever have brought me upon the scenes of public life again. The establishment of our new Government seemed to be the last great experiment for promoting human happiness by reasonable compact in Civil Society. . . . Much was done by *prudence*, much by *conciliation*, much by *firmness*. Few who are not philosophical spectators can realize the difficult and delicate part which a man in my situation had to act. All see, and most admire, the glare which hovers round the external trappings of elevated office. To me there is nothing in it, beyond the lustre which may be reflected from its connection with a power of promoting human felicity. In our progress towards political happiness my station is new; and, if I may use the expression, I walk on untrodden ground. There is scarcely any action whose motives may not be subject to a double interpretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent. Under such a view of the duties inherent to my arduous office, I could not but feel a diffidence in myself on the one hand; and an anxiety for the Community that every new arrangement should be made in the best possible manner on the other. If after all my humble but faithful endeavours to advance the felicity of my Country and mankind, I may indulge a hope that my labours have not been altogether without success, it will be the only real compensation I can receive in the closing scenes of life.

There follow comments on the form of government, and the remarkable unanimity among Americans in that respect; owing to good harvests, and increasing manufacture and trade, the whole country was recovering rapidly from the ravages of war. The letter ends:

Mrs. Washington is well and desires her compliments may be presented to you. We wish the happiness of your fireside, as we also long to enjoy that of our own at Mount Vernon. Our wishes, you know, were limited; and I think that our plans of living will now be deemed reasonable by the considerate part of our species. Her wishes coincide with my own as to simplicity of dress, and everything which can tend to support propriety of character without partaking of the follies of luxury and ostentation. I am, with great regard, Madam.

Your most Obedient and most Humble Servant,
Go. WASHINGTON.

Her admiration for Washington was rooted no doubt in her ardent republican faith, which presumably she never hesitated to proclaim. It is not surprising that there should have been a collision between that aggressive Radical, Mrs. Macaulay, and that not-altogether

unaggressive Tory, Dr. Johnson, who once compared her to the Amazons. This amused Boswell, and on one occasion he was sharply rebuked by the doctor for wanting to see them quarrel. His version of their famous dispute differs slightly from another contemporary account, in a letter from Toplady, which is worth quoting in full :

Feb. 13, 1755.

A few years ago, Mrs. M. and the doctor (who never had a very cordial esteem for each other) met at the house of a third person, who had invited them to spend the day. Before dinner, the conversation turned on the nature of civil government. Johnson, as usual, declared, in very strong terms, for monarchy, Mrs. M. for a republic. Some sparring passed on both sides : and Johnson happening to cite some passage of scripture, which he thought spoke in favour of his own system ; Mrs. M. undertook him on the scriptural score, and (as I was told, for I was not present) was rather more potent and pertinent, in her quotations, than he. Johnson, who does not easily digest contradiction, grew rather sour : and he well knows, that he acquits himself better in a political, an historic, or a philosophic war, than in a holy one. The annunciation of dinner occasioned a truce to debate. But the doctor, with more ill manners than I ever heard authentically placed to his account, except in this instance, took occasion, when the company were all seated at table, to renew hostilities with his amiable antagonist. Mrs. M's footman was standing, according to custom, at the back of his lady's chair ; when Johnson addressed him thus : " Henry, what makes you stand ? Sit down. Take your place at table with the best of us. We are all Republicans, Henry. There's no distinction here. The rights of human nature are equal. Your mistress will not be angry, at your asserting your privilege of peerage. We are all on a level. Do, take your chair, and sit down." This was very indelicate and rude. Nor was it arguing fairly : for a master or mistress (let the natural rights of mankind be, originally, ever so equal) has not only a just claim to superiority, but a title to the service of every person, who, by voluntary stipulation, engages to render those services for a consideration agreed upon.

Mrs. Macaulay, it seems, coloured a little, and drew up her head, but made no answer. If I had been there, I should not have let the doctor off so easily, for this savage piece of spurious wit. It is true, his great parts are entitled to proper respect : but, as Mrs. Macaulay was observing to me, when she was last in Devonshire, with reference to this very doctor Johnson : " A learned man is not so miraculous a phenomenon in this kingdom, that he should expect to be honoured with divine worship." Though, it must be owned, there are very few Johnsons, in any kingdom, or in any age.

Catherine Macaulay's reputation as a historian foundered in her own lifetime, under the charges of prejudice and inaccuracy. She was careless by nature. The elder Disraeli, in an essay called " Of Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts ", says that she was accused more than once of tearing leaves out of manuscripts on which she was doing research work in the British Museum ; many years later he added a footnote stating that this charge was denied by her second husband, but his quoted memorandum from the museum's chief librarian, addressed to her by name, cannot well be explained away. Even the devoted Toplady protested mildly when he received a long letter from her inadequately franked, so that he

had to pay double postage, although he added gallantly : " The circumstance, however, of postage is an article that I shall never think of, when Mrs. Macaulay's improving favours are the freight." Her style is anecdotal, not unpicturesque, emphatic and full of lively invective—if in her view anything is odious or imbecile, she does not hesitate to say so. The text of the *History* is heavily overweighted with footnotes. She was a republican first and foremost, and wrote a pamphlet attacking Hobbes for his arguments in favour of monarchy. She considered Queen Elizabeth greatly overrated, and thought that Burke, influenced by the charm of Marie-Antoinette, exaggerated " those scenes of regal distress." That, however, was written before the execution of the Queen of France ; and somewhat inconsistently she disapproved of Cromwell, " who deprived his sovereign of life, metely to *usurp his power*."

Her pamphlets on democratic government, the need for copyright, education and so on, reveal a lively curiosity and a wide-ranging mind. When she was about twenty-five there died another famous woman scholar, Elizabeth Elstob, author of an Anglo-Saxon grammar, who was actually born in the seventeenth century. As far as may be judged from such facts as can be ascertained about these remarkable women, who succeeded in rising above the prejudices of their times, Elizabeth Elstob was the more academic, but also the more arid of the two. She was a spinster who kept a boarding-school for a time, and died a governess in the household of the Duchess of Portland. Catherine Macaulay, on the other hand, was worldly, ready for enjoyment outside her study as well as in it. She may not have been a great or original scholar, but there is no doubt at all that she was a most vital and original woman.

CANDOUR ABOUT CANDIDA

BY A. N. GILKES

AFTER the triumphant first night of a New York production of *Candida*, Bernard Shaw—so an apocryphal story goes—cabled to the leading actress: "Magnificent, greatest ever." The gratified and unusually modest recipient cabled back: "Many thanks, undeserving such praise." G.B.S. then replied with a flash of that adolescent ostentation which often caused dismay to friend as well as foe: "I referred to the play, not to you." This time, however, he failed to get away with it. The devastating retort came back: "So did I."

During fifty or more years *Candida* has received countless complimentary notices as against two or three adverse judgments, of which perhaps the most notable was Edward Carpenter's massively delivered and uncompromising: "Shaw, it will not do." The Rev. J. B. Morell and Eugene Marchbanks have been dissected with the same meticulous scrutiny as a professor of biology bestows upon his favourite specimens. But the heroine has not seldom escaped the same intimate attention, perhaps because the charm of Janet Achurch and her successors has persuaded us to take *Candida* at her Shavian face value. But once she is submitted to a dispassionate analysis, the unpleasing side of her character demands a completely different attitude towards the play—a reversal similar to that which occurs at a performance of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, according to whether we regard Heracles as predominantly a hero or a buffoon.

Possibly it was Mrs. Sidney Webb, with that childlike and incisive insight that was one of her most attractive characteristics, who first recognized the "happy ending" as the final and irretrievable ruin of Morell. Once an actress has insufficient charm to prevent the audience from seeing through *Candida*, once the brilliance of the Shavian wit has failed to conceal the shallowness of his ethic, he will be found to have written, quite unintentionally, a tragedy on the well-worn theme of a good-natured, capable idealist smothered by the dominating maternal instinct of a wife who has never known the meaning of love and has never understood the contents of the marriage vow. Whether this failure was due more to Shaw's Fabianism than to his Puritanism, it is not easy to decide.

Candida is introduced to us in Act I as a woman of 33, "with the

double charm of youth and motherhood." Her characteristic expression is "an amused maternal indulgence." She is at an age when it is pleasant to imagine one is 23 and still possible to appear 28. If she is really clever, as we are told she is, we shall expect her to be alive to the danger of allowing a strong maternal instinct to degenerate into what might be crudely called "baby-snatching". But she gives herself away quite early in Act I—"Do you know, you are a very nice boy, Eugene, with all your queerness?"—and she concludes the scene by insisting that "the nice boy" stays to lunch with that curious insensitiveness to atmosphere which soon emerges as a prominent defect, but which her originator inexplicably failed to observe.

The climax of this attitude naturally comes when she and Marchbanks are alone at the beginning of Act III, and the poet tries desperately, by reading poetry aloud, to postpone the moment of proximity. She would only be justified in calling him to sit at her feet on the hearth rug if she were really what she professes to be—a wise, maternally minded mother of two children, who is about to explain the meaning of calf-love to an infatuated undergraduate. But the whole point of Act III, over which, as Shaw said, many people have sobbed so that you could hear them three streets away, lies in the reality of the battle between Morell and Marchbanks. Having only a feeble sense of the sanctity of marriage and no more conjugal loyalty than G.B.S., she "stands revealed as but one more in a long line of tentative baby-snatchers." She reminds us of the house-master's wife in *Young Woodley*, a part which three well-known actresses attempted in one year without success. *Candida* brings it off; but then she has the flaming sword of Shavian wit, turning this way and that, to defend her.

Two other conspicuous characteristics of hers are conceit and a kind of bright stupidity. Take this conversation:

Candida: O James dear, he was going to give the cabman ten shillings.

Morell: Never mind her, Marchbanks. The overpaying instinct is a generous one: better than the underpaying instinct, and not so common.

Marchbank: No, cowardice, incompetence. Mrs. Morell's quite right.

Candida: Of course she is.

The passage illustrates not only Shaw's aversion from the vague idealism to which the English are particularly addicted, but his hyperbolical, almost diabolical, habit of pushing a reasonable thesis to excess. Over-tipping is frequently due to cowardice; but deliberate meanness would have been worse than such a failure of nerve. Morell was right, as so often; but G.B.S. never saw this, and *Candida*'s self-assurance grates on us unless we are already

bemused by her impersonation of the Modern Woman.

Almost at the height of the tension in the superbly-contrived Act III, when Marchbanks has shown "the inspiration of a child and the cunning of a serpent" in trying to upset a happily married pair, she puts her hand on her husband's shoulder and purrs: "My boy shall not be worried; I will protect him." Could a saint endure this?

Take again her remarks in Act II: "My boy is not looking well." Doubtless her husband has been too easily disturbed by Eugene's venomous ingenuity. But when the woman who has introduced the snake into the home talks in this way, she appears to unite the less satisfactory qualities of Dora Copperfield and Mr. Pecksniff. "This comes" she goes on "of James teaching me to think for myself, and now because I have just thought something different, look at him!" She is even capable of that last infirmity of ignoble feminine mind—baiting her husband in public!

Yet her conceit is not so trying as her obtuseness. The stage directions emphasize her disappointment at his failure to follow her meaning; but who is really the arch-ignoramus? She is incredibly slow (as many conceited people are) at perceiving when she is inflicting pain. "I torture James!" she exclaims incredulously after a singular display of self-deception. And when her husband protests with perhaps a rather irritating smugness: "You know I have confidence in you," think of her answer: "You vain thing, are you so sure of your irresistible attraction?" She understood his conventionally chivalrous attitude so little that she attributed it to vanity. It is not that she feels his remark is another piece of empty rhetoric; for the full seriousness of the Marchbanks situation has not reached her conscious mind. How easily James might have expressed his impatience at her stupidity! When he repeats with obvious sincerity: "I thought of your goodness, of your purity: that is what I confide in," she replies, with the discomfort of one who has already toyed with the idea of infidelity: "What a nasty uncomfortable thing to say to me! Oh, you are a clergyman, James: a thorough clergyman." Only one who shared Shaw's prejudice against the Christian Church could fail to see on whose side the nastiness lay.

a purely maternal protection not only to her husband but to a young poet who has precipitated himself into calf-love with her and does his best to break up a happy marriage? She thinks little of her husband's old-fashioned offer of "my strength for your defence, my honesty for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity." Marchbanks would call this a possessive and *bourgeois* view of a husband's duty: she appears to think the same. But she gloats, like some female spider before she devours the male, and she smiles as he kneels before her and declares: "You are my wife, my mother, my sisters; you are the sum of all loving care to me." She has completed his ruin and is ready to consummate the process of turning him from a clergyman into an ornamental poodle. If it were true that he cannot do without "cuddling and petting by some nice woman" and if she wished to cure him, the last way to do it would be to increase his dependence upon her.

A highly intelligent critic has suggested that James kneels to Candida not as an individual woman, but as the Virgin Mother. I do not think G.B.S. ever claimed this, but I am certain that he would have liked the phrase and the faint air of blasphemy which lingers in it. But the trenchant comment of Mrs. Sidney Webb contains a far truer appreciation: "Candida is the sentimental prostitute." But Shaw never knew it. His generous nature had early revolted against the hypocrisy with which Christians around him joined in the scramble for money and were ready to fatten on the poverty of the slums. His penetrating intelligence was impatient with the unessential beliefs which adhered to orthodox Christianity, like barnacles to the bottom of a boat. His pretentious conceit kept him from an impartial study of the life of one before whom his genius must stand ashamed and rebuked. He had no altar in his soul, though he made several unconvincing attempts to build one and to find for himself some invisible means of support. Having written of himself that he was "prodigiously self-satisfied with his superiority" he was likely to find it hard to go down into the Valley of Humiliation where the true Christian usually starts his pilgrimage. With these handicaps he made a hash of the Morell household. Yet for all this, Mr. Hesketh Pearson's judgment that "he is the only playwright who has successfully drawn the religious temperament" is much nearer the truth than the fulminations of those who detested his demand that the Church should learn humility as well as teach it.

But we have not yet plumbed the depth of Candida's iniquity. With his gifts and connections, Morell could have had the most fashionable parish in Bayswater or Kensington, where the Easter offering would realize £1,200—in those days probably free of tax. But he chose a "desert of unattractiveness" near the outer end of

the Hackney Road. On his shelves beside Browning and Morris can be found "half a dozen other literary landmarks in Socialism." He is, or was until his marriage, a first-rate clergyman, devoted to his work and to his Christian ideals which, as they required no special intelligence for their comprehension, made a straightforward appeal to his second-rate brain. He prevented his father-in-law from securing a dishonest contact; he fought the exploitation of the poor by the Crofts Warren Company; and he is ready to sacrifice a city dinner in order to talk to "half a dozen ignorant costermongers."

But since his marriage, he has become more popular, more rhetorical, more intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. He slaps his caricature of a curate on the back with excessive heartiness, indulging at the time in a series of out-of-date clichés. In fact, he has reached the stage when a shrewd wife (and all good wives must accept this as one of their duties) should do something to deflate his growing pomposity. How does she set about it? She begins with the old, and, in her case, quite insincere complaint of the neglected wife:

Why must you go out every night lecturing and talking? I barely have an evening a week with you. Of course what you say is all very true, but it does no good: they don't mind what you say to them one little bit . . . Look at our congregation at St. Dominic's! Why do they come to hear you talking about Christianity every Sunday? Why, just because they've been so full of business and money-making for six days that they want to forget all about it and have a rest on the seventh, so that they can go back fresh and make money harder than ever. You positively help them at it instead of hindering them . . . They're all in love with you. And you are in love with preaching because you do it so beautifully. And you think it's all enthusiasm for the kingdom of Heaven on earth; and so do they. You dear silly!

This is brilliantly said, but it resembles Napoleon's description of the English in *The Man of Destiny*. It is not Candida but G.B.S. speaking, and making a deadly, and largely valid, attack upon Victorian church-going and "popular" preaching. But any Christian is aware of the danger of mixed motives—both his own and other people's—which may animate churchgoers. It is Shaw's obliquity of vision about Christianity that has caused him to fasten another unattractive trait upon his heroine.

Morell knows what love means; she does not. Being the only person in the play who has the faintest grasp of Christian standards of behaviour, he gives his wife a loyalty that she is too conceited to appreciate and too shallow to understand. He can say proudly that he earned his golden moment when he asked her to marry him, but that he did not use it to steal another man's happiness. He reaches a higher level than Candida, or G.B.S., ever reached. When he says he is only the poor parson who does not understand, he is,

perhaps, right in one respect; he does not understand his wife's shallowness. And the deepening tragedy of the play—quite the opposite of what the author intended—lies in the fact that he probably never will. At the conclusion, when she has outsoared her husband's flight of eloquence and claimed, quite truly, that she builds a castle of comfort and love and indulgence for him, she utters a platitude about married life: "I make him master here." A pity she has never grasped the Chestertonian paradox that the woman is all the more the centre of the house because she is not its head; a greater pity still that she has not observed what she has done to him. Her obtuse possessiveness stifles in us any such amused anticipation as that with which we watch Ann Whitfield stalking her prey or Lady Cicely converting Captain Brassbound. The true tragedy is to hear Morell's "what I am, you have made me with the labour of your hands" and to see another good man ruined by the worship of an inferior woman.

It is time someone produced this play with the correct emphasis. It need not be cut, as G.B.S. urged the cutting of Shakespeare; nor rewritten, as Garrick rewrote *Lear*; nor distorted, as Irving distorted *Hamlet*. It can be played straight, so that it will become, not the second Pleasant, but the Fourth Unpleasant play. The final moments over which Ellen Terry shed so many tears will not be ruined; the departure of Eugene into the night—that true realm of the poet which waits for him as for Tristan and Isolde—will still be a most moving incident. But there will be a more impressive tragedy still. The fine idealist and the true Christian, his belief in his mission now undermined and his belief in his wife even further enhanced, moves forward into the embrace that brings him destruction, while over his shoulder Candida murmurs "Ah, James" with her "characteristic expression of amused maternal indulgence."

(The author is the headmaster of Dean Close School, Cheltenham.)

THE AUCTION

THE AUCTION

BY GERALD BULLETT

ON a day in October the villagers gathered
 In the rectory garden, a garrulous company,
 To enjoy the remains of the reverend gentleman
 Who had married and buried them for half a century.
 His dust was dissolving in the church yard.
 His ghost pottered in the purlieus of memory.
 Remained his garment to be parted among them,
 The garment of his spirit, his soul's livery,
 Soaked in himself by years of usage.

Warming-pans, water-colours, blankets, bedding,
 Carpets, curtains, crocks and casseroles,
 A galvanized dustbin, a garden roller,
 A portable rosewood desk, genuine antique,
 Blunt on the Pentateuch, bound volumes of Punch,
 A carved walnut stool on cabriole legs,
 Mahogany toilet mirror with two drawers,
 Prie-dieu chairs upholstered in petit point,
 A set of ivory chessmen and sundry games,
 Glass, china, pewter, a useful wheelbarrow,
 Brushes and brooms and books various :
 These his eyes had looked on, his blunt fingers
 Handled, these from his brooding being
 Had taken life, character, personality,
 That now were items in a printed catalogue,
 Yet quick, still, with intangible intimidations,
 Life in still life, of their bachelor husband.

A raggedry of rooks in the high elms,
 Deceived into dreams of domesticity
 By the benign unseasonable semblance of spring,
 Circled excitedly with raucous caws
 Discussing architectural details,
 While far below them, on the lank lawn,
 Under the golden dome of the wide sky,

The assembled humans, all sorts and sizes,
 Craned their necks for a sight of the auctioneer.

Farmers there were, i' faith, and farmers' wives ;
 Of womenfolk no dearth, I tell you troth.
 Trim tweeds and homespun mingled here their lives,
 Busy for bargains, gentle and simple both :
 Old men and yong, good felawes of all tradès,
 (Dan Chaucer give me grace my tale to tell),
 And eke a baronet who with his ladies
 Appraised the price of all was there to sell.

And one I was ware of in the living likeness
 Of him who was hight/Piers the Plowman,
 Honest and earthy, kingly of his kind,
 Scored and scarred with centuries of suffering,
 Pattern and paragon, mirror and memorial,
 Of simple men beseeeking a saviour.
 Hobbinol the shepherd mixed with his masters,
 And Colin Clout, come home from the wars,
 And Poitiers pikemen and Agincourt archers
 Exchanging chaff with their comrades in khaki
 Appeared from the past in a motley mingle
 Of Spenser's pastoral and Langland's England.
 Quince the carpenter, Snug and Starveling,
 Brave Bully Bottom and Robin Goodfellow,
 Lady Hippolyta magnificent in mink,
 And the Greek duke and the grave Egeus
 Artlessly English as ' a wood in Athens '
 Gleamed for a glance on the verge of vision,
 To vanish like vapour at rub of the eyes.
 And I said to myself, in a moment of musing,
 When time and wickedness have done their worst,
 The human habitat a ruin of rubble,
 The lanes levelled and the fields aflame,
 Still shall stir in the memory of man
 Living his last in a waste world
 The lingering legend of a green island,
 A field full of folk, a pastoral peace.

But now, at last, through our crowding company
 Ran and rustled a stir of expectancy,
 As sitting astride a stool on a table,
 Alert for the curt nods of deedy dealers,
 Neat Mr. Noakes, lifting an eyelid, began

Scattering patter among us like coloured confetti,
While the plump clerk sitting sequacious beside him
Punctually pencilled destination and price,
Lot by lot, of the marketed mystery.

Myself, idly aware, wondered whether
Presently would appear a phantom figure,
And the risen rector's venerable voice
Testily tell us we were all intruders.
But the bidding went on, seasoned with genial
Jokes from Nokes and the nudging neighbours,
And a hundred and forty-five human fragments,
Severed bits and pieces of a long life,
One by one came under the hovering hammer.
Heaven maintained its immemorial muteness,
And the turning in the tomb made no noise.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE COLOURED VOTER

May I comment on one point in the article by Sir Charles Dundas in your December issue?

He says that the removal of the Cape Coloured Voters from the common electoral roll is "an academic point" which the present Government have passed for reasons "ideological rather than practical."

No one doubts the presence of ideological considerations. But there is also a practical reason which is no less important to the Nationalists. In 1948 the Nationalist-Afrikaner Party coalition (now merged into one party) obtained a majority of seven over the United Party-Labour coalition in a house of 153. Most people regard that as the high water mark of likely Nationalist achievement under the present constitution, reinforced later by the six S.W.A. seats.

Now, although it is true that (over the country as a whole) "the coloured vote carried little weight in elections," it is no longer true when the parties are so closely balanced; and there are between five and ten Cape constituencies (probably six) in which the small Coloured vote is thought to hold the balance of power. And while it is probably historically true that "that little (Coloured vote) is said to have weighed as often as not in favour of Afrikaner candidates," this is certainly untrue if it is meant to infer that more than a small fraction of the Coloureds have ever supported a candidate pledged to *apartheid* or the white *baasskap*, as Dr. Malan has used those words since 1938. Not all Afrikaners are Nationalists and a United Party Afrikaner

or one pledged to Hertzog's policy would to-day receive Coloured support as strongly as ever they did. But no Nationalist can expect more than a pittance of the Coloured vote. In the marginal constituencies, therefore, the balance always tilts one way—at least since 1938.

It is, of course, extremely distasteful to Nationalist thought that a non-European community can thus have the opportunity of deciding the result of an election. But further, and not less welcome than the abolition of this undesirable ideological state of affairs, would be the practical outcome of such abolition. For the removal of the Coloured voters will almost certainly swing six Cape seats from the United Party to the Nationalists—a net gain of 12. As against this the United Party will be able to count on the four Coloured representatives, as it does on the three Native representatives created in 1936. But the final gain to the Nationalists out of the whole transaction will still be eight and with the parties as evenly balanced as they were in 1948 and still appear to be to-day, that is a far from negligible advantage.

Yours faithfully,

C. W. M. GELL.

Transvaal, South Africa.

To the Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

ENGLAND AS AN EX-WORLD POWER

My attention has been drawn to an article by Mr. J. H. Huizinga in the January 1952 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY in which he quotes a statement made by myself. Though Mr. Huizinga has learnt English well enough, I imagine he is a foreigner with an unfortunate ignorance of what makes for greatness in this country.* His long cry of misery about Britain not being a world power ignores all factors save the present economic maladjustment between the U.S. and the rest of the world. Mr. Huizinga will find that this problem will be tackled with the same courage, determination and success as preserved us in 1940. Perhaps he should take note that one of our main problems is to stimulate nations across the Channel who once prevailed against the might of a Philip II or a Louis XIV to generate within themselves a similar strength of character and will-to-live so that they may help restore to the European continent something of its former power and authority.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD PILKINGTON.

London, N.W.8.

* Mr. Huizinga has been a newspaper correspondent in England for many years. He is the son of the late Dr. J. Huizinga, the Dutch philosopher.—Editor.

THE CLAIMS OF REASON

BY OWEN HICKEY

AN exposition of Spinoza's thought may seem an odd choice for the first* of a series of "Pelican philosophies" under the general editorship of Professor Ayer, both when one considers the editor and his public, which is presumably wider than the band of professional philosophers. Spinoza's *Ethics* is not on many people's lists of the books they must read one day; his rationalism, both its motives and its concepts, is closer to ancient and medieval thought than to modern, and metaphysics, of which he was such an uncompromising practitioner, is highly suspect just now. (It was Professor Ayer as much as anyone who has been responsible for the low ebb of its fortunes, and one may see in the promotion of this book a handsome gesture to a fallen enemy). On the other hand Spinoza raised in an acute form and answered unequivocally almost all the traditional questions of philosophy, and anyone who is bored or repelled by his work may safely conclude that philosophy is not for him. For this reason the choice of first volume was a good one.

Voltaire apostrophizing Spinoza told him that he was not as dangerous as people made out, because he was muddled, wrote bad Latin, and because there were not ten people in Europe who had read him from one end to the other. His writing is indeed forbiddingly austere. Euclid's *Elements* was his ideal of rational argument and his own *Ethics* has all the appearance of this model, except that the text is not relieved by pictures. He expounds his argument from definitions and axioms, through proposition, corollaries, lemmas and proofs, interspersed with notes of elucidation. Any serious attempt to interpret this must catch something of

its austerity and rigour, and Mr. Hampshire's book is not light reading, but he writes with such ease and clarity that it is nowhere difficult to follow him. He shows, as an expositor should, a remarkable sympathy for his subject—remarkable because in a chapter at the end, "The Nature of Metaphysics", he displays his own doubts about the value of speculative metaphysics.

In this short and valuable chapter, Mr. Hampshire suggests two ways in which speculative systems such as Spinoza's are important; first that they are outline programmes for the future advance of natural science, in which however they are liable to become superseded, and also that they exhibit in exaggerated form certain central problems of logic.

Most metaphysical systems can be in part interpreted as exaggerated projections upon reality of some obsessive difficulty of logic or of the forms of language. . . . It is this fact (among others) which makes the great metaphysical systems seem permanently instructive.

Squeezing the logical and linguistic juice from metaphysics is a legitimate way of relating it to contemporary philosophical interests, but, as Mr. Hampshire acknowledges, this is not to do justice to the metaphysician's own claims. He is writing about Reality and not language or logic; he claims that his conclusions about the universe and man's place in it are not merely important but all-important. His claims are elaborately supported and must be taken seriously. To knock him out on the *a priori* grounds that he is barking up a tree in a mirage is, as has often been pointed out in the last 20 years, to fell him with an equally hallucinatory axe. He must be judged by the strength of the chain of his own

argument, each link being examined for flaws. Mr. Hampshire shows in one place the kind of way in which this examination might proceed, but it is still waiting to be done. One would have been grateful for more critical passages of this kind, but it would of course have swollen the size of his book and altered its character.

Isolated propositions in Spinoza's work cannot be fully understood (nor certainly can their claims to be true) without reference to all that precedes them and a good deal that follows—this is in the nature of all deductive systems. It is interesting however to toy with certain of his conclusions and look at them again in the light of modern knowledge. Of these none is more pertinent than his doctrine of the relationship between mind and body and the connected doctrine of determinism. Thought and extension (the mental and physical worlds) were for Spinoza two attributes of a single substance; any modification of the substance could be conceived of indifferently under either attribute. From this it follows (to put it crudely) that every physical change in our bodies has a mental side to it, and *vice versa*. This is not to say that a mental event is *caused* by a physical event, nor is it strictly to say that there is a series of mental events running in exact correlation to a physical series. There is only one series but it has two aspects, mental and physical. The perennial difficulty of the two-way causal relation between mind and body which we assume at the level of common-sense is avoided. It will be surprising if the physiologists as they continue their probings into the brain do not use as a working hypothesis what Spinoza deduced as a necessary consequence of the order of nature. There is no room in his universe for any event that is not predetermined in the sense of being necessarily connected with the other events before and after it, and, since man is very much part of nature, his behaviour is no exception to the rule. He is no more the genuine originator

of what happens to him than dogs or sticks or stones. He appears to himself to have freedom of decision and to "exercise his will" only because he is ignorant of the true causes of what he does. "Experience teaches us no less clearly than reason that men believe themselves to be free, simply because they are conscious of their actions, and unconscious of the causes whereby their actions are determined." In Spinoza's day this assertion was greeted with shocked remonstrance. We are more likely to be impressed by it as we have partial empirical confirmation of its probability. The more of human behaviour psychologists explain by unconscious motivation and sociologists explain as the direct result of environmental influence, the narrower becomes the territory that we are inclined to stake out for free will.

Spinoza's virtue was that he elicited at least some of the consequences of this doctrine, and that he also demonstrated how indissolubly linked are metaphysics, theology and morals. The denial that there is a transcendent God, who gives final purpose to human life, and sits in judgment on mortal men, is a stone in his deductive arch; it is both a necessary consequence and a necessary premise of determinism. A reading of Spinoza would be a salutary exercise for those who maintain that Christian morality should stand and Christian theology be scrapped. The *Ethics* shows how vulnerable received morality is when stripped of its theological armour, for it is deprived of all rational justification.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND GREAT BRITAIN 1908-1914, by A. F. Pribram. Oxford University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 25s.

Mr. Pribram was for many years Professor of Modern History in the University of Vienna. He hoped to add to his many studies of Austro-Hungarian diplomacy, a history of the diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and Great Britain based on published documents. But

* Spinoza, by Stuart Hampshire. Penguin Books. 2s. 6d.

he was unable to complete the task and the present work, left in manuscript, was translated for publication by his literary executor, Mr. Ian D. F. Morrow. It is the third volume of the uncompleted history.

Though the two countries were in opposing camps, their national interests were not necessarily in conflict. They went to war because they could not avoid it without risking at least their status as great powers. The British Government were less interested in the effect of Austria-Hungary's policy upon the Serbs than in Russia's reaction to that policy. Following the fateful annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, and during the crisis of July 1914, the concern of the Foreign Office related solely to the attitude of other powers. If Russia should mobilize to aid the South Slavs, and France should follow her ally into war, could Great Britain safely keep out if Germany, in support of the Dual Monarchy, struck towards Paris and the Channel? It was the problem of Philip II, Louis XIV and Napoleon revived. To the Foreign Office, it was a necessary war even before the Germans made it a just war by attacking Belgium. Great Britain did not join the struggle to dissolve the Dual Monarchy, nor to defeat its designs in the Balkans, but to prevent a German hegemony over Europe.

To Austria-Hungary, the issue was grimmer still. As the book emphasizes, public opinion was convinced that this time the existence of the Dual Monarchy itself was at stake.

How it could be replaced by anything but chaos was not envisaged. The Serbian military successes and territorial gains in the Balkan wars were a standing encouragement not only to the Slavs who had been made subjects of the empire by the Bosnian annexation, but also to the restive and aspiring nationalities throughout the empire. The murder of Francis Ferdinand did more than provide an opportunity for the war party to demand impossible terms from Belgrade; it ended Francis Joseph's genuine and shrewd resistance to war.

Even if the moves to render the Serbs impotent as a nation brought the Russians to their rescue, the possibility had to be faced. "Better a fearful end than endless fears" was the thought of one statesman in Vienna.

This work will appeal both to the scholar and to the general reader. It maintains a welcome liveliness and lucidity. An outstanding feature is the vivid appraisal of the characters of the aged Francis Joseph and his Foreign Minister, Aehrenthal. It must be added that the excellence of the index only partially compensates for the complete absence of maps. Some readers may find this omission particularly regrettable in the striking introductory chapter which surveys Anglo-Austrian relations through seven centuries.

I. FINESTEIN

AFRICAN MORNING, by R. O. Hennings. *Chatto & Windus*. 18s.
THE METROPOLITAN ORGANIZATION OF BRITISH COLONIAL TRADE, by Kathleen Stahl. *Faber & Faber*. 25s.

Some people are lucky enough to be able to look back on a time in their lives which they regard as the peak of their experience, when they lived most fully and most zestfully and which, ever after, they remember with a poignant sense of gratitude. To Mr. Hennings, it may well be his tour of service as a young District Officer among the tribes of Northern Kenya. In a fresh and happy book he describes the time he spent among these people, Kamasia, Suk and Marakwet, still at that time untouched by planners, developers and politicians, untroubled by the itch for irrelevant possessions or for alien (and doubtful) privileges. Part Hamitic, part Nilotic, largely pastoral in habit, relations of the richer Nandi further south, they live in the region of Lake Baringo and belong to a race that includes some of the most beautiful people in the world.

Mr. Hennings has no pretensions to profundity. His book is not an anthropological treatise nor a study in

colonial administration. Nor does he claim originality, for, as he says, other District Officers have done much the same sort of thing in the ordinary course of duty. His aim is "simply to catch the momentary gleam of life as it was lived at a particular place and time." In a sense he underrates himself. It has been said that the British are good at dealing with primitive people but fail in their relations with the more advanced. Whatever the validity of the second part of this antithesis, Mr. Hennings unconsciously demonstrates the truth of the first and for that reason alone he goes deeper than he modestly claims. Another merit is that he sketches a way of life that is vanishing and that many modern administrators will not see for themselves. Though the classic of the genre still remains Kenneth Bradley's *Diary of a District Officer*, Mr. Hennings' book, which by the way, has splendid photographs, is well worthy to stand on the same shelf. To those who have had similar experiences it will bring nostalgia, while to those who know little about our colonial administration it will give some idea of the gaiety, the enthusiasm, the humanity with which British Africa is governed.

In contrast, Mrs. Stahl is concerned with a factor which, as much as any other, disrupts the world of Mr. Hennings' happy pastoralists. Taking four regions of the British Colonial Empire, she describes London commercial interests in each, the way in which the leading firms are organized, their relations one with another and the way in which they shape policy in London and in the Colony itself. The regions she has chosen are the West Indies, Malaya, Ceylon (before that country became a Dominion) and East Africa. Other areas would no doubt have done as well for the purpose of her thesis, but it happens that her choice is felicitous, as each of her four regions has something peculiar to itself that is not shared with the others.

The work is primarily for the

specialist, but the general reader too may find something to stimulate the imagination in the recital of the great merchant houses, of which some go back to the eighteenth century, with their widespread ramifications. Generally speaking, colonization has sprung from commerce and the flag has followed trade; these enterprises, often at considerable risk, have therefore played an important part in the foundation of the Empire, a part that certainly deserves the detailed study it now receives.

Colonial enterprise of the kind that Mrs. Stahl describes is at present undergoing considerable changes, partly owing to controls, partly to increasing participation by governments in economic matters and partly to a growing national consciousness on the part of colonial peoples themselves. Indeed, some might say that Mr. Hennings and Mrs. Stahl have this in common, that each describe a world that is dying. Nevertheless the greater part of commercial activity, in the colonies as well as in Great Britain, is still left to private concerns, and Mrs. Stahl's book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a rather neglected subject. In particular it will provide the student with pointers to a wide field of research into the inter-action of trade and politics.

A. SILLERY

THE LATER DYNASTIES OF EGYPT, by the late Lt.-Colonel P. G. Elgood, C.M.G. *Basil Blackwell, Oxford*. 15s.

Colonel Elgood's scholarly account of the history of the later dynasties of Egypt covers 870 years from the emergence of the 20th Dynasty in B.C. 1200 down to the eclipse of the 31st Dynasty and the arrival in Egypt of Alexander the Great in B.C. 330. This was not a great period in Pharaonic history although under Ramases III of the 20th Dynasty and Sheshonk I of the 22nd Dynasty there were times of great domestic and imperial power and

prosperity. But the rivalries between Upper and Lower Egypt persisted monotonously down the centuries; and to exacerbate this state of confusion, there was the added complication of the unique and powerful position which the Egyptian priesthood arrogated to itself in its relations with the crown, and the reality of Egyptian beliefs in their gods whose influence regularly emerged to affect the course of Egyptian history and, on many occasions, the fate of an Egyptian Pharaoh.

But the story is generally one of imperial ebb and flow as aggressive Egyptian successes were succeeded by swamping foreign counter-attacks—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian and Greek. So much so indeed that Egyptian prosperity was normally in a chronic state of flux while Egyptian power was slowly but surely sapped down to its foundations. All this Colonel Elgood has brought out with all its implications. But his book has another and a wider attraction for the student of Middle East history down to the time of Alexander the Great.

The picture he has painted is as much of the Middle East as it is of Egypt and he has blended into its texture other incidents of neighbouring history with most satisfying deftness. For instance, much of his Egyptian history links up with the Old Testament story—the Empire of Solomon, the quick dilemma of Israel, the wonderful tale of Rabshakeh and King Hezekiah, the defeat and death of King Josiah at the battle of Megiddo and the successive deportations of Jewish populations to Assyria and Babylon. And further afield there is the rôle played by Egypt during the rise of the first Persian Empire and during its final eclipse by Alexander the Great. Lastly, there is the well-told story of how Alexander identified himself with Egyptian godhead and founded Alexandria as a friend of Egypt and not as her conqueror.

On such a vast stage covering so many moving centuries, figures appear and disappear at a speed which inevitably blurs their identity; but Colonel

Elgood's great gift of scholarly narrative has largely succeeded in defeating possible confusion in the mind of the reader by the creation of a real and lively picture of a long and previously little co-ordinated period of Middle Eastern history in which Egypt—even in decline—loomed so large both in victory and defeat.

The index is adequate; but the book would have been greatly improved by the addition of a map of contemporary Egypt.

OWEN TWEEDY

CHINA TO CHITRAL, by H. W. Tilman. *Cambridge University Press.* 25s.

THE ORPHANED REALM, by Patrick Balfour. *Percival Marshall.* 18s.

THREE ROMANTIC COUNTRIES, by Douglas Goldring. *Macdonald.* 15s.

It is said, and Mr. Tilman likes to believe it, that the strongest objection to the building of the first railway in China was on the grounds that such remarkably long, straight lines would facilitate the movement of devils, who move only in straight lines. We may rejoice to see how Mr. Tilman has frustrated them in this admirable book, for in his most urbane manner he has now and then digressed from the straight narrative of his mountaineering achievements. Thus we are told that in a Kansu restaurant the proprietor, regardless of expense, provided, in case the chopsticks had not been washed, two bits of paper. A postmaster from Canton at another place produced a dinner of Cantonese food, which in China is regarded as *hors concours*. Fried oysters on lettuce perhaps qualified as a "dish to be eaten on one's knees"; but Mr. Tilman is of opinion that the custom of drinking tea before dinner and brandy throughout is rather to be permitted than approved. A good ending for a Chinese dinner is a famous blend of Hangchow tea with chrysanthemum petals floating in it, which is perhaps the 'Precious Thunder Tea' of which one reads in Marco Polo. These

digressions may cause the innumerable Tilman devotees to wonder if in this book he has deserted for a while his beloved mountains. They will be made happy when they turn over the pages and also when they gaze at the 70 superb photographs which are worthy of himself and his publishers.

For many years Cyprus was neglected by the British authorities who, however, have in the last two decades earned, if they have not quite obtained, the islanders' gratitude. When this most informative book by a great lover of Cyprus, Mr. Patrick Balfour (Lord Kinross), attracts, as it surely will, a swarm of travellers the gratitude will increase, as it will again when the Admiralty decides to spend the rather moderate sum which will make Famagusta into a first-class port. It may be that the brilliant days of the Lusignans will return, the Lusignans to whom Richard Coeur de Lion sold the island after the Knights of St. John, to whom he had previously sold it, found they could not administer it—and Richard forgot to return to the Knights what they paid him. Mr. Balfour has apparently forgotten nothing in the extremely picturesque story of the island.

Mr. Douglas Goldring takes us in his book to the Adriatic, Ireland and Portugal. He enjoyed himself, more or less, in those travels as much as his readers will now be able to do. One may wonder how he could bring himself to sail past the island of Rab without landing there, for his illustration of that wonderful outline, which resembles a ship in full sail, is most appealing. And one can assure him that the two hotels are not less excellent than that one in the little Montenegrin port of Antivari which made him open his eyes wider and wider. He was disappointed at not seeing any of the troubadours who go about the country singing the exploits of old-time heroes, but one may doubt whether the monotonous music of the one-stringed *gusla* would have evoked his enthusiasm. However he is, evidently, full of kindness, for he speaks of the "immense popularity"

of King Nicholas. But that gentleman was wise enough to retire to a Paris suburb after the 1914-1918 war, instead of venturing to return to a people who would have made short work of him after his written orders to his son Peter to give up, during the war, the impregnable Lovćen that had been reproduced at Serajevo in facsimile.

When Mr. Goldring was in Portugal in 1934 he found that hotel porters were "mines of misinformation"; he himself in telling us what this and that costs in escudos might really add what an escudo is worth. But his chapters on Ireland are full of information; it seems that in 1495 the Earl of Kildare told Henry VII, before whom he was arraigned, that he would not have burnt down the Cashel cathedral if he had not believed that the Archbishop was inside it. He was rewarded by being made the King's Deputy.

HENRY BAERLEIN

WILKIE COLLINS: A Biography, by Kenneth Robinson. *The Bodley Head.* 18s.

Wilkie Collins, who died on September 23, 1889, was, after Charles Dickens, the most popular British novelist of his time. His best novels, published nearly a century ago, are still widely read and admired. He was the most intimate friend of the mature Dickens, upon whose later books he exercised a profound influence. His writings have been highly praised by severe critics, among them Swinburne and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Yet Mr. Robinson's is the first full-length biography of this notable man.

In a Bombay hospital towards the end of the war, Mr. Robinson came to know Wilkie Collins as an author, and was made curious to know what he was like as a man. He found, as others have found, that biographical data were hard to come by—much was in America. By 1948 he concluded that a biography of Collins, for whom he had now conceived an affection, was long overdue, and he determined to write one himself. After much pains-

taking research, he has done it excellently—clearly, concisely and with unfailing interest—embodying a wealth of hitherto unpublished material that throws fresh light not only on Collins but on the amazing personality of his friend Dickens.

Collins' fame now rests on two novels—*The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*—and on his short stories, one, *The Dream Woman*, being almost unequalled for sheer horror. *The Moonstone* is generally considered his masterpiece. According to Mr. T. S. Eliot, it is "the first, the longest, and the best of the modern English detective novels," and Miss Dorothy Sayers writes: "By comparison with its wide range, its dovetailed completeness, and the marvellous variety and soundness of its characterization, modern mystery fiction looks thin and mechanical." Dickens and Swinburne were enthusiastic in praise of *The Moonstone*. *The Woman in White* has also had famous admirers. Thackeray sat up all night reading it; Edward Fitzgerald was devoted to it, and it was the favourite novel of its author, who on his tombstone is described, by his own direction, as the "author of *The Woman in White* and other works of fiction." In Mr. Robinson's view, "for sheer storytelling it stands supreme." Collins' ambition was to excel as a teller of stories. Taking Scott as his master, whom he delighted to call "the Prince, the King, the Emperor, the God Almighty of novelists," he set himself with infinite pains to construct narratives that should grip the reader's attention at the outset and retain it to the end. He attained his aim with brilliant success not only in the two novels that form the peaks of his achievement, but in a number of others, especially in *Armadale* and *No Name*. In his power of constructing an enthralling plot he has few if any equals, and he could create interesting characters and call up at will an atmosphere charged with presage of thrilling events. This reviewer's studies in Collins' writings began in the early 1880's, and

he is glad to have survived to welcome Mr. Robinson's informative and companionable book.

G. F. MCCLEARY

BOSWELL'S COLUMN: 1777-1783.

Edited by Margery Bailey. *William Kimber*. 21s.

These 70 essays ran for nearly six years in *The London Magazine* or *Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer*, and closed only when it became larger and more ambitious. There is no means of telling whether Boswell retired on his own initiative or his employers'.

When the tempo of the full life was gentler a monthly could discharge a good deal of what is now demanded of a daily newspaper, a weekly review and a monthly magazine. Accordingly Boswell's article, on the first page of the journal, stood opposite the stock-exchange prices on the inside of the cover. Subsequently he sank to a humbler eminence, among reviews of books and the theatre and what are now called snappy news items about people in the public eye. His steadiest rival was a serial usually headed "Female Virtue and Greatness displayed in Principle and Conduct", and on the later page appeared a monthly chronology which included, besides a summary of the month's events, information now for the most part carried by the *London Gazette* and the front page of *The Times*.

The series was published under the pseudonym of "The Hypochondriack". Melancholy was a European affliction in the eighteenth century; the editor's testimony that it is not unknown in America in the twentieth supports a recent distinguished claim that its real origin was over-eating. Boswell's column was written so that at least once a month he might be rescued from himself by enforced activity. He experienced a little lift of the heart when he saw his work in print, and hoped his readers did too. He adopted towards them something of the attitude of influential lady columnists in the daily press; he was lightly homiletic, and

difficult to take seriously.

"Perhaps, indeed," he says in his concluding contribution, and his publishers fasten on it briskly, "I have poured out myself with more freedom than prudence will approve, and I am aware of being too much an egotist." Not at all, sir; your latter-day readers will be disappointed at your restraint. This collection is in some sense exploitation of recent curiosity, and it is in fact very ordinary as a document in self-revelation. Reading between the lines is an unhelpful process, because it is sadly easy for a columnist to see himself as he would like others to see him. We can deduce a little of what we knew already—that Boswell liked wine and boasting about women, that he enjoyed money and his seignior of Auchinleck and the affectation of learning, and that public executions fascinated him. And running through his discourse is a vein of self-conscious Johnsonian adulation, soft-pedalled with British reticence. "The Hypochondriack" does Boswell's reputation no good. Professor Bailey's editorial labours have been welcome but not entirely necessary; a great part of her diligence is consumed in tracking down Boswell's carelessness.

JOHN HILARY WHALE

THE AGE OF WREN, by Ralph Dutton. *Batsford*. 42s.

From time to time, in architecture as in the other arts, a flood of new ideas has reached this country from some foreign source. It had to make its impact first on the native art. The resistance has been greater at some periods than others; such a period was the eleventh century, another the thirteenth, and others the sixteenth and the eighteenth. At all these times the native habit can be recognized under the foreign fashion—sometimes with grotesque results, sometimes as an element of delight. Our Renaissance was both late and different from that of the Continent. Gothic features were still mixed with its architecture

midway in the seventeenth century, and these were never wholly obliterated. Some great palaces built in the century before and the one after have remained exotic to this day. They have never sunk into the English landscape. Such a building is Burleigh House, near Stamford; another is Blenheim Palace.

The age of Wren comes between these two examples. If we find the term 'baroque' unsatisfying as a description of his style, we might be able to agree that it expressed something rather less or more than that foreign word (which originally derived from the work of Michelangelo and was applied to all the arts). Wren's forerunners were Italians in reaction against the cold formalism of the second half of the fourteenth century; his examples were French rather than Italian; his manner was English. He found an English idiom for a foreign art which was brand new in 1525 and was still half foreign under Inigo Jones. His buildings grew into the landscape. The clouds and rain and fitful sunshine of English skies added the undertones.

This work helps us to appreciate Wren's versatility. The reader is cautioned against the acceptance of many local claims to unverified work. One man could not possibly have designed all these buildings. Yet the volume and scope of his work are astonishing. Of St. Paul's it is enough to repeat his own *circumspice*! So with Hampton Court, Tom Tower and Greenwich. But do we all remember Chelsea Hospital, Kensington Palace or Morden College? Or the now forsaken Greenwich Observatory, the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, or the exquisite early chapel and gallery of Emmanuel? Wren had his failures; the author has the courage to include the Sheldonian Theatre among them. He had prepared plans for Windsor too. We need not regret that he was prevented from "surmounting several of the larger towers with domes."

Mr. Dutton is not wholly concerned

with Wren; he glances at one or two of his predecessors, and more fully at his pupils and successors. Wren's work is on the whole so recognizable that there may seem some incongruity in identifying Vanbrugh with his tradition. This remarkable artist was innovator rather than successor—challenging Wren's sober standards by the exuberance of his ambition. Some of Hawksmoor's designs too may seem far enough removed from his master's.

But when we think of Gibbs or Kent, Hugh May or Henry Bell, with many others, often anonymous, whose buildings still ornament countryside or country town, we readily admit the author's claim to carry on the Wren tradition midway or more in the eighteenth century. Few readers can hope to know all the buildings here described and illustrated. Mr. Dutton knows his subject thoroughly and uses his learning without pedantry. The lavish illustrations are placed conveniently next the matter—an example which might well be imitated.

W. THOMSON HILL

A HUNDRED YEARS OF BRITISH PAINTING, 1851-1951, by Hesketh Hubbard. *Longmans*. 30s.

FRENCH, FLEMISH AND BRITISH ART, by Roger Fry. *Chatto & Windus*. 15s.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS, by Alice Elizabeth Chase. *Macdonald*. 18s.

The first half of the nineteenth century was the most radiant period in the whole history of British painting. At no other time has there been such a brilliant muster of artists as Constable, Cotman, Crome, Girtin, Lawrence, Raeburn and Turner. "England seemed to be ready for a new Renaissance," Roger Fry wrote in his *Reflections on British Painting*, "and then by 1850, scarcely anything was left of this glorious promise; British art had sunk to a level of trivial in-

epititude." Hesketh Hubbard takes this unpromising phase as the starting point of his survey. He carries a light eagerly into the dimness of the mid-nineteenth century and, sweeping away the accumulated dust from a number of half-forgotten things, describes them with a well-informed and entertaining commentary. The plan of the book is a decade by decade chronicle of British painting from the time of the Great Exhibition until the Festival of Britain. Each chapter spans a period of ten years, and is divided into two parts. The first half sets the scene with a description of conditions and events in the world of art; the second deals with the lives and works of individual artists.

"When I consider . . . the greatness of British civilization as a whole, its immense services to humanity in certain directions . . . I have to admit sadly that British art is not altogether worthy of that civilization." Again, the words are taken from Roger Fry's book: "But that does not mean," he wrote, "that it is not intensely interesting, that it does not merit the most patient and sympathetic appreciation."

Mr. Hubbard is consistently generous in his recognition of deserving merit. The first fifty years of his survey spans a period of British painting which is a large and easy target for criticism and ridicule. "Landseer had become Monarch of the Glen," said Roger Fry scornfully, "and Frith was teaching people to give up all this nonsense about art." Mr. Hubbard, in his approach, avoids the main roads of generalization and makes an exhaustive, personal exploration of the more rewarding bypaths. His method is an enthusiastic disentangling of fine qualities from defects; and his assessments of individual painters have unique value because, as a painter himself, he writes with the advantage of a painter's understanding. Moreover, Mr. Hubbard writes with a sincere impartiality, which is especially noteworthy because, as is often apparent, artists' opinions of each other's work are frequently con-

roversial and seldom free from prejudice. Nevertheless, the narrative derives its momentum from Mr. Hubbard's lively and detailed reconstruction of the settings in which the artists lived and worked. He describes the patronage that the painters enjoyed, sought or lacked, the rough-and-tumble of artists' quarrels, the give and take of merciless criticism, the underhand activities of copyists and forgers, the development of divers art societies and the reciprocating effects of contact between British and Continental schools of painting. The documenting of such a full and fascinating history must have entailed considerable research and long, patient checking of many sources of reference. One error, however, deserves correction. In a comment on the Australian Art Exhibition of 1923, Mr. Hubbard speaks of the "salacious drawings of Lionel Lindsay." Obviously, he has confused Sir Lionel with his brother, Norman.

Of Roger Fry, Mr. Hubbard writes, "—he might well be called a second Ruskin—". Whether or not the description is apt, it is certain that Fry had attributes that are rare in contemporary criticism. He wrote simply and with the dignity of conviction; at times, he wrote beautifully. The reappearance of these three books in one volume is an agreeable reminder of the quality of his criticisms.

Both Roger Fry's book and Mr. Hubbard's are well furnished with illustrations. No book on painting, least of all a children's book, can dispense with pictures. Miss Chase tells in her preface of a small boy who said to his friend: "See, Hanky, the words are for the people who can't read the pictures." This is a lovely book with 50 coloured reproductions of famous paintings and over a hundred pictures in black and white.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS OF THE XIXth CENTURY: With an Introduction by James Laver. *B. T. Batsford*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. James Laver has written an interesting and comprehensive introduction to this light, charming and inadequate book on children's fashions of the nineteenth century. The 16 coloured plates which are described by Mr. Laver do not cover the whole of the century—there are none illustrating the first thirty years, none for the 1840's and none for the 1890's. As Mr. Laver so truly says, at the beginning of the century children were dressed for the first time sensibly in loose clothes without constriction round the throat and waist. His point would have told more if it had been illustrated.

He raises an amusing question when he describes the feminine clothes of small boys in the 1860's. It is often impossible to distinguish between brothers and sisters in their velvet dresses, frilly drawers and plumed hats. If the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, cannot one perhaps suggest that the Siege of Ladysmith be attributed to the endurance shown by small boys in wearing clothes like their sister's? Dress is an expression of the wearer's personality and it is sad to think of the Victorian boy forced into this ridiculous mould by his mamma. It is no wonder that he reacted when older, and the heavy-handed Victorian father may have easily sprung from this earlier feminine nonsense in the nursery.

Little girls were of course no better off and the stays, petticoats, button boots and tight gloves, not to mention the slavish copying of mamma's crinoline and bustle, must have repressed any child. Were these clothes perhaps responsible for another reaction and has the emancipation of women, the Suffrage Movement itself, risen from the restrictions of flannel and whalebone? Mr. Laver's stimulating text could have been illustrated more fully and with greater discrimination.

ELISABETH JAMES

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

There are three ways of saying : "I've no time for novels these days"—rueful, complacent, or scornful, and the last of them more than hints that what is meant are *modern* novels. So does the complacent way, this time without intended damnation, for it is broadly true that as we grow older we come to prefer the favourites of youth. Although perhaps at present there is something other than the excuse of advancing age. For violence, degradation and pain are faithfully mirrored by the novelist, whose artificiality of plot is grotesquely yoked with 'realism', or whose brittle satire is no weapon for hacking a jungle path to the blessed reassurance (which we are all longing for) that right must triumph before the last page is reached. Nevertheless, reading ought to be a pattern, and this is surely spoilt if the novel-form is crowded out of it through lack of time—a real reason for the rueful way.

Warmly recommended

But the man with the scythe relaxed his tyranny to good purpose over Christmas (spent in a quiet fold of the Herefordshire hills above the twisting Wye) during the reading of *RAIN ON THE PAVEMENTS* by Roland Camberton (*John Lehmann*. 10s. 6d.). Here is a story deserving a niche in the memory if only for its uniqueness in being better than the 'blurb' says it is. Its merits, however, are more positive than this would imply and even its faults in a second novel are not to be censured, capable of elimination as they are with broadened experience and a clearer realization of the need to hurry slowly. The characters are so strongly delineated that when some of them disappear they tear holes. Yunkel, for example, is too complete an entity to fade out, and Philip, who has some excuse because his father whisks him back to France,

is yet hardly forgiven his desertion. Conversely Stanley, later on, never once impinges himself, but Mr. Essand, the chess-playing schoolmaster, is as good and rich and true as anyone of the same profession out of Chesterton or Mr. Compton Mackenzie. And when the wise and weary Oxford don asks the fatal question at the scholarship interview, the reader feels like David, "knocked off his balance" by its unexpectedness. Then, without knowing the *milieu* even remotely of life among the Jews of Hackney, one recognizes it swiftly, unerringly, in these pages. Praise, one assumes, could be no higher; Mr. Camberton is cordially invited to continue not only the history of David but to show some of his elders and *soi-disant* betters how to write so authentically and compellingly.

Some English fiction

To show how Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Jane Austen, Scott, Dickens, Emily Brontë, Thackeray and George Eliot have done it, is the purpose of Arnold Kettle's *AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ENGLISH NOVEL* (*Hutchinson's University Library*. 8s. 6d.). He discusses what it is and why it began, with eighteenth century writers receiving their due as contributors to the art, and with a survey of some of the problems inherent in nineteenth century novel-making. Thus *Emma*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Oliver Twist*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Vanity Fair* and *Middlemarch* are examined for clues to their inception and purpose. A second volume dealing with Henry James to the present day is promised and if it adheres as successfully to the policy of concentrating on "a limited number of specific books rather than to offer a condensed literary history," it should be equally instructive and stimulating.

This one is subtitled : "I—To George Eliot" who, Dr. Kettle thinks, provides an appropriate break because her "great novel is in a number of respects the culminating point of Victorian fiction."

Tragic Maggie

A year ago *Chatto & Windus* published *Middlemarch* in their Zodiac series of reprints, and now they add *THE MILL ON THE FLOSS* (12s. 6d.), with *Adam Bede* in preparation for the near future. If the first is George Eliot's masterpiece, with its never-to-be-forgotten descriptions (as of the impact of Rome on Dorothea), Maggie Tulliver whose

life-struggles had lain almost entirely within her own soul, one shadowy army fighting another, and the slain shadows for ever rising again,

is perhaps the novelist's masterpiece of character-drawing, set against "the rush of the water and the booming of the mill" bringing "a dreamy deafness which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene."

Old Father Thames

From the peacefulness of the scene about the river Wye, and from "where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea," we turn back to the one that most spells "England, home and beauty" to the exile, *THE THAMES* (*Batsford*. 21s.), in company with the author, L. T. C. Rolt, who makes a journey from mouth to source. Among the many beautiful illustrations, the 28 in colour—dating from the late eighteenth century to the early nineteenth and including Caneletto's painting which gives the river a Venetian look—do justice to its nobility, gentleness and gracious surroundings. There is a pale gold Oxford on the horizon from William Turner's vantage point (recalling Arnold and "The Scholar Gypsy") on Wytham Hill, in whose woods we used to pick "windflowers" and primroses. There is Kelmscott

and its associations with Morris; there are Old and New London Bridges, and Richmond and Gravesend and Henley and Battersea; there is Eton with its chapel, and from various attractive angles there is Windsor Castle.

Victoria's friend

Here it was that Disraeli became the confidant of his sovereign to the dismay of his enemies, and from here she sent to him her loving messages while he lay dying, as we are reminded by Hesketh Pearson in *DIZZY* (*Methuen*. 21s.). Also he reminds us once again of how unobtrusively accomplished he is as a biographer. He handles this complex and colourful creature—whose wit, patience, brilliance, imagination and showmanship brought him ridicule long before he began to be revered—with as deft and sure a touch as Disraeli's own. Some of the chapter headings are admirably sly : "Ben-Vivian", "Partly Sartorial", "Social, Political and Amorous", "The Greasy Pole", "Glory and the Gout", and Mr. Pearson's treatment of the statesman as novelist is particularly effective :

Few people would be willing to assert that *The Picture of Dorian Grey* is a lifelike representation of human beings or a vivid narrative of probable occurrences; but compared with *Aloy* it is a masterpiece of photograph reality and scientific exactitude.

Toujours Wilde

Would that St. John Ervine had been granted a like sparkle and verve to help him with "a present time appraisal" of OSCAR WILDE (*Allen & Unwin*. 18s.). At this, Hesketh Pearson's own biography of Wilde seems to nod sardonic assent from the shelf above, as well it might for it is certainly a model of how to deal with this difficult subject. Mr. Ervine seems to have reached his estimate as the result of putting up and aiming at several Aunt Sallies, so tall and protuberant that they could scarcely be missed by the poorest marksman; they are quite beneath the skill of a St. John Ervine. We all know that Wilde

had tainted and indeed sordid ancestry, but who dare say, as this appraiser does, that he "would have done better to have died in his childhood as his sister, Isola, who followed him, did"? Most of us, and several men of genius, would have been wiped out under such a condition of survival as purity of heredity, without a chance to conquer, and often magnificently, the handicap. Then nobody ever made the claim that Wilde was a Shakespeare or even a Sheridan. Yet his plays, iridescent and about as substantial as the wings of a butterfly, are handled in a manner befitting the dissection of a whale. And we need no added emphasis on Wilde's evil friends, on Carson overcoming him in the court room, nor on the done-to-death tragedy of the man, in a book that, says the dust-jacket, "sets out to judge Wilde, not as a subject for pity or reproach, but as a writer and especially as a dramatist." St. John Ervine does truly lack compassion—and humour too, and his abundant prejudices (on a number of topics) are a poor substitute for either. It is all very disappointing, for he starts promisingly enough and he writes so well, and respect for him and his attainments initiated a sympathetic hearing which has wastefully and woefully trickled away in the reading.

The eyes of a Frenchman

The pity is supplied by André Gide in his essays and journal-jottings assembled under the title of *OSCAR WILDE* (William Kimber. 10s. 6d.). Not that this slender volume is a biography, nor is it a study of the plays. *De Profundis* has a chapter to itself and, for the rest, the criticism (always trenchant, cordial and this side idolatry) is incidental to the recording of personal impressions and reminiscences. The

book is valuable because it contains work which, as Gide said, is difficult to unearth elsewhere and because its contemporary assessments of the Irishman are entirely free from sentimentalism.

Dancing coloured balls

And, lest we ourselves become bogged down in a sentimental regret for the lost wit of a Wilde, let us laugh again at *FOURTH LEADERS FROM THE TIMES 1951* (The Times Publishing Co. 10s. 6d.), notwithstanding their "studiously maintained tradition of decorum and dignity." It is pleasant to greet afresh the half-remembered jesting truths we pondered during damp, gloomy mornings when we sourly averted our eyes from fellow bus-travellers and found comfort in finding their prototypes on the leader page. Only one complaint seems to call for registration: for the price, Osbert Lancaster's drawing might have been included as a frontispiece instead of only on the paper jacket which perisheth.

The Londoner's author

Now, having delighted in Mr. Emlyn Williams' presentation of the works of Dickens, first on television and more recently in the theatre, and having found his "readings" much funnier than most of our own attempts at Dickens, it is appropriate pleasure to give a little book the final honourable mention here. *LONDON HOMES OF DICKENS* (Chambers. 3s. 6d.) is by Frank Green, with Walter Dexter's Introduction, and it is lavishly embellished with the whole-page drawings of Charles Pearce. Not even those who dislike his humour will disagree that in these houses, as the author says, Dickens "gathered that knowledge of London, accurate and true, which adds a charm to his stories."

GRACE BANYARD

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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THE MEANING OF MONARCHY

IT would be unreasonable as well as churlish to question the sincerity of the numerous tributes to King George VI which have dwelt on the personal character of the grief which his death has aroused. It was not vulgar taste for pageantry which brought crowds bare-headed, silent and bearing the symbols of mourning into the streets of London to watch the solemn progress of his body to Westminster Hall, which prompted them to go in thousands to pay their last respects to him there. All emotions are complex, and sincerity consists not in acting according to feeling but in acting according to belief. The true key to men's characters is not what they feel but what they would be ashamed to confess that they did not feel, and there are few Englishmen who would freely confess to having felt no sorrow either for the loss of their king or for the bereavement of his family.

It would be misleading to describe that sorrow as public. It does not express itself in fine abstractions but in the simple terms of private grief. It is a politically significant fact that Englishmen speak and think of the monarchy and the royal family in this way, and in this fact lies the modern meaning of the Crown.

The jargon which affirms that its functions are symbolic is psychologically and constitutionally false. There is more meaning even in the twentieth century in the traditional doctrine of theologians that a monarchy is a "natural sacrament", for it is the essence of a sacrament that it both performs a practical service in the natural order and embodies an inner truth. The practical services of kings of England are too numerous to be listed and too obvious to need repetition. They have become so burdensome in recent years as to put them almost beyond the power of a normally healthy man. They brought King George VI to a premature death and if allowed to multiply at their present rate they will place an intolerable burden on his daughter. It is impossible to exaggerate his contribution to the atmosphere which made it possible to accomplish peacefully the sweeping changes which his reign saw. We have yet to learn how far his counsel, given in the exercise of a constitutional monarch's right to advise his advisors, influenced the conduct of his ministers, but

we already have the testimony of the two Prime Ministers who served him longest to the value of his counsel.

The inner meaning of monarchy has been the subject of many eulogies in the last weeks but it is to the earlier theoreticians of monarchy that we must turn to look for the clue to it. Hooker, like Dante, based the case for monarchy on the need of all members of the political community to own one, and only one, master lest having two, one should command them to go to the temple and another to the army. The king still embodies that principle of common allegiance to a supreme governor which is the bond of social peace. The preservation of order in a land divided by political conflicts depends upon men being able to keep before their minds the distinction between the government of the day which many will hate, and the State which all must obey; and the Crown represents the State more effectually than any government can claim to. The existence of a king whose rights, though derived from statute, are inherited, reminds those in power no less than those subject to it that their duties are owed not to a party or even to their contemporaries but to the nation which is formed by history and must answer to posterity. A president dependent for his power on the fashions of political belief cannot do this. Inanimate symbols, the flags and historic monuments so dear to republican romanticism, might serve the needs of a people reared in a more abstract tradition of political thinking, but in Britain where politics are impregnated by the idea that all rights are ultimately private this duty can only be performed by a man or a woman, and can only be fully performed by one whose life typifies modest ideals of family and civic virtue on which the community depends and which it exists to foster. In honouring the memory of George VI and revering Elizabeth II the people of England do not merely express their national unity, they realize it and strengthen it.

AFRICAN NATIONALISM

BY SIR CHARLES DUNDAS

AMONG sundry post-war trends in Africa is so-called nationalism—if that is the right word for a movement that, in fact, is racial or continental. The word "African" is here used in the sense of the Negro world of this great continent, sometimes referred to as Africa south of the Sahara, a vast region containing some 150,000,000 Black inhabitants and perhaps three million Whites inclusive of those in the Union of South Africa. Save for the rather exotic case of Abyssinia and the dubious example of Liberia, there are, of course, no Negro nations, but the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Labour Government predicted that new nations will arise in Africa and so it may be assumed that policy is being shaped to meet that eventuality. And proceeding on that assumption one question that poses itself is: of what sort, composition and regional distribution will be these new African nations?

With few exceptions the peoples of Africa have hitherto been splintered into hundreds of small groups, tribes, as we call them, with rather vague notions as to what constitutes a tribe, sept or clan. In that Africans were not different from other races in their primitive times, wherefore there is no reason to suppose that, following the normal course of mankind, they would not have progressed in due time to the national order of society. But before that stage was reached all natural evolution was halted by irruption into their midst of wholly alien forces that imposed grouping of their own devising and for ends that were all else than nationalistic in the sense of nation building. Africa was parcelled out among European powers according to their several opportunities, inclinations and conveniences, not in conformity with any natural divisions. There were in truth scarcely such divisions; in most cases it was even impracticable to draw boundaries that did not cut through tribes, for if that had been attempted the configuration of present-day territories would be a jig-saw pattern. The same dilemma or easement, as the case may be, will present itself in the building of the new African nations.

The peoples of Africa are now impounded, as it were, in zones carved out by European governments and demarcated by map lines that for the Natives can in most cases have no significance. Probably no African country of to-day corresponds in the least to any national

combination Africans might have formed or for that matter may yet form of their own accord. Are we then to anticipate the emergence of African nations conforming to existing territorial divisions? Can there be a Gold Coast, a Nigerian, Rhodesian, Tanganyika Territory, Kenya, and Uganda nation? The very names are derisory and though the inhabitants coin more appropriate names they can hardly entertain genuine national sentiment for countries that are purely products of alien contrivance. What in these circumstances may be the basis of national development in Africa?

The situation and prospects in West and East Africa differ widely. The colonies on the western side are under several flags and those under the Union Jack are separated one from the other by intervening foreign territories. Each one is isolated and its neighbouring people, however akin they may be, live under another régime whose methods, policies and aims differ markedly from ours. Thus so long as European rule obtains our West Africans cannot merge with others beyond their appointed borders and in these conditions they could only form nations within the borders assigned to them. Yet it is noteworthy that a confederation of British West African territories has been mooted by leading Natives and, though it is difficult to see how without direct access between them such could amount to much more than administrative collaboration of the sort already existing, the suggestion implies a conception of African unity not to be restricted by territorial boundaries. The inference herefrom is that Africans do not discern defined limits to grouping once it goes beyond that of the tribe. If that conception takes root its spread may be comprehensive and the urge will be to eliminate prescribed dividing lines. If this is African nationalism it is capable of widest expansion, and why should it not be so, seeing that Africans never have known national division, but only so to speak local sectionalism?

On the eastern side of the continent, wherein for present purposes may be included South Africa, the position is in one sense more complex, in another less so. Here is continuous territory under British rule from the Zambesi River to the borders of Abyssinia and Commonwealth domain from the Cape of Good Hope to the Middle Nile, a span of some four thousand miles. In all this vast region there are virtually no physical barriers and no conspicuous racial distinctions. The great mass of the inhabitants, at least 30 millions in number, are Bantus, among whom variations of speech, habit and culture are not so marked as to be clearly distinguishing; even those who are not of the Bantu race hardly have distinct identity as strangers in Bantuland. There are no exact delimitations of tribal lands; tribal domain is wherever tribesmen live and on the fringes there is invariably intermingling and inter-marriage; the Masai, for example, one of the most distinct of non-Bantu tribes, have always taken to

themselves (mostly by robbery and enticement) Bantu women. Territorial boundaries are as often as not lines of contact rather than of separation; the Masai dwell on both sides of the Kenya/Tanganyika border, as do the Digo people on the coast; in all the region around Lake Victoria the people are related through a Hima aristocracy; Angoni, a Zulu offshoot, inhabit Tanganyika Territory, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia; the Bechuana group is represented in the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia, and so on. From the valley of the Upper Nile to the Limpopo and beyond there is continuous kinship and nowhere a clear dividing line. If ever these people come to think in terms of nationhood the local diversities, the old feuds and the European-made boundaries will not count for much in their estimation.

Over and above these potentially unifying factors there is in East Africa a common cause of a sort that is non-existent in West Africa, namely the cause of Colour, prevailing from north of the Equator to the southernmost tip of the Continent, acutely so in Kenya, Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa and in that order of intensity.

In West Africa Native aspirations have been more political than national; there was none to dispute their claims, and they had only to strive for self-government, the achievement of which was only a matter of timing. On the eastern side of the continent the indigenous peoples have to contend for recognition of their rights, for equality with Europeans in their midst who have acquired privileged status and political dominance. The contest must become stubborn because on the one side stand small White minorities rightly fearful of being submerged in Black multitudes, on the other side those multitudes faced with the alternatives of asserting themselves or being forever relegated to a subordinate lot and voiceless. Whatever the outcome the struggle can hardly fail to rally the Africans and to be a spur to unity among them.

Herein east and west contrast strikingly. West Africa is physically and politically divided and has no strong incentive to nationalism. In East Africa all conditions are given for its growth: absence of demarcations, uniformity of institutions, racial kinship, potent common cause. And to this list is to be added yet another factor, instigation not only from without, effectual as that may be, but from within, unintended though it is.

When the Nationalist party in the Union of South Africa came into power and propounded their native policy of *Apartheid*, an Afrikaans word implying something more than segregation, certain politically-minded Natives interpreted it as meaning that there was to be established a separate zone or country exclusively Black and semi-autonomous. In point of fact they were not the only ones to jump to that conclusion, for prominent Europeans entertained and still

entertain the same idea ; many find it difficult to conceive what else *Apartheid*, as first enunciated, could mean when translated in that form. Be that as it may, it is noteworthy that native promoters of the idea unhesitatingly coined for the projected Black country the name "Bantustan", which has since been frequently used to denote *Apartheid* in most complete form. The significance of this name, Bantustan, compounded of African and Indian words, lies in the apparent fact that its authors knew no other name by which African peoples collectively might be designated. They at once conceived themselves as a homogeneous group to be united after the model of India and in that they had the vision of all Bantus united, an ideal that may be easily popularized. From the European point of view that is a formidable prospect, yet unquestionably its inception derives from European source and, paradoxical though it may seem, White nationalism has begotten Black nationalism, than which nothing could be more at variance with the aims of the authors of *Apartheid*. After all a people set apart will be conscious of their identity and will seek association with others of their kind. From the same cause there has now emerged a body styling itself The All African Congress in imitation of the All Indian Congress. Thus incipient motive for African unity has been given where least it was desired. What is wanting so far is competent and vigorous leadership, but it would be unwise to think that it will never be forthcoming ; guidance on the art of propaganda will not fail to be furnished from external quarters.

The aims of African nationalism, racialism, call it what you will, in fine the spirit of emancipation, will, no doubt, be realized more slowly than in western Africa, but will rest on a firmer and more natural foundation. The pace of advance on the western side has been more spectacular, but the goal is more magnetic and the spur sharper in the east. The trend is, however, the same everywhere and when people throughout a continent cherish one common ideal it has great welding power. We may yet see in Africa, not new nations, but *a* nation, a Bantu nation, whether confederate or more closely knit, and in either case powerful.

Setting aside considerations of what is the sole interest of white men in Africa, what will be to the best advantage for the Africans themselves ? If nationalism were to reproduce in Africa the seething rivalries, the animosities, the wars, conquests and bandying about of whole populations that have punctuated the history of Europe through centuries it would be a new scourge laid upon the Dark Continent and a sorry end to our vaunted civilizing mission there. But if we anticipate the emergence of a number of African nations we have no good reason to hope that they will be less predatory than the nations of other continents have been ; on the contrary they might be

more so, being young and inexperienced and less remote in time from the state of barbarity. It is perhaps not too much to say that the only way of escape from such a dismal fate lies in racial or continental union, as is coming to be recognized as the panacea for the age-old ills of Europe. It is not impossible that Africans should begin at the point which we at long last are approaching. Wisely guided they start on a new era with all the advantages and none of the trammels of the old world. They have been roused out of their long torpor and have been hustled straight from the primitive to the scientific age, from the bow and arrow to the atom bomb, so to speak. It is equally possible that they may also leap the painful stages of social development through which Europeans have passed and still are passing, that they may go direct from the tribal to the racial or continental order of human association, and skip the national grouping. If so tribalism, which has ever been their weakness, may ultimately be their strength, since if it kept them fragmented and disunited it did not cause them to be barricaded behind rigid borders and sundered by hoary allegiances. Such barriers as formerly stood between African groups may be said to have been psychological rather than physical and we ourselves may become the psychologists who prescribe the cure, bringing, even thrusting, them together in common purpose such as in the past they lacked or failed to perceive. If we can do this for them our intrusion in their world will be justified and our mission fulfilled. On this premise we shall do right to further an African unity of more than national dimension.

(The Hon. Sir Charles Dundas, K.C.M.G., who writes from South Africa, was Chief Secretary of Northern Rhodesia in the 1930's. He has served 24 years in various capacities in East Africa and from 1940 to 1944 was Governor of Uganda.)

NATIONALISM IN THE GOLD COAST—I.

BY ASA BRIGGS

THE slogans and symbols of nationalistic movements are usually very simple, but the social and political background is complex. *The Accra Evening News*, founded by Kwame Nkrumah in 1949, has as its motto: "We prefer Self-Government with danger to servitude in tranquillity." There could be no more simple a statement of a nationalist point of view. But the arguments used to justify the belief that "we have the right to govern ourselves" have been culled from many and sometimes conflicting sources and the methods urged and adopted by different groups in the story of Gold Coast nationalism have been as various as the theories advanced to justify it.

The nationalist movement in the Gold Coast began with the protests of a few intellectuals or chiefs against the encroachment upon traditional rights. Arguments were drawn from history to show that the relationship between Britain and the Gold Coast had been "one of friendship between a stronger and a weaker people" and not one of mastery and subordination. The famous Bond of 1844 between the British and certain Fanti chiefs was frequently quoted as a quasi-legal foundation of twentieth-century self-government. So too was the statement that the Ashanti had never been conquered by the British. Nationalism based on such premises might stir the few but it lacked appeal to the many. It was popular with lawyers, but it made little headway with business men, workers or farmers until it changed its arguments. The representative figure of this early movement, which can be traced back to a time even before the formation of the Aborigines' Rights Protection Society in 1898, was Caseley Hayford. Although there were limits to his influence he was an important pioneer, spreading the conception of a partnership of the peoples of both the Colony and Ashanti, working together to create a self-governing nation, despite their traditional rivalries.

To-day nationalism is a popular movement, stressing not so much the historical arguments, which served a previous generation so well, as the need for "national liberation" and the new vista of opportunities that self-government will afford. Many of the leaders of the movement have been young men particularly from the time of the setting up of the Youth Conference by Dr. Danquah in 1930. In a

rapidly changing society the social supremacy of the old was increasingly challenged. As in the Young Turk movement, youth was valued for its own sake, and fresh generations brought a new outlook and a new energy to the developing popular nationalism.

The arguments for self-government took on a different shape. First there was a rationalization of revolt. The struggle for self-government was conceived of as a fight against "imperialism"—against colonial paternalism, racialism and economic domination. Theories of natural rights were hastily put together in the same way that they were put together by the English popular radicals in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The Bible was used as much as the political treatise to provide the relevant texts. Later on an often eclectic theory of "the colonial struggle" was evolved, but although it was tinged with Marxism, it was never rigid or "closed".

In addition to the negative aspect—the fight against certain institutions and attitudes—there has also been an underlying positive aspiration. To some extent the desire for self-government is a protest against low living standards and a demand for a new order. As *The Accra Evening News* put it, "as long as we remain under an imperialist government we shall continue to be poor, unemployed, ill-fed, ill-clad and continually oppressed, enslaved and exploited. Therefore to ameliorate our condition we can do nothing but ask for Self-Government now." Self-government becomes a panacea for economic woes. In positive terms it is thought to mean more schools, more roads, more hospitals, more factories, bigger wage packets, bigger profits for business men, and bigger returns to the farmers.

The widening of the basis of the arguments for it increased its popular appeal. The statement of the case in terms of natural rights was more attractive than the statement of the case in terms of historic rights. The statement of the case in terms of social rights is stronger than either. Changes in the character of the arguments used have to some extent reflected changes in the social structure of the country; to some extent they have provided in themselves a new dynamic encouraging further change. As the arguments won the attention of a bigger public the case for colonial paternalism in the Gold Coast was completely undermined. What had begun as a series of sporadic protests had become a vociferous and continuous popular movement.

Before 1939 the slump in cocoa prices and consequent wage-cuts led to the great hold-up of 1937-1938, which ushered in recent Gold Coast history. Before 1939 also, constitutional changes were planned to replace the Constitution of 1928. The war quickened national aspirations at the same time that it delayed the possibility of action to meet them. An attempt was made in 1946 to reshape the Constitution along lines agreed upon in 1943, but what was offered by the

Colonial Office was too little and too late. Although the introduction for the first time of an African unofficial majority in the Legislative Council appeared from London to be revolutionary in its implications, from the standpoint of Accra it appeared merely as a conservative adjustment "within the iron framework of the Crown Colony system." As the all-African Coussey Committee put it in 1949, "the 'Burns' Constitution was conceived in 1943 at a time when the greatest of all human conflicts was convulsing the world. It is clear to any student of recent history that what have might been ideally suited to the conditions of 1943 was wholly out of place in 1946, so rapidly had the forces released by a global war changed men's outlook and aspirations."

It was not only the forces released by a global war which swept away the Burns' Constitution before it had time to be given any sort of a trial. There were other forces too—economic inflation and a sharp rise in the cost-of-living on the one hand, and more efficient political organization and an increasing popular interest in politics on the other hand—which provided the background for the serious disturbances in the Gold Coast in February 1948. Widespread looting and rioting revealed a hidden world of unrest and discontent. The demand for "self-government" became too loud to be ignored, and the Watson Commission of Inquiry into the disturbances urged that the whole question of constitutional reform should be examined in detail by a responsible committee, which could go on to outline a more democratic constitution for the Gold Coast.

As a direct consequence of the Watson Report the all-African Coussey Committee explored the situation and made precise recommendations. Its report, presented to the Governor in August 1949, was comprehensive and clearly thought out. A framework of central and local government was proposed, which for the first time afforded the machinery of a modern democratic State. Yet "the accumulated experience and wisdom of the past" was not discarded, and the Colonial Secretary, congratulating the Committee on the drafting of "a most valuable report", praised in particular the skilful blending of old and new. He accepted most of the recommendations of the Coussey Committee—with the one significant exception of the proposal to make the Executive Council collectively responsible to the Legislative Assembly. The preparation of constitutional instruments to give effect to the proposal was ordered immediately, and the new Constitution was promulgated in December 1950.

At first sight it would appear that with the promulgation of a Constitution, setting up an almost completely African Legislative Assembly and Executive Council and a ministerial system, the constitution-

makers had caught up with nationalists, and at last political facts and constitutional formulas no longer diverged. But between the period of disturbances in 1948 and the coming into effect of the Constitution in 1951 the political situation had been completely transformed. A new phase in the development of Gold Coast nationalism had begun. Nationalism had operated in the past through voluntary organizations, youth groups and pressure-lobbies or from 1947 onwards through a front organization—the United Gold Coast Convention. Now it began to express itself in the organization and propaganda of the Convention People's Party, none of whose leaders had sat on the Coussey Committee and many of whom regarded the new Constitution not as a constitutional springboard but as merely the latest manoeuvre of an imperialist régime, as a "bogus and fraudulent" product. There was thus ample raw material for further conflict, particularly when the Convention People's Party soon revealed that it had struck far deeper roots among the population than any previous nationalist movement in the Gold Coast.

The C.P.P. was an offshoot of the United Gold Coast Convention. Its leader, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, had been general secretary of the Convention before he founded the new party in June 1949. He wished to go further than the U.G.C.C. leaders by pressing for "Self-Government Now" instead of for "Self-Government in the shortest possible time." More important still he wished to build up a political party rather than a front organization composed of all true patriots. He wanted an efficient party machine with central, regional and branch organizations, a strong national executive, able to decide quickly on tactical questions, and an even smaller standing committee, party cards and party rallies, and a party flag of red, white and green. Much of the actual work of organizing the party was left to Gbedemah, an active and capable leader who knew most of the secrets of effective organizing. By the time of the first elections under the new Constitution in February 1951 he had created a party machine, which was strong enough to rout all its rivals.

As in the previous nationalist movements in the Gold Coast, the central group in the making of the C.P.P. consisted almost entirely of young men. Dr. Danquah had risen through youth organizations. The C.P.P. was in turn a young revolt against what had become his (relatively) old leadership. No member of the Coussey Committee had been under the age of 29, and the supporters of the Congress of Youth Organizations which anticipated the C.P.P. were anxious to form a new and energetic *élite*, which would emancipate Gold Coast nationalism from the shackles of its established authorities.

More than a question of the personnel of leadership was involved. There was a divergence of methods, too, which began to be clear

before the C.P.P. itself was founded. Men like Dr. Nkrumah wished to build their party around the idea of what they called "positive action". This meant breaking away from traditional methods of political agitation and being prepared, if legitimate political action and mass propaganda failed, to organize strikes, boycotts and non-co-operation, without resorting to planned violence. Several of the methods suggested appeared dubious to some of the U.G.C.C. leaders. They found them even more dubious after the party split, when the C.P.P. was compelled, in its fight to gain mass approval, to launch unusually violent attacks on the U.G.C.C. leaders themselves. Any suggestion of a front was soon broken. The C.P.P. leaders became very proud of their prison caps and of the fact that they were "prison graduates"; they gloried too in their freedom from unnecessary restraint. It was in one long triumphant progress that they carried their campaign into the villages, where nationalism had previously been a negligible force, and set up their red, white and green flags as symbols of a new dispensation.

The Constitution of 1950 had not been designed to fit a political situation where one party gained almost complete control at the elections. It envisaged a balance of forces and interests rather than a clash of parties or principles. What happened at the elections of February 1951 was a C.P.P. landslide. Mass rallies in the towns soon drove the U.G.C.C. from the field. In the villages C.P.P. loudspeaker vans and cars brightly painted in the party colours stirred up a political consciousness which guaranteed electoral success. In the more remote parts of the country agents travelled on foot carrying pamphlets and newspapers and taking part in personal canvassing. The spoken word and the written word were not considered appealing enough. Popular tunes, like the "C.P.P. High Life" and the "Nkrumah High Life", were played at dances. Party symbols could be seen in all parts of the country. The slogan "Freedom!" was shouted everywhere, with an accompanying fraternal salute. The fact that Dr. Nkrumah was in gaol throughout the electoral campaign added to rather than subtracted from the popular appeal of the message. "Self-Government Now" was directly and deliberately associated in people's minds with the dreams of a new order, which had always underlain the abstract theories of nationalism. Many promises were made including a unified system of free, compulsory education, a five-year plan for social and economic development, a unified judicial system, and a complete overhaul of local government. These reforms could only be carried out, it was declared, if men were sent to the Assembly "tried in the furnace of national tribulation and not found wanting."

The C.P.P. not only won a clear majority over all other parties in

the Assembly. It built up enormous majorities in the constituencies and humiliated as well as defeated its opponents. It was so successful that it could claim legitimately, in February 1951 at any rate, that it was in itself the only effective vehicle of Gold Coast nationalism, that the future of the Gold Coast as a nation depended upon the success of the C.P.P. as a party, and that if the C.P.P. failed the whole nationalist idea would quiver and quake in consequence. It was successful enough too to be able to take over six of the eight representative ministries in the Executive Council; for Kwame Nkrumah to be released from gaol in order to become Leader of Government Business as well as Permanent Head of the Party; and for the interesting experiment to begin of a party actually trying out a constitution which it had described as "bogus and fraudulent".

In the second of these two articles, events since February 1951 will be discussed in the light of their bearing in the future as well as on the past. Summing up the main theme of the history of Gold Coast nationalism down to the time of the elections—the widening of the appeal of nationalist argument—four factors are of central importance: the change in the social background of the movement as a result of the increasing development and urbanization of the Gold Coast; in the nature of the arguments advanced, as the movement applied itself to new sections of the population; in the form of organization, as voluntary bodies gave way to a national front and later to a national front—although still not dead—to be a political party; in the tactics employed, as an intelligent leadership emerged, which was prepared to be less scrupulous than its predecessors in its choice of methods.

The C.P.P. was thus the end-product of a chain of processes. It was clear about its purposes and determined to secure them. Above all it was realistic enough to know that it needs a mass party to stir up political consciousness, and idealistic enough to know that it needs the vision of a new age to galvanize men in the present. The group of men who formed the inner ring of the party were and are aware that their primary task is to remain in touch with popular opinion. "In everything we say and do . . . we must avoid getting isolated from the people." That "the people" were there at all in 1951 was the greatest triumph of the C.P.P. and their nationalist predecessors. In becoming a popular movement, nationalism in the Gold Coast, as in other countries, had created a force which it may not always be possible to control.

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SYRIA IS NOT YET A DEMOCRACY

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE beginning of 1952 found almost all Syria's leading politicians in the military prison three miles outside Damascus. For the fourth time in three years the army was snapping its fingers at the principles of democratic government and nobody either inside or outside the country seemed to mind. Military intervention in Syria has become too frequent to excite serious interest, which means quite simply that democracy has failed.

The latest intervention is perhaps the most tragic from the point of view of the people of Syria. There were reasons for thinking that the coup of December 1949 might be the last. It was arguable that the special circumstances in which previous coups had been staged would not repeat themselves, that the overthrow of President Quwatli by Colonel Zaim was necessitated by the rôle Syria was called to play in the Palestine war, that Colonel Zaim's own downfall was due to megalomania and that his successor was removed because he was planning to unite Syria with Iraq. There had then come to the top, in reality if not in rank, the astute Lieutenant-Colonel Shishakli, who was no megalomaniac and who claimed to be interested only in maintaining Syria's national independence. He was apparently prepared to drive from the back seat, which might satisfy those politicians who were happy so long as they could be seen sitting in the front. Besides, there was reason to suppose that Colonel Shishakli had been the driving force, as a junior officer, in each of the earlier coups, so that his elevation brought the revolutionary element in the army to the top; there were no strong men immediately junior to him waiting to supplant him.

All this suggested that a compromise might be reached between the military and the civilians, a hope which was encouraged by the passage of time. The first three coups were staged in the course of 1949, but 1950 was a year of comparative stability and of considerable economic prosperity. Although there were differences of opinion between the civil and military leaders early in 1951, it was still arguable that neither party had anything to gain by breaking finally the working agreement between them. But mutual confidence was undermined and the break eventually came last November when Colonel Shishakli arrested most of the leading politicians including his

own uncle, and forced the aged President to resign.

Syria was promised her independence in 1941 immediately after the Allies had driven out the Vichy French and the republican Constitution was proclaimed in 1943. Shukri Quwatli, who had shown courage and skill when working for his country's independence, seemed to lack both as President; too many years in opposition had made him narrow-minded and unconstructive. The country was young; there was a desire for progress and change; the régime was too reactionary for the temper of the people; with the Palestine war in sight it offered proud words and promises, but failed entirely to relate them to the country's military preparedness. It was thus that it lost the confidence of the army. Colonel Zaim abolished the 1943 Constitution, began drafting a new one, but was murdered before it was completed. A Constituent Assembly was convened in November 1949 and a new and progressive Constitution promulgated in September 1950. Apart from admirable provisions demanding the improvement of social and educational standards, this removed from the President most of the powers which the earlier régime had abused. In theory this was desirable, but in a country where governments do not live long, it detracted from the value of the President as a force for political cohesion and stability. Thus the presidency has been a failure under both Constitutions; under the first because it possessed too much power and under the second because it possessed too little. This is a continuing dilemma in Middle Eastern politics, for ambitious and unscrupulous politicians can only be prevented from damaging their country's interests if ultimate power rests with a strong head of State, but on the other hand there is no part of the world where power is so readily and continuously available that all power corrupts. Living on the land-bridge between east and west, the Arabs are traders by tradition. Bargaining is in their blood. The outlook of the merchant and the principles of the market-place dominate politics as much as in other walks of life, and if you do not cash in on what you possess, whether it be goods or titles to property or monopolies or concessions or merely influence, you are regarded either as a weakling or as a fool.

But apart from the periodic entry of the army into the civilian china-shop, there is little to suggest that the principles of democracy have taken much root in Syria. In the first place, nobody seems particularly distressed by the bull's incursions; people seem to assume that the shop-window was only a façade which could never really be expected to keep it out, and anyway they have nothing good to say of the shop-keepers. If the shop-keepers were realistic enough to form a trade union and to use their concerted strength to protect the remaining shops, the bull would have no choice but to return eventually to his own pasture. But they are too selfish and short-

sighted to do so, and for this, not unnaturally, they lose popular respect. In the second place, nobody expects elections to be fair and therefore nobody is interested in making them fair. The sense of fair play is unknown to the market-place. Elections are just a test to see who has succeeded best in arranging the cards before the deal. Thus it follows that if you know the cards are against you, you do not enter the lists and make a sporting fight; you retire in wrath proclaiming that the elections are rigged, which they probably are, but you do not gain much public sympathy for that. The elections in Syria in 1949 were probably as fair as any that have been held in the Middle East, because the People's Party were so certain of victory that intervention was unnecessary; nevertheless, the National Party boycotted them and have remained out of Parliament ever since. Thirst for power is unfortunately a stronger motive than either respect for democratic principles or the desire to see proper civilian government restored to the country. Again, graft and nepotism do not excite a public outcry as they should under a democratic system, because people are accustomed to them and suspect that they would do the same themselves if given the opportunity. More serious in its effect on the administration is the extent to which changes in important posts in the civil service and in local government have been made by each successive cabinet; continuity of policy is thereby made wellnigh impossible and important constructive projects are subjected to unnecessary delays.

Most of the Arab States other than Syria are seeking a democratic form of government under a constitutional monarchy. Progress in this direction is most evident in the Hashemite kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan but, speaking generally, the monarchy still retains absolute power in the last resort. In the present stage of development it is probably necessary that ultimate authority should rest with a single individual, in which case it is clearly preferable that this individual should owe his position to his rank and status rather than to the degree of political support he can rally in the country. A king can maintain his authority by showing impartiality and patriotism, but a president or a dictator is continually haunted by fear of removal, and must go out of his way to maintain the loyalty of his following, generally by sharing with them the fruits of office. Although none of the Middle Eastern monarchies command the universal respect which is paid to the British royal family, there is a large body of opinion which realizes the advantages of the comparative political stability that monarchy ensures and which is afraid of the vacuum that would follow its demise. The history of independent Syria is an object lesson to ponder.

Of all the Arab States Syria stands the best chance of making a republic work. Since the expulsion of King Feisal after the 1914-1918

war, the Syrians have been strangers to monarchy. Between the wars Syria was a mandate of France, the staunch protagonist of republicanism, and the French instilled their thoughts on government into the minds of an impressionable people. Besides, the inequality between rich and poor is distinctly less than in the other Arab countries, and the standard of education is also higher; both these conditions would mean indirectly that monarchy would be likely to have less popular appeal. Such supporters of monarchy as there may be in Syria are drawn for the most part from the ranks of the older generation which remembers King Feisal and still feels that it has a link with the Hashemite dynasty. The young are anti-monarchist almost to a man. A king, after all, could only be a foreigner, which is anathema to the nationalistic spirit rife in Syria to-day. Much is talked of Arab unity, but it does not go deep. There is little genuine feeling of community between the Arab States; there is too much suspicion and intrigue. Nowhere is it more evident than in Damascus that the Hashemite dynasty and the Saudi dynasty are struggling for power, and Syria, though she likes neither of them, feels that the nearer danger is the greater danger and treats the Hashemites with an excess of unfriendly caution. It is interesting to speculate on what proportion of this unfriendliness is due to a plain desire to remain independent of Iraq and what proportion to dislike of monarchy. For there is a strong movement towards federation with Iraq. It forms the main article in the creed of the militaristic Social-Nationalist Party, but members of the larger parties also support the idea in principle; some see it as the only way of destroying the army's influence in politics. Nevertheless, only a small element would favour federation if it meant the introduction of a monarchist constitution.

If the republic is not working and monarchy is not favoured, there is clearly an opening for dictatorship. The people need more leadership and discipline than they are now being given and indeed many of them would welcome it. The country could be made prosperous and agricultural output in particular could be stepped up with firm guidance from the centre. The administration needs an overhaul and reform of the taxation system would bring good returns. The country would be given new life and a new spirit in which to tackle the problems of development. Few people doubt the advantages which dictatorship would bring, but equally there are few who feel confident that it offers a way of escape from present evils. It would seem doubtful whether Syria of to-day could produce a leader of the calibre necessary to make dictatorship a success; Colonel Zaim was an example of an ambitious man who was not qualified to rule a country. General Hinnawi was less ambitious and even less qualified. Colonel Shishakli has the right measure of ambition and of competence; he is ruthless and a master of intrigue; he also has progressive

ideas, but he lacks the stature, both physically and mentally, which would enable him to become a popular leader. Even a popular dictator would find it difficult to remain long in office, for the Arab character soon tires of powerful men. For a while the Arab will give a leader his enthusiastic backing ; he will rouse himself from a lazy existence and will make sacrifices for a cause which appeals to him, but his love of home and his individualism eventually make him lose interest in the cause. Most Syrians would like to see a determined attempt made to develop the country's resources and to spread education and health services. They would make sacrifices for this, but if the dictator who made the attempt taxed them also for the strengthening of the armed services, for his own prestige as well as for national defence, their natural lethargy would steadily overcome the initial enthusiasm. Thus the dictator would inevitably find that he was progressively losing ground to his critics, and if he decided to take a strong line against them he would run a very real risk of assassination. Much the same treatment would, one imagines, be given in France to-day to anyone bold enough to assume dictatorial powers in a time of crisis. While patriotism and enthusiasm might initially bring popular support, the individualism of the people and their love of liberty would be likely to prevail in the longer run. Thus far a comparison is perhaps valid, but the French people have political experience, whereas the Syrians need good leadership ; the French are rich in agriculture and industry, but the Syrians have a young country which needs to be developed.

That is the factor that is too easily forgotten. The country is young ; it has not yet had ten years of free life. This period of instability may continue for another 20 years, but even then it will not seem long to historians. The country is finding its own personality and temperament ; it does not yet know itself. The balance of forces in political life has yet to be established. To take a few examples : the effective strength of the Moslem religion is considerable at present, but is declining among the educated classes, and its political potentiality can certainly be further exploited ; the impact of Communism has hitherto encouraged the hope that it will make little headway so long as the people are loyal to their Moslem faith ; hatred and fear of Israel is at present the dominant motive in politics, but it lies within Israel's power to remove it from its position of dominance ; loyalty to the tribe or to the town is now stronger than loyalty to the State, but with the spread of education and the improvement of communications, this may not be true in 20 years time. But a word of caution is necessary on the effects of education. The product of the secondary schools, and the self-styled university is far more knowledgeable and capable to-day than that of a generation ago. But while this knowledge and training is being absorbed, the student

is also exposed to unpleasant political influences. Although the major political parties refrain from propaganda amongst the young, the less reputable and more extreme parties exploit the academic idealism of the teacher and the gullibility of the boy. This applies to the outlawed Communist Party, the fanatical Islamic Socialist Front, the Social-Nationalist Party and the Arab Resurrection Party. As a result the boy leaves school believing that all the western powers are unfriendly bullies, that they deliberately created Israel in order that she might colonize the Arabs, and that the alleged danger from Russia is largely the invention of western propaganda. Fortunately most of the boys eventually realize that this is a distorted picture and the degree of distortion becomes plain in particular to those who are lucky enough to travel abroad for study and commerce. While the balance of internal forces is being discovered by experience, it is no less important that the balance of international forces should be appreciated and that public opinion should begin to see Syria in proper perspective in the family of the nations. Thus the more intercourse there is between Syria and the west the more realistic will Syrian policy become.

Seen in this light, the failure of democracy in Syria is perhaps less tragic than it might otherwise be. Those who tried to make it work and who are now viewing events from their prison cells may console themselves by feeling that they are in advance of their times. The people of Syria may have to suffer many years of instability, possibly of dictatorship, but in the long run, if the country remains independent, they will return to a modified form of democracy which will pay homage to the drafters of the 1950 Constitution.

RED CHINA AND THE CHURCH

BY O. M. GREEN

BEFORE the war the annual subscriptions from America to missions in China averaged \$4,000,000. They supported 13 universities (some of which, however, such as Yenching at Peking, were shared with British missionaries), 203 hospitals, 320 orphanages and numerous schools. The contributions to the non-Roman Catholic missions of other countries cannot be stated exactly but as there were 76 of them before the war their subscriptions from home must have reached a large sum. The Roman Catholic Church also publishes no financial figures, but it is far the oldest and strongest of the Churches in China, its work being carried on by the chief religious orders, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and others, from which branched out 17 subordinate missionary bodies staffed by men and women from 19 different countries. There are many Chinese to-day whose families have been Roman Catholic since the days of the great Fathers Ricci, Schall and Verbiest in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With the rising tide of the nationalist spirit, especially since the Revolution in 1911, it was natural that leading Chinese Christians should feel that their churches ought to be less dependent on foreign support. More than 20 years ago Canterbury decided that the Anglican Church, in which Chinese were being consecrated as bishops, must be known not as "the Church in China" (otherwise *in partibus*) but as "the Church of China", a title which clearly carried the implication of self-responsibility. Dr. C. T. Wang, former Foreign Minister, a Christian and son of a pastor, was particularly energetic in forwarding the movement for self-support.

More clever than the Russians the Communists have never made the mistake of imitating the Bolsheviks' "anti-God campaign" with its horrible cartoons. On the contrary, the Chinese Communists while acknowledging that they themselves are atheists, are emphatic that religious belief under their régime is entirely free, as laid down in the Common Programme (a sort of constitution) when the Communist Government was established on October 1, 1949. There has never since then been any persecution of Christianity as such. Clearly the Communists perceived that it represented a force which in the long run thrives on persecution. They set themselves to pervert it

into an instrument of their own policy and propaganda while leaving it superficially untouched.

The first indication of this plan was the adoption by the People's Political Consultative Council, which was assembled in 1949 to establish the Communist Government, of a resolution that "the Church must accept the New Democracy and the Common Programme . . . admits its past connection with imperialism, especially American imperialism, and will strive to awaken Church members to the evils of imperialism and capitalism." To prove their essentially democratic purpose the Communists had included in the P.P.C.C. representatives of several revolutionary factions and minority peoples, among whom were five Chinese Christians. Not one of these men, it can be said, would have been chosen by the Christian community if the choice had been left to it. The leader and chief architect of what is now known as the Reformed Church of China was a man named Wu Yao-tsung educated at Columbia University and the Union Theological Seminary in America and for many years a prominent official of the Y.M.C.A. With its splendid buildings, libraries, swimming pools and gymnasiums, the Y.M.C.A. in China is *par excellence* a monument of American generosity. For biting the hand that fed him the example of Wu Yao-tsung would be hard to equal.

For some time nothing happened. Indeed the Christian universities, Yenching at Peking in particular, were full of hope for the future. Their students were obliged to attend classes in Marxism-Leninism, but otherwise the management was not interfered with, nor in the main were the mission schools and hospitals generally. Something, however, must have been going on behind the scenes, for, in July 1950, Wu and the other four Christians of the P.P.C.C. went to Peking for a conference with Chou En-lai the Premier, who, in a widely published speech, declared that all foreign missionaries were the tools of imperialism and could not possibly be trusted. On their return to Shanghai, the five, supported, it is said, by 40 representatives of various churches, published a declaration confessing the errors into which they had unwittingly been led by the missionaries as agents of imperialism and setting forth "the Fundamental Aims of the Church" as follows:

Christian churches and institutions in China must endeavour, through the utmost efforts and by effective means, to enable the masses of Christians to recognize clearly the crimes committed by the imperialists in China and to know the facts of the way in which the imperialists have made use of the church in China; they must remain alert against imperialism, especially the U.S. imperialistic intrigues to rear reactionary power through the medium of religion; and at the same time they must encourage Christians to take part in the movement for peace and educate them to understand and support the Government's land reform policy.

In passing, the mention of the new land reform is particularly inter-

esting as there is much evidence that the Communists are worried by the reluctance of the peasants to appreciate its blessings.

The declaration excited a strong demur from the bulk of Christians in Shanghai (I am at present speaking only of the non-Roman Catholic Churches) and the Chinese Anglican bishops published a manifesto of their own. This began by acknowledging that

the Church is not only unable to compromise with imperialism, feudalism or bureaucratic capitalism, but takes issue with them as being fundamentally in opposition to the faith of the Church. The Church has ever regarded alliance with power and prestige and the exploitation of the common people as a contradiction to the spirit of Christ. . . . We therefore greatly rejoice in the liberation which has come to the people of our nation and with the utmost sincerity uphold that freedom of religious faith which is guaranteed in the Common Programme.

The bishops admit that there have in the past been some black sheep "who have disregarded the tenets of the Church" but they have been but a small number "who cannot be held to represent the whole Church: their sins, moreover, have been abhorred by the Church itself." The manifesto then deals mostly with Christian duties in daily life.

The Declaration was assiduously pushed by Peking's propaganda office. But by the end of August only 1,527 people had signed it—a clear indication of the opposition of most Christian leaders—and at the autumn meeting in Shanghai of the National Christian Council (a body formed to discuss matters of importance to all the Churches) the Declaration was not on the agenda. This was not at all to the purpose of Peking. The Council were invited to lunch by the Communist mayor and were told bluntly that the Declaration must be put down. No actual threat was used but the Council were plainly given to understand that they would be wise to adopt it. Which was done.

The next stages in the drive to free China from "cultural aggression" were largely financial. Between March and August the 13 American-supported universities were forbidden to receive any more subscriptions from America. Most of them were nationalized but two or three were allowed to carry on as private institutions provided they drew no help from America. A certain tolerance was at first allowed to British and Canadian institutions. But the latest regulation, that "All Chinese Christian churches and organizations must immediately sever relations with American missions and with other non-American funds and all such missions must cease their activities in China" shows that they too have come under the ban. Middle and primary schools operated by missions were allowed to keep their buildings but were told to dissociate themselves from the Churches and appoint directors who would "ensure the carrying

out of Government laws and decrees."

In spite of the Declaration having been adopted by the National Christian Council, the Government evidently were not satisfied with the progress of the Reformed Church. In April last 151 of the faithful were summoned to a conference in Peking with Lu Ting-yi, vice-chairman of the Government's Educational and Cultural Commission, and were told that they must show more activity, particularly in smelling out the impure. In a recent article in the *People's China* (a magazine published in Peking in English for foreign edification) Wu Yao-tsung says of this conference that all the Churches were represented and "for the first time in the history of Christianity in China complete unity was achieved." Of the sequel we have an account by Wu himself with further details by the Communist New China News Agency in London.

In June a meeting was held in Nanking when (says Wu) "Christians came together to compare their experiences with the agents of imperialism in missionary and church circles and accusations were made against a long list of people" both Chinese and foreign. Among the latter was actually the late Dr. Timothy Richard, an English Baptist, one of the best-loved men who ever went to China. The list is far too long to quote, but as a specimen of the charges, Kiang Wen-han of the Y.M.C.A. was accused of "flattering his American masters . . . he adopted the system of speaking English, eating foreign meals, using English in writing his reports, and he was proud of it." The Methodist Bishop Z. T. Kang was accused by another Methodist Bishop W. Y. Ch'en as "a bad element of the Chinese Church, a criminal and reactionary element." One well-known American missionary, Frank Price of Nanking, denounced for "upholding the rotten Kuomintang régime," is believed to have been in gaol for a year past. There seems to be little doubt that the same fate has descended on the rest of these "running dogs of imperialism", if they did not perish in last year's mass executions.

Long before Wu Yao-tsung and his fellows went to the conference with the Premier in July 1950, missionaries had begun to find that their presence was detrimental to their Chinese converts and were withdrawing from China. This movement has been enormously accelerated in the past 18 months by actual persecution. Many missionaries have been arrested and subjected to hours of cross-examination not, be it observed, on religious questions, but on charges of acting as spies and agents for the imperialists. At least 16 are believed to be in prison and no communication with them is possible. No more striking proof of the hopelessness of mission work in China could be found than the decision last August of the council of the great China Inland Mission, than which none was more deeply rooted in Chinese soil, to withdraw all its

members. It is curious that although the missionaries are as anxious to go as the Communists presumably are that they should, it may take them six months to obtain an exit permit. Before this is granted every man and woman must produce a minute account of all their doings and whom they have met since they first entered China. It is not difficult to think that the Communists hope in this way to find excuse for charges of imperialism.

Far more brutal, however, has been the treatment of Roman Catholics. One obvious reason is the out-and-out condemnation of Communism by the Pope. But another, peculiar to China, is the maintenance of papal authority over Chinese Catholics, whom accordingly it is not easy to force into a Reformed Church. A few seem to have been influenced. The article by Wu Yao-tsung has an illustration of a Chinese nun at a women's meeting in Peking denouncing American imperialism, and when Archbishop Riberi, the Apostolic Delegate, was expelled last autumn, a person named Li Wei-kwang, described as acting Catholic bishop of Nanking, was one of his chief accusers. But in the list of charges against Mgr. Riberi, which filled four closely-typed folios, one may note the prominence given to the Archbishop's promotion of the Legion of Mary, which, among various rules for daily conduct, stresses devotion to papal authority.

Of all stories to wring the heart and excite passionate anger none surely can surpass that of the five Canadian sisters of the orphanage of the Immaculate Conception at Canton. There were several of these orphanages managed by different Orders in China and no one who knew them would fail to acclaim them as among the noblest works of charity. Hardly a day passed but the Sisters would find a baby on the doorstep, often so near death that there was only just time to baptize it before it died. But many hundreds survived, to be educated, taught a trade, and turned into good citizens. The Sisters at Canton were arrested last April and eventually tried in December in the presence of a vast howling mob on the vilest charges, of starving the children, leaving them sick, naked and uncared for, of collecting money from Canada and putting it in their own pockets. They were said to have caused the death of 2,000 children. Not a word were they allowed to say in self-defence. Two were imprisoned for five years, the others expelled from China.

A parallel case was that of the six Sisters from the Nanking orphanage who arrived at Hongkong on June 6 last after being shut up for a month in one small room with only two beds between the six, stripped of all their possessions, even their religious habits, and perpetually screamed at and bullied by their guards. The charge against them, too, was of neglecting the children in their charge, but as they were not present at their trial (if trial there was) all they

knew was the sentence of banishment.

Another case was that of the American Father Langley, stationed in a small village in Kuangsi, accused of spying for the imperialists—and of giving medicine to Nationalist guerrillas when they were sick! It is noteworthy that when he was paraded and his "crimes" read out in his own village, not one voice was raised against him. So he was taken to a neighbouring town, hounded through the streets and forced to kneel for over four hours, surrounded by a frenzied mob, while his offences were recounted, not allowed to defend himself, indeed forced to keep his head bowed so that he could not see his accusers. He was perhaps lucky to be only banished.

In a statement issued on December 18 the Vatican announced that during 1951 the Communists had expelled from China 1,200 missionaries, 18 bishops, 500 priests, 40 lay teachers and 650 nuns. An additional message from Hongkong said that 300 priests and nuns were believed to be in gaol.

Some Chinese Christians are known to have bravely stood out against the Reformed Church; others will do so, for the history of missions in China has many instances of the heroism of converts. The vast majority will have to give in; too poor to support unaided their hospitals, dispensaries and schools, they will have to look to the Government for funds, and we know what that means from the Communists' Five Year Education Plan, in which special night schools are provided for the "reeducation" of adults. Even the church services are likely to be re-modelled to suit Marxist principles, as the drama, novels and cinema are being remodelled; for Wu Yao-tsung says there is still much to be done in "rooting out imperialistic influence hiding in the heads of Christians in literature, hymns and even methods of work." Doubtless the Communists will point to the Reformed Church as proof of religious freedom in China. But it will be a Red Church.

WHAT ARE UNIVERSITIES FOR ?

Some Comments

In the February 1952 issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* J. F. Wolfenden, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, in his article "What are Universities For ?" stated that "the newer universities must begin to face the wider responsibilities to the nation at large which the older universities used to perform almost by accident. Another way of expressing the same point is to say that the range of jobs for which a university career is regarded as a valuable preliminary must be greatly widened." Earlier in his article he had written : " But unless it can be demonstrated that there are 24,000 young people each year who are destined for an academic future we deceive ourselves and mislead them if we base the whole of our university procedure on the assumption that the academic is the one and only relevant criterion."

ANY analysis of university discontents must begin by subscribing to the university's *raison d'être* as a centre of higher intellectual study leading, for the undergraduate, to a degree which is an assessment quite as much of maturity of mind as of information amassed. Unto this, ideally, much else is added, especially character-training and the corporate virtues ; but of these, unlike its academic preserves, the university has no monopoly, and there would be palpable injustice, and doubtful logic, in excluding the more promising academic material to the advantage of the less promising in the hope merely that the latter *might* turn to better account the ancillary opportunities of undergraduate life. No admissions procedure, moreover, can possibly select future leaders in agriculture, commerce, industry, politics and the rest as such ; and if such are to-day being denied entry to the university on grounds of inadequate preliminary qualifications a strange conclusion would appear to derive concerning the intellectual demands of leadership in these callings. University appointments committees might here tell a different story ; increasing numbers of graduates go into just such careers, and the brake on their further swelling is a matter not of admissions policy but of persuading commerce and industry that the university-trained man is to them too an asset. To admit on the off-chance the man falling short in entrance requirements, again, is automatically to lower standards and to that extent to sell the pass, without reasoned assurance of compensating gain.

Proposals for thus broadening the intake bear almost invariably on the Faculty of Arts, though it is against the other faculties that the

charge of vocationalism must lie, and lie unanswered—not as unanswerable but as meaningless. No one is going to entrust his health, or the issue of a lawsuit, or the building of a bridge, to an indifferently qualified practitioner on the ground that he is more cultured, or a more estimable character. Yet the decline in popularity of the teaching profession in itself goes far to lay the fears that prompt the proposals while raising a new fear of a very different calibre. For if we break the circle of "producing teachers to produce teachers" and leave our upper forms in schools teacherless, a problem that the nation already has on its doorstep, the universities' future will be grim indeed. It may be that the proportion of failures in some universities is high, though profitable discussion here can only rest on percentage figures. The real problem is other, and must be tackled from another angle : it is the ensuring that every undergraduate, whatever his field of study or extra-academic interests, is exposed to the full play of broadening, civilizing, character-forming influences that some at present escape altogether. And any assumption that these influences only exist outside the lecture-room and are no concern of university teacher in his teaching would be in itself a grave betrayal of trust.

WILLIAM C. ATKINSON,
Professor of Spanish, Glasgow University.

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One Cambridge college, at least, is reputed to put the question rather differently from that suggested by the Vice-Chancellor of Reading University. It asks which of the applicants for admission seem most likely to avail themselves fully of the opportunities offered by residence to fit themselves to shoulder responsibility in the outside world. In this way the older universities continue to produce a reasonable number of those who are to be the leaders in industry and affairs generally.

Few teachers, whatever their university, would admit that their aim was not to turn out such men, but it is surprising how many do everywhere fail to see the difference between a university and a cramming establishment. The trouble is that, whether the teacher is pedestrian or enthusiastic, he finds it easier to drive the young man through a syllabus, growing every year heavier, to classification in a degree examination rather than to arrange a course of study which teaches the student to think and leaves him time to do so.

Though the difficulties he faces are great, the fault does not all lie with the teacher. As Mr. Wolfenden suggests, many students in the universities to-day are misplaced, not so much from lack of the

accepted academic qualifications but from inability to use the opportunities offered. The number of leaders or men of originality the nation can produce or, for that matter, the number who can make use of the fundamentals, to which such lip service is paid to-day, is relatively small. The rest are capable of playing their part in the honourable and essential task of keeping the machine running. For this they may need to learn a complicated craft, but a university is not the place for that. There are, or should be, other institutions which realize that they have just as essential a place in education by making it possible for men to concentrate, in a single-minded way often denied the university student, on equipping themselves thoroughly for their job in life. This form of education should not be confined, as it is almost entirely to-day, to those destined for technical posts in industry. The tendency towards vocational training in the universities, which Mr. Wolfenden deplores is actually less apparent among engineers and other applied scientists because, knowing that they are to go out into the world, they are anxious to take from the university all it offers. There is no-one with so narrow and vocational an aim, be he pure scientist or humanist, as the man who works for high distinction in the degree examination so that a post-graduate research grant will be forthcoming. A valuable reform would be to make it obligatory for everyone on graduation to leave the university for at least three years and to balance this by encouraging men of experience to return for post-graduate courses of instruction or research.

J. F. BAKER,

*Professor of Mechanical Sciences and Head of the
Department of Engineering in the University of Cambridge.*

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It is true that in many university departments only a minority of those who apply for entry and are qualified by matriculation actually obtain admission. But there is good reason for believing that this apparently high percentage of frustrated candidates is due to their general habit of applying to several universities at the same time in the hope that if they fail with one they may succeed in entering another. Sample investigations of certain classes of students—for example medical and mathematical—point to the conclusion that in fact most of those suited for entry to the profession concerned do succeed in finding a place in some university. It is obvious that if most would-be medical students apply for entry to half-a-dozen schools, the real desire for admission is only one sixth of the apparent

demand. There is, of course, a certain measure of real frustration; the number of girls who desire to become doctors always exceeds the limited number of places open to them, but there is a valid social justification for refusing them. Those university students who fail to stay the course and obtain a degree, do, as Mr. Wolfenden says, represent an apparent waste of public money; the numbers are not, however, large, nor is the money wasted, for he points out that a degree is only one, and not perhaps the greatest, benefit obtained from university education. In Birmingham the proportion of these failures is eight to nine per cent. In the United States about 50 per cent. of those entering colleges that confer a degree fail in their examinations at the end of the first year and depart never to return. But this is not regarded as wasteful; even one year at college is held to confer a civic sense, a community spirit, a regard for culture, that makes the financial sacrifice worth while. Even those who complete a degree course outnumber British graduates by 20 to one. They not only supply the professions but become leaders in most of the aspects of national life listed by Mr. Wolfenden, business and agriculture, politics and production, government and civil service. They are perhaps largely responsible for the high level of American productivity.

We are perhaps unlikely to extend our higher education so far, even if we could afford it. But British universities with their ever-increasing emphasis on science—pure, applied and social—might well ask themselves whether they are training undergraduates for life as well as leadership. Science tends to produce a sense of values which limits the full life for which universities should prepare their sons. It sees the world in terms of black and white, orthodox and heretical; it is material and not moral, and it has no concern with the craving for beauty which is one of the most deeply-rooted desires of human nature. Its increasing application to every aspect of life adds daily to our material comfort and prosperity. But it is also apt to engender that hard intolerance for anything different from accepted dogma which is a malaise of modern life.

HUMPHREY HUMPHREYS,

*Acting Vice-Chancellor, and Professor of
Dental Surgery, University of Birmingham.*

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Mr. Wolfenden makes an interesting proposal and raises some very important questions. He starts from the difficulty of making the

best selection from the applicants for admission to the university, and though holding that there are fewer candidates suitable for university education, at least under our present system, than there are places available, he thinks that some people fail to secure a place who are as good as or better than those who are admitted. His conclusion is that we should not base the whole of our university procedure on the assumption that the academic is "the one and only relevant criterion" and that we should aim at admitting those young people who are going to be the leaders in agriculture, commerce, the press, industry, radio, politics and local government.

I think that everyone will agree with this. Our selection of candidates is not infallible, and one weakness in it is that, in selecting, no weight is commonly given to qualities of personality and character; yet it is from those who possess these that the leaders of whom Mr. Wolfenden speaks are likely to be drawn. Such qualities are as important, both in the university and in life, as the mere capacity to pass an examination. This weakness can be met by the methods of selection described in the *Educational Supplement of The Times* for February 1. In Cornwall the selectors draw a line in their list of applicants "rather below those who are likely to get good second-class honours degrees. Those well above the line are given awards; those well below it are ruled out. More awards are then given to the middle group after school records and other reports have been considered. *At this stage other qualities are counted beside academic attainment.*" No system is mistake-proof. But I believe that these are the right lines on which to select, and that the words italicized describe a very wise procedure. Such methods would do a great deal to cure the defects of which Mr. Wolfenden complains.

On the other hand it would be very dangerous to ignore the academic criterion in selecting. Already a number of university students fail to pass their final examination. If we reduce the present modest intellectual requirements, either they will increase or we shall be obliged to lower our standards. Further, there is a risk that we shall admit students incapable of the normal university curriculum, and that, in order to meet their needs, we shall be obliged to introduce studies with which they can cope. That has happened in America and has resulted in the far-flung and sometimes very odd curriculum usual in American universities. There is a case for that type of university, but to initiate it here would be a revolution and, incidentally, a very expensive one.

Yet a problem, implicit in Mr. Wolfenden's article, remains. Education ends with school for far too large a proportion of the nation. I do not think that this problem can or should be solved by bringing large numbers to the university. Not only would that

change fundamentally alter the character of our universities, but experience has abundantly shown that education is much more profitable when those who receive it have seen something of life. This points to an extension of adult education for those who do not attend the university. And it should be education in a residential form. This can be provided through residential colleges for adult education such as already exist. But I believe that in the future the universities themselves will extend their extra-mural activities, and provide such education and such colleges, separate from, yet partly in connection with, their existing work. Some universities, notably Manchester and Nottingham, have already made a beginning on these lines.

RICHARD LIVINGSTONE,

*lately President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
and a former Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.*

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In what way is a university essentially different from an institution for advanced instruction and research? It is only worth calling a university if it succeeds in giving its members much more than knowledge as the term is normally used. We are apt to regard facts and information as knowledge proper—we hardly even count an intimate, active understanding of values and manners and standards as knowledge at all, and still less a developed sensitivity to music or the arts. A university, I suggest, has failed to give a distinctively university education to a man unless he emerges from it changed personally as well as trained mentally.

But it will succeed in giving him this personal and intimate education only as it has made him during his undergraduate years really belong to it as a community, coming to feel his own responsibility for preserving its values. If a university remembers only its function of adding to knowledge and research in the narrow sense, it will not be truly a university, however many new facts or truths it may unearth or unroll. Its function includes the job of adding to civilization by civilizing the individuals who make it up.

How can we bring about a state of affairs in which the modern university can educate its students more intensely? People—whether they be dons or schoolmasters or parents—willingly giving themselves to others are the most potent source of education, for the organic alone can give birth to the organic. The specialist honours school has often been a place of real "meeting" between professors and students, so that powerful currents of civilizing influence have flowed. Much more of such meeting is needed. Since the war some universities have made a determined attempt

to bring the general or pass student more closely into touch with his tutors and dons. The process must go a good deal further.

Secondly, the university must give its members a greater sense of belonging to a living whole—whether their own particular subject be philosophy or engineering, economics or physiology or dairy farming. Within the last few years there have been some encouraging movements to help in this—large residential conferences of freshmen, held during the two or three days before their first term starts, to introduce them to the idea of the university; lectures provided in recognized lecture hours every fortnight or so on a wide diversity of cultural subjects, with no rival lectures, labs. or classes going on at the same time, and attended by a vast congregation of students of all faculties; the provision of gymnasia, of university health services and of opportunities for corporate worship, all on a non-departmental and non-faculty basis. But we have not gone very far yet; many subjects are still taught in a bare and desolate isolation from others, even though the others may be taught, geographically speaking, quite near by.

If the modern universities develop more strongly as civilizing communities as well as learned societies, their power to influence the nation will grow rapidly. What better statement of their possibilities could we have than Ortega's ?

In the thick of life's urgencies and its passions, the university must assert itself as a major spiritual power, standing for serenity in the midst of frenzy, for seriousness and the grasp of intellect in the face of frivolity and unashamed stupidity.

W. R. NIBLETT,
*Professor of Education and Director of the
Institute of Education in the University of Leeds.*

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When a student is admitted to a university, he becomes a member of a community which exists essentially to serve the development of culture and the advance of knowledge. His education comes from being immersed in the atmosphere of intellectual activity and in being associated for a period with older and more experienced students for whom the cultivation of the things of the mind is a permanent and professional task.

Such is a recent expression of the idea of a university. Mr. Wolfenden presents a very different picture of the aims of entrants to universities at the present time. Contrasting the young men who in earlier days went to the university "to have a good time" with those who go to-day "to collect a piece of paper that will get them a job", he rightly suggests that there should be a middle way between

these two extremes.

In Cambridge it is the college system which still makes it possible to pursue such a middle way, although the difficulties are now greater. Forty years ago the tutor of a college deliberately accepted a number of candidates for pass degrees. They might, or might not, qualify for such degrees, but they were welcome candidates by virtue of their *savoir faire*, of their athletic ability and of what are now called their qualities of leadership. To-day such candidates must offer more than good manners or athletic distinction. They must be fit to be entered for an honours course and they must pass the appropriate examinations at certain fixed times. The "have-a-good-timer" and the Rugger blue, pure and simple, are, as Mr. Wolfenden says, obsolete phenomena. But even with the higher intellectual standard demanded of such candidates, a tutor is still free, in his selection of entrants, to take into account their potential value to the college as a society.

For a college is not merely an assembly of teachers and pupils. It contains many diverse elements, but it is a social organism—a microcosm which, without set forms, provides an opportunity for training in good judgment, in tolerance, in human management and in other qualities of fundamental importance in later life, whether they be exercised in administration, in a profession, or in business. The modern universities are rightly stressing the importance of their halls of residence and in this development lies the best hope of establishing those additional criteria which Mr. Wolfenden seeks.

S. C. ROBERTS,
*Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and a
former Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.*

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Mr. Wolfenden acknowledges that the present university system in Great Britain—though in itself not essentially bad—contains many evils, and sees the root of some of these evils in the preoccupation of both students and teachers with "getting a degree". The aim of universities, in practice, seems to be not the imparting of knowledge as such, or inculcating a general culture, but the forcing of young minds into an examination system.

If the facts are such, is there not at least a partial solution in a thorough reformation of the examination system—or even in the suppression of it—and the establishment of a different method of selection altogether? How can you prevent young people, or their friends, or their teachers from thinking constantly of that degree, on which a whole lifetime depends?

Speaking perhaps only for French, and even then only for French

in London, I am not prepared to say that the best students do not, on the whole, come out at the top of the list. They more or less do, but the bad examination system has weighed for three or four years on all their work and they are therefore not half so well prepared as they should be for service to the community that has paid for their studies. Nor is their general culture as broad and as sound as it should be. Practically all of them are preparing to be teachers. As teachers they do not possess the knowledge they should have. As cultured human beings they have been given very little chance—and a teacher who is not a cultured human being is dangerous. That on the whole teachers produced under this system are as good as they are is a credit to the nearly infinite good will of youth. Knowledge of French throughout the country (I do not say specially in the best schools) is much higher than it was 30 years ago, but that is due to the good will and work of the teachers when once appointed much more than to the universities.

In my opinion, the university system of final examinations is obsolete. It grew out of practices established for a small body of students; it cannot work properly for the great numbers we are dealing with now. It should be suppressed altogether and replaced by a system of selection based on totally different principles. The final selection of the best students should be made according to their work during the three or four years' course, not according to the artificial, unnatural test at the end. Thus the results would come out of the work done and the work would not be influenced by preoccupation with the final examinations.

DENIS SAURAT,
Professor of French, King's College, London, 1926-1950.

THE HISTORICAL TASK OF KARL JASPERS

By J. B. COATES

IN his work as a philosopher Karl Jaspers has felt called to perform a particular historical task. He believed that Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, the two philosophers who most determined the direction of his thought but not its detailed elaboration, in effect shattered the edifice of traditional philosophy and made it necessary to make a new start. The two great tendencies in philosophy before Kierkegaard and Nietzsche were idealism, which reached its final development and virtual suicide in the Hegelian system, and naturalism or scientism. Hegel built up, by the use of his dialectic, a totalitarian intellectual structure claiming to enclose every aspect of existence and to reconcile every contradiction. The system was a *tour de force*, but it was recognized by Kierkegaard, whose criticism gave it a death-blow, as in effect fatal to freedom and to the place of human personality as a centre of genuine decision. If truth was a formal system which could be handed to us on a plate by the philosopher, what was there left for the individual to do but to accept it and go to sleep?

Since Kierkegaard it has become impossible for any philosopher to seek to imprison the world of concrete existences in a conceptual system. The second tendency of philosophy was that expressed through empiricism and science, the disposition to view the universe objectively and analytically, to see it as a collection of inter-related facts to be discovered by the scientific method. Freedom seemed to Kierkegaard to be as effectively destroyed by the scientific approach as by the Hegelian dialectic. The person to whom the world was merely a collection of facts had nothing to do but to know the facts, while he himself was nothing but a collection of inter-related facts; Kierkegaard failed to see how the experience of personality could be fitted into such a picture. But what concerned him was the effect of such a view on the scientist himself and those who came under his influence. What Kierkegaard called "existence" was the unique personality which a man made for himself by free, responsible decisions. He remarked that the person absorbed in the acquirement and discovery of scientific knowledge forgot what it meant to "exist". A preoccupation with fact turned man away from that life of inwardness through which, by coming into full

consciousness of his "anguish", he discovered his freedom and built the structure of an "authentic" personality through his choices. Since Kierkegaard no one who has grasped the significance of his work has been able to regard science as doing more than to show us one aspect of the real; the understanding of life and personality which is gained through engagement and relationship, the understanding of the poet, artist and seer, is an understanding that is inaccessible to the scientific method, yet it is this understanding that is the source of our knowledge of value.

Karl Jaspers believes that the work of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche in destroying idealism, in discrediting scientism, in overthrowing the idea of moral truth as existing objectively, as in some system, to be accepted on the strength of some intellectual or spiritual authority, was salutary. The task of destruction had to take place; the experience of nihilism had to be lived through. Kierkegaard and Nietzsche are still essential for our basic attitude; even now their goal, of making us truly awake, of arousing us from our dogmatic slumbers, is not achieved. But he adds that they are the exceptions; we cannot take them as exemplars; they do not really show us the way forward. Nietzsche never found a true escape from the nihilism which the critical aspect of his work engendered. Kierkegaard found an escape for himself, but it was one in which we cannot follow him. The form of his acceptance of Christianity, with its faith through the absurd, its virtual abandonment of the freedom which it is his chief claim to greatness to have affirmed, its rejection of humanism, is a form which is repellent to any reasonable man. Kierkegaard took the leap of faith "from speculation into Christianity" while vigorously maintaining that both the historical and the speculative proofs of the faith were completely unconvincing. It is difficult not to recognize Kierkegaard as the believer who forced himself to believe, driven by his neurosis and his dead father, so that his very affirmation of Christianity tends to destroy Christianity. However, Karl Jaspers holds that Kierkegaard and Nietzsche blazed the trail for us. Philosophical truth in future has to be existential; it cannot be merely objective; it has to be related to the free life of the person fulfilling his historical destiny in particular situations, making and re-making himself by his choices in a world of personal and social relationships, confronted always with the responsibility for decision so that it rests with him whether he gains his soul or loses it. But though Kierkegaard and Nietzsche posed the problem, they did not teach the rest of us who are not "exceptions" how to live. This then is the question which Karl Jaspers has attempted to answer, to discover how we who are not exceptions, but who have passed through the experience of nihilism, can learn how to live.

His philosophical scheme seeks first to display human experience

in its full concreteness and amplitude, in the abundant variety of its modes and aspects. He rejects any monistic interpretation, any attempt to sum up man's life in terms of this or that mode of being, whether that of spirit or matter, of subjective experience as intuitively known or objective knowledge as scientifically discovered. He holds that because of the inescapable limitations of our perspectives there are, inevitably, elements of paradox in any interpretation that takes into account the full concreteness of the real. Being, amid its superabundance and often contradictory manifestations, confronts us in three primary modes, which he describes as Being-There, Being-Oneself, and Being-Itself. Being-There is the world of fact, the world of reliable knowledge, which is the concern of science. He finds in the true scientist a genuinely metaphysical impulse, a disinterested desire to discover the real, and a profound moral integrity, a respect for fact, a willingness to abandon every prejudice and prepossession in the face of fact. The fact, he says, is a solid presence; it is so, and we can do nothing about it but to discover it and confront it. Nevertheless the scientist can only discover one aspect of the real, the world in its objectivity. It is the error of the positivist to confuse the world of fact with the whole of reality. The very virtues which constitute the true nobility of the scientist, his devotion to truth, his defiance—to the death if necessary—of those who would thwart his passion for the real, would be inexplicable if the scientist himself consisted merely of fact to be objectively studied, if he were not more than fact, if he were not a manifestation of liberty.

The second mode of Being, then, the mode of Being-Oneself, is the mode of liberty, the mode of the self-determinations of individual personalities. Karl Jaspers, like Kierkegaard, calls this the mode of "existence". A person "exists" in so far as he makes himself and so becomes "authentic". Man's "anguish" lies in the fact that he is under constant pressure to be "inauthentic", the pressure of material necessity, social conformity, instinctual craving; these all the while seek to make him into something which he feels to be not himself, to embody nothing of his own choice. At the same time he is compelled to be free; he cannot escape from making choices, and he can "choose himself", that is, refuse mere compliance, and build for himself a personality which expresses his own valuations; on the other hand he can choose conformity, he can make, to use Jean-Paul Sartre's phrase, the choice of a "*salaul*". The world of value, the world of the determinations of personalities, is not the world with which science deals, though that is not to say that a valuation, when it has once been made, does not become a fact subject to scientific investigation like any other fact. Nevertheless ethical and aesthetic valuations are not the work of science but are the creation of personalities as they make and re-make themselves. Ethical

valuations, once made, may be embodied in codes, and as such they may help to create what is merely determined and inauthentic in man. At the same time codes embody elements of traditional wisdom. The authentic person will neither comply with them nor merely reject them; he will establish a living relationship with them.

The third mode of Being Karl Jaspers calls Being-Itself, or Transcendence, or the Comprehensive. It is clear that because of the limitations of our faculties we can never know the whole of reality, we can never know the Comprehensive. But, in his view, every truly philosophical mind is turned towards it, seeks constantly the fullest possible knowledge of the ultimately real. All being must be objectified for us in the form of phenomena; it is for us as we know it, and not as it is in itself. But a true philosophical faith holds that we can constantly seek and find a greater awareness of the Comprehensive, of Being, though necessarily mediated through the forms of historical and personal existence and phenomenal forms. Religious faith depends upon holding that man can achieve a direct relationship with the Comprehensive, or Transcendence, or God. Karl Jaspers holds that the moments at which God's voice is audible to us are the truly exalted moments of our experience, so that it is by such moments and for such moments alone that we live. The certitude we feel when we believe God speaks to us is, he adds, only a subjective certitude. The knowledge thus gained does not belong to the world of objective knowledge with which science deals, and there is always the possibility that we are in error or that we misinterpret the divine word. Nevertheless, he says, man's personal relation with the transcendent is the basis of all living religion.

Karl Jaspers remarks that there has developed, on the frontiers of philosophy and especially in connection with science and the positivistic mentality, a mode of living and thinking in which the sources of faith—as in personal values and man's relation with transcendence—are abandoned. He calls this form of thought "scientism", or "anti-philosophy", because, where it occurs, philosophy is attacked and replaced by science. He regards it as important that philosophical faith thought and philosophy should defend themselves against "anti-philosophy"—any attitude which asserts absolute immanence and denies transcendence, which regards empirical existence as the only reality. Although empirical existence is only ephemeral and appearance as such, thus absolutizing transient realities. Anti-philosophy, says Karl Jaspers, results in demonology, the deification of man, and nihilism. The man who lacks a religious or philosophical faith in transcendence, who fails to realize his dependence on what is given to him from a transcendent source, tends to assert himself and his own will absolutely and so becomes demonic. Modern

demonism is protean in its forms and is constantly taking on new disguises and worshipping new idols. "Without God", he remarks, "only idols remain." The deification of man, when it does not take the form of the conscious or unconscious worship by man of himself, may take the form of a blind veneration of "great men", frequently of charlatans, but it may also take the form of a humanism not lacking in nobility. But even if it assumes a sublime form, philosophical faith, says Karl Jaspers, which must never forget the finite character of man and must always stand before God and await his word, must reject it. The deification of man dishonours man by making things easy for him, by giving him the tangible instead of the ciphers and hieroglyphics in which God's word is uttered.

As we have seen, the Jaspers analysis of the contemporary situation has its starting-point in the belief that Kierkegaard and Nietzsche have laid the foundation for a radical human transformation; to-day man, down to the very last individual, is being subjected to a revolutionary change in his objective living conditions, and the transformation of his forms of religious belief has to be no less far-reaching. Certain modern religious schools have reacted to nihilism and positivism by a demand for a return to an unlimited orthodoxy, in spite of their total inability to restore by such methods what religion used to be, a force pervading the whole of life. No such return to the past is, in Karl Jaspers' view, either possible or desirable, though that is not to say that a valid adjustment must not include an assimilation of what is still living in our tradition. In particular it must assimilate the element of eternal truth in Biblical religion, which is a realization of the value of man's relation with a "living God". "Because they stand before God," he says, "the men of the Bible, even while they know themselves to be nothing, grow to superhuman stature. These men of God and prophets without weapons are spiritual heroes, who maintain themselves against the world around them because they feel themselves to be servants of God." But this old truth must be expressed in a new language and given a richer meaning. Also the Biblical insight has to receive the guidance of philosophical self-consciousness and critical thought which in the Bible is lacking.

In particular Biblical religion has to be rescued from certain fixations which have been effected within it, which are contrary to its own profounder spirit as well as to modern philosophical understanding. Among these are the religion of the law, as it has been stabilized in Judaism, the acceptance of the rule of a hierarchical priesthood, as we find it in Catholicism, and also the religion of Christ, in so far as it sees God in Christ or seeks salvation through Christ on the basis of a traditional conception of the efficiency of the sacrifice. It is true, no doubt, that God speaks through Jesus, but He speaks through many men, in the Bible in particular through the

successive prophets. No man can be God ; God speaks exclusively through no man, not even Christ. There was never a time in history when men could not and did not turn towards God and find meaning in life through dialogue with God. There is no absolute middle point, the year nought of man's redemption, but history is an unbroken flow of tones from life's original source to its consummation.

Karl Jaspers recognizes the value of a church as the vehicle of a living tradition, as a form of order and an instrument of education. But the rigidity of religious institutions and their claim to exclusivity and finality in the possession of truth must be overcome. What are his conclusions on this most crucial of all issues, the problem of the transformation of men's beliefs ? He remarks that we have first to abandon our fatal complacency ; it is a terrifying fact, he remarks, that despite all the upheaval and devastation of our time, we are still in danger of living and thinking as though nothing really important had happened. We must abandon the temptation to restore the past or seek security in hallowed formulae. We have to keep ourselves constantly alert and capable of adjustment, able to find and prove ourselves in solitude, able to hear the voice of transcendence, and, above all, capable of communication. The true spirit of reason in our times in his view, shows itself in a boundless desire for communication. He stresses, indeed, the importance of science, urging that it is hardly possible to exaggerate the significance of that really unlimited inquiry, accompanied by boundless self-criticism, which is the essence of science. Whatever is manifested in the world science can take as its object, our consciousness of every reality thus becoming sharpened and clarified. Philosophy to-day must take as its basis all the verified knowledge that science provides. But at the same time all superstitious belief in science must be exposed ; it is folly to believe that the world can be put in order by scientific thinking and scientific planning, while science must not be expected to provide life aims which spring from the personal mode of being. But most fundamental of all the issues of our time is that of creating unreserved communication among men. Until the modern era there was sufficient cohesion in Christian communities for communication not to constitute a problem of the first order. But this spiritual community has largely disappeared. It can only be restored through the widespread establishment of genuine communication. Communication, Karl Jaspers remarks, depends upon (1) becoming deeply concerned with the historically different without being untrue to one's own historicity ; (2) realizing the relativity of scientific truth, while recognizing its just claims ; (3) abandoning all claims to exclusivity in the possession of truth because of the breach of communication it implies, and (4) taking up the battle with the historically different but transforming it into a "loving battle", a search for the truth that

emerges *between* groups and men, when they have a genuine desire to act in common, to build the true life of community.

True philosophical faith, he concludes, is inseparable from complete openness to communication. "Authentic truth arises only where faiths meet in the presence of the Comprehensive." And genuine communication is only possible among people who know how to listen for and hear the voice of the transcendent.

If truth is the fruit of communication, untruth grows out of the fixation of faiths that merely repel each other. It is impossible to talk with fanatics. What the existentialist philosopher calls "existence" or "authentic personality" depends upon a capacity to create and re-create oneself, and the man incapable of openness, of meeting the challenge of the historically different, is incapable of "authenticity". Karl Jaspers' remedy, then, for the nihilism created in part by the teaching of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, turns very largely on his faith in communication. It is a doctrine similar to that of Martin Buber's "I and Thou". It is commonly said that it is Utopian to regard men as capable of communication to any considerable extent, that men are always attached and committed to their beliefs and prepossessions, and moved mainly by their passions, their will to power and the defence of their practical interests. It is undoubtedly true that the policies almost universally adopted to-day assume that in general man cannot achieve communication and so must be disciplined in accordance with some particular set of beliefs, laws and conventions. Karl Jaspers criticizes this attitude by asserting that those who make such judgments about men assert more than they know, that man's nature is always in question, is always something to be made. There is a strong will to communication at the heart of man's being ; the idea of communication is not Utopia, but faith. He asks that every man should face the question whether or not he believes in the potentiality in men really to live together, really to meet and speak together from truth and sincerity, and really through such togetherness to move towards a truth which is an authentic expression of man's common life. The deepest belief of Karl Jaspers is that in our present distress communication is the fundamental task before us. "The elucidation of communication from its multiple sources in the modes of the comprehensive is becoming a central theme of philosophical endeavour ; to carry communication in all its possibilities closer to realization is the daily labour of philosophy."

(Mr. Coates is the author of *The Crisis of the Human Person*.)

SETTLING IN NEW ZEALAND A CENTURY AGO

From C. M. Igglesden's letters

BEFORE the writer of these extracts emigrated to New Zealand in 1856-1857 he was an assistant in the office of a Worcester architect to whom the recipient of the letters, W. Watkins, was at that time articled. On the death of the latter in 1926 at the age of 92 the letters passed to his son, Mr. W. G. Watkins of 4 Nettleham Road, Lincoln, England, who would be interested to hear from any descendants or relatives in New Zealand of his father's friend, C. M. Igglesden, and would gladly hand over the letters if so desired. Mr. Igglesden was unmarried when he emigrated and may have remained so, but he had an uncle in Wellington whom he describes as "one of the oldest and most respected settlers" but whose name he does not mention.

After a voyage of 81 days, during which C. M. Igglesden also kept a log, he concluded a diary-letter to W. Watkins thus :

Sunday, February 10, 1856. Much noise this morning came from those on deck and at 4 o'clock a whale was seen. I went up soon after 6 and was surprised by the extensive panorama stretched before me; we were about five miles from land which consisted of a series of high hills rising one behind the other and covered as far as the eye could reach with a thicket of gum trees; along the base stretched a sandy shore varied occasionally by broken ground of a red sandy nature. The whole presented the appearance of an impenetrable wilderness fit only for the refuge of Kangaroos and Opossums. What struck me as singular was the serrated outline of the woody scenery jagged as a fir plantation or as the surface of white coral. We sailed along the whole morning on a calm sea with a light breeze astern propelling us at the rate of 4 miles an hour the land gradually decreasing in altitude as the Port Philip heads, assuming at first the appearance of needles, became visible, and the faint blue line of the more distant coast could be traced above the horizon on both boards. It was warm like a July morning in England. Baracoutas, fish similar to the mackerel but longer and larger, were caught in such numbers from the stern as to supply every one on board with a taste and supersede for the time salt junk. At noon we gained on several square-rigged vessels.

At dinner the shout was heard "the pilot boat is coming" and I ran up on deck and saw a smart little cutter astern. The pilot was a crippled weather-beaten veteran in naval coat and broad brimmed

panama hat with a face underneath it as full of crevices as the neighbouring coast; he was furthermore groggy and half seas over. Posting himself in one of the life-boats over the side of the poop, a series of manoeuvres were executed above the comprehension of a landsman but which ended in our crossing successfully a bar over which the surf was breaking and we shortly anchored off Port Philip heads for about 20 minutes during which the customs and health officers paid their visits and the mails for Geelong were handed over-board. The anchor was then speedily drawn up, the vessel which had drifted bows out with the tide was turned about and we made a splendid entrance into the most magnificent bay I have ever seen. The water was almost as calm as a mill-pond, the vessel as steady as a rock, and I missed its accustomed motion. We were making about 4 knots an hour with a light breeze astern and had royals set and yards squared; the sky was almost cloudless and the sun intensely hot, the haze caused objects to be rather indistinct, but yet a vast panorama was stretched before our eyes and the remainder of one of the longest days in my life was spent in feasting my eyes on the various objects of interest which we passed (a pleasure which those only can appreciate who have beheld naught for 80 days but the face of the desolate and boundless ocean). At sunset mountain land dimly rose on all sides, we were in Hobson's bay. Bony hills and Ballarat were pointed out to me. At half past 8 we fired off two cannons to acquaint the good people of Melbourne with our arrival.

Later. The next day I hooked it on shore as soon as I could with two others to see the place, rode up on a jolting rail-road half a mile long from Sandridge to Melbourne (charge 1s) raced over the place to see as much as we could in the least possible time and rode up to St. Kilda's for a bathe. This excursion detained me for a week on board the *Mermaid* as in our absence a steamer had come alongside and had taken away the passengers for V.D. Land, but as I lived like a fighting cock in the interim, meat being brought along-side every day, I did not so much care. Melbourne looks like what it is, a town built in a hurry, houses of all sizes and of wood, brick or iron alongside of each other. The Scotch church is of galvanized iron and the pinnacles look as if cut out of cardboard; it is in the Brummagem-Gothic style. The streets are broad and well laid out, gas is laid down, but in a town numbering from 200 to 300 thousand inhabitants and increasing rapidly there is scarcely a building worth looking at except from its eccentricity of design. The price of everything is extravagantly high, scarcely any copper money seen and the tradesmen obliged to circulate copper tokens. The charge for a glass of English ale 6d., for a cut of bread and cheese 6d., and so on, wages good and employment easily found. Melbourne is a very good place for a pushing money-making man;

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mere dock labourers get 7s. 6d. a day and I should have liked to have given the place a trial had I not been obliged to proceed to New Zealand. The climate is warm and they are subject to hot winds, flies swarm in the streets and even men wear veils as a protection from dust and mosquitoes. Men from all countries push about in Gt. Collins Street as busy as cockneys in Cheapside and great numbers proceed to the diggings which are now growing into townships more extensive and more peopled than Melbourne. Lola Montes is, as you have doubtless read, carrying on her foolery at the diggings but the people are now getting sick of her.

Later.

I will now wind up by giving you a few notes on Van Dieman's Land or Tasmania. This is like the Continent of Australia, a mountainous country covered with dense forests of gum trees of various sorts and sizes but all without exception evergreens, possessing aromatic and medicinal properties, shedding their bark instead of their leaves and with wood of an extremely hard nature but often easily split into planks or palings of any required length or thickness and not needing the subsequent use of the plane. There are however to the westward of the islands (but little known on account of its bleak climate) vast plains similar to the prairies of America and where the Kangaroos and Opossums scarce in other parts are still to be found in large numbers. The aborigines, a debased and almost helpless race have gradually been inhumanly massacred by shepherds and bushrangers and now but 20 of them remain who are employed by Government at Little Oyster Cove, not far from here. Their chief wrote up the other day for a grant of 10 acres; this was of course given him. There is no doubt that this country holds out great inducement to the working farmer specially if he has little capital to start with. Although generally the country is rocky and sandy and therefore better adapted for sheep runs which sometimes extend over many thousands of acres, there is yet in the valley, where vegetable soil has accumulated for ages, wonderfully rich soil. I have myself seen, when among the settlers in the bush, stringy bark and gum trees two or three hundred feet high shooting up as straight and as smooth as the mast of a ship and only bearing leaves at the top. Some of the trunks are six and seven feet in diameter; these trees are of course of great antiquity; on Mount Wellington there is one 800 years old, but this is sufficient to show the fertility of the soil. The price of land in the bush is now £1 (in New Zealand I believe it is still 5s.) per acre, in proposed townships £2, and in towns from £25 per quarter-acre allotments. The settlers clear the land both by the axe and by the fire and a general complaint made here against tenants is that they take cleared farms on lease, exhaust the soil without manuring it and then hook it

somewhere else.

Cleared land requires no manure for the first two or three years, a cousin of mine from a poor stock has grown potatoes weighing 5lbs. the root; land is also estimated to produce 25 tons of carrots to the acre and if good 30 tons and the price of carrots is now £9 per ton. The great scourge of this place are the poisonous reptiles, such as tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions but above all snakes, of which there are a great variety. They seldom attack man but their bite is mortal, and unless the part bitten is instantly cut out and the blood sucked a man would die in twenty minutes. A man who was formerly a crown prisoner here (i.e. transported) when out in the bush saw a fight between a bandicoot and a snake, the former (a sort of wild rat) ate a herb which cured it of the bites, so that the man was at once in possession of the secret of which he is the sole possessor. He himself makes the antidote and exhibits the effects on himself going about with the most dangerous snakes in his hat and letting them bite him, but as yet no one has been sufficiently philanthropic to offer him a reward for his discovery.

There is no work for an architect here unless he combines building with architecture. Land surveyors on the contrary have made fortunes both here and in Melbourne. Surveying is however rather different to what it is in England—you go out perhaps for six months; take your three chain men whose wages are £30 a year and their grub, your tent and your bullocks for food which you drive before you and cut your way through the bush, succeeding in very thick parts in measuring three chains in a straight line per day. Gold has been found here but not in very large quantities. I have however no doubt but what it will eventually be discovered in workable fields. The discovery of the diggings in Australia worked a great change here; at that time mutton and bread were 1d. a pound and living exceedingly cheap, but as Melbourne is now a market for everything, living is about twice as expensive as in England but then it is easier got and wages are good. Society is not as good and more limited than in England, and many of the snobs have been sent out here at the expense of the Queen, in fact transports are generally better off than free people as the first who were out here had grants of land, a practice now discontinued. Hobarton is well situated, a splendid harbour in front, and Mount Wellington nearly 5,000 feet high in the rear, but at present it holds out no inducements for me to stay and as my uncle at Wellington in New Zealand is a tolerably rich and influential man I am rather sanguine in the hope that he will put me in a berth a little better than that of an architectural draughtsman at 30s. per week and unlimited bullying.

* * * * *

Wellington, May 11, 1857

Dear Watkins,

The task you have set before me of "favouring you with an explicit and lengthened account of my adopted country not only in a professional point of view, but also the prospect it holds for the Farmer and Grazier, and the tradesman in general" has rather taken me aback. It would be difficult and perhaps unwise for me with my limited amount of colonial experience to give you any positive advice recommending you by all means to come here, for although I believe that you would find here a remunerative field for your exertions, yet as I know not what advantages you might lose or prospects relinquish by leaving your country I should in the event of your failure (though I consider that would be improbable) deem myself partly answerable for the fruit of my advice—I will therefore confine myself to stating what I know cannot be controverted.

To be egotistical, but because I know my welfare will interest you, I will begin with myself. Although I regret the absence of those social advantages which belong to the nucleus of civilization and feel especially the separation from my relations and friends—yet my position here is in many respects more comfortable and less straitened than when I was in the old country and my prospects of future competence nearer and brighter. There is however this to be said that I enjoy the friendship, advice and aid of my uncle, one of the oldest and most respected of settlers and although my coming out here was quite a speculation on my part, occasioned partly by the poor prospects in England for those of our profession, and although I arrived in Wellington £7 in debt and with but 3s. 6d. in my pocket and shall make this year £180 if not more—yet I should not have undertaken the journey had I not been sure of receiving such a welcome as I have experienced. This is not however at present a country for those of the architectural profession; all the edifices are of wood, on account of the earthquakes, and not very durable—neither is there much of a field for engineers as the province is still very poor, but few bridges and those of a very simple description are required and the obstacles to railways and canals are great, both natural and inpecuniary (if I may be allowed to coin a word). Lawyers and doctors thrive of course as they will everywhere, and attention beginning to be drawn to the vast mineral resources of this country it is probable that practical geologists may find it worth their while to explore our rocks and mountain ranges and indicate with certainty the existence and presence of valuable mineral lodes. I think that after a little delay a good land surveyor and draughtsman might obtain constant employment but, although I am not acquainted with any vacancy at present existing in the Government staff, I dare say an

opening would be made for a person of ability if even he commenced (like myself) with 6s. a day. At all events I should recommend you should you intend emigrating to perfect yourself in the knowledge of land surveying not so much on a small scale and by the chain only as by the theodolite and circumferenter, to read yourself up in the calculation of the sides of triangles by the application of logarithms (Hutton's or Chambers' are the best) and especially to make yourself acquainted with the use of the instruments I have named and the spirit-level. Also, if you come out, neglect nothing appertaining to your own art, make a good collection of designs, specifications and working drawings, especially those pertaining to carpentry and joinery; bring all your professional books and a good stock of instruments, colours etc., for the latter are very rare and expensive here. When once known you might find it to your interest after having acquired some experience of the country to start as a private surveyor and you might even, as the colony is advancing, get some little practice as an architect.

I had no intention of sticking to my profession when I left England and always neglected the opportunity of doing what I so much recommend to yourself, namely, the forming of a collection of good practical drawings and specifications. I had on the contrary some prospect of learning stock-keeping and was even offered by my uncle 40 head of cattle to commence operations with a chance I sometimes half regret having declined, but as my own feelings of pride made it unpleasant to myself to sponge on him and as at the same time an opportunity existed of getting on the survey-staff as draughtsman, through his interest, I embraced the latter alternative and was at once independent. The salary I now get, £150, though small is more than sufficient for my expenditure, as my uncle allows me the use of an old house in town, thus saving house rent and, although clothing is very dear, edibles are in the town perhaps cheaper than in England. In addition I shall probably make this year over £30 by little architectural jobs, which have not been sought but have been thrust upon me, with the exception perhaps of the additional premium of £15 awarded to my design for the new House of Parliament. They are now putting up a design plagiarized from one of my own and you will probably see something about it in the *Builder*.

Still for all this I should not recommend you to come out on professional grounds alone for, could you not get a Government situation, £30 or £50 made by architecture among this wooden box building community would not suffice to keep you and you would thrive better as a draughtsman upon £80 or £90 in England, a situation you would be sure to procure and hold. This is the country *par excellence* for poor labouring farming men and for artisans, especially carpenters. Yet the Province of Wellington would prob-

ably have been deluged with men of this description who are being imported with their wives and families to the tune of two or three thousand, by the provincial Government, were it not that the happy discovery of a large gold field at Nelson has prompted many of them to cut and run despite their debt of £14 10s. to the Government for their passage money. Of course the contract for this wholesale emigration has been taken by a Liverpool line and of course we get a set of half starved L'pool loafers. There has been a bad piece of work with the *Ann Wilson* of which you will see the account probably in the English papers—my uncle prosecuted the Captain, the only tangible person, who was fined to the amount of £1,860, but he has absconded and is believed to have bolted in his vessel which was hovering about the heads (the entrance to Port Nic.). I cannot help thinking that his escape was winked at by the Pro. Govt. although they offered £100 for his capture but intentionally omitted any description of his person ; consequently a newcomer was pounced upon by some of the Maori police, pinioned and brought into town only to be liberated when the resident magistrate saw he was the wrong man. The chap, who was a married man, being arrested on a somewhat desolate spot and totally ignorant of the Maori lingua must have fancied that he had fallen into the hands of a lot of tattooed cannibals. A great number of deaths occasioned by starvation, from want of food, water, and medical comforts occurred on the *Ann Wilson* ; one man died in the Colonial hospital, he was past recovery. The rascally ship-owners and charterers and the emigration officer at L'pool are the real culprits ; the Captain was merely their representative. It is to be regretted that the London shipowners are becoming as great adepts in swindling as their brethren of L'pool. The fact is the passage money for the lowest class being reduced to so small a sum, the grub is obliged to be stinted to make it pay, and even the cabin passengers who pay a high rate are sometimes as badly off as the others. The L'pool vessels have this advantage, they are generally clippers, make quick voyages and you escape all the knocking about and detention in the Channel, so that your period of starvation is reduced—but then the damned rogues take advantage of this and, the searching officers conniving, vessels are provisioned only for 60 days when they are just as likely to be a hundred on the voyage. This was the case with the *Ann Wilson* on which hunger, disappointment and fever did their work.

You must remember that once on board and under weigh you are at the mercy of the captain, doctor, purser and cook, and therefore it is as well to provide against possibilities. Prefer paying a few pounds more to go in a vessel that is not overcrowded and is well provisioned. I should recommend the second cabin although I

roughed it in the intermediate which is in every respect as bad as the steerage and, to a dozen of wine should possibly be preferred, if the vessel is ill-supplied with water or the casks or tanks prove leaky, some few dozen of *spring water* ! With hams, herrings, baking powder and a few preserves—bring out with you a good stock of clothes and boots to last some years (these should be packed in a tin, soldered up and secured in a case for the voyage, for you can wear any rags on board ship) and if you intend to settle and take to farming or stock-keeping, a *hard working wife*, a little capital, and even such saucepans and grid-irons as you can pack up in a small compass, and perhaps furniture. I even think it is advisable to bring your farming implements and carpenter's tools with you if on inquiry you find the cost of their freight is not exorbitant, for everything of the sort is very dear here. This province however is not a farming province, it being so hilly, but rather a grazing country. Canterbury on the contrary is a level plain covered with miles of corn-fields.

I have seen instances of men who arrived with only a few shillings in their pocket who were glad to put their heads in any hovel and who by their perseverance, although still coarse rough fellows, are possessed of houses, land and cattle. Could you buy some good land, stock it, live on it and wait for the improvement of the locality, you would find yourself in course of time a rich man. Thus town acres which in the commencement of the colony were sold for £2 are now worth £500. The price of land is rising and it is only in the interior that you can buy it for the ridiculously low prices said to be general here by the shipping agents in England whose business it is to tell varnished lies. Again, although I should always feel happy to repay the hospitality I have experienced at your hands, still I should say that you would feel the absence of a relation or friend who could give you advice and assistance and I should recommend you if you can to bring some capital with you, money being after all the best commodity all over the world, and you might possibly find it to your advantage to be serving-man before you were master. I knew a Scotchman who brought here £1,200 in his pocket but who at once accepted a situation of 5s. per diem before he would waste his capital in looking about him.

By the bye some of the grumblers say that Wellington is only fit for Scotchmen, who certainly thrive here, but I should think that Englishmen could imitate them. I believe the place is much like the "Land o'cakes" in its external appearance, mountainous and grand, but deucedly hilly and barren and although enjoying a wonderful climate for productiveness yet you in vain look for the fertile expanse which is such a feature of English scenery. This is not a paradise as some of your ship agents would make you believe, and although for the last three months we have enjoyed cloudless skies with scarcely a shower (the cattle meanwhile becoming dry and thin) an unexampled

continuance of fine weather, which has not been shared in other provinces— during which Port Nicholson often presented the picture of a sleeping lake, yet we shall pay for this soon by having clay hills as greasy as butter and about as pleasant to walk on, while the hollows will be knee-deep in mud and some fine day or night the ferocious wind will take off our gutters and deposit them by way of a joke in our neighbour's garden or play such freaks with the verandah that it will have to be lashed to the ground to prevent it from taking an aerial trip.

New colonies present this advantage that although labour and provisions are dear and duties high, yet taxation itself is almost unknown. This will however make its appearance, for our New Provincial Government, having contracted a loan of £150,000 to carry out their schemes and feather their own nests, how else can this be repaid? The evil will of course eventually cure itself by a re-action, but in the meantime many who own land will pay more than its value in taxes. Still if you could come out to this part of the world you need not stay in Wellington; there are the other provinces of Auckland, New Plymouth, Nelson, Canterbury and Otago which have each their peculiar advantages, or if dissatisfied with New Zealand there are the older and more advanced colonies of Sydney and Victoria and others in southern Australia or even that of Tasmania. If not pleased with any of these I should say that "Eden" only would suit you.

You must now allow me to finish. Has old ——— been making affectionate inquiries after me? If so, pray inform him that I am thinking of forwarding him shortly the 35s. I owe him as I think the time I have deferred paying it will take the polish off his exorbitant charge for a frock coat which after all has proved a deuced good one for I have not taken the shine out of it yet. You can also say *sotto voce* that if he likes to invest in land out here I shall be very happy to be his agent. Do not leave England if you are doing well, but if you determine upon coming over here and if alive I shall be very happy to see you (for probably if dead I shall not be able to); you must make up your mind to rough it, to live upon salt pork and to wash once a week (that is to say in the bush) and be determined to stay here long enough to make your fortune and then if you like, and the electric telegraph is laid on, go home with your hands full (of tin) and enjoy yourself in your maturer age. This is the very country for stock-men and graziers. You will find plenty of accounts now published of N.Z. but beware of too much soft sawder.

Believe me,

Dear Watkins,

Your's very truly,

C. M. Igglesden.

AT SETTIGNANO

BY WILFRID GIBSON

On the high loggia, under the night's blue
Translucency through which the full stars droop
Like icy lustres, sleepless yet, I lie,
And turn from gazing at the dazzling sky
Towards the vale, where, loop on gleaming loop,
By oaks and olives hushed in breathless sleep
The broad calm waters of the Arno sweep
To dim-lit towered Florence, that by the stream
Of her long troubled history broods in dream:
And, in a vision, I see silent squares
And life-deserted streets athrong with ghosts,
Painters and statesmen, priests and warrior-hosts,
Still desperately engaged in the affairs
Of enterprises, which, reluctantly,
Death forced them to relinquish, in full stress
Of near-achievement of the mastery
Of life, itself—doomed, at the very hour
They seemed to grasp the orb of absolute power,
To the grave's unadventurous idleness.

COLOUR

BY LOIS VAUGHAN THOMAS

In spring
Nature's hand draws over the water-soft sky,
The new soil, the small skipping beasts,
A wet wash of blue.
In summer
Orange fire streaks the feathering trees—
Nature splashes yellow.
But in autumn, in autumn,
The mauve-brown light
Faint-washed, hardly with colour,
More with a spirit, a sadness, an end.

So with the hours of day.
Morning is red and white—
Bold brush-strokes,
A pierrot's medley.
Afternoon already a little gold-pink, hazier.
But dusk, but dusk :
Over the ballerina hills—
Pale fingers folded, rags of dark chiffon
Floating to rest—
A backcloth of clouds
Aquarelled purple, indigo and pale lemon.

EVELYN WAUGH

BY NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

“WE chose Lancing for Evelyn”, Arthur Waugh wrote of his second son in his book, *One Man's Road*, because “he had always shown a deeply religious temperament”; this information was made public in 1931, precisely one year after Evelyn Waugh's conversion to Roman Catholicism. The two facts taken together are significant, and, in the sense that one prompted the other, they are complementary. They were as relevant to an assessment of Evelyn Waugh's satires then as they are to-day. Between the sudden dazzlement of *Decline and Fall* when it appeared in 1928 and the sustained achievement of *The Loved One* in 1948, there is only a difference of treatment, not of theme. That theme which underlies all his fiction has its clearest statement in *Vile Bodies* (1931). Father Rothschild, a Jesuit, is speaking with the Prime Minister.

“What war?” said the Prime Minister sharply. “No one has said anything to me about a war. I really think I should have been told. I'll be damned”, he said defiantly, “if they shall have a war without consulting me. What's a Cabinet for if there's not more mutual confidence than that? What do they want a war for, anyway?”

“That's the whole point. No one talks about it, and no one wants it. They're all afraid to breathe a word about it.”

“Well, hang it all, if no one wants it, who's going to make them have it?”

“Wars don't start nowadays because people want them. We long for peace, and fill our newspapers with conferences about disarmament and arbitration, but there is a radical instability in our whole world order, and soon we shall all be walking into the jaws of destruction again, protesting our pacific intentions.”

This is a satirist's translation of Thomas a Kempis's maxim that all men desire peace, but not the things which lead to peace. For before the final chapter—aptly and ironically entitled “Happy Ending”—comes the bombshell: “. . . Colonel, the most terrible and unexpected thing—*War has been declared.*”

Now it is worth noting that the difference between *Vile Bodies* and *The Loved One* is principally external, since in one sense even the titles are similar—though the second is more subtle. The change that has occurred is not of content, but of presentation; the satire has become keener, time and practice having been the whetstones.

Yet the practice has not been altogether successful during the last two decades. *Waugh in Abyssinia* (1935) and *Robbery Under Law* (1939) add up to little more than travelling reportage: they give

the impression of being hastily planned books, written to order, and not carefully thought out. (*Waugh in Abyssinia* was a title of the publishers', not the author's, choosing.) Seen in retrospect and put side by side, the philosophy they set forth—if analysed textually—is not a happy one, suggesting that whereas Mussolini was right in his Abyssinian aggression ("war and conquest are inevitable") in Mexico what mattered was not so much the persecution of Catholics as the fact that under law British oil interests were being endangered. On the other hand, he took full advantage of the practice that a biography of *Edmund Campion* (1935) afforded him: felicity of style was reflected in a sensitive interpretation of the main character and thus a synthesis, absent from his earlier biography of *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1927), was achieved.

These attempts of a satirist in a *métier* other than his own by talent prepared the way for his most ambitious work, *Brideshead Revisited* (1945); yet in many ways it is his least satisfactory, for the different elements fail to merge. One wonders, for instance, how many readers without the knowledge of the idea lying behind the book would have grasped it, had the publisher omitted the customary synopsis. In any case, one may ask whether *A Handful of Dust* (1934) did not make many of the same points—only less dogmatically? For although *Brideshead Revisited* shows Roman Catholicism acting as "a twitch upon the thread" in an old English Catholic family, it is also a study of the break-up of marital relationships, and here the subtlety of the earlier book is missing. There, the moral is not pointed; it is implicit as the story unwinds, being forcibly brought out midway through the book where Lady Brenda Last discusses with her solicitors the plans for gaining her divorce.

"My marriage was an ideally happy one," she read, "until shortly before Christmas last year when I began to suspect that my husband's attitude had changed towards me. He always remained in the country when my studies took me to London. I realized that he no longer cared for me as he used to. He began to drink heavily and on one occasion made a disturbance at our flat in London, constantly ringing up when drunk and sending a drunken friend round to knock on the door. Is that necessary?" "Not strictly, but it is advisable to put it in. A great deal depends on psychological impression. Judges in their more lucid moments sometimes wonder why perfectly respectable happily married men go off for week-ends to the seaside with women they do not know. It is always helpful to offer evidence of general degeneracy." "I see," said Brenda. "From then onwards I had him watched by private detectives and as a result of what they told me, I left my husband's house on April 5th. Yes, that all seems quite clear."

The irony lies in the matter-of-factness of the document, especially when the reader has been shown how much the shoe is on the other foot. "We like to protect our clients against even the most remote contingencies," says the lawyer; but then, unlike Tony, he had not had a husband's opportunities to contract the habit of loving and

trusting Brenda. For him, a case was a case—come what may. In *Brideshead Revisited*, by contrast, there is a certain forcing of the arguments. Julia tells Charles Ryder

"I've been punished a little for marrying Rex. You see, I can't get all that sort of thing out of my mind, quite—Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Nanny Hawkins, and the catechism. It becomes part of oneself, if they give it one early enough. And yet I wanted my child [still born] to have it—... now I suppose I shall be punished for what I've just done. Perhaps that is why you and I are here together like this... part of a plan."

Although such arguments are presented as conversation for the most part, they are really a form of apologetic. They strain a reader's credulity; they have a note of indoctrination about them. Despite fine passages and descriptions the book has an air of propaganda. What it needed was a controlling idea and though Mr. Waugh had such an idea—that once a Catholic always a Catholic because whereas you can be a bad Catholic you can never resign from the Church—his technique was not flexible enough to execute it successfully; instead the book appears as an anthology of memorable moments fitted into too rigid a framework. Spontaneity is missing, with the result that these memorable moments do not converge as they should in a work of art. One feels that *Brideshead Revisited* is remarkable mainly for stating a theme that will later be re-written in the way that T. S. Eliot has re-written so much of the poetry of La Fargue and Tristan Corbière. It is essentially what may be called a pioneer novel and whether Mr. Waugh, or some other novelist, will return to re-state its theme is beside the point here. Placed in his works its function appears principally as that of an interim book, while, if *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (1946) is little more than a pot-boiler, the publication of *The Loved One* in 1948 dispelled any doubts that one might have about Mr. Waugh's powers as a satirist being on the wane. Along with his biography of *Edmund Campion* and his novel, *A Handful of Dust*, it is the third of the three peaks in his work.

The core of *The Loved One* first appeared as an article in *The Tablet*, entitled "Half in Love with Easeful Death" and sub-titled "An Examination of Californian Burial Customs". In that article can be found the gist of the satire, sub-titled "An Anglo-American Tragedy". The tragedy of course is not without its humour, but behind the plot there is a serious indictment of civilization, as reflected in southern California. It is that a fear of the supernatural cannot be overcome by pampering the dead—as if central heating can restore the warmth to the body which while it lived was the prerogative of the heart. Yet to state the theme baldly thus is to resort to an explanation which is accurate as far as the actual article went in its various inferences, but cannot be

extended to fiction when as satire it becomes a work of art. The theme is inherent in the story ; it is not, as in *Brideshead Revisited*, another ingredient which has been added—though a hint of what is to follow in *The Loved One* occurs in some of Charles Ryder's musings.

The Pollock diggings provide a valuable link between the citizen slave communities of the twentieth century and the tribal anarchy which succeeded them. Here you see a people of advanced culture, capable of an elaborate draining system and the construction of permanent highways, over-run by a race of the lowest type. The measure of the newcomers may be taken by the facts that their women were devoid of all personal adornment and that the dead were removed to burying places a great distance from the settlement—a sure sign of primitive taboo. . . .

This theme, this controlling idea (which reappears in *The Loved One*), is not something which has been borrowed, but has grown rather from within, and therefore it must constantly come to the fore the nearer each Christian approaches his death—that death which for him means also life. It is this paradox which gives the satirist who is both a Roman Catholic by belief and of “deeply religious temperament”—as it gave Dryden in the seventeenth century and gives Evelyn Waugh in the present one—an added power, a sharper comprehension of human values. Against a purely temporal background human values tend to become two-dimensional. A state of mind comes into being when, as Sir Francis Hinsley comments in *The Loved One* : “If we ever got disconnected from the bottle, we should crumble.” Novelists who find themselves in this position usually find as well that their characters become two-dimensional because characters conceived by an author in a state antecedent to full integration sooner or later become cardboard figures, and later, just “types”. An inability to see beyond material things results in a limitation of the gamut of human experience. As a relevant example of this one may compare this Anglo-American tragedy of the 'forties with one of Aldous Huxley's novels of the 'thirties. In both books *Whispering Glades Cemetery* features.

In *After Many a Summer* the cemetery is only comic ; funny, but scarcely terrifying. In Mr. Waugh's book it is terrifying and comic, both a warning and a joke, but the kind of joke which prompts reflection. Mr. Joyboy and Aimée Thanatogenos, as they dance attendance upon the dead, turning the last breath of life in a corpse from a grim line of endurance to one of happy smiles, with their rouge, their cards for sagging jaws, have something of the horror which is to be found in a painting by Hieronymous Bosch. They are like monsters in some fantastic allegory of which modern man has lost the key. Further, since the book is not propaganda, but a work of art, no epilogue closes it, to give the key. As Dennis Barlow reflects on his last evening in Los Angeles.

He was carrying back instead a great shapeless chunk of experience, the artist's load ; bearing it home to his ancient and comfortless shore ; to work on it hard

and long, for God knew how long—it was the moment of vision for which a lifetime is often too short.

As a work of art this book is like a lighthouse ; in the satire there is light, but it exists solely for those who are prepared to seek it out because in so doing they will be making an excursion into their own interiors to discover what it was in man that led their contemporaries in southern California to erect the dearest of all monuments to preserve the memory of human life. It is a question similar to that raised in *Vile Bodies* about war. “Well, hang it all, if no-one wants it, who's going to make them have it ?” In short, as one question leads to the other, so inevitably one book has led to the other, and although this would be a tempting place at which to close these notes on Mr Waugh's development as a writer it would be yielding to a neat rather than a truthful summing up. For there remains *Helena* (1950).

Helena is a step back. The rather bland prefatory statement that the story is “just something to be read” destroys any suggestion that it may be a pot-boiler—as do some of the finer passages of writing which occur in it, which are impressive, even though few and far between. Take for example this passage from the third chapter :

They travelled by water, for Constantius became solicitous when he heard of her pregnancy, in a barge, a vessel of state, carved and painted, deep-laden with furniture and provisions from the rich markets of Ratisbon. The slaves pulled slow on their oars. Constantius was in no hurry now. He and Helena lay like princes of India under an awning of silk ; idly, daylong, they watched the rushy banks sweep by, threw sweetmeats to the naked urchins who swam to salute them, to the birds who followed their passage and perched sometimes on the gilded prow ; at night they eschewed the towns and tied up on the banks at the leafy islets, lit a fire on shore and feasted the villagers who often gathered to dance and sing in its light. The guards and the boatmen slept ashore, leaving the whole splendid ship to be a marriage bed for Helena and Constantius. Often in the morning, when they cast off, their guests of the night before came with garlands of flowers which died at midday and then were thrown overboard to drift more slowly behind them towards Nish.

Helena's love, sprung of the mists and rain, grew tender and summer sweet while the new life ripened imperceptibly within her ; in those soft days of Constantius's holiday, her honeymoon deferred, Helena rejoiced to feel that she was loved. . . .

One notices the use of the adjective “summer-sweet” and the phrase “idly, daylong”—the latter, as it would seem, recalling Walter de la Mare's work. But the supposition is not quite accurate. The phrase is original, and in the long poem entitled *Winged Chariot* (1951) one comes across Walter de la Mare using the phrase “window idling” for the first time in his poetry. He is not copying Mr. Waugh, but drawing from a stock which is common to them both, since by tradition, though not age, they are contemporaries. For in defending a hierarchical structure of society, in defending (as they both have) the old ideas about marriage and the family against the new-

fangled ones of divorce and free love, their defence amounts to a defence of spiritual values. With Evelyn Waugh those values are distinctly Christian, with Walter de la Mare Christian, tinged with pantheism. Yet in *Helena* though one cannot doubt Mr. Waugh's faith, the propagandist rather than the artist shows itself once more.

In retelling the legend of the Empress Helena in her search for the relics of the True Cross, time and again he falls back upon his notebook. For instance, he asks

did she merely conform to the prevailing fashion, lie open unresisting to Divine Grace and so without design become its brimming vehicle? [and, as he continues] We do not know. She was one seed in a vast germination.

In a legend or novel this kind of speculation is out of context, since these are factors which should be inherent in the story. They should not require an author's aside to the reader; they should be a component part of the general framework of the book. This weakness which has become more marked as Mr. Waugh has turned to more specifically religious themes. Admittedly all his fiction has led up to these and, if one criticizes his execution of them, it is not to disparage or suggest that he should call a halt to them; rather, it is to place such expeditions where they belong—among the foothills. Yet paradoxically without those foothills there could not be the peaks. Sharp divisions cannot be drawn between the two, because each is dependent upon the other; by the comparative failures one recognizes the achievements, and one is reminded of the fallability of novelists, how—because of the bend in human nature—good intentions are not enough to make a work of art. It is the perennial problem facing the artist of “a deeply religious temperament”, forcing him back to acknowledge original sin. For the problem acts for him as both an incentive and a challenge, and it is in that spirit that Evelyn Waugh has accepted it—the year in and the year out. Accordingly one cannot now make anything more than an interim judgment upon his work, relating each book to the whole of his output, but evaluating it separately. For easy as it is to be wise after the event with an author of such individuality and whose talent has taken so many unexpected turns, it is unwise to prophecy about his future. Already those who wrote him off as a bad letter in modern literature after *Brideshead Revisited* have been proved wrong. There is greater wisdom in remembering a simpler fact: that as novelists go, he is still reasonably young; he is not yet fifty.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE APPRECIATION OF ART

By F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

FOR many years, as the cleavage has widened between modern and traditional art forms, the appreciation of art has become clouded with growing perplexities. To many, the absence of any similarities between new and old has suggested a complete land-slide of standards that once had seemed secure and lasting. At the present time, when aesthetic values are of uncertain denomination and beauty itself is of uncertain appearance, there is good reason to be thankful for the kind of survey that Mr. Silcock has written.* For, much of the bewilderment provoked by modern experimental art can be dispersed by seeing these contemporary works in their true relationship to the whole history of man's artistic development.

That is not to say that Mr. Silcock has devised an elastic formula of appreciation which will cover both the older art forms of unquestioned excellence and modern works of seemingly obvious merit; nor has he propounded a new interpretation of the nature of beauty. He has set his course through the ages, traced with an easy narrative the growth, flowering and proliferation of man's aesthetic instinct and discussed with a flowing continuity of thought the significant philosophies of beauty and the relevant theories of modern scientists and psychologists. His work is essentially a commentary, remarkable for the delicate, clear pattern of reasoning made by the elaboration of each theme, for his lucid inferences and for his brilliant capacity for frequent and apt quotation.

“We are all artists in some degree,” he declares. Each of us accumulates a mental store of impressions, images, memories and records, fragmentary or complete, of all kinds of experiences. This collection of images is the very

source of the artist's creative activity, but each of us draws on a similar, personal depository to a greater or less extent, and to this extent, we are all artists; all of us, furthermore, “exercise aesthetic faculties when we use our eyes. We voice our likes and dislikes: or silently, we employ a critical approach to innumerable objects . . . even when the mental operation is quite unconscious.” But, in addition to seeing with the physical eye, “we can look with a highly individualized inner or mental vision,” and in this second form of vision, “we differ from each other far more widely because the individual personality is more actively engaged in that mental operation than it is in physical seeing.”

“If we say, however,” he writes in another passage, “that visual beauty is simply what pleases the eye, let us not forget that the eye is the optical instrument only—it is the mind that registers pleasure or displeasure.” This is an explanation of wide differences in personal tastes, in capacities for perception and appreciation. For it is the contents of the personal depository in our minds which determines the nature and intensity of our aversions and preferences. “Here, then, we have the crux of the matter. Visual beauty”, Mr. Silcock writes, “is that which pleases the eye. It is an individual reaction depending on ourselves alone, our memory associations—our thinking.” It follows, then, that “the appreciation of art”, as he states in a later chapter, “is . . . a matter of association, mental habit and education.” Yet, although our capacity for perception is a personal, variable matter, there is, nevertheless, a very wide measure of consent in our assessments. The author quotes the words of

* *A Background for Beauty*. Arnold Silcock. Melrose. 50s.

Longinus: "For in general, that which is beautiful and sublime is accepted in all ages by all kinds of judges." "Great art", Mr. Silcock writes, "has traditionally appealed to a large body of cultivated opinion."

"Is there a real standard of value, that is to say a true standard of value, in the design of visual art, and is it possible to distinguish it?" The question is put by Miss Margaret Bulley in the introductory note to her first volume,* and the affirmative reply is eloquently supported by the skilled presentation of very fascinating evidence. There are nearly four hundred illustrations. "All... are directed to the one purpose of leading the eye, through contrast and comparison, to true response to the work of art." The work of art itself, Miss Bulley maintains, is the only infallible teacher. Its quality of truth can only be tested, the truth of its quality can only be recognized and appreciated in terms of its original conception as a coherent, harmonious unity in the artist's mind. This act of perception imposes the need for a truly impartial approach, unhampered by prejudice, obstinate traditionalism or fashionable notions. "For the obstacles to understanding are not in art," Miss Bulley writes, "but in the beliefs which would prevent clearness of sight. Further, this overcoming is more than ever needed to-day... the modern tendency is to accept ready-made or synthetic views spread by radio, film and press and, unfortunately, by certain forms of education."

The dedication of the book reads: "To John and Mary no matter what country they come from." They are an engaged couple planning their home. This first volume deals particularly with the design of houses and house furnishings, and generally with architecture and certain aspects of planning. Each chapter introduces a different element of design such as mass, line and space, light and shade; each is illus-

* *Art and Everyman*. A basis for Appreciation. Volume I. Batsford. £2 5s. 0d.

trated by some fifty pictures which are preceded by a vividly written exposition. A great number of the pictures are cleverly paired as revealing contrasts; John, Mary and the reader are invited to commit themselves to an opinion by answering the question: "Which is the good work (or grouping) and for what reason?" The volume ends with a highly interesting appendix which is an analysis of a series of experiments the author has made, and a record of individual answers given to the question above by Johns and Marys as different in their outlook and way of life as art students and farm workers.

In our day, modernism has disrupted tradition; out of the resulting dissension and confusion, the need has emerged for an honest and distinct re-statement of values. Both Miss Bulley's book and Mr. Silcock's answer such a need.

FOOD: Volume I—The Growth of Policy, by R. J. Hammond, H.M.S.O. and Longmans, Green. 25s.

It might be thought that a large volume (the first of two) on the work of the Ministry of Food during the war would be heavy going. Such is not the case. Mr. Hammond, who has had free access to official sources—his work is part of the Civil Series in the history of the war being published at the Stationery Office—has succeeded in combining clarity with fullness of exposition. The book is "must" reading for every critic of the Ministry of Food.

The history of the Ministry provides a striking example of the administrative strength inherent in a democracy. The ideal is perhaps the conjunction in one person of a powerful imagination with a firm grip on details. In its absence a division of functions is infinitely preferable to the fallibility of amateur dictatorship. Mr. Hammond shows that neither the Prime Minister nor Lord Woolton had a complete grasp of details. On the other hand, some officials at least thought that attempts to express the intangible

future in exact figures was a substitute for the wider vision. But these defects corrected each other, and on the whole the complementary tasks of formulating and of executing policy were successfully discharged.

"What good came of it at last?"

The answer is with us to-day. The public enjoy a better and cheaper diet than they would have but for the wartime activities of the Ministry. The development of the present system is part of a process reaching back to before the war. Mr. Hammond has a keen sense for that continuity by which major institutions come into being. The notion of a decent minimum diet goes back to the depression which "more than anything else changed the problem of better feeding for all from an academic study to one which clamoured for practical application." The decisive step was taken early in the war, when the Treasury was apparently undecided whether to stop inflation by food subsidies or by food taxes. What was a technical question to the Treasury was sociologically a matter of the most far-reaching consequence. The ultimate decision in favour of subsidies allowed the Ministry of Food to become the instrument by which a reasonably cheap diet, an intrinsic part of the Welfare State, was assured.

Mr. Hammond's work confirms Bagehot's insight when he spoke of the difficulty but also the pettiness of the administrator's work. There can have been few other fields of action where decisions were equally urgent and equally certain to have repercussions—which had to be assessed correctly in advance—in a multitude of other spheres. The problem of wheat extraction and its effect on feeding stuffs for cattle is a familiar instance. The question of sharing tonnage between imports of food and of other essentials was equally distracting, and in the background stood the Treasury, urging that the cost of living must be kept down, but incurious about the actual procurement of the means of life.

One can hardly doubt that Mr. Churchill's recent decision to put the Ministries of Food and of Agriculture under a single overlord reflects his reading of the administrative lesson taught by the war.

W. H. JOHNSTON

EASTERN EPIC: Volume I—Defence, by Compton Mackenzie. Chatto & Windus. 30s.

Before writing this account of India's achievement in the 1939-1945 war, the author visited almost every battlefield where Indian troops had fought. In his task of unravelling the Indian threads from the tangled skein of the Commonwealth's war effort, he was able to draw upon the great mass of war diaries and similar material available from Government sources. Here, in Volume I, he deals only with the defensive phase from September 1939 to March 1943. He writes with unconcealed admiration for his subject, describes the actions vividly and has collected a wealth of regimental detail. Yet the result must rank among the sadder obituaries in the English language. Throughout the long tale of chivalry, discipline and sacrifice runs a sombre undertone: the old Indian army, among the finest military forces the world has seen, is now no more. The realization adds a black border to every battle-picture that the author paints, from Keren to Imphal.

India in her long history has produced many fighting races, and there is no doubt that the young forces of India and Pakistan will maintain the traditions that they inherit. But the Indian army of which Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes, British trained and British led, has fought its last battle. How well it was trained was apparent even in the grim days of Dunkirk. In the early months of the war there was in France an Indian mule transport group, known as Force K6, composed largely of Punjabi Mussalmans. They had been trained only in mountain warfare and on arrival had to be re-trained as quickly as possible for

European conditions. They were taught, among other things, that they should not approach within a hundred yards of any building or crossroads marked on a map, because in the 1914-1918 war it had been learnt that such places were liable to be shelled. During the withdrawal in 1940 Force K6 suffered only 12 casualties. "When these troops landed at Plymouth they were almost the only troops who had lost no equipment and almost the only troops who formed up on their markers on disembarkation.

Indian troops were among those who, on November 6, 1940, launched the first British offensive of the war. The 10th Indian Brigade, commanded by Brigadier W. J. Slim (now C.I.G.S.) moved forward at 5.30 a.m. against Gallabat in the Sudan and by 8 a.m. the objective was taken. This small action was an earnest of better things to come later in the war; but in Volume I—with the exception of the brilliant campaigns in East Africa and General Wavell's desert victory against the Italians—the author writes more of defence than of attack. His account of the battle of Keren, in its tumble of granite mountains which the defenders might well have believed to be impregnable, is military history at its best. It is agreeable moreover to find a tribute to the Italian soldiers. "The unfortunate licence of wartime propaganda allowed the British press to represent the Italians almost as comic warriors, but except for the German parachute division in Italy and the Japanese in Burma no enemy with whom the British and Indian troops were matched put up a finer fight than those Savoia Battalions at Keren."

Too often, however, the author has to describe the unavailing gallantry of Indian troops hopelessly matched against an enemy vastly better equipped; soldier's blood wasted because the Indian army, through lack of political courage in the Government at home, was not ready for the war when it came. For this abdication of imperial duty not only cabinets and general staffs can be

blamed. The blame rests also upon ourselves. In the author's words, "it was we who were weary of responsibility, like the Romans once upon a time."

GORDON WINTER

THE BASUTO, by Hugh Ashton.
Oxford University Press. 35s.

Compared to many other African tribes the Basuto are a well documented people. From the records of the earliest missionaries right down to the present day there is no lack of information of all kinds, much of it, whether it relates to history or to folklore and legend, extremely detailed; nor is any general history of southern Africa complete unless it contains more than a passing reference to the emergence of the Basuto nation that we know to-day. Mr. Ashton's book is however the first comprehensive description of these people in the twentieth century, in which life as they live it is studied against the background of the past; with the present interest in the South African High Commission Territories, as well as the increasing attention that is being given to the way in which the African everywhere is adjusting himself to modern conditions, it comes very aptly.

Mr. Ashton is well qualified for his task. He was born and brought up in Basutoland, speaks the language and has long been occupied with native affairs in different capacities. His facts are based on his own observations made while living among the people whom he studies. That he gained their confidence is shown by the freedom with which they have given him the information he sought.

In this book all aspects of Basuto life, from birth to death, are compendiously described, and with this description the author notes the process, sometimes of decay, but always of change, that modern influences have brought about. In the light of present developments in local government in other parts of Africa, the chapter on political organi-

zation is of special interest. The unusual system of the Basuto has been much criticized, and Mr. Ashton brings out its merits and its faults with meticulous impartiality. The reforms introduced by the British Government in the last 20 years were certainly needed; whether the manner of their introduction was always wise is another matter. The chapter on medicine, magic and sorcery contains a reference to 'ritual murder', the full extent of which has only comparatively recently been revealed, though, as Mr. Ashton suggests, it may have been going on for a long time. The author's dispassionate objectivity detracts nothing from the horror of its details.

One need not search this book for any deep inquiry into the remote origins of the various institutions with which it deals, nor for indications of their relationship with those of other races. Many customs of the Basuto

have their counterpart elsewhere, and in some cases (for example, the initiation ceremonies) are almost identical with the practice in other African tribes. Such comparisons form no part of Mr. Ashton's intention, which is simply to give a "straightforward and readable account of the Basuto way of life." In this he has admirably succeeded. Apart from the interest of the matter, the layout is well planned and the English crystal-clear.

Although in his introduction Mr. Ashton apologizes for not going sufficiently into detail, nothing seems to have been omitted that one would have expected to find in so compact a volume. Within the limits that the author has set himself it is complete. It is hard to imagine that anyone concerned with the Basuto will be able to do without this book; nor is it likely that another will take its place for a long time. Others, whose interests lie more generally in the

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

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Report of a Committee to review Punishments in, Prisons, Borstal Institutions, Approved Schools and Remand Homes. (Parts III & IV). This Committee was to consider the procedure adopted in enquiring into breaches of discipline, and to recommend whether any changes in the methods are necessary or desirable (Cmd 8429).

2s. 6d. By post 2s. 7½d.

HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1.); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast; or through any bookseller.

study of the African's changing outlook in face of new needs and new conditions, will find in it much useful material. The map fulfils its purpose and the index is handy and efficient. The price, of course, is high, and if this is due in part to the photographs, it would have been better, pleasant as they are, to leave them out.

A. SILLERY

A WINDOW ON A HILL by Richard Church. *Hale*. 15s.

There are books that leave us not only satisfied but grateful; such a one is *A Window on a Hill* by Richard Church, who has taken poetry, fiction and essays to be a part of his province. He is a philosopher who has chosen his setting wisely and looks out on a very beautiful world, concentrating, contemplating, meditating and thereby following the three practices that lead to extension of faculty. A good companion, he directs us to look not only around, but beyond and within; poetic grace lends real distinction to the guidance. He turns from the present to the past, seeing much that is beautiful in both, but not shrinking from due comment on ugliness we have outgrown. He tells no connected story, content to paint pictures, pictures of rural England, the Weald of Kent, Paris in sunshine, the Riviera, Venice; the blossoms of his home orchard seem to mingle their perfume with his prose. His vision is remarkable, piercing from the husk to the core of life, and here he owes much to the Wordsworth of Dove Cottage who appears at times as guide, philosopher and friend.

An engaging book, one that for many of us will find a corner on a nearby shelf, to be called for when we are in search of quiet companionship, of a friendly voice within easy reach, the voice of one who has savoured something of the meaning of life far from the madding crowd. We feel once again the significance of Botticelli's *Primavera* and Girolamo dai Libri's

orchard pictures in Verona, we think in terms of blossom and bird song, faith in humanity, and fellowship with all that is best on the pilgrimage that takes us from an unknown past to an inscrutable future. It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Church's latest book will leave many thoughtful readers deep in his debt.

Very pleased with my view from his window and pondering how best to convey its charm to the reader, I found these lines in one of the closing chapters, in which Mr. Church speaks of a book that "suddenly emerges from the world of print and paper and becomes a living force of personality whose influence tinges our minds for long afterwards."

This may be said of a work that has in some undefinable fashion the quality associated with the old Bee Master who could control his stocks so wisely that, in due season, they would come home, laden with all kinds of nectar in turn. For Mr. Church, the busy bees are thoughts, wandering in all directions, surveying all manner of scenes and circumstances, sounding the depths of experience and yielding a harvest that he distributes with a generous prodigality.

It is good to be a countryman, one to whom the things seen and heard yield deep meaning; it is good to be a poet who can give the country scene a special setting; it is still better to be both, fully equipped countryman and authentic poet. How grateful we should be for a book that enables us to indulge sincerely and without restraint, in "the noble pleasure of praising"!

S. L. BENSUSAN

FAREWELL, AGGIE WESTON, by Charles Causley.

A TETRALOGY, by Arthur Constance. **GUITAR**, by Rob Lyle.

THE TWO NATURES, by Robert Waller. *The Hand and Flower Press: Poems in Pamphlet*. 1s. each.

Poems in Pamphlet is a monthly venture deserving the practical support of everybody who is willing to pay more

than lip-service to the importance of new poetry. The choice is extremely varied, each pamphlet is charmingly well-produced, and the annual subscription is no more than 14s. 6d. The first twelve titles are all the work of writers "hitherto not published in book form in England" though some of them may have been writing for many years and have contributed poems to good periodicals.

Of the four poets under review, Mr. Causley's is perhaps the most original talent. He is much alive and interested in the world, with the power of injecting new zest into ballad metres. He has some of the selective photographic particularity of Louis MacNiece, yet remains successfully himself. A number of poems, based upon his war experiences at sea, are nostalgic, and celebrate with great vividness foreign scenes and cities.

The yellow stammer from the lighthouse of
white sugar
Pales as the African sun unfolds her tail of
golden peacock
Over the fevered harbour.

I must quote "Rattler Morgan" in full.

Now his eyes are bright farthings
And he spindles
In seas deeper than death.
His lips are no longer wet with wine
But gleam with green salt
And the Gulf Stream is his breath.

Now he is fumbled by ancient tides
Among decks flagged with seaweed
But no flags sees he there.
His fingers are washed to stone
And to phosphor
And there are starfish in his hair.

And elsewhere, Mr. Causley is a poet who does not forget the people.

In *A Tetralogy* Mr. Constance scorns to play for safety. He has something to say and has attempted an ambitious philosophical and religious work which, through word-painting based upon a close observation of nature, seeks "the all-inclusive symbolism, the perfect symbolism of a human life," out of human agony revealing the spirit of resurrection, finding his symbol in the emergence of the winged insect from caterpillar and chrysalis as expressed

in the final poem "Lo! Here Are Wings!"

Where is the evidence
that in due time it will
explode
into a sheet of coloured flame
soaring towards heaven?

There is striking beauty throughout the poem; yet in places the texture becomes over-wordy and repetitive, with torrential alliteration and a spate of assonance that lead to passages of bathos. There is an almost quasi-Whitmanesque gush, but there are also passion and wonder. Not everyone will find *A Tetralogy* to his taste. I liked it and found its intellectual content convincing and inspiring.

Mr. Rob Lyle's *Guitar* is formal and controlled in comparison. Infusing his own voice into traditional metres, he is perhaps representative of the newest romanticism, of a welcome return to the "single intention of creating beauty".

The oyster of the night has bred
a pearl that hangs above the hills.

There is a strong classical-Mediterranean flavour about these poems; while in several of them one feels the influence of Roy Campbell to whom "Carrara", possibly the best poem, is dedicated. I liked also, for their strength and ring and colour, "In Memoriam Manolete", "Guitar", "La Maja Desnuda", "The Waterfall", "Suez" and "Swans".

Mr. Robert Waller's *Two Natures* gives us a more personal poet who looks inward and explores between soul and sense, his theme the self-division in man.

Lust and pray: a pagan heaven and a pious
hell,
Do what you will, are both in what you do;
The ancient Gods travel the new way.

Mr. Waller never falls below a certain level of competence, but in addition his mind has integrity and his religious poems sincerity, his love poems authentic and unafraid observation. He can command beauty of rhythm:

The lips' geranium texture is
Arms of the generous heart;
Their finesse and frailties

Are image of love's tender thought,
That so sensuously keeps,
In its cradling music caught,
The curving rhythm of the lips.

The Pamphlets are nothing if not varied.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS: A Study of the Development of English Metres and their Relation to Poetic Effect, by Catherine Ing. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

Most readers of Elizabethan poetry are content to let the sounds of music creep in their ears without troubling about metrical technicalities or prosodic theories. But Mrs. Ing, who is a lecturer in English at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, seeks to show that a study of these will add to our understanding and enjoyment of the lyrics, with which her book is specially concerned. As she points out:

They were written at a time when literary criticism was as eagerly pursued as literary creation. So far from being the spontaneous and untutored cries of 'a nest of singing birds' they were the products of highly conscious artists, often working to rule, always well aware of the effect they wished to produce and deliberately choosing certain means towards their chosen ends.

Mrs. Ing explains that by "Elizabethan Age" she signifies not merely the queen's reign, 1558-1603, but the periods beginning with *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557 and ending in 1633 with the first publication of Donne's *Poems*, many of which were written before Elizabeth's death. The importance of the critical works written during these years has been more generally recognized since they were collected and edited by Gregory Smith and J. E. Springarn. They deal mainly, as Mrs. Ing emphasizes, with the two extremes of their subject, the general nature of poetry, which they acclaim as divine, on the one hand, and with minute details of prosody on the other. The more highly the Elizabethans valued the poetic art, the more care they gave to metrical structure. Familiar instances are the sonnet, the *Faerie Queene* stanza, the dramatic blank verse. But Mrs.

Ing's concern is with the less well-known lyrical metres. *Tottel's Miscellany* contains seventeent not previously used, and she has counted "several hundred forms for lyric poetry which have not to my knowledge been used before or after their use for one poem of this age."

In an interesting analysis she distinguishes between two types of lyric. The one in accordance with its etymology, is a song for singing. It is usually short, the diction and imagery are simple, and it is impersonal. The other is not intended for singing, it is a revelation of a strong personal emotion. Elizabethan lyrics belong to the first class, those of the nineteenth century romantic movement to the second. The difference is illustrated by a contrast between the anonymous "Western Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow" and Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

Among the critical writers Mrs. Ing, after briefer reference to Harvey, Spenser, Sidney and Fraunce, singles out for special attention George Gascoigne, James VI of Scotland, George Puttenham and Thomas Campion with significant quotations from their writings. Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruction* are informal, but he has the merit of accepting common English usage in pronunciation his guide to verse structure. From King James's *Ane Schort Treatise* Mrs. Ing quotes with approval: "For gif Nature be nocht the cheif worker in this airt, Reulis wilbe bot a band to Nature. . . quhair as, if Nature be cheif, and bent to it, Reulis will be ane help and staff to Nature." His terms sometimes differ in meaning from those of his English contemporaries, he uses "fute" as equivalent to "syllable". Puttenham is remarkable for relating his thinking on poetry to his convictions about the other arts and for stressing "the natural *sympathic* betweene the ear and the eye." He gives ocular examples of verse structures, including the striking comparison of Queen Elizabeth to a spire, which has to be read upwards ending with the single word "skie". Mrs. Ing claims

for Campion that his criticism has been undervalued because it is not been realized that his attack on rime was on it as a substitute for, and not as addition to, careful structure of the line; and she also claims that metrical experiments of the classicists were not without their value for the development of Elizabethan poetry.

To facilitate for readers to-day the understanding of the above treatises Mrs. Ing provides a helpful glossary of prosodic terms as used by the Elizabethans, as compared with their meaning to-day. Notable among these are 'flowing' used by King James as a substantive for 'rhythm', the different interpretations of 'foot' and 'line' and the descent of both 'rhythm' and 'rime' from one Greek word. There follow comprehensive but in details highly technical chapters on Elizabethan lyrics as influenced by visual thinking, foreign prosodics, and music. The study concludes with an example of a number of the lyrics, especially those of Campion, Spenser, Shakespeare and Donne. For these, readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* must be referred to Mrs. Ing's pages. They will appeal chiefly to experts who will find in them a novel approach and fresh illumination.

F. S. BOAS

CHILD OF LIGHT: a Reassessment of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, by Muriel Spark. *Tower Bridge Publications*. 12s. 6d.

The title of this study, having proved somewhat prejudicial to its favour with readers and reviewers, raises a curious general question. The words are Shelley's own, addressing Mary, and ought thus to be appropriate. But the numerous instances of authors seeking safety in quotation show that safety is not always to be found there. Context matters, and mood; a quoted title is no more secure in its rightness than is a snatch of over-heard dialogue when inserted in a play. This applies especially to romantic poets. What

Shelley wrote in a warmth of dedicatory emotion cannot successfully be refrigerated and clapped on a critical work. Instead of judgment it cries of Hollywood and hysteria, unless the intention is ironical. Mrs. Spark is innocent of these charges, and in seizing on Shelley's words with too much confidence has handicapped a quiet, all-round study, reasonably free from bias.

A brief narrative of Mary's life accounts for half of it. This runs on lines that have become familiar since the publication of letters and journals came to fill out the biographical outlines of her widowed years. Mrs. Spark's most useful commentary is contained in her introduction, where a long quotation from Mary's self-analytical journal gives away even more than the diariest intended. Transport her to Russia and she becomes a Chekhovian before his time, easily pictured as one "in mourning for her life", who could half enjoy that spectacle of herself and crave for society's admiration of it. The factor rescuing her from the futility of idle souls is that need to earn her living which drove her to keep on with her writing; to keep on all the while that Percy Florence was being educated, that the rigid old father-in-law was obstructing her efforts, that bright spirits in male armour were passing her with a nod or a sign, or an attempt—how often!—to defraud her. It is a surprisingly big output, made possible by the fact that more matter than art went to stuff out the three-volume novels. The style of the day demanded it; even so Godwin, her father, model and critic, warned her against spreading herself too much. But without shapelessness she yet had genius, that was almost to take possession in *Frankenstein* and then dart meteor-like across her later works. The recognition of this has led Mrs. Spark to draw attention, in her second section, to the literary and creative aspect of the woman who was not merely Shelley's wife.

In examining the work Muriel Spark

has been selective, omitting many items intentionally, and others by oversight. We should have liked some words on those two poetic scenes from classical drama that she wrote while Shelley was still there to encourage her and to interpolate lyrics. Without Mary and her effort we should never, presumably, have had that succinct expression, in the *Hymn of Pan*, of the mature Shelley's endless frustration :

I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
God and men, we are all deluded thus !
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.

We should have lost the sorrow of those sweet pipings.

Mrs. Spark very properly gives space to the genius of *Frankenstein*, offering it as a blend of H. G. Wells's scientific fiction with the school of Gothic romance. She ends with a plea for recognition and a summary of Mary's most colossal—in the Hollywood sense—three-volume fantasy, *The Last Man*. Allowing that much of this death-of-society motive was in the air of the period, the novel still represents a remarkable feat of projection, invention and perseverance, though so much dead matter surrounds the moments of truth. Muriel Spark will have done good work if she persuades some publisher to reprint it after employing a severe cutter or packer, on Godwinian lines.

SYLVA NORMAN

THE SPIRIT ABOVE THE DUST,
A study of Herman Melville, by
Ronald Mason. *John Lehmann*. 18s.

The success of Benjamin Britten's opera may lead to a temporary demand at the bookstalls for copies of *Billy Budd* and for all other available copies of Herman Melville's works. The history of his popularity in this country, however, does not encourage any anticipation of a sustained revival.

He died in 1891, a few months after completing the manuscript of *Billy Budd*. His had been a stormy and un-

settled career but, as W. H. Auden said in a poem about him : "Towards the end he sailed into an extraordinary mildness." For 30 years after his death he remained forgotten except as the author of an unwieldy book about whaling and a few interesting tales of travel in the South Seas. Then in 1924 a collected edition of his works was published and the critics began a process, still unfinished, of rehabilitation. In the United States this revival had been marked by an increasing attention to the lesser-known aspects of his work, and research has proceeded with constancy and penetration. In this country there have been sporadic outbursts of critical activity around Melville and there are occasional essays dealing with isolated fragments of his works or personality, but many of his books are still unobtainable and in the preparation of this study Mr. Mason has had to rely mainly upon the good offices of American contacts. It is the first full-length consideration of Melville's work to appear under the name of an English critic for a quarter of a century. Mr. Mason finds this neglect of his subject disappointing and states, as the express purpose of his book, "the hope of re-directing the interests of English readers and critics back to the swarming complexities and relevancies of Melville's unusual art."

In the circumstances it is not surprising that critical analysis too often lapses into uncritical adulation. Is it true, for instance, that Melville, "in a young and expanding literature... stands out as the first great poetic artist in whom the national genius attained universal stature" ? Is the universality of Melville's achievement greater than that attained by Walt Whitman ?

There can be no doubt of the supreme importance of Melville's work in the context of American literature and Mr. Mason is careful to hold his comparative analysis within its narrow limits. It is in this relationship between Melville and American literature that Mr. Mason can discover the reason for our coolness towards a writer whose

achievements, even at their greatest, dwindle to comparative insignificance when set against the works of such artists as Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Blake, Bunyan, Kafka and Lawrence.

The pattern of Mr. Mason's study is derived from his understanding of Melville's quest "for that re-discovery of that innocence in the human soul of which contact with worldly experience has deprived it." In *Typee* is seen a statement of innocence ; in *Redburn* an assault upon innocence ; in *White-Jacket* the abandonment of isolation, and finally through *Moby Dick* and *Pierre* is the defeat of innocence. The experiment of *Clarel* reveals a striving towards, and *Billy Budd* the victory of, a regained innocence. This pattern is followed with clarity and without undue straining after conformity and welds the study into a competent, challenging and often revealing study of this uneven, previously underrated and now perhaps overrated novelist and poet.

B. EVAN OWEN

Dr. VIPER, by Philip Gosse. *Cassell*. 21s.

"Dr. Viper" was one of the less opprobrious names given by his contemporaries to Philip Thicknesse, whose life more or less spanned the eighteenth century. He took some pains to earn it. He was expelled from Westminster School, failed when he was apprenticed to an apothecary, and started involving himself in rows as soon as, after that, he went to the new colony of Georgia with the Wesley brothers. He must have been fairly objectionable, even in the rowdy give-and-take of the eighteenth century mess, but he quickly as an officer of the Marines and as a private individual, acquired a quite special reputation for being difficult and cantankerous. He became Lieutenant-General of Landguard Fort, and the social boor *par excellence* of the eastern counties. He married a succession of wives, whose money and lives he spent prodigally. He lived, after a time, in

Bath, and after a shorter time, out of it. He made enemies everywhere—and stimulated himself to his task with huge doses of opium.

What can be said in defence of this slightly ridiculous and always malevolent figure ? He had a streak of humanitarianism and disapproved of some of the more grisly examples of the John Bulling of his age—flogging in the army, the virtual slavery of domestic servants and so on. He approved, perhaps for the sake of being different, with the French Revolution. He always indeed admired and commended the French, when it was fashionable to think of them as frog-eating and contemptible mountebanks. Indeed, his travels in France, with a monkey as postillion and a temper as companion, are entertaining reading enough.

Mr. Gosse disinters this acrimonious character with care and some amiable asides. Certainly, although it may be true that Thicknesse was not the greatest quarreller in the world, at least he was a very tiresome man. Adulation of him would make a more than tiresome book. The author does not quite fall into this error. Indeed he suggests that Thicknesse may have cashed in on his popular unpopularity, and became little more than a black-mailer of those who did not wish to have their tiffs with him made a matter of public and protracted dispute.

Thicknesse was a second-rate man, living at a first-rate time. His author is perhaps generous in thinking him important. But this careful account is full of anecdote. Here is one of Thicknesse's hints on how to behave in France. He says : "Always carry a machine and secure the bedchamber doors at inns where you sleep and see that there are no holes behind large pictures in the room, large enough for a man to creep through." Creeping through such a picture into the eighteenth century Mr. Gosse has seen much. It is a distressing sight, but one well worth observing.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

A little spurt of indignation followed the first beholding of Maisie Ward's title *RETURN TO CHESTERTON* (*Sheed & Ward*, 21s.). The thought that some of us have never left him was involuntary, loftily aimed at those critics who sought after his death—and quite unsuccessfully—to denigrate his achievement and prise him from the niche he had so brilliantly occupied. But defensive zeal was soon proved to be as unnecessary as it was uncalled for; the author merely meant that she had collected so much material from people who had written to her, following her biography *Gilbert Keith Chesterton*, that she had had to abandon her idea of enlarging that book in favour of writing an entirely new one about him.

The kind giant

So "return" for Maisie Ward is to Chesterton the man, as seen through her correspondents' glowing, affectionate, grateful eyes. They have helped her not to make a symposium of his writings and ideas (although news of these inevitably abounds) but of his grace and favour to old or young, humble or rich, worthy or not, with all of whom he was supremely at ease and who delighted in the charm that was his as a kind of royal birthright. The poor yet subscribed to press-cutting agencies for the sole purpose of gleaning every word he published, and when he was to appear on a platform this generation can have no idea of the delicious agitation that ran through the serried ranks of his admirers. The book is lavishly decorated with his own previously scattered drawings, poems and letters, many of them sent to youth, whose gaily wise and witty adviser he was. As a schoolgirl I read him ecstatically and followed him around to lectures whenever permitted. Once, when I was 18, he shook my hand. What he said

or if I answered are now and were then only wild surmise—lost in the terrific heart-beats of incredible wonder—but, this hand remained ungloved, that night I could not even wash it, and for long after I would gaze at it reverently just because it had been inside Mr. Chesterton's. Somebody recently said, "there is no controversialist alive big enough to wear the Chestertonian mantle." Dare one hope posterity will be regretting that Chesterton so nearly missed inclusion in the second Elizabethan age of literature whose dawn we ourselves are yearning to see?

Greece's bright morning

As a weapon for his wit he possesses amazing skill in the use of language... dialogue scintillates with apt quotation, parody, different dialects, coined portmanteau words of the poet's own...

But this was said of Aristophanes, and is quoted from *GREEK LITERATURE FOR THE MODERN READER* by H. C. Baldry (*Cambridge University Press*, 18s.). The Professor of Classics in the University of Cape Town indicates herein something of the universal indebtedness to Homer and the epic tradition, to dance, music and song, to the connection between drama and democracy, to the rise of prose, to the historians Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, to the Platonic dialogues, to the scholar poets who were still writing nearly 900 years after Alexander—all windows on the Greek world and thus on our literary heritage. The author's crisp and flowing style does not disguise the formidable proportions of the long and difficult story but it enables him to sweep the reader along with him from the opening sentence to the retreat from reason of the Graeco-Roman world: "Greek literature dawned with the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*. Now, in its late afternoon, Theocritus bids us sport with

Amaryllis in the shade. The brilliance of midday is past and gone, and twilight seems not very far ahead." Not far too to seek the professor's prose models. For him the Greek drama lives on, its characters old and true as Everyman.

Norway's "golden age"

So too a Peer Gynt speaks for us all, just as does a Hedda Gabler, or the people do in *A Doll's House* or in *Ghosts*. Their creator was the apex of a devoted triangle whose pattern is drawn and filled in with *THE THREE IBSENS* (*Hutchinson*, 15s.). Bergliot Ibsen, the author, is the daughter-in-law of Henrik and Suzannah, being the wife of their only son Sigurd. She herself, the daughter of Bjornson, was also a *lieder* and opera singer of some renown, but she does not attempt to turn the triangle into a square. One likes the story of her presentation to Queen Sophie of Sweden.

... the first Lady of Honour announced in a loud voice: "Fru Bjornson". I laughed and said: "My name is Fru Ibsen." The Queen's expression was priceless. After that I was presented to Princess Ingeborg and much concerned she asked me: "How is your father?" Ibsen was not very well at the time. The Court laughed at these misunderstandings for a long time after.

Letters between husband, wife and son are allowed to throw their own light on the personalities of their writers. The years abroad, the frustrations both theatrical and political in Norway, and their happy band of friends are described with the admirable aid of Gerik Schjelderup, the translator. This is a 'personal' book that nevertheless avoids chat.

Highways and byways

For all that it purports to be autobiographical, Henry Baerlein's *ALL ROADS LEAD TO PEOPLE* (*Stanley Paul*, 21s.) is not 'personal' and is full of chat. This is said without disparagement for he is an inspired chatterer, as his *Squire of Piccadilly* so recently and conclusively demonstrated, one who has the gift of drawing it out of others. (Characteristically he says: "In the

corridor of a train I happened to be in conversation with a splendid-looking woman who turned out to be Bergliot Ibsen... she created the part of Brunhilde at La Scala.") On every page there is a good story, a humorous aside, a shrewd comment on roads and people alike. These stand out, often quite vividly, but the author remains shadowy even when he is describing his birthplace, his schooldays at Charterhouse, his experiences at Cambridge and his wanderings about the world. One forgives him for this because it surely springs from the sort of modesty that assumes other men and women to be so eminently worth writing about. Perhaps one day he will garner the fruits of a lifetime's philosophy learnt in travel, journalism and the brand of conversation at which he excels—bland but cocking a quizzical eyebrow—into a real autobiography.

Tilting with Spectres

Meanwhile, as if to confirm nonchalantly that he can turn his hand to anything, and not least to the feat of producing three books within six months, Mr. Baerlein gives us his translation from the Spanish of Wenceslao Fernandez Florez' *LAUGH AND THE GHOSTS LAUGH WITH YOU*... (*British Technical and General Press*, 12s. 6d.). The translator's introduction sets the tone of the book. He describes his author's inauguration as a member of the Spanish Academy in 1945 when Don Julio Casares made the prescribed reply, and this critic's previous comments draw from Henry Baerlein the remark: "A good many people were surprised to hear Fernandez Florez called a moralist: among them was Fernandez Florez." Yet this collection of most untraditional ghost stories would give the lie to any supposition that their author is "merely a purveyor of jovial humour." His was and is a fearless voice raised in the defence of the weak, despising editorial anonymity and never criticising from the safety of a foreign land. Once indeed

military potentates in the Spanish civil war, enraged by the wounds which his arrows

inflicted, made it necessary for him to shelter for a time in a foreign embassy in Madrid and there the bathroom, apparently existing for that purpose, was placed at his disposal.

But his ghosts are impish, sprightly, Don Quixotic, with a sense of humour akin to the translator's own. Such a well-matched collaboration could only result in a happy book.

On Santiago's outskirts

And such a command of Spanish would better have served C. J. Lambert when he went back to the Chilean farm he had inherited, after an absence that had lasted since he was five years old, with Eton, Oxford, the trenches of Flanders in the 1914-1918 war, and a German prison camp intervening. In *SWEET WATERS* (Chatto & Windus. 15s.) he relates the saga of cattle, cowboys, creoles, housekeeping, gifts, pets, neighbours, visitors, the peon's women-folk, the tame condor on the roof, rainfall, little grey foxes and large red ones, on his 40,000-acre tract of land. And in his memory, for he has long since left it, its feudal-like atmosphere, its hundreds of Chileans who helped him run it with their age-old *mañana* and *costumbre* attitudes, its 500-acre fields surrounded by the tall Lombardy poplars, are all dear. He communicates to his readers a wistful sense that here was a younger, fresher world for ever vanished.

Moments of truth

"Picking up Spanish from cowboys" says Mr. Lambert, "was the equivalent of learning English from a Billingsgate fish porter or bargee. When I speak Spanish, people sit up and take notice." And when Willy Goldman speaks Whitechapel English we also sit up and take notice, not for the same reason—that it has been picked up and used inadequately with grotesque or hair-curling results—but, because by living with it as part of his background, he is able to transfer and reproduce so that his readers hear the ring of authenticity

in it. The author of *East End My Cradle* was born in London's dockland, one of the eight children of immigrant Russian parents, and worked after school hours from the age of 12 in the clothing "sweatshops" of which he now writes in *A SAINT IN THE MAKING* (Constellation Books. 9s. 6d.).

The story that gives a name to the book is a case in point. The grandfather has been so sensitively and caustically observed that one takes it for granted that Mr. Goldman is imparting a piece of autobiography, and of poor, doomed Minka Salomen in "A Youthful Idyll" it is hard to write without a return of the emotion that accompanied the reading. The drawings by Sochachewsky have imprisoned some of these poignant moments in café, air-raid shelter, alley, and tiny basement holding nine or ten pressers, machiners and tailors.

Gains and losses

How far improvements have been successful since Mr. Goldman's boyhood in the conditions surrounding *THE YOUNG WAGE-EARNER* may be judged in this survey by Thomas Ferguson and James Cunnison (Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.). They studied the home environment and school-days of a group of Glasgow boys and kept contact with them and their families for three years after school. Their findings on choice of jobs, training, unemployment, evening-class attendance, social activities and so on, led them to consider such phenomena as overcrowding, lack of guidance, broken homes, careless parents and crime. As the Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow says in his Foreword, "over the last half-century our social action has achieved results over a wide front." But this book is still "a challenge to conscience and imagination, and a pointer to a just diagnosis."

GRACE BANYARD.

APRIL, 1952

MR. BUTLER'S BUDGET

AS described in *Hansard*, the conclusion of Mr. Butler's Budget speech is reminiscent of Macaulay's account of the passing of the Reform Bill 120 years ago—Honourable Members cheering, waving Order Papers, and a general impression of a historic occasion. During the weeks that have followed calmer views have gained ground. The Budget signalizes a change of Government, not the accession to power of a new class. The aggregate burden is practically unchanged; the novelty in the Budget lies in the way in which it uses psychology as a factor in government. And indeed, in view of the problems facing the Chancellor, it was obvious that the weight of the Budget could not be reduced much. He had to re-arm—the Government had added £200 millions to the arms bill. They are proposing to correct vigorously the country's overseas trade accounts, and they have to do this while maintaining a respectable standard of living. The last is perhaps the most important aspect of modern fiscal practice. In a parliamentary democracy no party can afford to confront the electorate in times of peace with a Budget implying a Russian standard of austerity.

These are wide demands, and accordingly the Budget is no more than part of a more comprehensive machinery designed to give the Government a very wide control indeed over the country's economic lay-out. The restoration of the Bank Rate is a relatively unimportant item. Since the Government had decided, rightly or wrongly, to control capital investment, it was sensible to make its use more expensive. The Government also had the technical advantage of a very smooth control over the banks through the Treasury and the Bank of England—a control dating back to long before nationalization. More significant was the fact that it was the Chancellor—and not the President of the Board of Trade—who announced the coming restrictions on imports. Yet this fact was an obvious corollary of developments going back to the great depression. The significance of the depression, as was recognized by the men responsible for the idea of the International Monetary Fund and kindred notions, was that the fluctuations in international trade were too great to be carried by the stocks of gold held by the different countries. Gold to-day is kept as a last reserve, and the great bulk of overseas trade is adjusted by deliberate official control. The last word rests with the Chancellor, because the forcing of exports which must be achieved if the foreign trade accounts are to be balanced threatens to create an inflationary situation, and this could wreck production for re-armament

and for other ends. It is for the Chancellor, as guardian of the currency, to avert this danger. But this is only another way of stating a much more important fact: it is the Chancellor's work so to distribute the national effort on consumption goods, capital goods, re-armament and overseas trade, as to adapt means to ends. The Budget is the most important agency in the machinery of planning.

The stage which has to-day been reached comes at the end of a fairly long evolution. A typical Budget by Gladstone contained provisions for defence—exiguous by modern standards—for the service of the National Debt, and for very little else. The State took the bare essentials for carrying on the Queen's Government, and left the rest, not to the public at large (relatively few had much capital to spare), but to the administration of a powerful governing class. The 1914-1918 war brought what was perhaps the most important stage. It forced the Government of the day to use the instrument of taxation to a degree hitherto unequalled to shape the national effort towards the end of making war. Simultaneously, and of necessity, it introduced the mustard seed of war-socialism. Taxation reached its limit during the 1939-1945 war, when a reputable financial daily counselled its readers to "forget the gap". A highly significant peacetime development was introduced in Mr. Gaitskell's Budget last year, when the Chancellor explicitly took into his calculations the contribution which private capital formation was likely to make towards closing the inflationary gap. Where Gladstone had treated the national economy as a purely private affair, subject only to certain minimal deductions for the essentials of Government, Mr. Gaitskell regarded the public and the private sectors of the economy as forming a single whole. This whole was not subject to governmental control in its entirety; but it had to be treated as a single whole, all of whose dimensions had to be subjected to the most exact measurement possible by a Government directing so large a part.

The significant aspect of Mr. Butler's Budget is not that he has slightly changed its total weight, but that he has extended its scope by deliberately making it a psychological force. In a sense this means nothing more than that he has used the Budget to the advantage of certain classes—classes of admitted economic importance—whose votes might be useful at a future election. But he has also deliberately used the Budget to provide incentives towards higher production (at the rate of £250 million a year), an addition without which there must be a critical shortfall in the standard of living, in re-armament, or in exports. Like Bacon, he has decided that "no people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire" and has acted accordingly. But the fact that he has designed a more effective carrot means that the field for the exercise of free will among the public is being restricted, not expanded. It is the power of the Government that is growing.

PERSIAN OIL

BY SIR READER BULLARD

AT the time of the oil crisis the essential points of the dispute were not always clearly understood, and even now there are many persons who appear to believe that with greater goodwill on the part of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and better timing by the British Government a settlement could have been effected. It may therefore be useful to examine again not only the British case, but also the deep causes on the Persian side that worked against a settlement.

What the British Government objected to was of course not the nationalization of the Persian oil industry but the breach of the 1933 Agreement in which the Persian Government promised not to annul or modify the A.I.O.C. concession unilaterally, and to submit to arbitration any dispute that the parties might fail to settle between themselves. These guarantees, and the extension of the concession period, were not given to the Company for nothing; in return the Company not only agreed to pay substantially higher royalties, but accepted an enormous reduction in the concession area, which in the original concession of 1901 covered the whole of Persia except the five northern provinces. Another misconception was about the so-called 'fifty-fifty' plan. It was widely alleged that whereas American oil companies were forward to offer equal division of their profits, the A.I.O.C., blind equally to justice and to their own interests, resisted to the last this generous policy. In fact a fifty-fifty offer was made to the Persian Government by the A.I.O.C. in 1948—two years before it came into force in any other territory in the Middle East; only it was wrecked by a Persian demand that it should apply to all the Company's profits, even, for instance, to those earned in Iraq or Kuwait. As an alternative the Company worked out the draft agreement which was eventually signed by the Persian Government in 1949 but which was never ratified by the Persian Parliament. It is maintained by the Company that if there were even a slight set-back in trade this agreement would give the Persian Government at least as much as a fifty-fifty arrangement; but it is less easy to understand, being studded with clauses designed to protect Persian interests in bad years—clauses which arose out of a dispute with Riza Shah during the war, when his revenue fell heavily with the fall in oil exports in 1939-1940. Whatever the merits or the defects of the 1949 draft agreement it failed to pass the Chamber

of Deputies, and in February 1951 the Company again made a fifty-fifty offer. This was over two months before Dr. Mossadeq became Prime Minister, so that if what he wanted was to secure as good terms as those enjoyed by any other Middle East government, he had only to accept the offer; but by then the oil industry of Persia had been declared to have been nationalized. Nationalization was proposed by Dr. Mossadeq, as Chairman of the Parliamentary Oil Commission, about a week after the Company's second fifty-fifty offer, and the proposal was approved by the Chamber of Deputies the day after the murder of the Prime Minister, Razmara, and passed by the Senate the day after the murder of the Minister of Education.

It is probable that the most potent cause of Dr. Mossadeq's attitude was the Russian attempt to obtain a concession for the oil of North Persia in 1944. To evade this menace the Persian Government decided to postpone all oil talks until after the war. This decision affected not only the Russians, but also two American companies and the Royal Dutch Shell, whose representatives had been negotiating for a concession in the south. These representatives withdrew, recognizing the right of an independent government to dispose freely of its natural resources, but the Russians made such ferocious attacks on the Persian Government that they blocked their own path; for the Deputies, fearing lest the Russians should extract a secret promise of a concession from someone in authority, rushed through the Chamber a Bill brought forward by Dr. Mossadeq, providing under heavy penalties that oil concessions should not even be discussed with any foreigner or foreign State. This law was violated by a later Prime Minister, Qavam al Saltana, when he promised to bring in a Bill for the establishment of a Russo-Persian company for the exploitation of the oil of North Persia; he preferred to use this device to get rid of the Russian troops left in Persia after the treaty date, rather than to appeal to the United Nations to persuade or compel the Russians to withdraw. When at last laid before the Chamber of Deputies the Bill was rejected with only two dissentient votes. One of the chief speakers against the Bill was Dr. Mossadeq, but it was noticeable that his criticisms were directed as much against the A.I.O.C. concession as against the Russian proposals. One of his chief complaints was that the royalties had been misspent, though how anyone but the rulers of Persia and in particular Riza Shah could be blamed for that he did not explain. It seems clear that Dr. Mossadeq regarded it as a corollary of the law of 1944 that the A.I.O.C. should be eliminated, without regard to its legal rights. The Russians argued that the refusal of their application for an oil concession constituted unfriendly discrimination, since the British had a concession in the south. Dr. Mossadeq seems to have turned this argument round, and to hold that since it would be dangerous to give a concession to the Russians, who would set to work to sovietize

the north of Persia, the existing concession should be taken away from the British company, to ensure equality of treatment. In so far as the legal aspect was ever considered by Dr. Mossadeq, he seems to hold that "nationalization" overrides in some mystical way a written promise not to annul or modify a concession unilaterally. The ultimate object of the policy is to be neutral in any war, cold or hot. The Russians, the argument runs, will no longer have cause to be jealous of the British and will therefore let Persia alone, while the British, having no oil interests in Persia, will have no cause to drag Persia into war. Neutrality has been declared by an official Persian spokesman to be the policy of his country which, he added, is therefore not interested in the Middle East Command. And in January 1952 the United States Government, which for several years had been extending military aid to Persia as well as to Greece and Turkey, stopped the despatch of arms to Persia because of her failure to comply with the Mutual Security Act.

In his extremist policy Dr. Mossadeq had two powerful allies: Ayatullah Kashani and the Tudeh Party. Kashani, one of the chief *mujtahids* (religious dignitaries) in Persia, is the religious leader of the *Fadayan-i-Islam*, from whose fanatical ranks came the men who killed Razmara and the Minister of Education. Kashani openly approved Razmara's murder and threatened a similar fate for anyone who should take the wrong political path. The ethics and wisdom of political murder apart, it is doubtful whether the acquisition of power by the *mujtahids* can benefit Persia. In Riza Shah's time they opposed the westernization of Persia and in particular the introduction of western legal codes and the emancipation of women, and after a long period of enforced silence during his reign they have begun to recover influence, to the extent that in some country districts women have been compelled to take to the veil again. Even if Kashani were not, as a *mujtahid*, anti-foreign, he would probably be anti-British, as he was one of the Persians who were interned during the war, under Anglo-Persian supervision, for anti-Ally activities. Among Dr. Mossadeq's entourage there were at least two more of these interneers: the Minister of the Interior, and his own son-in-law, a Senator and a member of the Oil Commission.

The Tudeh Party, with its Communist nucleus, was a strange bed-fellow for Dr. Mossadeq, the rich landowner, and Kashani, the *mujtahid* with reactionary social aims, but it was only following the new policy of shouting against the "imperialist" and the "capitalist" without raising the issue of Communism. In Persia the Tudeh Party attracts not only Communists, who are probably not numerous, but also many people drawn to it as the only body which is a political party in the western sense. Political life in Persia consists as a rule in the grouping of Deputies round a prominent man who may hope to become Prime Minister and to carry his supporters into office with him. The pro-

grammes of such leaders differ little from each other, and whoever gets into power little useful legislation is ever proposed, still less passed, the time being taken up in political manoeuvre. The Tudeh Party, though nominally proscribed, afforded valuable help to Dr. Mossadeq under various guises in the early stages of the dispute. Only later was an attempt made to arrest its leaders.

Even with these allies Dr. Mossadeq could not have secured the wide support he at first enjoyed if the minds of the public had not been predisposed towards his policy. Just as every employee is inclined to doubt whether he gets a "fair" wage, so even if the Persians had been correctly informed instead of grossly misled by the press and the official radio, they would still have believed that they were getting less than their fair share of the profits on Persian oil. The accusation that the A.I.O.C. were bad employers is not supported by the I.L.O. inquiry, and can be refuted by anyone who has seen conditions in the oil area, so much better than anywhere else in Persia; nevertheless the accusation was widely accepted. Then the feeling of humiliation that the one great industry in the country should be controlled by foreigners was not restrained by realization of the difficulties involved in its management. Many Persians may have accepted as valid the remark made by a Senator in reply to Razmara's question how a country which lost money on a State cement factory could run an oil industry. The Senator described this as a libel on the race that created the Persian miniature.

Dr. Mossadeq's strongest ally however was the readiness of the Persian to believe that it is always someone else's fault; Dr. Mossadeq shares this characteristic in a high degree. He has even declared that the Americans, who in addition to their military aid had advanced \$24 millions to Persia, had limited their help to "a few bags of D.D.T." But the British have been his main target. Had they not introduced their insidious influence even into the Palace, and by their intrigues in America prevented him from securing a loan? Most people would attribute mainly to fanatical Persian propaganda the riots in Abadan which brought intimidation and insult to many British employees of the A.I.O.C. and a brutal death to three of them, but according to Dr. Mossadeq they were caused by the Company to discredit his Government. If the tribes are murmuring, it cannot be because of present grievances and a long history of neglect or misgovernment: they must have been stirred up by British agents. If it took Dr. Mossadeq from 1941, when Riza Shah abdicated, to 1952 to become Prime Minister, it cannot be because the Deputies preferred other men but because of "foreign" influences. The Persian then hates moral responsibility; he must have a scapegoat, and for him the permanent scapegoat is Great Britain.

How is it that the country to which Persia obviously owed her

independence in the nineteenth century has become to Persians the villain of the piece? Ironically, the very success with which Great Britain defended not only Persia but the Middle East in general against Russian aggression helped to bring this about. In two wars between Russia and Persia in the early part of the nineteenth century Great Britain acted as peacemaker, receiving on one occasion the thanks of both parties. Better known are the efforts of Great Britain in the Crimea and after the 1878 war to save Turkey from domination by Russia, and her resistance to Russian designs on Afghanistan. If on the other hand Persia was twice involved in war with Great Britain, that was because Britain demanded for Afghanistan, menaced by Persian aggression instigated by Russia, the independence she wanted for Persia. And on neither occasion did the British, after defeating the Persians, ask for territorial or other compensation. It thus came to be taken for granted that any threat to the Middle East would be met by Great Britain by armed resistance, and the Persians have never forgiven us for having fallen short of that expectation in 1907. Ever since the Congress of Berlin turned Russia away from Turkey she had acted aggressively in North Persia; but in 1907, exhausted by the war with Japan and by the revolution of 1905, she was prepared to compromise about Persia as well as about Afghanistan and Tibet. On the other hand Great Britain could foresee the coming war with Germany, and not being strong enough to quarrel with Russia and Germany at the same time, she too was obliged to compromise. This arrangement, though designed to keep Russia as far to the north as possible, has never been understood by the Persians, who describe it as "carving up" their country, and since then they have made Great Britain the scapegoat for all their ills, in particular for the faults of Riza Shah. They were well satisfied during the early years of his reign, for they enjoyed public security for the first time for generations, and the status of their country among the nations rose considerably; but later he became arbitrary and avaricious, and they invented the theory that the British had placed him on the throne and maintained him there for their own ends, thus hiding from themselves the truth that if Riza Shah continued to misgovern them it was because no Persian dared to stand up to him. Not all Persian suspicions however are so absurd. We cannot deny that we have been the allies of Russia, Persia's ancient enemy, in two wars, and that British as well as Russian troops entered Persia in 1941. A good case can be made out for the Allied invasion, but the Persians, though they got rid of Riza Shah and recovered constitutional government as a by-product, and in the end found themselves on the winning side whereas they might have been dragged down with Germany, have added the invasion to the list of Britain's sins. The Persians might be expected to give the British credit for their behaviour in Persia during the war, as compared with the Russians' arbitrary conduct, their attempt

to detach one of the Persian provinces, and their retention of troops in Persia after the due date; but there is no sign of this. The Russians are expected to behave badly; the British, to behave as the Persians desire.

Britain being thus the political scapegoat, to make her the economic scapegoat in the oil dispute was easy. One wonders whether the mass of the people are as well satisfied with the result as Dr. Mossadeq professes to be. His satisfaction, in so far as it rests upon a hope of neutrality, could hardly survive a reading of those German archives published by the Americans, about the Russo-German negotiations in the early part of the war. When pressed to join the Axis the Russians laid down as one condition the recognition of a broad band of territory stretching from the Caucasus to the Persian Gulf as *the centre of Soviet aspirations*—a band which would include Eastern Turkey, Eastern Iraq, Kuwait and western Persia, with the Persian, Iraqi and Kuwait oilfields. It is highly ingenuous to suppose that the mere elimination of the A.I.O.C. can deflect this age-long thrust towards the warm-water seas, reinforced as it now is by the attraction of half the oil in the world. As to the social consequences of Dr. Mossadeq's policy, the slums of Tehran which he attributed to the A.I.O.C. will not necessarily be swept away, if he is prepared to allow the oil to remain in the ground rather than compromise—a prospect bearable with greater equanimity by a rich landowner like Dr. Mossadeq than by a refinery hand thrown out of employment, or a peasant taxed yet more heavily because the oil revenue has vanished. We might think that at least some good had come out of evil if it appeared that the outburst against the British was a sign of a moral renaissance in Persia, but this seems to be ruled out by the orgy of self-pity we have witnessed and the determination of Persians to throw on the British the responsibility for all their ills. The truth should appear from the developments the Persians hope to carry out, if not with oil money, then with money provided by America. It is a commonplace that the gap between rich and poor in Persia and the failure of successive governments to relieve the misery of the people expose the country to Communist or other revolutionary propaganda. This obvious danger has not been overlooked by America, who has already advanced \$24 millions for development. Irrigation works are likely to figure largely in the programme. Now an American expert who studied Persian agriculture during the war felt that improvement was impossible unless Tehran became "country-minded" and unless what he called the feudal system was abolished. Again, while agreeing that more irrigation was required, he declared that much of the existing water was wasted on weeds. The labourer has little inducement to weed the land because his share of the crop—normally one-fifth—is so small. There is however no sign that Dr. Mossadeq and his followers have a policy of fundamental agricultural reform. Indeed, when Kashani was asked his opinion on

the Shah's decision to cede the Crown lands to the peasants on easy terms, he said that this was unnecessary for when Persia got her oil there would be plenty of land, and it would be unnecessary to divide up any estates, whether large or small. To make a dam and irrigate fresh land is not a difficult operation; what is difficult is to allocate the new land justly and profitably. Certain Crown lands in Seistan which were allocated for private ownership have been found to be almost entirely in the hands of large landowners, while the loans from the Persian Agricultural Bank rarely go to the kind of person such banks are supposed to assist. It would try the powers of the best statesmen, enjoying complete freedom of action, to install on the new land men deserving of help and likely to be most profitable to the State; but any committee charged with such a task would be swamped with demands and even orders from influential persons to allocate lands to their friends or relatives or political protégés. When Persians can do this kind of job with reasonable care and fairness, then there will be hope for their country. Abuse of Great Britain will lead nowhere. More self-help is needed, and less self-pity.

(The author was H.M. Minister and later Ambassador at Tehran from 1939 to 1946.)

LESSONS OF LISBON

BY KENNETH LINDSAY

THREE years ago—on April 3, 1949—the foreign ministers of twelve nations, including Mr. Ernest Bevin, signed the North Atlantic Treaty in Washington. Since then the North Atlantic Council has met successively three times in Washington, in London, New York, Brussels, Ottawa and Rome. The ninth session was held this February at Lisbon, in the Iberian peninsular, on the European shores of the Atlantic. On this occasion the chairman was a Canadian, Mr. Lester Pearson, and it was his privilege to welcome two new members, Greece and Turkey.

It is well to remember the earlier sequence of events in order to see N.A.T.O. and Lisbon in true post-war perspective. General Marshall made his famous speech at Harvard on June 5, 1947. Mr. Bevin took the initiative with Mr. Bidault of France and issued invitations for a meeting in Paris of the European powers. Sixteen countries were represented at the conference which opened on July 12, 1947, under the chairmanship of Sir Oliver Franks. The Convention for European Economic Co-operation was signed in Paris on April 16, 1948. The Americans then set up a special body, the Economic Co-operation Administration (E.C.A.), to dispense Marshall Aid. The Europeans established a receiving body known as the Organization for European Economic Co-operation (O.E.E.C.). Sir Edmund Hall-Patch has been four times elected chairman of this important body. At the same time and in a setting which was becoming more critical the United Kingdom, France and the Benelux countries signed the Brussels Treaty (March 17, 1948). The Treaty provided for collaboration in economic, social and cultural matters and for mutual assistance in the event of any party becoming the object of armed attack in Europe. By September 1948 a defence committee was established and finally a joint military organization known as Uniforce under the direction of Field-Marshal Montgomery with headquarters at Fontainebleau. The North Atlantic Treaty is the direct descendant of the Brussels Treaty.

On a more popular front between 1947 and 1949 there was born the European Movement. The Hague Conference in the spring of 1948 led by Mr. Churchill launched the idea of European unity and by May 1949 the Statute of Europe was signed by eleven countries. In addition

to the Brussels Treaty powers there were the Irish Republic, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Italy and Northern Ireland. Later Iceland, Greece, Turkey, Germany and the Saar took their seats in the Consultative Assembly, which has met for one month in 1949, 1950 and 1951. On the last occasion there was a joint session with American Senators and Congressmen.

Within Europe itself six powers, France, Italy, western Germany and the three Benelux countries have for the last two years been struggling to bring into existence two supra-national bodies, the Schuman coal and steel plan and the European army, now called the European Defence Community. At the time of the Ottawa meeting of N.A.T.O. last September Mr. Morrison, meeting with Mr. Acheson and Mr. Schuman in the United States, put forward what is known as the Washington Declaration. British official policy invented a new expression. In future we were to be "associated with" European developments, whether Schuman or Plevin plans, but always within a widening development of the Atlantic Community. This policy was confirmed by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden on their recent visit to Washington: "Our two Governments will continue to give their full support to the efforts now being made to establish a European Defence Community. We believe that this is the best way of bringing a democratic Germany into a purely defensive organization for European security" and "we are resolved to build an Atlantic Community not only for defence, but for enduring progress." But Mr. Eden added in a speech at Columbia, New York, referring to the frequent suggestions that Britain should join a European federation: "This is something we know in our bones we cannot do . . . our thoughts move across the seas to the many communities in which our people play their part in every corner of the world. That is our life; without it we should be no more than some millions of people living on an island off the coasts of Europe."

I mention these dates, facts and quotations partly to explain that both political parties appear to be committed to the same general policy, and partly to demonstrate the maze of organizations that have been created since the Marshall speech. First, there are fifteen, only fifteen, European countries in the United Nations and a larger number, in practice all, belonging to its off-shoot the Economic Commission for Europe (E.C.E.) situated at Geneva. Secondly there is the Council of Europe with its Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg and a membership of fifteen. At the moment this is a hybrid organization and might be described as an indirectly elected or appointed parliament, with full powers of speech but none of action. Thirdly there are one or two supra-national bodies, partially formed and partially ratified by national parliaments, such as the Schuman Plan and European Army. Fourthly, there is the O.E.E.C., a novel inter-governmental agency, with a most important off-shoot, the

European Payments Union (E.P.U.). Lastly, there are the Brussels Treaty and North Atlantic Treaty Organization (N.A.T.O.) which are military alliances, coupled with important political, social and cultural clauses. Behind these various organizations there are several voluntary movements of citizens. These include the United Nations Association (U.N.A.), the European Movement with its Federalist wing, and an incipient Atlantic Movement, strongest in the United States, but with groups in France, Britain, Norway and Denmark. It is little wonder that the ordinary citizen finds foreign policy confusing. But the hard fact remains that in each case these organizations have been created by members of the free world to meet what they deemed to be an urgent need. If they resemble a series of tactical measures, this is due partly to the absence of any grand strategy and partly to the enduring nationalist sentiment which is never very far from the surface and which constantly threatens to crack the foundations.

At Ottawa the Atlantic Council held its first genuine council of cold war. It cleared the ground by appointing committees to consider how to reconcile military defence with politico-economic capabilities of member countries, how to reconcile European and Atlantic defence, how to develop closer co-operation in foreign and economic affairs and how to create out of its own scattered and unwieldy bureaux an effective political organization. The difficulties have been enormous. They consist partly of internal strains within the respective countries and partly of a permanent difference of approach between the United States and Europe. It is no easy task to get good team work between fourteen countries, so diverse in wealth, size, geography and temperament. Even when agreement is reached, as it was at Lisbon, there is the further difficulty of placating minorities and securing a genuine international sanction.

There is a different approach between the American and European point of view. Washington is thinking in terms of tactics, Europe more in terms of strategy. If the United States consults Europe before it acts, there may be some restraint on the policy-makers in the National Security Council, an important new wing of the American cabinet. It has been said that the difference between Washington on the one hand and London and Paris on the other is the difference between G.H.Q. and the men in the trenches. They think in terms of anti-Communism, we in terms of full-employment and a guarantee of enough food. Europe has had to remind America of these anxieties and of the need for raw materials. In a word, the two objectives of the Marshall Plan, averting economic and political collapse and securing economic and political co-operation have not yet been achieved. Is N.A.T.O. just an anti-Russian alliance or a new form of international organization based not

on nationality but on identity of aims and interests?

We have seen that Britain has rejected anything which smacks of supra-national authority and favours the inter-governmental type of organization. Hence her association with Western Union which later became merged into N.A.T.O. and also her leadership of O.E.E.C. Is it possible to separate purely European questions from those which are possible to separate purely European questions from those which are United States plus European? It would seem that the N.A.T.O. framework is essential to hold together such groupings as the European Defence Community, Britain, Scandinavia and South-East Europe. Yet at times it would seem that the British are trying to build a new British-centred balance of power system. Mr. Eden's Columbia speech seemed to hark back to the Dunkirk analogy which is no longer realistic. It is well to remember that after Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain there rained on us more deadly weapons. Socialists have their own reasons for being sceptical of European entanglements, but it is noticeable that Woodrow Wyatt and many others now favour our joining a European army. It is possible that the retention of a curious, self-centred provincialism, what Señor de Madariaga calls "the channel-complex", can be a mortal menace to our survival in the modern world. The British are not prepared to exchange the known advantages of the central position in the Commonwealth for the hypothetical benefits of political union with Europe. It must be to some stronger organization that we resign the conduct of our most vital military and economic security. We do wrong to suggest that France can cope alone with Germany and our intransigence raises doubts in the minds of the Benelux countries. Hence the consolidation of Europe has hung fire. The truth is that only the permanent military and diplomatic participation of the United States can provide an effective defence of western civilization. The fact that America has broken with the past is an act of the first order in courage and imagination. It is claimed that the decisions made at Lisbon were historic, because they involved the final terms for the end of the Allied occupation of Germany, agreement on the relation of N.A.T.O. to the European Defence Community and the establishment and concentration of a permanent Atlantic Council in Paris. I would reserve the word 'historic' for another aspect of the conference. The significant fact is that fourteen nations, European and North American, have faced the varied and complicated financial and economic questions that inevitably arise from any attempt at collective security in the modern world. Germany's new status, France's legitimate fears, N.A.T.O.'s demands for more divisions in Europe had to be settled simultaneously or not at all. Without the authority of the North Atlantic Council, without frank speaking by some of the smaller States, these agreements could never have been reached.

Was Dean Acheson justified in saying that "along with the British

Commonwealth and the United Nations, N.A.T.O. must rank as one of the great democratic institutions invented in half a century"? If it were a genuine federal body, it would have its own electorate; if it were a supra-national body, it would have its own elected assembly. But this is something new and different. It is a democratic institution, but only indirectly related to several national parliaments and still less indirectly to the people. Many persons, statesmen, soldiers, administrators and economists have helped to shape this formidable instrument but unless there is a grass-roots foundation in public opinion, N.A.T.O. could become an air-bound bureaucracy. Dean Acheson also said: "The job we now face is the hard, unspectacular one of translating decisions into action" and Lester Pearson added: "If we do not by our results convince our peoples, they will begin to lose interest and weaken in their support of the North Atlantic coalition." Fortunately there is a growing public support in many countries.

It will require much patience and a far deeper understanding of the issues involved if public opinion and national parliaments are to march in step with the decisions of the Lisbon conference. Nationalism is called by different names in each country, but already it is rearing its head again; neutralism and Bevanism are very much alive. There is nothing inconsistent between a greater measure of European unity within a framework of Atlantic unity, as long as such restrictive measures as regional Customs Unions are ruled out. A great responsibility rests on Britain. It behoves us to proceed with all those measures which strengthen the solidarity of Europe. There is no place in Europe, any more than in S.H.A.P.E. (General Eisenhower's example might well be followed) for narrow, nationalistic policies. There is a big place—in some countries an empty place—waiting to be filled by men and women of European stature. If N.A.T.O. becomes the central authority for deciding political and strategic policies to be carried out jointly by the Atlantic Community, there is a rôle for O.E.E.C. and the Council of Europe, because the whole operation can only be carried out successfully if Europe exists with the maximum unity. There is a danger that we return to the chaos and restrictions of the 'thirties. Self-interest and tradition should compel us to come close to Europe with positive policies. Our re-armament record stands second to none; our determination to set our own house in order is an example to the world. It remains for us to convince both Europe and North America that Britain's foreign policy is keyed to the responsibilities we have in fact undertaken. Will Mr. Eden supply the magic of leadership?

(Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, formerly Member of Parliament for the Combined English Universities and now the Chairman of the British Committee of the European College at Bruges, attended the ninth session of the North Atlantic Council at Lisbon in February.)

NATIONALISM IN THE GOLD COAST—II

BY ASA BRIGGS

THE victory of the Convention People's Party at the elections of February 1951 ushered in a new period in the history of Gold Coast nationalism. The "prison graduates" became ministers in an Executive Council, which they were able to control. Kwame Nkrumah, Permanent Leader of the Party, became Leader of Government Business in the Legislative Assembly as well; Gbedemah, who had been one of the chief architects of party organization, became Minister of Health and Labour; Kojo Botsio, the third member of the inner circle, became Minister of Education and Social Welfare. From February 1951 onwards these men and their colleagues were judged by the politically articulate sections of the public not only on the basis of what they said concerning self-government but also on the results of their actions as ministers in charge of policy-making and administration.

There was something ironical about the C.P.P. leaders managing a Constitution which they had dismissed as "bogus and fraudulent" while their political opponents, many of whom had sat on the Coussey Committee, were left out in the cold. The main consequence of the overwhelming electoral success of the C.P.P. and the formation of a party-dominated Executive Council was a switch-over in tactics between "ins" and "outs". While Dr. Nkrumah continued to try out the Constitution "experimentally" Dr. Danquah, the leader of the United Gold Coast Convention, who had sat on the Coussey Committee, moved a motion in the Assembly in April 1951 that a select committee should be set up to prepare the basis of a new Constitution, which would establish the Gold Coast as a fully self-governing Dominion within the Commonwealth. His motion was overwhelmingly defeated by 65 votes to six. The C.P.P. has retained the political initiative ever since, and has managed a Constitution, which it has never admired, in the hope that if it acts responsibly, the Constitution will eventually be changed. As Kwesi Plange, the able Ministerial Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government, put it: "In giving a trial to the new Constitution, we are aware of the great challenge that we have accepted; we are, as it were, standing at the bar of world opinion, and we assure the Secretary of State for the Colonies that we shall prove ourselves not only capable to carry whatever burden this new Constitution imposes, but that we are ready to assume greater responsi-

bilities in the administration of our country.”

The main defect of the present Constitution, from a nationalist standpoint, is the presence in the Executive Council of three ex-officio members, who are all white. The Chief Secretary manages the Ministry of Defence and External Affairs. He is in charge of political administration, broadcasting, police, and public relations. The Ministers of Justice and Finance direct other key departments. Although there is evidence that during the last year the three ex-officio members have worked loyally with their C.P.P. colleagues in the Executive Council and, having expressed a point of view, have never over-ruled the African majority, their continued presence makes the Executive Council something less than a cabinet. This remains true although Dr. Nkrumah has recently been given the title of Prime Minister.

There are other defects too. Relations between ministers and their heads of departments, permanent secretaries, schooled in a colonial nursery, where there was little clear distinction between policy-making and administration, are bound to cause momentary frictions and frustrations. Many of the ministers are young and politically inexperienced; the permanent secretaries and the other high-grade civil servants are old and mellowed by experience. In any country such a situation would cause complications; in a colony it is made more serious by the fact that the ministers are African nationalists and the civil servants Europeans. The ministers, for political reasons, must work quickly to produce “visible results”; the civil servants have learnt the advantages of caution, and some of them undoubtedly continue to feel a dual responsibility, which makes them anxious to check precipitate ministerial action, which they realize will lead to serious difficulties. Since 1951 relations between ministers and really top-grade civil servants have usually been good, but further down in the departments and out in the districts there are still administrators who cling to the ideals of sound administration, as they have been taught them, rather than adjust themselves to a situation, where it becomes their duty to administer policies, for which they may feel little sympathy.

The worst possible policy for administrators to adopt in face of a powerful nationalist movement is to retreat into a good-natured paternalism. Such paternalism widens the gap between politicians and administrators, and pours oil on to the flames of popular feeling in the country. Good relations depend on a sense of mutual trust and an ideal of service. There must be no hint of an elaborate and subtle manoeuvre to by-pass nationalism by offering “good government” at a cheaper price. A sense of partnership and constant tact count for most. That tact is necessary is shown by the original decision of the C.P.P. after taking office not to allow “fraternization” between party members in the Executive Council and European officials “except on purely official

occasions.” Although such a directive appears frigid and austere, it has political roots, which stretch deep into the soil of the nationalist movement.

There is one reason above all why the C.P.P. must take particular care to manage the Constitution without too much enthusiasm and attempt to replace it by a better one from the nationalist point of view. The party has enemies who talk constantly of the “sweets of office” and associate power with patronage and positive policy-making with nationalist betrayal. The level of political controversy in the Gold Coast is not always pitched high. There is considerable personal vituperation and much over-candid press comment. These are features, which can be noted in any newly-developing democracy, and are in no sense a special product of the Gold Coast, but they do affect the atmosphere in which criticism is formulated and the administration attacked.

The political groups in the Gold Coast, other than the C.P.P., are still anxious to regain the initiative in the nationalist movement. Very recently, for instance, in January 1952, the U.G.C.C. has produced a seven point scheme “for Gold Coast liberation.” It repeats the U.G.C.C.’s version of the history of the Gold Coast nationalist movement in recent years, describes the founding of the C.P.P. by Kwame Nkrumah as “an act of sabotage” and reiterates the demand for a national emergency council, representative of all informed sections of Gold Coast opinion, to make a joint declaration of readiness for dominion status. It goes on to suggest that an interim constituent assembly should be summoned at once to prepare a complete and practicable scheme for self-government and to settle with a special constitutional commissioner sent out from the United Kingdom the exact details of a transfer of power.

The seven-point programme bears all the marks of a party out of office and seeking to repair its fortunes by dramatic gestures rather than by building an efficient party machine, which will rival that of the C.P.P. The U.G.C.C. has regained some of its lost ground recently in certain parts of the country, particularly in Accra itself, but it is in no position to challenge the political supremacy of its far better-organized rival. It is in any case handicapped in working out its strategy by a curiously narrow and dogmatic belief that “the colonial struggle”, in which it believes quite as firmly as does the C.P.P., can only be won by a united front organization, that political parties put party first and country second, and allow the hated “imperialist” to continue to rule. The gulf between the U.G.C.C. and the C.P.P. has grown wider in recent months, as the C.P.P. leadership has become more entrenched and the U.G.C.C. leadership more anxious to acquire power itself. Indeed the real basis of division between the C.P.P. and the U.G.C.C. is the question of leadership. Other issues, like the remembrance of things past and the con-

tinued difference of outlook on methods in politics, merely provide the respective leaders with sticks with which they can beat each other. Yet however dramatically the U.G.C.C. stages its gestures and however opportunist it becomes in its tactics, it will still remain a group of leaders without followers, until it builds up an effective party organization.

A more serious challenge to the C.P.P. comes from some of its own supporters. Any mass party, based on a small centralized leadership, must inevitably face some difficulties in maintaining smooth relations between party officials and rank and file, and in the long run in maintaining smooth relations between its leaders. In December 1951 there was a spectacular series of resignations from the party leadership, the men resigning including Dzewu, the Deputy Chairman, and Nyemitei, the Secretary. Both men were foundation members of the Youth Study Group, which had provided the nucleus of the C.P.P.; both were respected personalities, who were known to be zealous advocates of "Self-Government Now." Among their grievances against the party leadership were the delay in achieving self-government, "unnecessary fraternization of African ministers with Europeans at sherry parties"; and the Government's attitude to the Lidbury Report, which deals with the future organization of the Gold Coast service. There were other reasons too, more specifically concerned with internal party organization and problems. Both Dzewu and Nyemitei expressed a desire to remain "floor members" of the party, as did Nartey, a local organizer, who went so far as to say that he was resigning not only because of "current irregularities" existing in the party, but because "he feared that the fate which Mussolini and Hitler suffered from the masses whom they led might befall him also when the masses of the Gold Coast woke up from the delusion under which they were now." It was a sign of the power of the C.P.P. as a party that none of these three men, who were obviously disgruntled and on bad terms with the party leaders in the Assembly, actually went so far as to resign from the C.P.P. It was an even more eloquent sign when several days later they all three withdrew their letters of resignation, and pledged their continued loyalty to the party. The C.P.P. had emerged yet again as a force against which single individuals found it difficult to contend. There may be further party divisions in the future, and there will certainly be a continued murmuring on the left and among the new "young men," who begin to take their place in Gold Coast politics, but there will be no deep party split, unless alternative leaders within the C.P.P. can emerge, who will not only eclipse the political appeal of Nkrumah, Botsio and Gbedemah to the masses of their countrymen, but will also prove capable of building up a rival machine. Disgruntled politicians outside may hope for a split in the C.P.P., but such a hope, even from the standpoint of their own self-

interest as nationalists seems a rather dubious one.

The real challenge to the C.P.P. at the present time comes not from alternative parties or groups of politicians, but from the danger of apathy in the general population, unless some of its election promises are realized. Such apathy would affect all sections of the nationalist movement and would in time produce an atmosphere in which disillusionment might well turn into irresponsible extremism. The other possible alternative development might be a diminution of the power of the politician and an increase in the prestige of the Chief, the traditional authority, but such a consequence would run counter to many social and economic currents in the Gold Coast, which have got little to do with politics as such. There can be no return to the forms of chieftaincy as it existed in the past without a regression in the economic unification and activity of the country. Most sections of the community, including influential sections in the C.P.P. believe that chieftaincy still has an important part to play in the life of the Gold Coast, but the rôle that they cast for it is a cultural and spiritual rather than a political one.

So far there are no signs of widespread apathy, and the C.P.P. continues to afford what is always referred to in the Gold Coast as a "dynamic leadership". The decisions of the C.P.P. provide the key to the shape of the immediate future. Its leaders realize that in the last resort their strength depends not upon their large majority in the Legislative Assembly or their control of the Executive Council, but in their influence with the public outside. The enthusiasm of the crowd, which meets in the Arena in Accra to cheer the party leaders and listen to their pronouncements, and of the village crowds, which still remain faithful to their red, white and green flag, ensures the perpetuation of C.P.P. influence. It is the C.P.P., pledged to "Self-Government Now," which will decide the next step in the road of constitutional advance, and not the ineffective opposition in the Assembly and in the country. As Caseley Hayford, the Minister of Agriculture, put it in his speech to the Assembly during the debate on Dr. Danquah's proposals in April 1951: "The hand of the Convention People's Party clock can never be turned back, not after the hour has struck for freedom, for liberty, for self-respect and for self-determination. It is a clock which is wound by the masses of the country."

Dynamic leadership involves intelligent tactics on the part of the party managers and continued enthusiasm on the part of the rank and file. Sometimes the rank and file needs restraining rather than encouraging; sometimes it chafes impatiently at what it regards as unnecessary delay. There are signs of intelligent leadership on the part of the men who make the effective decisions, and there is a general recognition that Gbedemah was right when he recently said—"when we have developed the party system fairly well and tried it for some time, we are sure that

when we ask the British to set us free, they will have no objection."

It is in this ultimate trust that the British will accommodate the Gold Coast Constitution to the demands of a popular nationalism that the C.P.P. pins its hopes of "self-government now." There are signs that important constitutional changes are on the way, and that they will not be secured by a "smash-and-grab raid" but by a sober understanding between Executive Council, Governor and Colonial Office. Until constitutional changes are made there can be no politics of standstill in the Gold Coast, and all political issues, from housing and town-planning to the price of cocoa and the future of the surplus of the Cocoa Marketing Board, will be related to the central problem of the next constitutional step ahead.

In ensuring that such a step is taken, the present leaders of Gold Coast nationalism must take care that while they make their constitutional understandings with the British authorities quietly and without undue fuss, they continue to retain the support of their less privileged and less well-informed party members. They must continue to talk the language, which they have spoken so eloquently for the last three years. In his New Year message, Dr. Nkrumah showed that if he is now pre-occupied with tasks of government, he can still talk in the way which made him such a popular favourite in the country at large. "The C.P.P.," he said, "is now like an army in the field after winning battles. What it now wants is a conclusive victory. As in an army, therefore, the general must deploy his men well, have the necessary reconnaissance done, and when he sees his opportunity, let his men strike with all vigour to victory."

There can only be one end to a nationalist movement—victory—and even if the fruits of victory are thought to be illusory, like tempting fruit on a tree which disappears at the touch of the hand, there can be no retreat once the march towards victory has begun. It was the conservative Dr. Busia, distrusted by the C.P.P., who said in the Chamber, with reference to British reluctance to accept in its fullness the implications of the demand for self-government: "We in this country, as I understand it, have been saying to Britain: 'You may be a good benefactor, you may know what is good for us; you may know what to do for us, but we demand the right to tell you what we want.' That seems to me to be democracy." Once this conviction has acquired roots, it cannot be blasted away. The C.P.P. has already made sure that it has acquired such roots in the Gold Coast.

(The first part of the article was published in the March issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

AFRICAN NATIONALISM

SOME COMMENTS

To the March 1952 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY Sir Charles Dundas, formerly Governor of Uganda, contributed the article "African Nationalism" and concluded that "... if we anticipate the emergence of a number of African nations we have no good reason to hope that they will be less predatory than the nations of other continents have been; on the contrary they might be more so, being young and inexperienced and less remote in time from the state of barbarity. It is perhaps not too much to say that the only way of escape from such a dismal fate lies in racial or continental union, as is coming to be recognized as the panacea for the age-old ills of Europe. It is not impossible that Africans should begin at the point which we at long last are approaching. Wisely guided they start on a new era with all the advantages and none of the trammels of the old world. . . . It is equally possible that they may also leap the painful stages of social development through which Europeans have passed and still are passing, that they may go direct from the tribal to the racial or continental order of human association, and skip the national grouping."

The first part of Mr. Asa Briggs' article "Nationalism in the Gold Coast", discussing the events leading up to the elections under the new Constitution in February 1951, also appeared in the last number.

IT is true that African nationalism everywhere south of the Sahara is part of the world-wide revolt of the coloured against the white in which, as the authors of *Attitude to Africa* rightly pointed out, all men of colour are "emotionally involved". It is also true that Dr. Nkrumah and other West African leaders, in criticizing South African policies, are beginning to sound the pan-African drum, though as yet intermittently and with a cautious beat. We must, however, be careful not to over-estimate the potentialities of this new factor in African affairs. The lack of means of communication, both physical and mental, the vastness of Africa itself, its pre-European history of universal inter-tribal warfare (for memories are long in illiterate societies), and its post-settlement history within colonial boundaries are all powerful diversifying influences.

In British West Africa nationalists are concentrating on building their artificially created colonies into independent nations and that, for better or for worse, is what they will become. There is at present no unity of feeling between Nigerians and Gold Coasters and, since there is no common Imperialist oppressor, I can see no reason why it should develop.

France and Belgium are busy producing black Frenchmen and

Belgians, communication between their peoples and those of British Africa is, in most areas, meagre, and the tendencies are again towards diversity of culture and destiny. There is an emotional appeal for West Africans at present in championing the oppressed in South Africa, but I doubt if it will ever, and at least some West Africans agree with me, develop into a practical and effective crusade.

Sir Charles Dundas is thinking more of a pan-Africanism rising in the East and South from unresolved racial conflicts. The movement has begun in Central and South Africa in the All African Congress of the Union and the Congresses of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, and if these achieve international cohesion it may become powerful, but the obstacles, starting with the conservative parochialism of the people and ending with the strength of European resistance, are formidable. It is not, however, to be assumed that in Central Africa, and even less so in East Africa, racial conflicts will remain unresolved. Every thinking person, from Sir Godfrey Huggins to the African leaders in Kenya, who have persuaded the European leaders to form with them the Kenya Citizens' Union, knows that the only possible solution everywhere is inter-racial partnership. In some territories this policy may fail, but in others it may be reasonably successful and everywhere it is being developed on a territorial basis to turn people, not into good Africans or good Europeans, but into good Kenyans or good Tanganyikans, and the greater its success the less will be the motive for pan-Africanism. If pan-Africanism ever does become an effective force it will be born of our failure and may well die in chaos and bloodshed. To speak of it, as Sir Charles does, as an abstract ideal regardless of European interests, is to disregard the facts. If the Europeans ever do go, even from South Africa, the only spur to pan-Africanism will go with them. By that time the forces making for territorial nationalism will have done their work. Mere colour in a continent with no other unity whatever will not, any more than it did for Europe when Rome fell, prevail against the harsher claims of more local patriotisms.

KENNETH BRADLEY,

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In British West Africa the policy of self-government is well under way. In South Africa the policy of *Apartheid* aims at the separate development of the Bantu in strict separation from the Whites. It is, at first sight, remarkable that two such diverse policies can be applied to people of common race. Such policies reflect the history of the terri-

tories concerned. The European cannot regard West Africa as his home, and there is therefore, no permanent clash of interests. In South Africa, 2,250,000 Whites live side by side with about eight million Blacks; both rightly regard the Union as their own permanent home. It is not surprising that the Whites there feel the need to safeguard their future against absorption into a mixed 'coloured' race. Dr. Malan certainly has the support of most white South Africans for his *Apartheid* policy, and he is slowly gaining support in the Rhodesias.

Opinion on these two diverse policies varies. Some regard British policy in West Africa as the height of irresponsibility; others regard *Apartheid* as an immoral attempt, prompted by fear, to maintain White supremacy in the Union. Both Governments have the right to direct their own affairs without external interference.

The situation is so complex, and the policies so diverse, that any attempt to foresee the future must be speculative. I imagine that Sir Charles Dundas would readily admit this. But it would be a mistake to assume too readily that Bantu nationalism can be given political expression. 'Nationalism' has a meaning in Nigeria and the Gold Coast, where its political expression is possible. The word has little political meaning for the Bantu in South or East Africa. The pressure of the colour bar may be expected to make the Bantu more aware of their common race, but racialism without political expression can hardly be termed nationalism.

Continental union "as is coming to be recognized as the panacea for the age-old ills of Europe" may, in theory, be a "way of escape". But it remains in Europe, in spite of the Russian threat, very much of a theory. And in Africa, where there are at least six great Bantu tribal groups and several smaller groups, among whom co-operation is virtually non-existent, and tribal and faction fights all too common (see recent press reports of the Newclare riots), continental union is even more of a theory. It is, indeed, as misleading to speak of the 'Bantu in Africa' as it is to speak of the 'Europeans in Europe'.

It may well be that *Apartheid* will, in future years, be regarded as an unfortunate experiment. In the Union, Black and White interests are already intimately involved: more than one-fifth of the Bantu are detribalized as permanent town dwellers: the inadequacy of the native reserves: industrialization and the system of migrant labour: the number of mixed-marriages and the multi-racial nature of society—all these factors, and many more, indicate that *Apartheid* is too academic a policy. That, however, is South Africa's problem, and she will not be helped by ill-considered and uninformed criticism from overseas.

In the Rhodesias and East Africa, in sharp contrast to West and South Africa, there is no clearly defined native policy. In these territories the emphasis is meanwhile placed upon furthering the social and economic

development of the non-European. In the long run this may prove to be the wiser policy.

H. H. E. PEACOCK.

The Rev. H. H. E. Peacock was a member of the staff of St. John's College, Johannesburg, from 1936 to 1943. He then worked as a parish priest in Springs and Johannesburg until 1951 and is now on the staff of Bedford School.

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Starting from the undeniable thesis that African nationalism is racial and continental, Sir Charles Dundas speculates on the chances there are that the Bantu may skip the painful stages of European nationalism and form a single pan-African group. He admits that there is no reason why the rising African nations (whose boundaries, as he says, need not, and probably will not, correspond to those of the present colonies) should be less predatory than the European. On the other hand, if they could begin at the point which we are at last approaching, then such a development, difficult as it is to imagine, would be of enormous benefit to themselves and to the rest of mankind.

In making a distinction between the east and west coasts of Africa, Sir Charles Dundas does not mention one point of difference which might be important. Whereas the West African *évolué* is a product of European civilization, many progressive and influential East Africans are orientals, whose religion is Islam and who respect Arabic culture much more than anything they have yet seen of the west. And since the majority of Moslems are homogeneously concentrated on the coast we may as well find that East African nationalism not only differs from West African, but also within itself contains two separate and perhaps irreconcilable tendencies, one towards the east and the other towards the west. This may be typical of many other divergencies.

But however it may vary in detail, African nationalism is everywhere on the march. Apart from the natural desire of every adult person to be freed from paternalism and foreign rule its chief ingredient is the colour complex, which provides the thread of unity that runs through the whole continent and far beyond. Against this 'thinking with the blood,' arguments based on practical grounds like finance and economics are unavailing. It is a waste of breath to try to convince a dyed-in-the-wool nationalist that complete self-government without material resources is illusory and temporary, and that in this wicked world independence and weakness do not go together, since the withdrawal of one power only means the substitution, in some form, of another. It is to be hoped that after receiving self-government these young nations will see that it is to their advantage to remain within the empire. An association of this

kind, based on a common allegiance, is easier to imagine than the unity envisaged by Sir Charles Dundas, at least in any foreseeable time.

The emergence of nationalism on the Gold Coast, on the other hand, as described by Mr. Asa Briggs, has the elements not of harmony, but of friction and rivalry. The efficient party machine, the play on ignorance and backwardness, the bogey responsible for all social, political and financial ills, the glorification into martyrdom of a short spell in prison, the flags, the slogans and the songs, the 'fraternal' salute—have we not seen all this before? And can we not predict with mathematical accuracy what the next steps will be, when the restraining hand is removed and provided no one else intervenes? If present trends continue what must follow is the suppression of criticism as 'traitorous', the deification of a leader and finally the external adventure, the 'liberation' of neighbouring States. Then some sort of unification might be achieved, not by free agreement, but by the absorption of the weak by the strong. The only remedy for the corrupting influence of power on the Gold Coast would be the growth of an inexpugnable opposition, but of this there is at present no sign.

ANTHONY SILLERY,

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In looking at nationalism in Africa to-day one is constantly reminded of the history of nationalism in India: the most successful of all such movements within the British Commonwealth and—for both good and ill—one of the outstanding political forces of our time. In India British Governments showed themselves unable either to master or fully to understand the force of nationalism, with the result that the successive constitutional changes they introduced were inadequate and always came too late to satisfy the nationalists' demands. The same thing, as Mr. Briggs reminds us, happened on the Gold Coast in 1946. It has been a great misfortune for the British Commonwealth that—largely because of the historic administrative division between India and the Colonial Empire—so few men have served in Africa with a first-hand knowledge of the problems of India behind them.

The lessons of the Indian struggle for independence are certainly not lost on nationalists elsewhere in the world. Sir Charles Dundas draws attention to the emergence of the idea of "Bantustan", a state to include all the Bantu peoples of Africa. The notion may sound far-fetched and, in its literal sense, incapable of fulfilment. Yet it ought not to be dismissed as beyond the bounds of possibility. Pakistan itself originated as

the obscure idea of some Indian students at Cambridge. But little more than a dozen years after the plan was first put forward it had become the leading political objective of a majority of the Moslems of India.

This is not to suggest that the circumstances of modern African nationalism are like those of India; they are as different as Africans are from Indians. "Bantustan", if it becomes a serious political force, would have a far more formidable opposition to meet than Pakistan ever had. As Sir Charles Dundas points out, it is itself a logical, though ironical, consequence of the policy of *Apartheid* pursued by the present Government of the Union of South Africa. That Government would certainly put every obstacle they could in the way of this dangerous project, for it represents what the Nationalist party most of all fear—a threat to the European domination of southern Africa.

One matter that Sir Charles Dundas does not discuss, which may have the effect of slowing up the development of pan-African movements of this kind, is the state of communications. The railways of Africa form as yet a primitive system, looked at from the point of view of the continent as a whole—more primitive than those of Russia in 1917 or of India in 1947; nor has Africa the great navigable waterways of China. The development of air transport has to some extent offset these disadvantages. But it remains true that very few African territories can yet be said to be unified in an economic sense, and inter-territorial communication is poor, where it exists at all. In these circumstances, though a superficial nationalism may emerge quickly, the growth of true nationalism, based on a real sense of common aims and needs, must inevitably be slower and very much more difficult.

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GAME OR BEEF IN KENYA

BY S. R. CLELAND SCOTT

IN many ways the preservation of wild life is almost an international question since every European or white nation has many ardent devotees of game. It so happens that the last real stronghold of game in Africa lies in British colonial territory. I am fully aware that quite a lot of game is to be found in the Kruger National Park, at Hluhluwe in Natal, and in the Parc Nationale Albert since I know all these parks, but in none is there the quantity or the variety that there is in Kenya—still. The Belgian Congo contains great herds of buffalo and elephant but little else, while Angola and Portuguese East have a fair variety of game, as have French Equatorial, N. Rhodesia and the Sudan. Tanganyika, that ward of the UN, used to contain even more game than Kenya but this is no longer so. First there was a mistaken belief that by butchering—there is no other word for what took place—the game the various types of tsetse flies would be wiped out or their advance halted but mercifully this policy has been abandoned. The second factor was the organized slaughter by Africans, who did not even have to possess licences, to feed not only themselves and their friends but to make money by the sale of meat.

In Kenya game is gradually being pushed back into smaller and smaller areas, besides being slowly reduced. Much of this reduction is done by control officers of the game department who operate mainly against elephant and the carnivora. This department knows perfectly well that unless it has public sympathy it will get little co-operation for game preservation; consequently it often has to kill game that it would far sooner keep alive. In fact, except for a few species of small antelope, game in and around the settled areas has little chance of survival, save on a few farms whose owners willingly suffer losses in beasts or crops purely for the pleasure of watching it between times. Most of the elephants killed annually are shot because they will persist in raiding banana plantations and maize gardens. All the same, the African often almost invites the elephant to enjoy better feeding by planting his crops right beside what he knows perfectly well are age old elephant "roads" to water. Then he is too indolent to make any form of worthwhile stockade round his crops, knowing full well that he has only to howl sufficiently loudly for a control officer to come and avenge his laziness.

From early in this century Kenya has had two large game reserves

which also contain various tribes. No hunters are allowed therein but game department officers kill off the lions, leopards, hyenas, or elephant when they create havoc. After the last war two national parks were established, the 40-square-mile one just outside Nairobi, and the 7,000-square-mile one around the Tsavo river between Nairobi and Mombasa. These parks include portions of the old southern game reserve. In addition national reserves were gazetted. There is a most important difference between a national reserve and a national park. In the latter the interests of game are paramount; in the former if the interests of game and man conflict then those of man predominate, and the game has to suffer for its misdeeds though at times these are not more heinous than the eating of grass and the drinking of water.

Game by its very existence attracts hunters and tourists, both heavy spenders of the much desired dollar. Many a Kenya settler too was originally attracted to the country by the game. There is no doubt that hunters are gradually becoming less as time goes on and so the question of retaining a plentiful supply of game to be hunted is of lesser importance. Actually the *bona fide* sportsman, to use an overworked word, is always also a preservationist; he does game no harm since he shoots beasts past their prime as he is interested in good heads. I have noticed that most visiting hunters of all nationalities, but particularly Americans, are usually men in or past their fifties. Until then they have either been too busy amassing fortunes, or had not got the money when young to undertake a hunting *safari* which is by no means a cheap amusement. The days when the Briton, after being crossed in love, went to Africa to hunt dangerous game to restore his *amour propre* seem to have passed, or lack of money necessitates some other thrill nearer home. To-day the youth of most nations seem to prefer to take photographs rather than lives. This is most estimable since pictures interest almost anyone whereas trophies appeal to the fellow hunter only. Nevertheless the urge to hunt dangerous game is born in you and some people never lose it.

Bearing the above points in mind, are the ethics of game, apart from its present and future dollar earnings, more important than increased beef production? This query has arisen because the Kenya Government have decided to try to turn the nomadic Masai into useful rather than merely decorative members of society. They are of Nilotic origin and of all the tribes in East Africa have been least affected by the advance of civilization; in consequence they are least interested in questions of self-government. They have no desire for any form of uplift. In many ways one cannot help sympathizing with the Masai who are one of the few races content with life as it was. A few enter the police and the K.A.R., and take jobs as herdsman, but never any form of manual labour. They are quite happy to be left alone to continue their age-old

nomadic life tending their vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep which they are loth to sell. Before the British reached that part of Africa they were greatly feared and roamed over vast areas. Particularly scared of them were the Wakikuyu, to-day the most politically conscious and precocious of all the tribes, besides being the best business men. The only tribes who disputed their superiority were the Kipsigis and their near relatives the Samburu, also stockmen, not agriculturalists. In the old days some Masai lorded it in the Great Rift Valley and some in Laikipia. Other portions of the tribe inhabited the western slopes of the Mau, adjoining the Kipsigis and stretching down to the plains bordering Tanganyika. Those using the Laikipia country, where I for a time had a stock farm, were persuaded to move from there and take up a 1,000 mile block of country to-day known as Masailand stretching south of the railway, not far from Nairobi, to the Tanganyika border east and north of Mount Kilimanjaro. This country on the whole is ill-watered and also contains the old southern game reserve.

The Masai are not hunters and regard game as a nuisance because it tramples and empties waterholes which otherwise would last their cattle longer. Similarly it eats grass around the larger water supplies and so again the Masai have to move owing to lack of grass. They consider that the wildbeest, of which there are thousands when calving down, spoil the grazing and give their cattle a specific disease. The Masai are used to having to trek because of game, since before the European settled in Africa there was even more game, but in those days they dominated much of what is to-day large parts of Tanganyika. When lions raid their cattle the warriors although armed only with spears, swords and shields seldom fail to get their lion which is more than can be said for us with our modern high-powered rifles. Our hunts are individualistic affairs whereas theirs are communal hunts. They are not hunting for sport but partly from revenge and partly as an insurance against future raids. Each knows that the chances are that at least one man will be mauled, but, human nature being what it is, each hopes that it will not be him. In any case it is rare for a man to be killed outright since the lion is evidently not as instantly dangerous as a tiger—many maulees, less lucky than I was, die later from blood poisoning. Against this fact it must be borne in mind that the terrain of each species is totally different, and the lion has a great number of adversaries during his own attack. On the other hand many a Masai has killed a lion single-handed to prove his manhood.

In Tanganyika it is not only common game and lions and leopards that upset his beloved stock but elephant too. Some years ago I was hunting elephant in northern Tanganyika in a piece of country where the only liquid to be found lay in shallow pans or had to be dug for in sand rivers; grass was comparatively plentiful as were the Masai cattle,

sheep and donkeys, the last for transporting their belongings when they had to seek pastures new. In one sand river the warriors had nightly to sit up over the excavated area and even then they often failed to keep off the equally determined huge herds of elephant. In addition to the species already mentioned, buffalo, eland, and kudu, with warthogs and impalla, all get rinderpest and spread this disease to the cattle.

Other tribes, mainly the agriculturalists, are now suffering from their own greed for money. Leopard skins were always worth fair sums but after 1939 the price of the pelts rose tremendously with the result that the Africans trapped and nearly exterminated the leopard population. Admittedly at times a few leopards deserved what came to them as they not only raided native sheep and goats but killed far more than they needed, up to 20 from a herd, when two would have been enough. The diet of leopards is small antelope and gazelle, warthogs, bush pig, monkeys and baboons. As the leopards got wiped out the bush pigs, baboons and monkeys increased rapidly so that native maize and potato crops suffered untold damage. The pigs and baboons became bolder and bolder, and have proved a far worse scourge than ever the leopards were, and do far more damage; they become extremely cunning about traps, drives, and even poison.

At one end of Masailand lies the Chyulu National Reserve abutting on the Tsavo Park and at the other end is the Amboselli National Reserve, with the old game reserve in between. Amboselli and its precincts is one of the greatest attractions in all Africa; it is unique in having hardly changed at all since we began to occupy (not conquer, mark you) East Africa. The area is open undulating plains and thorn scrub dotted with large acacia trees, thickets, a dried up lake, and a swamp or two; the game population is heavy and as it has always been reserve the game is remarkably amiable. Elephant saunter from thicket to thicket, rhino disport themselves on the dried up lake, lions loll about in the shade and herds of antelope, gazelle, zebra and giraffe graze unconcernedly. On the edge of this paradise the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain, start to rise until they reach over 19,000 feet at the top of the permanently snow-covered dome, making a perfect background for any photograph. Amidst the herds of game elegant Masai nonchalantly lean on their spears as they watch their herds.

The Masai of Kenya get along with the Masai of Tanganyika but evince no urge to get together at all seriously. They live mainly on a diet of milk mixed with blood which they obtain by shooting an arrow into the jugular veins of their cattle, and drawing off the required amount; they also eat beef and mutton but do not bother with game meat and their cereal requirements are low. Many of us are collectors of some sort, curios, pictures, money, or gems; with the Masai this urge

takes the form of owning more head of cattle than the next man, their quality being a matter of minor importance. Thus they retain beasts which would be much better sold and slaughtered in order to increase their social standing; in other words cattle have a snob value.

The Masai administration are totally uninterested in game preservation, and would like to see it banished from Masailand so that the Masai can produce beef in a much bigger way than they have done in the past. They are thus being encouraged to educate their children, wear more clothes instead of perfectly good skins and blankets and in effect to desire consumer goods. Once this is put over successfully the administration feel that the Masai will not only want to sell for a change, but will need to produce more and better bovines. In order to prevent the everlasting chasing of water and grass they are sinking boreholes, making dams, and erecting fences so that the grazing can be properly controlled; somehow I feel that it will be a long long time before the Masai submit to living in a miniature welfare state. The administration appear to be prepared to care nothing for what happens to the game, in order to achieve planned and scientific ranching. They aim to tie the different clans to regular locations by having numerous watering places.

The national parks administration are very naturally against game being decimated in the old game reserve for that would adversely effect both the Chyulu and Amboselli reserves. They consider that the Masai are perfectly happy as they are, and that it is better for them to see and occasionally meet tourists rather than be kept almost as museum pieces in strict seclusion. The Masai themselves, being on the whole rather anti-game-preservation, naturally do not understand the importance of dollars pouring into Kenya since these do not appear obviously to benefit them. The parks administration would like the Masai to agree to a small portion, say ten miles round Amboselli, to become park—not reserve—as then this unique piece of Africa would be safe to remain as it is for ever. To obviate any possibility of lions raiding there it would be necessary for no *bomas* (enclosures) to be within this area. This is not really a great deal to ask but it will need an astonishingly persuasive tongue to get the Masai to give up even one acre of their land; it must not be forgotten that they left Laikipia to oblige government. Many people nowadays have to stop doing something they have done for generations, or something they do not fancy for the good of all, so perhaps the Masai might martyr themselves to this small extent. Many other African tribes have at last seen the folly of cultivating steep hillsides, or right onto the river banks, leading to soil erosion. European farmers too have given up 'mining' their land by growing wheat year after year on the same piece of ground. As the Masai are being helped by increased watering facilities it is possible they may in time agree.

After a great deal of argument a compromise, moderately satisfactory

to all parties, has been achieved. It has been decided to throw open the old game reserve to controlled shooting while leaving a corridor between the Chyulu and Amboselli reserves. Any hunter will have to possess the normal full licence costing a resident £7 10s. 0d. and £75 in the case of a visitor. Permits will then be granted to *selected* hunters allowing them into the reserve. These special permits will be chargeable and the revenue from them will help finance more boreholes. Cheetah and lion will not be included in these special permits, which will be issued solely by the game department, for cheetah and lion are no longer to be found in the numbers that existed even a few years ago; in fact on a full licence you are allowed but one lion per year instead of four as before the war.

This controlled hunting will achieve a double purpose. It will gradually push game towards the corridor where it can trek back and forth between the two reserves while still remaining in a protected area. Simultaneously it will make the game gradually leave the ranching areas as they are slowly developed. At the same time an additional hunting ground for dollar-bringing visitors will be provided.

In time it is hoped that the Masai will produce more and better bullocks for sale. At first these can go to the Kenya Meat Commission cold storage factory which will be able to hold 3,000 carcasses. If the quality is not good enough their beasts will be used for canning. In time it is possible, if all the various schemes come up to expectations, to export meat to Great Britain; but before this can happen Great Britain will have to relax the restrictions on imported beef once further progress is made against the rinderpest disease. While all this is taking place tourists and film companies can continue to watch and photograph game around Amboselli where the animals have already discovered that man can after all be harmless.

The whole of the country under discussion is within 150 miles of Kenya's capital Nairobi which to-day is less than 24 hours from London. Various air line operators and travel agents, especially those in the U.S.A., plan to run regular trips lasting but three weeks; in that time people can either have a short hunt, or else just tour and photograph in country that is not so rule-ridden as any park is bound to be, in addition to enjoying camp life which is no longer even mildly rugged. Instead of going to Yorkshire or Scotland for grouse shooting people can dodge some of the winter and experience a *safari* in Rider Haggard's Africa with no greater difficulty or hardship than a trip to Brighton—without the crowds—would entail.

(In his own words, in the article "Travelling Through Africa" he contributed to the February 1951 number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, the author has "farmed, hunted, mined and been in business in Kenya for the last 30 years" and from there, as this article was awaiting publication, came the news of his death.)

THE FOURTH YEAR OF ISRAEL

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

LAST April the writer surveyed in THE FORTNIGHTLY the third year of Israel, and described the faith and energy with which the Jewish people were facing immense material problems and spiritual difficulties. The principle was to pile up the problems, and let the solutions take care of themselves. That attitude persists, but is being put to a severe test. In the fourth year of the State the growth of the population—by over 200,000 souls—has been even greater than in the third, and perhaps as a consequence the economic position has become more critical. It has been remarked that 1948, the year when the State was declared, was a period of military struggle, 1949 of political, 1950-1951 of economic, struggle. And it is likely that the last struggle will be continued for a decade. The belief is still strong in miracles, which, in Bernard Shaw's definition, are events which create faith. The belief is strong also in miracles, in the sense of faith which creates events. But while in the military and political sphere the faith could overcome all difficulties, the economic facts of the national life are more stubborn.

The most striking feature of the year 1951 was the vast immigration from oriental Jewish communities. Between 1949 and 1950, 60,000 Jews of the Yemen, almost the whole of the most ancient dispersion of the Children of Israel, dating back 2,500 years, were transported by air, Operation Magic Carpet, to the Land. During the last year, nearly the whole of the larger community of Iraq, the next oldest of the dispersions, was similarly transported by the operation known as Ali Baba, or Ezra and Nehemiah. Over a hundred-thousand men, women and children came in this way, and have been settled in all parts of the country. In addition, another 100,000 were brought by sea and air, and the greater part of them were from the oriental lands and the Arabic-speaking communities. From Libya came 30,000, and as many from other countries, North-Africa, Egypt, Turkey and Persia. The rest were from countries of south-eastern Europe, and principally from Rumania.

For the first time in the history of Jewish immigration to the Bible land, the great majority were Asiatic and African, and not European, Jews. A few years ago these oriental communities constituted only about a quarter of the Jewish population. They already are more than one-third; and as their rate of natural increase is much greater than that of the western Jews, it is likely that soon they will be the actual majority of

the people of Israel. The change of the source of immigration is bound to make a fundamental difference in the economic and cultural life. For the oriental Jews are relatively backward, intellectually and culturally, and count few men and women with a modern education.

The State of Israel has approached this enormous problem of integration with courage and resolution. The greatest part of the immigrants are taken straight from the places of landing to the temporary working-villages, known as *Maabarot*, which are constructed in all parts of the land. They are villages not of permanent homes, but of wood or aluminium huts and of tents, and, to a less extent, of prefabricated houses. The biggest are placed on the outskirts of the big towns, Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv, Haifa, and the smaller towns in Galilee, Tiberias and Safed. Others again are in the empty spaces of the Negev, that arid southern area which comprises more than half the territory of the little State. Beer-sheba, which is the principal centre of the Negev, has grown in the last three years from a military post of 1,000 or 2,000 inhabitants to a busy, hustling township of nearly 20,000. The number of immigrants in the reception camps has diminished from 100,000 to between 30,000 and 40,000, while the number placed in the *Maabarot* has risen to 200,000. In the working villages the able-bodied men receive employment three or four days in the week, in afforestation and road-making, drainage works, the laying of water-pipes and other forms of unskilled labour. The fullest opportunity is given to the inhabitants of the villages to seek permanent work in industry or to fit themselves for permanent agricultural settlement. So the population is constantly shifting.

The Government of Israel adheres to the principle of the open door for every Jew who wishes to return and make his home in Israel. That is laid down by one of the first laws enacted by the Knesset, Israel's Parliament. But though there has been no declaration of a new policy, the Jewish Agency, which shares with the State the organization of the immigrants, announced early in 1952, that certain conditions of selectivity, such as health, would be applied to those coming from countries in which they were free to stay or move. The new conditions would not apply to Jewish communities in urgent need of rescue from oppression or the fear of oppression, such as these oriental dispersals of the Yemen and Iraq, and now perhaps of Persia and Tunis, but mark a check to the dogma of maximum admission in a minimum time.

One of the motives of the new trend in immigration is the grave economic position, which deteriorated seriously during the year. In February 1952, the Prime Minister, Mr. Ben Gurion, stressed the seriousness of the crisis. Israel has exhausted its slender reserve of foreign currency, and has growing difficulty in purchasing abroad the considerable proportion of food-stuffs and consumer goods which are required for the rapidly growing population. The Israel pound, which

was officially equivalent to two dollars 80 cents, slumped in the free market. A new economic policy is to be introduced, which comprises three different rates of exchange for the Israel pound, ranging from parity with the pound sterling—the old rate—to three to the pound sterling for investors from abroad. Moreover, further encouragement is to be given to private investment, and a resolute drive will be made to increase food production in Israel and to reduce the number of civil servants. The main tasks were to hold inflation, to import capital and to increase production. A minor task is retrenchment of public expenditure.

One of the main efforts of the Government in checking inflation has been to increase taxation. The Government have hitherto had three annual budgets; the ordinary, which was borne entirely by the population of the country and covered all the normal expenditure; a military budget, which was partly secret, and partly borne by outside contributions, and a development budget, for settlement of the immigrants, agricultural and industrial development and housing, which was borne mainly by loans, external and internal, and the voluntary contributions of the Jewish communities in the world. The total amount of the ordinary and development budgets in the year 1951-1952 (which ends this month), was just short of two hundred million Israel pounds, as against a total of 120 million in the previous year. The ordinary budget has increased from 60 to 113 millions, and this year it includes an item of 38 millions for defence, which covers the larger part of the cost of the armed forces. The Prime Minister has announced that next year all the budgets must be balanced by taxation and external loans.

The Government will issue no more Treasury bills or land bonds, which are regarded as inflationary measures, and there will no longer be a secret part of military expenditure. To achieve the balance, the rates of income tax have been raised, and the methods of collection have been greatly improved, so that the revenue on this head during the current year was nearly double the amount of 1950/51. On the other hand, the customs revenue has not been increased in similar proportion, because the Government aim at a reduction of foreign imports, particularly of consumer and luxury goods. The expenditure on the social services has been roughly doubled. As an example, the Government contribution to education has risen from £4 million to £12 million, so as to enable the law of free, compulsory elementary schooling to be implemented.

The development budget, which totalled over £80 million, has been provided in part by an Israel bond issue, launched in the United States last summer, and yielding by the end of the year \$100 million, out of the planned \$500 million in three years. Other factors have been a grant-in-aid from the United States Government, partly for defence and partly for settlement of refugees, of about \$70 million; and a further release by the British Government of the frozen sterling balances of Palestine.

That last source is nearly exhausted, but negotiations have begun for a loan from the British Government to Israel.

Meantime industrial development in Israel is making great strides. A big Kaiser-Fraser American plant at Haifa for assembling motor-cars had turned out over 1,000 vehicles by the end of 1951; a shoe factory on a large scale at Jerusalem, established likewise with American capital, was producing for export; chemical factories, including a large installation for phosphate fertilizer, have been constructed. The beginning has been made with the development of the mineral wealth of the Negev, which is known to be rich in copper, manganese, iron-ore, phosphate rock, ceramic clays and mica. Then the potash plant at the southern end of the Dead Sea, which has been out of action since 1948, is to resume operation, and a road to carry the product to Beersheba is nearly completed. The most pressing need is the increase of food production, so that the country may be more independent of foreign imports. It requires a sustained effort to turn the new immigrants, who were mainly an urban population, into peasants.

During the last year there was a political crisis, and fresh elections for the Assembly (Knesset), the single parliamentary chamber, were held in the summer. The Coalition between the central Labour Party, *Mapai*, and the religious block, of four small parties, became unstuck owing to disagreement about religious education in the immigrants' camps and working villages. The electorate had nearly doubled since the first registration at the end of 1948, but the number of members remained 120. The results showed that the division of parties was much the same except that the two extremes, the left wing of Labour, *Mapam*, and the right wing Nationalists, *Herut*, who are the heirs of the old militant *Irgun*, lost ground. On the other hand, the General Zionists, who are non-Socialist middle-class, gained considerably. And both the Communists and the Arab parties increased their membership from three to five. The Arabs, indeed, who had four members in the first Assembly, have now eight, two being in the combined Jewish-Arab Communist Party, and one in the left Labour opposition.

A fresh coalition had to be formed round the Central Labour Party, to which the chief ministers, Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Premier, Mr. Kaplan, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Sharett, Foreign Affairs, and Mrs. Golda Myerson, Labour and Public Works, belong. It was hoped to build a broader-based Coalition, which would include both the General Zionists and the left wing of Labour. That effort failed, and *Mapai* had again to unite with three of the four religious groups. One religious party and the small Progressive Party, which were formerly included in the Government, stood out, and the present coalition has a smaller majority in the Knesset. An agreement to disagree about the vexed religious questions has been reached, and in this way it is hoped that the Government may

be able to concentrate on radical economic and social changes.

The first Knesset ended its legislative activity by enacting a law which provides for equal rights of women. It makes radical changes in property rights and women's civil status in the courts. It does not, however, affect the law of marriage and divorce, which remains subject to the religious law. Nevertheless, important reforms in that law, with a view to removing evils which had not been tackled by the Mandatory Government, were included in amendments of the criminal code. To check child marriage it was made a punishable offence for any person to be concerned with marriage of a girl below the age of 17, and bigamy is made an offence for persons of all communities, even though their religious law allows the marriage of more than one wife.

The new Knesset has begun the consideration of three fundamental Bills. The law of nationality, which is the most important, contains certain basic principles; the right of every Jew entering Israel to acquire Israeli citizenship at once, and the principle of allowing double nationality of the inhabitants. The second Bill is concerned with a comprehensive system of national insurance, on the lines of the British Beveridge plan. It includes old age pensions and pensions for widows and orphans, maternity benefit, family allowances and workmen's compensation—but not health insurance. Most of these matters have been covered in the past by a voluntary system of the huge trade-union federation (*Histadruth*), which embraces well over one-half the adult population of Israel. It is now proposed to give the authority of the State and the supervision of ministries to these aspects of social security, and to extend the benefit to all workers. The third major Bill provides for the organization of the civil service and its recruitment by examination.

The relations with the Arab States, which are the crucial problem of Israel's foreign relations, have not progressed favourably during the last year. The murder last summer in Jerusalem of King Abdullah of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan was a great blow to the efforts for understanding with that State, which includes the Arab areas of former Palestine. And the forlorn effort of the Conciliation Commission, appointed in 1949 by the United Nations, to help to bring about terms of peace, proved abortive after a long and wearisome debate at Paris. The Arabs would not meet the representatives of Israel round the table, and the indirect negotiations offered little hope of success.

The other crucial issue with the Arab States, the resettlement of the 700,000 Arab refugees from Palestine, was again a subject of prolonged debate at the last General Assembly of the United Nations. Some little progress can be recorded. The United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Refugees from Palestine in the Middle East submitted its proposals for the absorption of 150,000 of them in the Arab States in which the bulk of the refugees are sojourning, some in agricultural

and some in industrial enterprises. A sum of 250 million dollars would be required for a programme extending over three years. In the end a resolution was carried calling on the members of the United Nations to contribute the sum; and the Arab States were persuaded to co-operate. If the resolution is executed, the years of the "restless, resentful idleness" may come to an end, and a prospect will be opened of action to reintegrate the refugees in economic life.

Serious frontier incidents between Israel and Jordan and Israel and Syria engaged the attention during the year of the Security Council and other organs of the United Nations. They were at least adjusted, and the Mixed Armistice Commissions have carried on their work continuously with some effect. With the help of the United Nations officers, who preside over the Commissions, it has been possible to prevent deterioration. But after three years none of the four armistice agreements has given place to a peace settlement. Nor has it been possible hitherto even to arrange for the use by teachers and students of the buildings of the Hebrew University and the Hospital on Mt. Scopus above Jerusalem, and that though the armistice agreement with Jordan provided for an Arab-Jewish committee to work out the details of their restoration to cultural uses.

We may note, however, two achievements during the year in the cultural sphere. A vast Congress Hall, which is being erected in the western outskirts of Jerusalem, to be a centre of international Zionist gatherings and international conferences generally, was sufficiently advanced to be the seat in August of the first Zionist Congress held in Jerusalem. That gathering had to reconsider the fundamental principles of Zionism in the relations of Israel to the dispersed Jewish communities. And lastly, the plans have been completed for the holding in Jerusalem in May of the first international scientific conference, of which the theme will be "Men's Effort Against the Desert." The conference is under the auspices of UNESCO, and will bring together scientists from many countries. It had been intended to follow it with the first international exhibition, in Jerusalem's "Palaces of the People." But that event is now postponed till 1953, which is also to mark the official celebration of the 3,000th year of Jerusalem, since it was made the capital of King David's Kingdom.

Some immediate retrenchment of immigration and of Government expenditure on social services may be imposed by "the lethal blow of facts." But the Government and the people of Israel are firm in their resolve that the Land of Israel shall be not only the home of every Jew who wants to enter it, but also the intellectual and spiritual centre of the Jewish people.

(Professor Bentwich has just returned from a further long visit to Israel.)

THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION—I

By J. H. HUIZINGA

IN present day England even the wealthiest must make do with a net income which—at least in fiscal theory—is at most some 12 to 15 times that of the coalminer; in 1900 when their fathers formed the *jeunesse dorée* of Edwardian society this differential lay somewhere between 1,500 and 2,000. That is the measure of the economic revolution which has come over Britain. And it is not only the multi-millionaires in the city or the ducal landowners in the country who have seen their privileged position melt away in this manner. A similar fate has befallen the lesser ranks of the traditional ruling class, that "gentry" which, in the words of Hilaire Belloc, "has created the whole history of England up to our time." The banker, the industrialist or the landed proprietor who in 1900 had a pre-tax income of £25,000 representing a purchasing power some 340 times that of the miner of those days, now retains no more than nine times the net income of the man in the mine. The top-ranking judge with his salary of £5,000 a year is only five times better off compared with a differential of approximately 70 in 1900. For the fieldmarshal or the permanent under-secretary of one of the great ministries the figure is now somewhere between three and 4.5. For the directors of the British Museum and the National Gallery it is just about three. For the moderately successful barrister, architect or doctor as well as the highest paid university-professor it is less than two and a half, for a university-trained teacher it is one and a half.

This radical levelling of incomes is not, of course, a specifically British phenomenon. In America, too, and in most European countries a similar compression of the social pyramid has reduced the economic distance between the different social classes to a fraction of what it was less than 50 years ago. There are several reasons, however, why the English form of this revolution which has extended over the entire western world, is of particular interest. And the most important of these are, first, that in England it has radically transformed the economic structure of a community whose social and political structure until very recent times still bore a distinctly aristocratic character, and, secondly, that it has compressed a social-economic pyramid which towered high above that of most other European countries. For nowhere in the democratic western world had the traditional ruling class of nobility and wealth retained such a firm hold on all the positions of power as in pre-revolutionary

Britain. Nowhere were the class-contrasts more striking. "An impassable gulf divided the Rich from the Poor . . . the Privileged and the People formed two nations, governed by different laws, influenced by different manners, with no thoughts or sympathies in common, with an innate inability of mutual comprehension." Thus it was still in the first years of our century, two generations after Disraeli had written these famous words. On the one side the nameless propertyless masses, the great unwashed, on the other side the gentry whose privileged position moved Robert Lowe to exclaim when addressing its representatives in the House of Commons in 1867: "You, the gentlemen of England, you with your ancestors behind you and your posterity before you—with your great estates, with your titles, with your honours, with your heavy stake in the wellbeing of this land, with an amount of material prosperity, happiness, dignity, and honour which you have enjoyed in the last 200 years, such as never before fell to the lot of any class in the world."

It was this grim contrast between the state of the two nations which had so forcefully impressed Hippolyte Taine during his journeyings in Victorian England: "*Ayez vingt mille livres de rente ici ou coupez-vous le cou,*" he wrote, "*voilà une idée qui me suit sans cess.*" To-day there is (in theory at least) not an Englishman living who still enjoys anything like that income. Six thousand pounds, worth less than a quarter of what this amount represented in Taine's day and thus less than ten per cent. of what he considered indispensable to make life worth living, is about the maximum that anyone can hope to retain. Indeed, revolution is not too big a word for such a drastic change. And yet, typically English, it has been carried through without any of its victims, "the gentlemen of England," having followed the Frenchman's advice or, what is more, having had the job done for them by the revolution's beneficiaries.

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In the last five years, as Aneurin Bevan proudly exclaimed at the time of his resignation, we have carried out the greatest social reconstruction the world has ever seen. It is a theme which returns in most socialist speeches and writings. Thus the myth threatens to gain currency, that the day on which Labour took power in July 1945 marked the beginning of the bloodless revolution. In actual fact the progressive redistribution of the national income which until the turn of the century had always remained very unequally divided between "the classes and the masses," as they used to be called, had already begun some 40 years earlier. A few figures may suffice to show not only that this operation has been carried through in successive stages but also that its main instrument, the fiscal knife, has been wielded nearly all of the time by liberal and conservative governments. Take first of all the income tax. Till the end of the nineteenth century the State contented itself with a levy on even the highest incomes of no more than from two to three per cent. In 1913

this figure had risen to eight per cent., in 1919 to 51 per cent., in 1939 to 78 per cent., and in 1945 to 94 per cent. And there it has remained. A similar gradual progress characterizes the fiscal redistribution of property as distinct from income. The means employed for this form of levelling, the death duties, were introduced in 1893 when the top range of estates were taxed at the rate of eight per cent. In 1909 this percentage was raised to 15 per cent., in 1914 to 20 per cent., in 1919 to 40 per cent., in 1930 to 50 per cent., and in 1940 to 65 per cent. Since then the socialists have merely carried the process a few steps further by raising the figure in 1946 to 75 per cent. and in 1949 to 80 per cent.

The fiscal knife, however, is only one of the weapons with which the bloodless revolution has been fought. If the economic distance between the classes and the masses has been so drastically reduced in the last 40 years that is, of course, also due to the vastly improved bargaining position which the latter have achieved through organization. And it is hardly necessary to say that the legislation which enabled them to do so was already complete long before their political representatives came into power. It is true, of course, that without their growing pressure in opposition the work would not have gone so far nor so quickly. What Joseph Chamberlain in his radical days said sarcastically of the Whigs applies equally to the attitude to the gentry of our days: "The Radicals lead the great popular movements and if they kindle national enthusiasm it is the prerogative of the great Whig noble to direct and guide and moderate the movement which he has done all in his power to prevent and discourage."

Likewise one may say that the socialists, once in power, have carried the levelling process further than the Tories would have done, using money- and price-policies as well as physical controls rather than the fiscal weapon to achieve their redistributive aims. Their own chancellor, however, has provided the best proof of the extent to which the process of "soaking the rich" had already gone even before Labour took over when in answer to a parliamentary question he supplied the following statistics on the economic decline of the "classes" since 1900 resulting from the rise in prices and taxation. According to these official figures a multi-millionaire with a money-income of £100,000 has seen his post-tax purchasing power decline from £91,700 in 1913 to £23,000 in 1928, £2,459 in 1945 and £2,097 in 1950. For an ordinary millionaire with an income of £50,000 the corresponding figures are £45,900 in 1913, £13,000 in 1928, £1,934 in 1945, £1,685 in 1950. For the successful businessman with an income of £10,000 they are £9,241, £3,769, £1,330 and £1,198. For a judge with £5,000 they are £4,708, £2,205, £921, £843. For a barrister or solicitor with £2,000 they are £1,925, £1,029, £493 and £468. The pre-tax money-incomes of these different categories have in many cases risen considerably since 1913. But even if the

lawyer of to-day should earn five times as much as his father in 1913, he would nonetheless have only something like half his father's real income. Again, if the high court judge of to-day should draw ten times as much as his father in 1913—in actual fact he gets exactly the same—he would nonetheless only be able to maintain a standard of living of one-third that of his father's.

True, even now and in spite of 40 years of levelling the economic distance between the wealthiest and the poorest is still quite considerable. The few very rich who in 1949 retained a post-tax income of more than £6,000 enjoyed a purchasing power some 40 to 46 times greater than that of the 1,113,000 persons who declared an income between £130 and £150. But their number, 86, is so small that one can hardly speak of a class. To a lesser extent the same applies to the 5,264 taxpayers who had post-tax incomes of between £4,000 and £6,000. For the overwhelming majority of "the classes and the masses" the gulf which separated them in Disraeli's time has now become so small that it could be better described as a shallow ditch. If one draws two dividing lines, one at the income-ceiling of £500 (taxfree in the case of a family with three children) to indicate—arbitrary and inexact as such divisions must necessarily remain—the frontier between the working class and the lower middle class, the other at the ceiling of £1,000 (after tax) as the borderline between the lower middle class and the "gentry", the following picture emerges of this country's social-economic stratification. At the bottom of the pyramid a working class of 18,700,000 breadwinners, next a lower middle class comprising 1,551,000 taxpayers whose average is only 1.8 times better off than the average industrial wage-earner and for whose top layer the coefficient does not rise above 2.6; finally a "gentry" comprising 434,000 taxpayers for 78 per cent. of which the coefficient is on the average 3.6 and for 18 per cent. of which it is 6.9 while for the top layer of some 3,000 persons it reaches a figure of more than 11.

In the light of these figures one might well feel that this country has gone a long way towards the socialist ideal of the classless society. Yet the remarkable thing is that on the surface of life there is little visible evidence of the far-reaching levelling of incomes. The difference in style of living, not only between the classes and the masses, but also between the component parts of the classes still remains very striking. Whereas the income-structure of the British nation has undergone a truly revolutionary transformation since the beginning of the century, the social structure still largely presents the old picture of a pyramid whose top lives in a completely different world from that of its massive base.

There are several explanations for this contrast between the theory and the practice of fair shares. The first one is, of course, that in spite of their deserved reputation for social discipline the British, too, do not

always render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Dudley Seers estimates the amount of tax-evasion at several hundreds of millions a year. The Revenue people themselves say no more about it than that there are some 80,000 to 100,000 taxpayers who have gone underground, mostly small traders. The second explanation of the lavish spending one sees going on all around one is doubtless that those who do so are in many cases drawing on capital. The third is that England, in contrast to America, does not tax capital gains except in so far as they arise out of some forms of landed property.

But if, therefore, some members of the well-to-do classes manage to escape the immediate effects of the bloodless revolution, the great majority has felt these effects only too painfully. And none more so than those sections of the "gentry" whose fate already filled Dean Inge with dire forebodings as early as 1926; the upper strata of the professional class whose members have for centuries associated on a basis of equality with the aristocracy of wealth and blood. "Even more to be regretted [than the decay of the old aristocracy]," he wrote, "is the doom of the professional aristocracy, a caste almost peculiar to this country. These families can often show longer and usually better pedigrees than the peerage, and the persistence of marked ability in many of them for several generations is the delight of the eugenicist. They are perhaps the best specimens of humanity to be found in any country in the world . . . Yet they have no prospects except to be gradually harassed out of existence. The power will apparently be grasped by a new, highly privileged class, the aristocracy of labour . . . intelligent, energetic and intensely selfish." An illustration of the loss suffered by this class has already been given in the figures relating to the position of a high court judge. His salary is still the same as in 1913: £5,000 a year. His net purchasing power has declined from £4,708 in this basis-year to £843 in 1950.

It is probably true that in other countries, too, it is this class which has suffered most from the bloodless revolution. But in one respect their position, at least that of its upper ranks, threatens to be undermined even more in England than elsewhere; they can no longer give their children the same privileged education which they have received themselves and to which they partly owe their social position as fully accepted members of the traditional ruling class. Where is even the relatively highly paid high court judge with three sons, who retains a post-tax income of £2,554, to find the roughly £700 a year required to give them the gentleman's traditional education? Unless he has capital to draw on his children will have to go through life without the old school tie. And that means that his loss of economic status carries with it a certain loss of social status for his descendants.

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When Lloyd George in 1909 set in motion the process of levelling he

characterized his famous budget as "a social and political revolution of the first magnitude." Eleven years later the French ambassador Cambon thought that the revolution had already been accomplished. "In the twenty years I have been here," he said to Winston Churchill in 1920, "I have witnessed a revolution more profound and searching than the French Revolution itself; the governing class has been almost entirely deprived of political power and to a very large extent of their property and estates." To-day the levelling process has been carried an immensely long way further with the result that the real income of by far the largest part of this "traditional ruling class" is now only a few times that of the average working man. But has this also involved, as Cambon thought, the loss of its political influence? Has the economic revolution of the last 40 years really brought about that far-reaching transformation of the social structure which Rosebery foresaw?

According to such widely different observers as Harold Laski, Hilaire Belloc and J. B. Priestley the contrary is true. "Our social structure," Laski wrote in 1932, "has remained largely unchanged since at least the middle of the 18th century." "Contemporary England," Belloc wrote in 1937, "is an aristocratic State, the only one in white civilization, aristocratic in the sense that its citizens are ordered, its laws made and administered, its customs preserved by a comparatively small governing class and in which such a social structure is found naturally by all its citizens." "Britain," Priestley wrote a year later, "bears no resemblance to a democracy, it is a plutocracy roughly disguised as an aristocracy. All our real government is done by the Right People." The allegation was certainly not unfounded, witness the fact that, according to Simon Haxey's study *Tory M.P.*, approximately one half of the parliamentary rulers of pre-war England were connected with the nobility, members of the "cousinhood", while in addition the overwhelming majority of them were surtax-payers.

It would seem, therefore, that Rosebery's prediction of 1909 has been only very partially fulfilled, that Cambon's diagnosis of 1920 has proved deceptive, in short, that the gentlemen-class, in spite of the progressive crumbling away of its economic position, has by no means disappeared from the scene as a social and political power. True, in 1945 this class at last lost its supremacy in parliament. But apart from the fact that its members remained strongly entrenched in other positions of power it also took them only six years to reconquer control at Westminster. Thus the political revolution of 1945 has no more liquidated their great influence than the economic revolution which started as early as 1909. In this sense Cambon was proved wrong. But that does not mean that those who ruled England up to 1945 and who are now again in power are the descendants of the aristocratic landowning families of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth. What Cambon saw as the disappear-

ance of the traditional ruling class was in reality but its reincarnation, a process which has taken place over and over again in the history of this country where not blood but success, usually though not always measured in money, has always been the qualification for membership of the ruling class. Not that just any kind of money constituted an acceptable entrance fee; it had to be what Hilaire Belloc called "cooked money" in the sense that its owners had had it long enough to learn to adapt themselves to the aristocratic style of the blood. But only the style of this ruling class was hereditary. Its personnel has been constantly renewed and its economic basis re-inforced by the absorption of new generations of the socially successful possessing sufficient economic power really to be able to rule and sufficient understanding for the needs of the time to preserve the policy of this class from fossilization and thus safeguard its prestige.

When, therefore, Belloc says that "the gentry have created the whole history of England up to our time," and that pre-war England still remained an "aristocratic State", he refers to a very different system of government from that of the hereditary oligarchy, the closed shop, usually associated with the word aristocracy in its modern connotation. England has been an aristocracy only in the original Greek sense of the word, that is to say, in the sense that power has normally lain in the hands of that small class whose members, or at any rate their immediate ancestors, had carried away the biggest prizes in the struggle for existence and who might therefore be described—if one is prepared to identify success in a competitive society with social worth—as a natural *élite*. And if this *élite* has succeeded in perpetuating its rule long after every wider and lower strata of the social pyramid were admitted to the franchise and simultaneously greatly improved their relative economic position, the explanation is at least partly to be found in what Harold Laski called "the gentleman's instinctive knowledge of when compromise and concession are desirable; however much he may have opposed the wants of other classes, he has never so far challenged them as to threaten his own security. His genius for compromise and his capacity for absorption have given him control for 200 years of English history."

(The second part of Mr. Huizinga's article will be published in the May issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

THE UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA

BY BARRY TRAPNELL

A BRITISH visitor to American universities soon finds a wide variety of important differences in educational theory and method between the two countries. After receiving the idea that a university education should be available economically to everyone and intellectually out-of-the-question for very few, he next meets, and probably reacts against, the rather lower academic standard and narrower conception of what university education should incorporate, which seem to be the inevitable consequences of so gigantic an enterprise. He finds that the courses of study are more directly applicable to subsequent employment, and that a larger proportion of students are unsuccessful for the degrees for which they are candidates, particularly doctors' degrees. He finds rather less contact between teacher and undergraduate; he finds a very different attitude towards sport. At the research-student level he finds less time is available to do research, to read well into his subject and to think, and a greater degree of supervision of his research by his director—all differences not apparently very significant or important, but which in fact, particularly where the sciences are concerned, are quite the reverse in relation to the suitability of the Ph.D. for a university career, and for industrial work.

Some of these differences are ascribable to intrinsic national differences. Thus, the question of selection of students is extremely difficult in a country as large as America. The ability of a candidate for graduate school from a small and relatively unknown college, of which there are very many, may for example bear no relation to his record at this college. In Britain, the ability of a candidate is far more easily assessable from his examination and school record, and it is possible, with relatively few exceptions, to give a degree to any accepted candidate. The American method, as entrance examinations are not felt to be practical, is to make entry fairly easy in order to give every reasonable candidate a chance to prove himself and to avoid a possibly wrong refusal of a candidate, and to prune as soon as is reasonably possible. Rather than wastage being something to criticize, it is a tribute to America that it is as low as it is, and that students unlikely to meet the degree requirements are not allowed to waste time, and hence self-confidence.

On the other hand, other differences, such as the greater mixing of

the sexes in American universities, are a matter of policy. Though this has been criticized on the particular ground that the fraternity-sorority system has led to an artificial, time-wasting, and even harmful forcing together of the sexes at a time when they could with more separation be getting on with university life far better, it seems unlikely that there will be any substantial change in the near future. It may be of some interest to mention that fraternity and sorority members, often numbering half the undergraduate body, are usually expected to have about one "date" a week, failure to date being regarded as a definite slur on their house.

No visitor to America can fail to praise the scale on which university education is planned and executed. With free instruction provided by the State universities, and the standard of entry lower than in Britain, few young men and women need be denied university training provided they are, if necessary, willing to support themselves by working during vacations and part-time during terms. It is commonly known that many achieve degrees in the United States by "working their way through." It is not so commonly known that the course requirements are such that this may be done without severe difficulty or severe detriment to the students' university life and work. It would be difficult in a class among whom some were supporting themselves and others were not, to distinguish between the two categories. One may quote the case of an undergraduate who worked 20 hours per week for Sears Roebuck, a large mail-order firm, during terms, earning thereby 17 dollars per week out of the 25 dollars necessary to support himself. To maintain himself during vacations and provide the necessary deficit from term time was not difficult.

Such an opening of university gates to a far wider extent than in Britain has led to a lowering of standards, and the American graduate is between a year and 18 months behind his British counterpart. But one cannot other than wonder that education to such a level is so widely accessible, and at the number receiving American degrees each year—in 1950, per head of population, some seven times as many as in Britain. At least one British authority has recently suggested that a primary factor in the superior American technological development is the overall superior training of its industrial staff. "Not only do we need to increase the output of the most highly trained persons, but we also need a general upgrading of the technical training of all our industrial manpower" (Sir Ewart Smith. *American Scientist*, April 1951). It does seem clear that by comparison the British policy in education is to concentrate more on standard than quantity. Though this policy probably produces a rather higher standard of leader it has implied that far less attention has been paid to the possible benefit to society from the education of large numbers who at present receive no university training. Such a policy may be questioned where international status is closely linked to techno-

logical efficiency and advancement. In addition there are signs that at least in the sciences British post-graduate courses produce a person too highly trained to enter easily the intellectually more restricted life of industry; a point which will be developed later.

It seems likely that American university education will continue to grow, as there is a narrower range of employment open in America to the person not holding a degree. For example, increasing numbers of large department stores require new assistants to hold a university degree, ward sisters in hospitals likewise now have to hold a degree in nursing education.

The next apparent difference is the number of unexpected possible fields of study presented to the undergraduate. Nearly all large American colleges have schools of journalism, commerce and business, political science and chemical engineering. Equally some subjects popular in British universities such as classics and philosophy are not strong in America. History is largely foreshortened to sociology and political science, courses in public speaking are offered, and in addition the number of undergraduates "majoring" in a given subject is likely to vary considerably over a matter of a few years, this being mainly due to predictions by various authorities as to what fields of employment are likely to be most open in the future. The value of a university is in the mind of most undergraduates and parents primarily the qualifications for employment which it provides, and the directly vocational aspect of course-work hence becomes the most important consideration of its life.

Subsidiary to this is that the undergraduate or graduate student is given less freedom to develop himself and his interests and capabilities than the British undergraduate has. To the American the mind is as much "a vessel to be filled" as "a fire to be kindled" and his education centres around the text book and lecture theatre. Even postgraduate students are required to take a certain quite heavy minimum number of lectures with attendance compulsory, and "cutting" a lecture is far less excusable than in England. Examinations are normally held twice a term, and various kinds of tests for undergraduates (which count towards classification of degrees) take place weekly. The student is really left little time to develop independence and quality of intellect and character. When it was suggested to several graduates and undergraduates that the system of yearly examinations with the lightest compulsion upon lecture attendance could add greatly to the freedom and possibilities of university life, they in general thought it too "idealistic" and that a year's work might too easily be vitiated through having a few "bad days" at examination time.

The idea that the primary function of education should be to develop in the student wisdom, soundness of judgment and a desire to know and

achieve the good life, and only the secondary function to equip him with certain factual knowledge to do a specialized job, is not often expressed in America. There is the idea in American life that such virtues come primarily from living life, and that their inculcation is not the job of the universities. In fact, any study of these things, or of the lessons to be learnt from literature, classics and history, may be regarded as a sign of unhappiness. This view is augmented by a firm belief in progress doctrines and hence in the innate superiority of the present and the practical over the past and philosophic. Sometimes, the prevailing vocationalism in education errs positively as well as by omission. A graduate student friend in journalism for example was given a low grade for an article admitted to be a thoughtful and careful analysis of a current political situation on the grounds that it was on too high a level to attract the average reader or to sell. He then proceeded to get a series of higher grades by writing further articles at a lower level.

Yet, in spite of being vocational, American education is aware of the dangers of over-specialization and, particularly in the field of science, it has been more successful than has British education in preventing the unfortunate results of too intense a concentration. This has been achieved mainly by allowing the student to attend lectures on a variety of subjects until he receives his bachelor's degree. This may be contrasted with the state of affairs in Britain where a fairly intense specialization starts after matriculation. But the possibility of widening the interests of the student, by immersing him in an atmosphere where influences outside his subject are brought to bear on him, is not much used in America. Games in Britain serve a useful function here, for the average British undergraduate is likely to play and enjoy at least one game. This not only brings him into natural contact with people of a wider variety of interests and background than any other of his activities is likely to do; it presents him with a good opportunity to learn the art of friendship with people whose energies are not directed towards ends the same as his own. In America the games programme is not so well adapted to serve these ends. More emphasis is placed on the importance of university teams, and the opportunity and encouragement for the average undergraduate to derive the advantages of playing a game are less. That an American could enjoy playing cricket (a game with which he had had no previous contact) in the Long Vacation at Cambridge is a tribute to our system of games.

The student entering the American graduate school with a bachelor's degree is, unlike his more advanced British counterpart, not ready to embark upon a course of pure research training, and in addition to his research he attends courses of lectures. As the doctor's degree is in both countries only three years distant from the bachelor's, it turns out that the American graduate student only spends about 18 months on research.

In order that this time should not be fruitless, and also because directors of research are keen to obtain publishable results, the American research-student is, by British standards, very closely supervised by his director, and occasionally not too sure in the early stages what the significance and aim of his research are. The results of this are clear—he becomes technically very reliable and well equipped. He does not feel he must produce and follow ideas of his own, nor does he develop a desire for independence in his work. Research does not become for him anything of a pilgrimage. All these points mean that the American research-student is not often suited to a university appointment or a career of self-directed research, although he is quite admirably suited to an industrial career, the more so as entering business has no intrinsic unattractiveness as it may have for his British counterpart.

The British research-student is given more freedom; he is left more to himself, and allowed to waste some time in order to gain self-reliance in research. He is expected to produce and follow at least some ideas of his own. He is likely to experience the pleasure of planning and executing his own work—research becomes something of a probing into mysteries for him. Industrial requirements mean that for scientists research projects are largely dictated by a profit motive, with a consequent lack of freedom, making such work less attractive than the more fundamental projects attacked by universities, and an industrial career is sometimes thought of as irksome and involving frustration. The Britisher with postgraduate experience is better suited to an academic career or one of self-directed research. As the number of such posts in Britain is relatively small two possibilities arise: a sometimes unwilling acceptance of an industrial post, or emigration to a country where more attractive opportunities present themselves. Each year Britain loses some highly trained men and women, mainly to the United States but also to Canada, where the National Research Council offers itself as a splendid way to emigration. At a time when scientists are admitted to be rare and valuable, such a movement must be regretted.

It seems that the postgraduate course in Britain has been developed on the assumption that the same conditions hold for science as for the humanities—that continuance of education beyond the B.A. stage implies a university career. Whereas in the humanities this is usually true, the main field of employment of the scientist with research training is industry. Perhaps the differing requirements of the university and of industry from its research workers calls for two separate kinds of research training.

At the faculty or staff level, the American has to make a far larger financial sacrifice than does the Briton by staying in university work. For example, a just graduated Ph.D. entering industry now commences at between 5,500 and 6,000 dollars per annum. A university demon-

strator or assistant lecturer may receive less than 4,000 dollars, and a full professor less than 7,000 dollars. This relative underpayment of staff would appear to have two roots. The first is that Federal money has not been made available to American universities as a whole; there is no American counterpart of the University Grants Committee, and the setting up of such a body would apparently be impossible as it would be an awkward political issue. The second is that although American philanthropy is considerable, with the universities receiving copious money from such sources, the philanthropy is more often directed towards the erection of buildings, and less often towards purely academic ends than in Britain.

In addition, the placing of ultimate authority in university matters in hands other than those of the staff means that the American faculty member feels himself less as being the university and more the hired hand of the university than does the Briton. Moreover, promotion, which is important if economic hardship is not to result, may reside in the hands of persons not in the American's department or field, who tend to judge his contribution to the university by the number of his publications. So the results of the quest for promotion are mobility of teachers from university to university, and the tendency of staff other than the most senior to plan research primarily in the light of rapidity of publication.

A survey of a large subject must suffer by having to generalize and describe overall impressions, when very many exceptions exist. But it would be wrong to close without urging those who may have the chance to visit American universities to take it, and observe all the differences at first hand, to see the attractive setting in which most American universities are situated, to experience the marvellous warmth of welcome extended to the outsider, and to breathe the refreshing air of American life.

(The author, who is a College Lecturer in Natural Science at Worcester College, Oxford, returned from America in September after a year's tenure of a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship. The universities he visited included Chicago, Harvard, Michigan, Northwestern, Pittsburgh and Princeton.)

GATHERING PALM

BY MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Above the ditch, clogged with dregs of winter,
(Blackened leaf and grey, scorched ribs of fern,)
The osier wands lift up, golden or red,
Dry red, like blood, or the olive's passive green,
Rods, scourges to beat back winter's ragged fringes.
And up each stem, silver as coins poured out
Into a hand, the catkins cling, so soon
Fledged, golden as a swarm of drowsy bees
Dredged with pollen and dazzled by the sun.

O palm, the rod of triumph, gathered in
On this day, not yet spring, yet saved from winter,
In the thin honey of sunlight, under the cotton
Blue sky skimmed by rain, rinsed out and clean,
As we, processional, hold you, bend you crosswise,
Bring to our hearts remembrance and contrition.
How can we escape this pang of winter
Except by stretching, reaching up, desiring
The pliant bough of spring, golden, eternal?
Wand of Easter, studded with leaf and hope,
Dry red, like blood on hands wounded to take it,
Green as the tranquil olive of the hills,
Or silver, like coins spilt out across a hand,
Man's treachery that flowers into salvation.

VISUAL IMAGES

BY JOSHUA C. GREGORY

IF all things were annihilated except one solitary man, what would be left for him? Hobbes answers his own question: the single survivor's ideas and phantasms would remain. Phantasms—Rasselas knew them. One day, sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed by her treacherous lover, and crying after him. He started up to chase the thief as though the image were an actual plunderer. Johnson, in effect, defines the "image" he assigns to Rasselas when he identifies one great source of poetical delight with "the power of presenting pictures to the mind." The image of Rasselas, or the mental picture of Johnson's description, or the visual image of modern psychology, is the phantasm of Hobbes.

A chemist smelt ammonia as if it were present when it was not, as Rasselas saw a thief when there was none. Jack, as he reads a letter from his Jill, may hear the very accents of her voice—as auditory mental images. Hobbes does not distinguish so clearly as to-day between actual sensation and mental image when he recognizes phantasms of sound, odour, savour, hardness, softness, heat, cold, and others. He thinks mainly of the visual phantasm, however, and this corresponds closely to the visual image, as now conceived, which has so greatly preoccupied men's minds.

One of Dr. Gregory's patients dreamed, repetitively, that a skeleton clutched him by the throat. Visual images, like the grisly image of the dream-skeleton, are convincingly genuine experiences in dreams. They have also been universally admitted to be genuine experiences outside the dream, whatever these visual phantasms may be, or however they can be interpreted. For Plato and Aristotle, in the fourth century B.C., visualization is an assured experience. The fancies of hope, Plato says through Socrates, are pictured in us; a man may have a vision of a heap of gold, and the picture may include a likeness of his rejoicing self. The reminiscent man, Aristotle affirms, has an image or picture of what he remembers, and the anticipatory man of what he expects. In the seventeenth century Hobbes confidently includes visual phantasms in the legacy left to the solitary survivor by the annihilated world. Johnson, in the next century, has no qualms about providing Rasselas with a vivid mental picture. T. H. Huxley, in 1893, is as certain as his predecessors that with a song of Goethe or Shakespeare: "A series of pictures is

made to pass before your mind by the meaning of the words, and the effect is a melody of ideas". To Yushio Markino, in 1913, the pages of books look like landscapes. Eddington is not likely to doubt the existence of visual images when, as he confesses in 1928, the thought of an electron makes "a hard, red, tiny ball" rise to his mind. When he thinks of a proton, he adds, the ball is "neutral grey". The older tradition has more than a constantly confirmed faith in the actual existence of visual images; they are not only experienced, they are also needed.

The verbal sign 'tiger' is clearly distinct from its meaning—from the notion or concept of the large, Asiatic, striped, feline quadruped that haunts the Indian jungle. A picture of a tiger is, in itself, merely disposed paint, and the visual image, analogously, is, as such, merely a more or less perfectly visualized transcript of the picture or of the animal as it shows to the eye. A visualized scrap, of a stripe for instance, can mean tiger, or tigers, as the verbal sign 'tiger' can, and the painted or visualized tiger means what the stripe or verbal sign means. Aristotle clearly distinguishes between notions (or meanings) and images, but the notions, though not images, must have them. The late professor Laird did not find the images so indispensable. He can, he claims, understand a description of St. Sophia or the Golden Horn as well as any one, though he cannot visualize at all. For many centuries, so far as they can be surveyed, a non-visualizer like Laird would seem to be as fabulous as the phoenix.

The "discourse of the mind", Hobbes says in the seventeenth century, is "the perpetual arising of phantasms, both in sense and imagination . . ." The phantasms of the imagination are the modern visual images. Hobbes does not completely identify thinking with imagery, for he denies that there are images of God, soul, or spirits, but he closely connects the two—the thinking man connects the passing phantasms. He who utters the word 'triangle', Voltaire affirms in the eighteenth century, merely makes a sound if he does not image an actual triangle. Without images in the head, he urges, there is neither reasoning nor knowledge nor notion. The revolt against the indispensability of the visual image, however, had begun in the century before.

Ralph Cudworth, the Cambridge Platonist, as Aristotle had done, distinguishes clearly between the phantasms and intelligible notions or ideas—between visual image and meaning. The geometer who considers a triangle doubtless has a "phantasmatical picture of some triangle in his mind" as well as an intelligible idea of it. Phantasms, however, do not always accompany conceptions as Aristotle wrongly thought. In reading, many intelligible words are not associated with genuine phantasms; 'cause' is not, neither is 'wise'. Boyle goes further; a phantasm may make a man think wrongly. He reproves those who, when

they think of 'spirit' or 'incorporeal substance', imagine, through "vicious custom", an "aerial, or other very thin, subtil and transparent body . . ." Such a phantasm is 'extended', and a spirit is quite improperly represented by a spatially spread "image in the fancy". Such visual images probably did prompt the Cambridge Platonists to think of spirits, minds, angels, even of God himself as 'extended incorporeals'. A visualized shape, however, need not mean an extended spirit, just as the visualized verbal sign 'soul' need not mean a soul composed of letters.

In the eighteenth century Burke invites the inquirer to read the following passage: "The river Danube rises in a moist and mountainous soil in the heart of Germany, where, winding to and fro, it waters several principalities, until . . . it passes into Hungary; there . . . it quits Christendom, and, rolling through the barbarous countries which border on Tartary, it empties by many mouths in the Black Sea". Then let the reader determine "whether he has had impressed on his imagination any pictures of a river, mountain, water, soil, Germany, etc". Yushio Markino, to whom the passage would look like a landscape, would have disconcerted Burke, who does not expect a report of visual imagery. Cudworth had denied the necessity, or even the possibility, of imaging abstract notions; Burke now denies the necessity for picturing concrete mountains, rivers, and the like. This is a prelude to an onslaught on the status, and even on the existence, of the visual image.

Meaning, the psychologist Thomas Vernon Moore affirms in 1919, seems to be a conscious state *sui generis*, distinct from imagery, and prior to it. In one trend the emphasis on meaning handles the visual image roughly. It is said, for instance, to be useful when subordinate—helpful at times in difficulties. It is humbled to an accidental adjunct, and pilloried as a luxury. It is accused of aesthetic and logical crimes. Invading visual images have been said to trail irrelevances through poems, and make them choppy. They may be nastily obstructive; one speaker, Galton records, was plagued by the insistent distracting image of his manuscript.

Finally, the visual image, once an indubitable reality, and formerly deemed indispensable, is reduced by some to the phlogiston of psychology. For Watson, the arch-behaviourist who even repudiates consciousness, visual images are inevitably fictitious, but other people are more soberly doubtful or incredulous. Laird, the non-visualizer, may be said to know what he would see if his eyes fell on St. Sophia. Though some may recognize in this the source of mythical visual images, the Yushio Markinos and dreamers will not submit tamely to this diagnosis. The shades of Hobbes, however, would stare at some victims of this final onslaught on the visual image. One of them is a well known philosopher. The image is fundamentally important in memory—so thinks the

psychologist Moore. His namesake, Dr. G. E. Moore, thinks differently in 1922: there is no reason to suppose that there are any mental images.

Professor Gilbert Ryle, in *The Concept of Mind* (1949) seems to agree by writing "there are no such objects as mental pictures". Visual images seems to be quite mythical if, as he says, "things and happenings" imagined as existing "do not exist anywhere". The significant word may be "anywhere". The dream-skeleton of Dr. Gregory's patient existed, or was real, as an experience, though unlike an anatomical skeleton, it was not in a room or cupboard. Professor Ryle himself remembers a "local smithy" and the "glowing red horseshoe on the anvil." He can 'see' it, he says, using inverted commas to distinguish 'seeing' his memory-image from seeing with his eyes. This seems to concede a visual image of the glowing red horseshoe as an experience, though not as an "object", and, presumably, not located anywhere. He seems to concede visualizing experience when he calls much "ordinary thinking" an "internal monologue", which, he adds, is "usually accompanied by an internal cinematograph-show of visual imagery." Yet, later on, dreaming is *not* "being present at a private cinematograph show". The thesis of the book helps to explain, if not to resolve, the apparent contradiction.

Man has inveterately doubled himself into a body and an occupant soul or mind. Gilbert Ryle, with "deliberate abusiveness", fiercely tries to exercise this "Ghost" from the "Machine". There is no such mental occupant, no such spectator, and no mind qualified to be "a 'place', where mental pictures are seen . . ." Neither are tunes heard by such a ghostly auditor in his own fictitious ghostly place. Professor Ryle's wrath against the mental or ghostly occupant pervades his particular onslaught on the visual image. If visual images are pure fictions, there need be ghostly visualizer. If imagined sights are not sights, like mock-murders which are not murders, the "imagined sights" presumably exist in their own way, for even a sham murder occurs. If visualizing is a "special brand of make-believe" the pretence exists. Professor Ryle seems, during his expository route, to recognize experienced visualization, tough, perhaps, with an occasional lapse. He tries, among other items, to extort the confession that the visual image requires no occupant visualizer by centring his dialectical manoeuvres on one debated feature of visualization.

Since a unicorn or a mermaid can be imaged, but not seen, imagery can be richer than eyesight. The visual image, however, seems ultimately to derive from sense-perception. The actual sight of horses makes it possible to image one. Women seen, and fishes seen, seem obviously to make visual images of mermaids possible. So, at least, it seems. The visual image need not be the "reborn perception" that Jean-Paul Sartre, repudiates in *The Psychology of Imagination* (1950); the visualised tiger

may be a consequence of the seen tiger, without being the seen tiger seen over again. The "dagger of the mind" copies the seen weapon closely enough for Macbeth to clutch at it, without being the original perception. A scanty visual image can be recognizably a copy of a percept, though a sketchy copy.

A copy is not the original; a visual image, Gilbert Ryle protests, is not seem. It is, nevertheless, experienced as if it were seen, like a stage-murder watched as if it were a murder, though the visualizer usually, but not always, knows he does not see. In "picturing Helvellyn", however, the fervent Ryle affirms, though there is realizing "how Helvellyn would look" yet: "There is nothing akin to sensations." Eddington's visualized red ball seems closely akin to the sensation of red. The sensory red of a poppy seems too obviously to be the promoter of the visualized colour for no kinship to exist between the two. It would seem sheerly perverse to deny that red can be visualized because it has previously been sensed on poppies or tulips. Non-visualizers or poor colour-visualizers simply cannot do what others can.

Imaging, Professor Ryle urges, is not observing. According to Alain many people report an easily evoked memory-image of the Pantheon. When asked to count the columns supporting the façade they cannot even try. M. Sartre refuses Alain's "conclusion that the image does not exist" and prefers to speak of "quasi-observation" in imagery. The observer can detect the number of columns by inspection. He can also discover it by scanning a photograph. Professor Ryle reproves those who think of the visual image as a photograph in which they can find because they can *see* it. According to Abercrombie, in 1832, an actor, suddenly called upon to perform, visualized the pages, and read his part off them. The visualized manuscript plagued the speaker, Galton records, by obtruding the erasures and corrections upon him. One calculator, Galton also found, used a visualized slide rule. The eidetic image seems to be observable, as a photograph can be scanned. The visualizer looks at a picture, and, after this is withdrawn, projects his visual image on a screen. Some can read off the image what they did not see in the picture: this happens occasionally, Jaensch says in 1930; it happens with some children up to 12, Pear says in 1937. Visualizing is, at least, more akin to sensation, or perception, than Gilbert Ryle reckons.

"I imagine", writes AE in 1919, "a group of white-robed Arabs standing on a sandy hillock, and they seem of such a noble dignity that I desire to paint them . . . I say to myself, 'I wish they would raise their arms above their heads', and at the suggestion all the figures in my vision raise their hands as if in salutation of the dawn . . ." Visual imagery is here very close, very close, to perception—to seeing. The Arabs perplex AE when they raise their arms at his wish. If the visual image follows the memory or thought, and vice versa, those visualized

arms respond to his thinking. When Goethe, with bent head and closed eyes, thought of a rose, he visualized a sort of rosette that constantly threw out petals, usually red, but sometimes green. Goethe, though M. Sartre thinks he "pretended" to grow a bud into a flower, may have thought the growth in visual images instead of in words.

To picture or image, Professor Ryle admits, "entails thinking", though in a "strained sense". Simply expressed, there is the visual image, and there is meaning, or idea or thought of concept. Meaning can be understood without any visual imagery. The reader usually has few such images (M. Sartre notes agreement on this), and often none. The verbal signs strike straight at the meaning, and any visual images are accessory. Thus when Yushio Markino sprinkles the page with images he presumably visualizes because he understands, and does not understand because he visualizes. Memory, of course, pervades all thinking or understanding. Specific recollection may remember because it images, or image because it remembers, or both may happen. The visitor to Edinburgh Castle, after seeing Mons Meg, is able to remember the cannon, and his constantly potential memory may include a potential visual image. Since a non-visualizer remembers without an image, others may well image because they remember. This seems to be usually true. Some, the suggestion now runs, may remember by imaging the cannon, and actually read off the image as if they see it. They may celebrate a triumph of memory by a vivid image, as they might hoist a flag to celebrate a victory. Even the extra item in the eidetic image might be this—a triumphant visualization of what has been belatedly remembered.

Sometimes, when one walker speaks to his fellow, a passerby merely hears sounds, and then, after a few yards, grasps what has been said. Perhaps the look at the original picture may, so to speak, see without perceiving, as the passerby hears without understanding, and the item is then perceived on the eidetic image, as the passerby, later on, understands the words.

(The author is Honorary Lecturer in the History of Science at Leeds University.)

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THE STRENUOUS LIFE

By GRACE A. WOOD

I put myself in the way of things happening; and they happened.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The selection of the letters of Theodore Roosevelt in four two-volume sets is the work of a team or, as the Introduction has it, "an organized company of scholars." The bulk of the one hundred thousand-odd letters available is to be found in the Library of Congress; four thousand others remain in private collections. Of this great mass some ten thousand have been selected by the editorial group for publication. As the work is commended to the "historian of America's development as a world power" and to "students of economics and historians of national and international politics and diplomacy" it is important to examine the principles governing the selection of about one-tenth of the available material. It is analysed in the Introduction in a way that leaves little doubt of the scholarly nature of the work. Letters are printed in full, in chronological order, explanatory footnotes being supplied; clear, yet detailed charts are given, and each two-volume set has its own index and appendices. Within the strict editorial ordinances laid down, and in accordance with the requirements of uniform procedure little scope remained for the specific interests of individual editors, hence the work might have been of an undue aridity. It is perhaps a tribute to the personality of Theodore Roosevelt that his letters so presented kindle in the reader some of his own joy in "life, the mere living of it."

The two volumes* under discussion deal with the period 1868-1900, under the title *The Years of Preparation*. They carry Roosevelt through his student days, and his experiences as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and

Rough Rider. About half the letters deal with the last phase of his preparation for the presidency—the two years of his governorship of New York.

The letters portray the U.S.A. at the end of the Civil War, the South broken, the West not yet cognisant of the effect of the end of the Frontier period, and the Middle West preparing to challenge the supremacy of the East; a parochial America not yet aware of its place in the world. It is, therefore, of tremendous interest to read Roosevelt's comments on his own country. His letters to the great ambassador, Cecil Arthur Spring Rice, give the clearest idea of his whole-hearted Americanism, of his attitude to Britain, and of his flair for world trends. "I am too good an American, too proud of my country, not to feel ashamed and indignant when we do wrong," (I. 161) he writes. In 1898 he can say: "I feel very strongly that the English-speaking people are now closer together . . . and that every effort should be made to keep them close together; for their interests are really fundamentally the same . . ." (II. 890). Of the Russians he wrote in 1897: "I look upon them as a people to whom we can give points, and a beating; a people with a great future, as we have; but a people with poisons working in it, as other poisons . . . work in us," and forecast, "a red terror which will make the French Revolution pale." (I. 646-7)

Yet Theodore Roosevelt was no theorist. His letters on the navy, the Boer war, on Cuba, the Philippines and the Panama Canal prove him a strategist and a man of affairs. Of his own part in the war with Spain he writes so vividly that we share his revulsion at the meat scandal, his pride in his Rough Riders,

* *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison. Vols I and II. Harvard University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 130s.

his loyalty to his friends, even his vain-glory.

For many people the interest of these volumes will lie in the portrait they give of the writer. The pattern of his relations with his children repeats his hero-worship of his Republican father, and the love of his Southern mamma. His comments on the education of boys, his pride in his sons, the tenderness of his love for his first wife, his cherishing care of his second wife, his affection for his sister, Corinne, reveal a gentler side of the Rough Rider, trust-buster, and wielder of the big stick.

Appendix IV comprises an essay by the associate editor, John M. Blum, which is intended to suggest an explanation of the complex nature of the young Theodore Roosevelt. Pointed and full of interest it yet leaves us with an enigma. That Theodore Roosevelt had qualities of greatness is admitted, and equally that he lacked some quality found only in the greatest.

There is a school of psychology that maintains that man grows up twice. It recognizes in the pre-adolescent stage a recapitulation of some earlier maturity of the race whose main characteristic is action. At adolescence this integration of the personality we are told is wrecked by new forces, and maturity is found again in a fresh integration, a re-birth of vision and power, with humility. The greatest mature completely, the less great rest in some half-way stage. That surely is one way of regarding Theodore Roosevelt. His friends discover in him "a delayed adolescence," a "turbulent energy . . . and the ability to lose oneself totally in the event." (I, XXVIII) He himself seems in later life to turn to the security of his boyhood. As late as 1915 of an expedition to Brazil he could write: "I had to go, it was my last chance to be a boy." Throughout these early volumes we find the same characteristics. So even is the texture of the thought of boy, youth and man that we wonder if the greatest Republican President since Lincoln ever completely

matured. It is the supreme interest of these letters that they reveal something of the education of this enigmatic man, of whom it was said, "he left the heart of the nation sounder and more wholesome than he found it," and kept alive the American Dream at the most critical period of democracy, a man terrible in his single-mindedness, whom his sons called "the lion" and his mother "berserker".

In a future edition perhaps it might be possible to let Tennyson's Brook follow its course unhaunted by "coot and tern" (Vol. I. XXI)? In format, paper and binding the books are excellent. Here, indeed, is richness!

THE ECONOMIC BLOCKADE:

Volume I, by W. N. Medlicott.
H.M. Stationery Office and Longmans, Green. 35s.

Since Great Britain obtained command of the sea, blockade had been a natural instrument of British warfare. Professor Medlicott in his very comprehensive volume gives us the history of the way in which during the 1939-1945 war this weapon was gradually adapted to its task. The story is carried up to the German attack on Soviet Russia—the real turning point, as Professor Medlicott soberly reminds us, of the economic war. Behind the vast (and inevitable) amplification of bureaucratic detail the story is strongly dramatic. The reader is given a chance to place himself at a Hardiesque elevation above the battle. It is a stimulating experience, not without an appropriate flavour of irony.

To some extent the Ministry of Economic Warfare became the victim of its virtues. The officials simply could not believe that Hitler would plunge into a life and death struggle with such inadequate reserves, of petrol, for instance; and for a long time afterwards the Ministry credited the Germans with non-existent resources. And anyone watching the parallel activities of other Ministries from a privileged point of

vantage would have smiled to see the Ministry of Economic Warfare trying to cut off supplies from Germany while the Board of Trade was straining every nerve to stimulate exports to western Europe—exports which were bound to fall into German hands as soon as the blockade should have helped to drive the Germans to seize Belgium, the Netherlands and France.

Apart from these general difficulties there were more specific ones inherent in the nature of any blockade. There were political difficulties, which could be summed up by saying that in any blockade neutrals may have to suffer for the sins of the belligerents, and may not always suffer gladly. The forcible rationing of neutrals to prevent re-exports to Germany was typical of this sort of problem. There were also technical difficulties arising from the need to reinforce the blockade at sea by the new policy of exercising control at the source. But gradually the machinery began to work.

The blockade made Russia and Rumania the only possible sources of oil for Germany. The Germans judged it necessary to get a firmer grip on Rumanian oil, and this was one of the reasons behind the dismemberment of Rumania effected by the Vienna Award, as Ribbentrop admitted in a characteristically clumsy despatch to his Ambassador in Moscow. But Rumania was a disputed territory between Russia and Germany, and the Vienna Award gave bitter offence to the Russians. There can be no doubt that the Award and the subsequent infiltration of Germans into Rumania were among the causes of the Russo-German tension which Hitler eventually snapped by invading Russia to his own undoing. It would be too much to say that the Ministry of Economic Warfare was the sole cause of Hitler's destruction. But it is no exaggeration to say that the blockade, administered by a small staff of officials in an unimpressive office, helped to force Hitler into aggression against Russia: the one step which can be identified

more certainly than any other as engaging him in the road to ruin.

W. H. JOHNSTON

INDEPENDENT IRAQ, by Majid Khadduri. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Mr. Khadduri is to be congratulated on the detached and impartial attitude he has maintained while relating the story of Iraqi politics during the last 20 years. Considering to what extent political developments in the Middle East depend on personalities or emotions rather than programmes or rational argument, and how widely promises, threats or declarations of policy may differ from action taken or legislation voted, it is no mean feat to produce a narrative which carries as much conviction as this.

As will be seen from the subtitle: "A study in Iraqi politics since 1932," the book covers only the strictly political field and cannot therefore be called a history of independent Iraq; neither economic nor social questions come in for consideration, nor indeed do the influences underlying political power. The approach is so exclusively chronological that many important issues which are politically relevant receive no more than a fleeting mention at moments when they impinge upon the central theme. Thus the Assyrians, the Kurds and even the Arab tribes themselves appear only as characterless entities whose occasional revolts are ruthlessly suppressed by successive central governments, and religious influences, such as the relationships between Sunni and Shi'a Moslems, are barely touched on.

Among the useful impressions which this book leaves is the steadying effect of the monarchy, particularly during the reign of the first King Feisal; the advice which the ruling house has tendered to political leaders has consistently been in favour of moderation and has often urged the introduction of more democratic methods of government. The politicians fare less well; their actions seem regularly to be dictated more by ambition

and opportunism than by any sense of public responsibility. One of the most opportunist of them all is quoted as having aptly compared the sequence of Cabinet reshuffles with the motion of a merry-go-round, which a queue of impatient politicians constantly endeavoured to bring to a halt simply in order that they themselves might have a turn in one of the few available seats. It was this irresponsibility which eventually led the politicians to look for backing among the senior ranks of the Iraqi army, with the result that from 1935 until the British military intervention of 1941 governments rose and fell at the will of the dominant clique of officers.

There are several lessons in this story which would repay study by other nations newly achieving independence; among them that political parties cannot hold together indefinitely on negative slogans only, that an administration will not be efficient if the high offices of the civil service and of local government are made part of the spoils of the political struggle and that free elections demand a degree of altruism and responsibility seldom found among politicians who have no traditions to guide and restrain them. It is also worthy of note that in this full account of political developments in Iraq since the end of the British Mandate there is no evidence before or after the 1939-1945 war of British interference in internal affairs. That no attempt is made to conceal the shortcomings of the first generation of Iraqi public figures, or to blame them on others, is testimony to the author's impartiality as a historian.

NIGEL BRUCE

VENTURE TO THE INTERIOR,
by Laurens van der Post. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

BEYOND EAST AND WEST, by
John C. H. Wu. Sheed and Ward. 21s.

To say that Colonel Van der Post is versatile, indeed one of the most versatile of authors is almost an understatement.

He takes us delightfully and perilously on his African journeys and fascinatingly into the recesses of his mind. Of Dutch ancestry he longs for the proper understanding and tolerance of the black people. He deplores what some of the Europeans are doing, who "with their blind intolerance divert and disorganize it [the two-way flow of traffic] to their own impoverishment and embitterment, as my countrymen do in Southern Africa."

This book is the result of an expedition undertaken, at the British Government's request, to certain almost unknown parts of Nyasaland. We can learn a good deal about a man by ascertaining what is in his luggage, and the Colonel, with ample supplies of food (and a bottle of whisky for his guests) takes a prayer-book and Meredith's *Modern Love*. He must be a charming person to travel with, for he tells us that there is no power on earth like imagination and that the worst, most obstinate grievances are imagined ones.

How profoundly he understands the joyful and the tragic drama of the African's life: its glory and its humiliation. "He goes to the night as if to a friend. He finds his way through the day with reluctant, perfunctory feet." As for the white people, "we turn our hate," says the Colonel, "on to the native, the dark people of the world, because we have trampled on our own dark natures. Already there is the smell of murder approaching far off in the sky over Africa. And this need not be, that is the pity of it. If we could but make friends with our inner selves, come to terms with our own darkness, then there would be no trouble from without."

We are given some exquisite portraits of European men and women, as also of Africans. There is, for instance, an old native forester with beautiful manners and the most serene expression. He had long given up visiting his descendants in the plain below and he hardly bothered about his wages any more. "That old man," says the Colonel, "knew some-

thing really worth knowing."

That is also the case with Mr. John Wu, a very accomplished Chinese Christian, who became a Methodist in the year 1917. Six years later we find him as a research student in the Harvard Law School and a close friendship comes about with the famous Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Wu's sister maintains that for a judge to receive gifts for doing justice is not bribery. This enraged Mr. Wu so much that he threw the furniture at his sister. With the wife whom his family had found for him while he was still very young he became somewhat critical, for she had no education to speak of. He therefore desired to acquire a more educated concubine, a course to which his amiable wife had no objection. She only suggested he should wait until he was 40 years of age, and a few days before this happened "the all-merciful Father had better plans; He

snatched me from the grip of the Devil and saved me from myself. I was received into the Holy Catholic Church."

In other respects Mrs. Wu had been extremely satisfactory, for she had presented her husband with more than fourteen children, and we are given a delightful photograph of the family with the Pope in the centre of the group. Mr. Wu had become Chinese Minister to the Vatican. It was, he says, the first time in the diplomatic history of the Holy See that a Catholic ever represented a non-Catholic nation. That is not quite accurate, for the late Count de Salis, after being British Minister to Montenegro, was the first Envoy from Britain to the Vatican and not the least reason for his appointment there was his membership of the Catholic Church. "The great man," said Mencius, "is one who has not lost the heart he had as a child." And as we follow the career of Mr. Wu we revel in every phase of it. When he

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was a young man he wrote that to be a Chinese of his generation is to be a very much bewildered person; that may still be true. But while China can produce such men as our author we can regard that great country with confident hope.

HENRY BAERLEIN

URUGUAY, by George Pendle. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*. 11s. 6d.

In the world of books Latin America is still, so far as this country is concerned, *terra quasi incognita*. In the United States numerous volumes, large and small, expert and inexpert, have been written on the 20 Latin republics in the last 25 years. But Britain, with all her traditional links with, and material interests in, Latin America has almost entirely failed to produce any noteworthy book on that vast region since James Bryce described a part of it in his *South America; Observations and Impressions*, in 1912. And even that was published in New York.

A British publisher told me recently that, in Britain, books on Latin America "don't sell". From that expert opinion it is legitimate to deduce that the British public has yet to have its interest aroused in a part of the world as rich in romance as South-east Asia, and as full of potentialities for social and economic earthquakes.

The Royal Institute of International Affairs has lately begun production of a series of slim books on some of the South American republics, and it was to be hoped that these well-produced and not expensive volumes would play their part in awakening the attention of the British reading public to the lands of Perón, Vargas and Cardenas no less than of Pizarro, Cortez and Cabral.

But it is doubtful, to me, whether this will happen. Let it be said at once that this is no fault of the authors of the two books in this series already published. Both the present volume, and its predecessor, on Chile, are written so much to the same pattern that it is clear that the writers of these books are following a

set form. And set it undoubtedly is—to the extent that these books bear a strong resemblance to the reports on economic conditions in foreign countries (admirable in themselves) which are produced by H.M. Stationery Office. The present volume, like its predecessor, is weighed down with statistics and table interspersed in the text. And a full list, with names and tonnage, of the fleet of tankers and self-propelled barges owned by the Uruguayan State Oil Monopoly appears superfluous. It would have been more satisfactory to have a minimum of figures and statistical material in the text, and to have had, instead, an appendix with whatever mathematical evidence was thought to be necessary. As it is, this book is unlikely to appeal to the general reader, for it smothers its subject, a very individual country with a very individual people, under a mass of figures.

Let it be said, however, that, for the specialist, Mr. Pendle has done his work well. He covers every aspect of Uruguayan endeavour with accuracy and completeness. In particular, his account of the similarities and differences between the Colorado and Blanco parties on page 90 should be made compulsory reading for all those who habitually regard Latin American politics through British party spectacles. Altogether Mr. Pendle has produced an admirable source-book. But it is rather a collection of most of the materials needed to paint a picture of Uruguay than the picture itself.

N. P. MACDONALD

NO PICNIC ON MOUNT KENYA, by Felice Benuzzi. *William Kimber*. 15s.

The appeal of this story lies in a vivid contrast between the boredom of prison life and the sense of personal freedom experienced by the mountaineer. Felice Benuzzi, an official of the Italian Colonial Service, was a P.O.W. in 1943 in a British camp on the Equator, near the foot of Mount Kenya. It is not without interest, after reading a crop of

British 'escape' books, to study these problems from the enemy viewpoint. Depressed beyond endurance by the dullness of camp routine, Signor Benuzzi plans not so much a break-out for good in the tradition of the 'Wooden Horse' or the 'Escaping Club' as a sally to climb the 17,000-foot peak which faces and challenges him. He leaves for the British commandant a written parole that he and his two companions will return within fourteen days. The exploit ends with a break into camp again, at the end of their adventures.

The hazards of this journey were formidable. When the peacetime mountaineer sets out from Zermatt or Chamonix, to scale lower peaks than Mount Kenya, he has all the advantages of modern equipment, accurate maps and even the service of guides if needed. Moreover, he does not reckon to find the lower slopes of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc infested with rhinoceros, buffalo or bull-elephant, nor must his approach be made through a matted tangle of bamboo-forest. For this expedition all the necessities, even the component parts of primitive ice-axes, had to be filched, painfully assembled and laboriously concealed. Their only map was a striking black, yellow and red label from an Oxo tin, showing an outline of Mount Kenya. (Incidentally why is so lively a story not embellished with a few good photographs? No-one would demand that a camera should be conjured up among equipment in which even the crampons were improvised from prison-wire; but surely at least a proper black-and-white of Mount Kenya itself could have been included later.)

The author, familiar with hill country from early days amongst Dolomites and Julian Alps, tells a graphic story in which his love of the heights is apparent from the moment he sees his "ethereal mountain emerging from a sea of clouds, framed between two dark barracks." His exploit contains also, perhaps, a parable for the hyper-sophisticated 'centrist' of fashionable Alpine valleys, who loves to

festoon his peaks with nylon ropes and hammer pitons into them until they bristle like porcupines. Surely the joy of mountain climbing is to be found in a gay and enterprising spirit rather than in the perfection of mechanical skill? This episode of Mount Kenya reveals a man whom the shades of Whymper, and of his great Italian rival, Carrel, might salute as a fellow adventurer in the wide fraternity of climbers.

RUPERT MARTIN

ECUMENISM AND CATHOLICITY, by William Nicholls. *S.C.M. Press*. 12s. 6d.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE, by Derrick Sherwin Bailey. *S.C.M. Press*. 12s. 6d.

At first approach it will naturally seem that these two books cannot possibly have anything in common, except publisher and price; in point of fact the reader soon finds that two subjects of the widest

Hutchinson's

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Sir Reader Bullard, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E.
H.M. Minister (later Ambassador) to Persia,
1939-46

"It is the first serious attempt to produce a critical history of the Middle East from what may be described as the official British point of view. It will be a standby for many years to come."

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"It is a history, but the bulk of it deals with modern problems that are retailed with the accuracy of a shrewd eye-witness as well as with a decorous wit."

THE ECONOMIST.

"The present problems of Britain's new eastern frontier (no longer the Rhine but the Red Sea and Persian Gulf) are discussed with expert knowledge and cool common sense."

OXFORD MAGAZINE.

Two endpaper maps.

7s. 6d.

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divergence are approached by the two authors with an astonishing similarity of purpose and of method. The similarity of method may well indicate a new trend in contemporary theology (a very different thing, let it be said at once, from any so-called "New Theology" of which there is no trace); the similarity of purpose is due to the simple fact that both authors are dealing with the identical problem, in however differing contexts: the problem of reunion. There is dire need for reunion of the widely separated Churches of Christendom and there is hardly less need for re-establishing marriage as the firm and abiding union it once generally was but to-day all too often is not.

Both writers approach their different aspects from a high level of orthodox theology, as will be generally agreed by all, despite the fact that both happen to be clergymen of the Church of England; what may be new, and has certainly not always been the case with theologians, is that both make their approach from within. They start from a factual and "given" situation, whether they like it or not, and seek where honest theological thinking may lead them from there; they do not seek to fit a distraught human situation into a "given" theology, nor utterly condemn that situation unless and until it does so fit. In other words, they both believe that honesty of purpose in man will still enable the Spirit of God to guide him out of his difficulties and that "the faith once delivered to the saints," while in itself immutable, should yet be interpreted in the light of new knowledge and of fresh experience. And they are very right. The Scribes and Pharisees failed not because of what they held and believed but because they had become set and would not believe that God is ever leading men through fresh experience to new aspects of unchanging truth. Whatever the reader may think of the substance or argument of either of these books, he can but be encouraged and gladdened by the enlightened honesty which informs them.

Both books are closely written for the serious student, though by no means only for the professional one, so that it is uneasy to give a brief account of their substance and contents. Mr. Nicholls starts from actual experience of ecumenical gatherings (that awkward and rather forbidding word 'ecumenical' seems to have come to stay) in which members of widely separated churches not only find how much they have in common but get a fresh vision of what the Church, inevitably involved in the process of history, is meant to be in the ultimate and extra-historical purposes of God, and outlines possible ways in which she may here and now better adjust herself to those purposes; Mr. Bailey centres his study around the ultimate status and significance of marriage as the "one flesh" which Christ declared it to be. Both are fresh thinkers, though neither is "startling"; and both, as befits men looking for future guidance, are fully conscious of past history. Both are strongly to be commended to all who are interested in either aspect, ecclesiastical or matrimonial, of what in many other aspects also is surely the most crying need of our time: union and, where there has been a disrupted union, re-union.

JOHN HALET

PHILOSOPHERS LEAD SHELTERED LIVES, by James K. Feibleman. *Allen & Unwin. 25s.*

On the wrapper this book is described as James K. Feibleman's Autobiography, and on the title page we learn, if we did not know it already, that the author is Graduate Professor of Philosophy in the Tactim University of Louisiana and that this is a first volume of memoirs. It is an odd, unequal but extremely interesting performance, but unfortunately the aim which the story hopes to achieve is too often blurred by the irrelevant details that intrude to give us far too much background. This aim may be defined as the recognition of the prime importance of philosophy and the leading of the reader into the realm of metaphysics;

moreover, it is for those who have not made that journey before.

It is a pity therefore that the numerous reminiscences of artistic and literary celebrities (and indeed non-celebrities) are so plentiful; they do nothing to make it easier to get inside the philosopher's mind or to understand how it works. Even their entertainment value is doubtful, and it is not by this form of entertainment that the reader is likely to acquire a little philosophy of his own.

Professor Feibleman tells us that he is already the author of one book of poems, six volumes of philosophy and some short stories, all published. Altogether he has written, indeed, more than this and he has planned many, many more volumes; if nothing happens to prevent him, he intends to write them all. But he considers autobiography a sin; his flesh creeps when in print he discovers the presence of the awful first person pronoun, and he reminds us that philosophers are famous just in proportion to the extent to which their personal histories are forgotten. Why then did he write this book of which he himself says: "This is a book to be forgotten"?

The answer seems to lie in his belief that a man's work should not be interpreted in terms of his life, but rather his life in terms of his work. He does not think that his own life is important, nor does he confuse, as so many do, the world in which he lives with himself; but he feels that certain aspects of the world can be better understood by telling how he, the person he knows so well, felt their effect. And so he writes from the point of view of the true scientist, who is perhaps a rarer figure than we imagine, a man who believes that what he has done would have been accomplished by someone else if he had not come along to do it.

It is for such perceptions as this that the book may be read and enjoyed, and there are many of them. Professor Feibleman is on the side of the angels; he knows that only half of life is logic, and that action should be from feeling

rather than from reason, because the reasons behind feelings are sounder and more profound than those we hold consciously. This is an optimistic book in the sense that we look forward to a world of the future which is always capable of being better than in the past it has ever been. Such an outlook is far from the sterile belief in the inevitability of progress, and takes its stand on the knowledge that love is so vital that it makes even hopeless struggles worthwhile, and glories in values that cannot be utterly destroyed.

J. F. BURNET

THE LANGUAGE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, by B. Ifor Evans. *Methuen. 18s.*

One's first feeling on seeing the list of books by the same author opposite to the title-page is one of wonder how Dr. Ifor Evans, lately Principal of Queen Mary College and now Provost of University College, has managed to combine with his heavy administrative duties the functions of critic, biographer, editor, novelist and recorder of travel. And when one opens his latest publication 'still the wonder grows,' for his study of Shakespeare's language is so full and suggestive that it might seem as if he had been specializing for long in this particular field. He analyzes Shakespeare's linguistic development through every play in the canon, except *Titus Andronicus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Pericles* and *Henry VIII*, in all of which Shakespeare's is probably not the sole hand. He rightly emphasizes that "language in drama must be referred to the effect that it can make in the theatre," on those "who stood or sat around the Elizabethan stage and listened to a dramatic action." He also insists on the recognition of Shakespeare's use of two styles, the one simple and direct, the other ornate and rhetorical.

It is the latter that predominates in *Love's Labour's Lost* which Dr. Evans takes as his starting point. "It is with words, not with plot and characters, that

the play lives. They are words sought for their own sake, words dancing to unexpected rhythms, and twisting themselves into fantastic shapes." And as Dr. Evans does well to remind us, with Shakespeare "the fascination of words themselves, their sound and shape . . . remained with him to the end as a power capable in moments of danger of overwhelming any other purpose he had in hand." In the other early comedies there was more incident and less of verbal entertainment, but it was in the early history plays where Shakespeare had to deal with epic material that, as Dr. Evans epigrammatically puts it: "Action becomes the task-master of language," and he proceeds to illustrate their differentiation in diction from the comedies. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare seems to be enjoying a sense of release from the difficulties of the histories, and he combines passages of direct speech with lyrical sonnetting effects. In *Romeo and Juliet* similar features are found but Shakespeare shows himself more self-conscious in the adjustment of language to the different characters, especially on the lips of Mercutio and the Nurse.

Dr. Evans distinguishes, to a degree some may question, between the two Parts of *Henry IV*. In Part I he lays stress on "the bold and original verse relying on an emblazoned language." In Part II it is the prose scenes, with Falstaff as the central figure, that exhibit Shakespeare's powers in masterly fashion. In contrast with Caroline Spurgeon he singles out the scene in the Boar's Head Tavern (Act II, iv) and that in Shallow's garden as of highest linguistic quality.

It may be thought that Dr. Evans gives scarcely proportionate weight to the brilliant group of mature comedies in passing from them to *Hamlet*. And here he strikes an original note in linking together, of all people, the most dissimilar pair. "Hamlet, the Renaissance prince, is a philologist, as is Polonius, and they alone of the characters in the

tragedies could have witnessed a performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* and known what the comedy was about." Words, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, have in *Hamlet* gained an independent importance, but they are now subdued into the service of the action. In one of his most penetrating chapters Dr. Evans illustrates this in detail.

The dark comedies prepare the way for the later tragedies, with *Troilus and Cressida* standing out in "an almost aggressive isolation linguistically." A striking feature is the use in it of words not found elsewhere in the plays, for example, 'tortive', 'mastic', 'soilure'. *Othello* carries on the imagery of corruption, especially on the lips of Iago, while the Moor's speeches have at first a soldierly simplicity, gradually more and more charged with emotion. Macbeth, on the other hand, is the most poetic of criminals whose imaginative language concentrates similes into single word metaphors. *King Lear* is acclaimed by Dr. Evans as the apex of Shakespeare's mastery of diction, combining all "linguistic patterns from plain and concentrated statement to the very phantasms of speech" and yet leaving the final impression of unity. With his comments on the Roman plays and the dramatic romances Dr. Evans closes a volume which may be warmly commended not only to linguistic specialists but to Shakespearian students and actors in general.

F. S. BOAS

PRINTER'S PROGRESS 1851-1951, by Charles Rosner. *Sylvan Press*. 42s.

Among the many permanent souvenirs of the Festival of Britain this volume will rank as one of the most satisfying, full of colour and charm. It is in no sense a complete survey of printing during the century but by contrasting the narrow variety available in 1851 with to-day's examples it displays the limitations of the one with the wide freedoms

of the other.

The first half of the last century had seen the rapid development of printing machinery; up to that time this had been almost entirely a manual craft. The revolution in printing processes brought about by the development of the camera is liberally illustrated with many examples of modern colour printing. These pages are a signpost to the possibilities of the future use of colour.

The impact of the competition of the spoken word in radio and the visual image in television with the printed word in literature has yet to be resolved. This volume ably demonstrates how eagerly the challenge is being accepted by the present Caxtons; its price also demonstrates their greatest handicap.

HERBERT T. BANYARD

WILKIE COLLINS, by Robert Ashley. *Arthur Barker*. 7s. 6d.

The first attempt at a biography of Wilkie Collins was made by Ernst von Wolzogen in his book *Wilkie Collins: Ein Biographisch-Kritischer Versuch*, published in Leipzig in 1885. Mr. Ashley describes it as "inaccessible and unrewarding" shedding "surprisingly little light on the life and character of the novelist," and he applies the same criticism to another German study, Hans Sehlbach's *Untersuchungen über die Romankunst von Wilkie Collins* (1931). The first full-length biography is Mr. Kenneth Robinson's *Wilkie Collins*, published in November 1951, and reviewed in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* of February 1952. It is now followed by Mr. Ashley's book, which was evidently completed before Mr. Robinson's appeared.

There is a lack of contemporary documents relating to Collins's life. He kept no diary, his letters to Dickens, his closest friend, perished in the bonfire Dickens, annoyed at press invasion of his privacy, made of his correspondence, and Collins also towards the end of his life destroyed his own collection of letters. Forster and other friends of Dickens in

his later years were jealous of Collins, and in their writings either ignored or disparaged him. Moreover, for many years his private life was irregular and, as Mr. Ashley says, "soon became enveloped in a fog of mystery which to this day has not been appreciably dispelled." But Mr. Ashley, who is a Harvard graduate, has in his extensive research taken great pains to identify and study the documents available in this country and in America, and his book is specially rich in bibliographical references.

He divides the literary career of Collins, who was born in 1834, into four periods. After his apprentice years, ending in 1851, in which he brought out his first novel *Antonia*, he became with Basil, *Hide and Seek*, and *The Dead Secret* a "Journeyman Novelist" and in 1860-70 developed into a "Master Craftsman", writing five novels of high quality: *The Woman in White*, *No Name*, *Armadale*, *The Moonstone*, and *Man and Wife*. From 1871 until his death in 1889, he was an "Emeritus Novelist", completing twelve novels and beginning a thirteenth, which was finished by Walter Besant. The works of this period are generally regarded as much inferior to those of his prime, but Mr. Ashley maintains that they hardly ever fail to be readable, and points out that they were widely read both in English and in translations. Collins was a very careful worker; most of his books were rewritten seven times after the first draft. He was a keen business man, assiduous in protecting his copyrights, and insistent in securing the full market value of his output. In his later years he suffered much from arthritis, and like Coleridge and De Quincey, sought relief from pain in opium, and became, as they did, addicted to the drug, experiencing the horrors so vividly described by Ezra Jennings in *The Moonstone*. Collins was remarkable in his personality as well as in his writings, and in this book Mr. Ashley gives us an admirable account of his life and work.

G. F. McCLEARY

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

The month has been enriched by the Royal Society of Arts' Cantor lectures on the modern theatre—Mr. Peter Ustinov "The Playwright", Sir Ralph Richardson "The Actor" and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie "The Producer". Lacking the egotism that is supposed to pervade professional talk of the theatre like a smell, these were 'performances' so incandescent with intelligence and zeal, with such sparklings of wit studding the solid and often profound, with so lively an individual comprehension of the overlapping problems of all three spheres, and with such commonsense and good humour too ("What is an apron stage?" and "Who is Raimu?") were two of the questions answered by Sir Ralph with no visible flinching), that one came away each time full of laughter, energy and thought, and a tendency to be absent-minded with the traffic in the Strand. The pleasures of memory are to be reinforced early in May when the *Journal* of the R.S.A. is to publish the three lectures together; meanwhile, their influence still strong, a book about the creator of *The Seagull*, *Uncle Vanya*, *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard* gets first mention here.

Chekhov

David Magarshack, who has made a new translation of the first (unseen, and according to the publisher's announcement, for *The Seagull Produced by Stanislavsky* (Dennis Dobson, 25s.), Edited and Introduced by S. D. Balukhaty), now presents his CHEKHOV THE DRAMATIST (John Lehmann, 21s.) as a challenge to the bafflement that is common to producers, actors, critics and audience. For solutions the author takes us back, beyond the misinterpretations of the plays by the Moscow Arts Theatre, beyond Chekhov's oft-reiterated and anguished pleas that he was "describing life, ordinary life, and not blank despondency," to the dramatist's own ideas of art and technique which in turn proclaim

his debt to the classical Greek drama in which he was so deeply read. The book's main sections are entitled "Plays of Direct Action" and "Plays of Indirect Action" linked by a study of the transition period, and providing plenty of clues to support Mr. Magarshack's contentions. These should earn the unstinted attention of all who have a rational love of the theatre, and, if it is disappointing not to have his opinions on some notable and ever-memorable London productions of the plays during the past twenty-or-so years, he has much to tell in compensation of historic, literary and dramatic interest that is new and almost as stimulating as his theories. To give but one example of these: that the characters in *The Cherry Orchard* are "essentially comic" demands, after the first refusal to believe it, further consideration and perhaps later a cautious or unwilling assent.

To bridge a gap

No such searchings attend the enjoyment of the next book; we all comprehend in our delight that GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Max Parrish, 7s. 6d.) are "essentially comic" even though—and probably because—we detect a vein of cruelty in the one and a gentle wish to soften it in the other. Arthur Jacobs has written so knowledgeable a survey of the partnership and embellished it with so many reproductions of sketches, cartoons, parts of scores, programmes, letters and music covers that it would be a pity if his slim volume should be overshadowed by the contemporary Baily tome. Presumably to G. & S. addicts there is room for both; nevertheless a special word must be said for this music critic, some of whose chapter-headings, "Burlesque in Long Clothes", "The Importance of Gilbert", "The Stage is the Key", are pointers to the quality of their contents. "The light musical stage" concludes Mr. Jacobs "is surely the place where the disastrous gap between

"serious" and "popular" music could best be bridged.

The world of opera

How both kinds were brought to the land of the Czars is told in Martin Cooper's RUSSIAN OPERA, another of the World of Music series (Max Parrish, 7s. 6d.). This was a luxury imported from Italy in 1731. Later French *opéra comique* appeared, and by 1804 Derzhavin is complaining that "the taste now is all for amusing operas with marvellous decorations," but after the defeat of Napoleon heroic themes were not unnaturally the note. With Glinka "grand opera" in the French sense began, with the Italian style still holding its own in St. Petersburg. In the later nineteenth century "the mighty handful", including Musorgsky, were composing, for Anton Rubinstein had founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music in 1862 and the one in Moscow was due to his brother Nicholas four years later. It was not long before the appearance of Tchaikovsky's masterpiece *Eugene Onegin* and the date, 1879, heralded the golden age of 30 years in Russian opera, with Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov shining bright. The complex story is told easily by Mr. Cooper, another practising music critic, and blest with an ironic as well as a scholarly pen, illustrated by stage sketches and designs, and portraits of monarchs and musicians.

Gestation

✦ Much more portentous is the concoction called MAKING A FILM (Allen & Unwin, 17s. 6d.), as the title page affirms: "The Story of Secret People. Chronicled and Edited by Lindsay Anderson. Together with the Shooting Script of the Film by Thorold Dickinson and Wolfgang Wilhelm." There are graphs and charts to show the schedule, the cross plot and the location at any given day. One likes especially in the props column of the last: "Knife for Steenie (prop one with handle absorbing blade)." There are a list of post shooting period dates, a studio plan, the two

themes of the music that "is intrinsic to the story and reinforces its emotional development" set out for the right hand, and there are dozens of photographs. A diary of beginnings, preparation and shooting is given on the lines of these extracts:

November 27—With a pleased surprise, somehow reminiscent of Mr. Brontë's discovery of *Jane Eyre*, Thorold announces that Roberto Gerhard has submitted a piano-sketch of the Ballet, and that it is exactly the sort of thing he wants.

March 8—Thorold, Charles and Spike make an expedition into Soho, in search of further atmosphere. Over cups of coffee they sit in the original of Anselmo's Café and observe and talk to the customers. Charles inspects the kitchen, assimilates the techniques, and spends a long time watching the boss tie his apron on.

We all have an urge "to go behind the scenes" yet a plod through this "complete report of the extremely diverse operations which go to make a modern film," and notwithstanding a most cordial respect for the previous work of Ealing Studios, leaves one without any desire to see the film, conveniently shown simultaneously, or indeed to take the book other than facetiously. Somebody should now write a treatise (about a tenth as long as this one) to explain to general readers why they are left with the impression that the proceedings are largely 'hoo-ey', 'phoney' and unworthy of 'a row of beans'; the final chapter should of course be able to show how this churlish hersey is to be overcome.

The fastidious palate

Much more convincing, in spite of the difficulties of this era, is the cult of gastronomy. The secret is not so much the actual participation, which is beyond most of us anyway, but the power its contemplation has to set us dreaming. This is exactly what THE GOURMET'S WEEK-END BOOK (Seeley Service, 12s. 6d.) does for capable-of-being-encharmed readers who are borne off to wherever the lovely names of wines are modestly tasted them at first hand in France and Italy and Portugal and Spain

can return to holiday sunshine and grape-clad terraces, to cool breezes from the darkening Adriatic, Mediterranean, or North Atlantic, at the turn of a page. And not only are the subtleties and the practicalities of food and drink discussed but there is much to be learnt of history and tradition enshrined in behaviour and polite usage. There are chapters on tips, toasts, acorns, rats and pokeweed, and on "Some Memories of Edwardian London Restaurateurs."

Bygones

Which brings us straight to V. Sackville-West's *THE EDWARDIANS* (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.). A fairly recent visit to Knole, the home of the Sackvilles near Sevenoaks in Kent, rightly or wrongly vividly recalled the Chevron of this book, and now a delighted re-reading rightly or wrongly vividly recalls Knole. Leaving Sebastian fingering his coronet after the coronation of George V we go into the new Elizabethan age with a wish that something of that vanished charm might even now return.

The pigsty

Turning from this graciously written book to Calder Willingham's *END AS A MAN* (John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.) one pukes. This is the favourite expression of the inhabitants of the American military academy for the training of officers whose sordid antics make the tale. One must quarrel with the jacket announcement of the publisher, for whose taste and judgment one had always been prepared to vouch: "Mr. Willingham gives us his ironic comment", for this is a plain report without comment of thuggery, lying, treachery, perversion and unrelieved bad manners. As for the "scandalous wit" that is also claimed for him—it is possibly implicit in the ponderous speeches of the general commanding the school and that is all. More's the pity; for had Mr. Willing-

ham leavened the boorish lump with some fun-poking we should have had a hope that his story was exaggerated. As it is we are left only with dismay for a situation that is drawing the soldiers of our two nations together for the confounding of Russian hordes. If this book is factual, the controlling of barbarians should in America begin, like charity, at home; true or false, the Communists in London no less than in New York should hail it with cheers.

Adulthood

So away from Willingham wallowings, to where the urbane Aubrey Menen beckons like a signpost to civilization. He calls *THE DUKE OF GALLODORO* (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.) the first work of his maturity. By the same token everyone who read with joy *The Prevalence of Witches* will agree that it carried no marks of the cradle, nor can *The Backward Bride* and *The Stumbling Stone* be said to proclaim the agonies of adolescence—one boggles at any suggestion that a precocious child wrote these books. This time Mr. Menen gives us an Englishman with an Italian title who lives in a villa on the cliff above a town that bears a dear resemblance to Amalfi. Perhaps the steps by which the urchin Peppin and the Duke are brought filially together are over-long and, like the hillside, a bit steep, but there is the delicious Salvator to help, of whose begging-letter genius and philosophy we could never have too much. There is also the first person telling the story, a shadow but of a tangible and likable man, who writes of cheat and liar with a gentle mockery that asks for our co-operation in discernment and sympathy. And he gets it; he has no disgust for his characters, nor does he laugh at them, and without exactly laughing with them he makes us understand why he loves them.

GRACE BANYARD

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1952

THE INFORMATION SERVICES

THE attitude of the present Government, and of their predecessors, to the British information services is similar in many ways to the attitude of the Chamberlain administration, in the years immediately before the war, towards rearmament. Extensive lip service is paid to the importance of proclaiming to the world Britain's faith in herself, in her parliamentary democracy, in her system of individual liberty based on the rule of law, and in her vital rôle among the nations. Both Labour and Conservative Governments have agreed that the stating of Britain's case, and the proclaiming of Britain's contribution to the western alternative to Communism, are necessary ingredients for victory in the cold war. Yet both Governments, instead of building up the information services, have consistently allowed them to run down. Year by year since 1946 the B.B.C.'s external services, the Foreign Office information departments, the British Council and the overseas activities of the Central Office of Information have been reduced in scale.

Twelve months ago, when the Labour Government announced their intention to reduce again the volume of the B.B.C.'s overseas broadcasts, they met with protests from almost every important newspaper in the country, in which the editorial columns of the *Daily Herald* were in unison with those of the *Daily Telegraph*. A similar phenomenon has recurred this year. Even such organs as *The Economist* and the *Financial Times*, neither of them likely to urge the Chancellor to prodigality with the public purse, have published articles pointing to the folly of the new cuts now imposed upon the external services of the B.B.C. And just as, in 1937, there was a vocal group of Conservatives attempting to stimulate the Government to more vigorous rearmament, so now there are many back benchers who are clearer sighted on this issue than their leaders. "I have seldom," said Mr. Christopher Mayhew, referring to protests by Mr. Profumo and Mr. Rodgers at cuts in the information services, "heard two speeches from the other side containing so much with which I could approve."

The current failure to develop Britain's information services is the harder to understand if we look back at the history of modern propaganda. It was the genius of Northcliffe that first demonstrated the power of propaganda as a military weapon in the closing stages of the 1914-1918 war. Yet we, who forged the weapon, were repelled by it and con-

tent to discard it and see it taken up by others—first Russians, then Italians and Germans—as an instrument against our own power and security. And when, in 1938, we began hesitatingly to reply, it was at first as if propaganda were unfit for British tongues. The attitude is reminiscent of the knights in armour who disdained gunpowder as a weapon unbecoming to the traditions of chivalry. Propaganda is the gunpowder of the twentieth century—the new factor which has revolutionized the technique of power. Yet the disdain lingers on. In the debate on April 1 it was pointed out that whereas we are spending £1,400 million on defence for the current year, we have allotted less than £10 million to all our external information services together—and this at a time of growing intensity in the cold war.

There have been indications that the disdain for information work is still felt among some of the most senior officials of the Foreign Office at home, and among British ambassadors abroad. This is understandable; in the past the actions of a foreign power, if they were to be influenced by another country at all, were influenced by the direct action of the ambassador and his staff in that country. The contact was between the diplomat, the government to which he was accredited, and a small further group of powerful persons. To-day, however, considerable influence on the actions of a democracy may be exerted (to take a single example) by the radio of a foreign power, which speaks to the electorate who in turn influence the government. The ambassador may feel that he is being bypassed by this new instrument of foreign policy and may resent its growth. That is, of course, a wrong reading of the portents; it would be wiser to feel that the information services, including broadcasting, are a new and powerful weapon in the diplomat's hands.

The decisive phase in the struggle between the Russian hegemony and the free nations has not yet been reached. When it comes it may, or may not, take the form of military action on the scale of world war. Either way, the culminating phase cannot be fought with purely military weapons. It may well be that the new Salamis, the decisive battle in the struggle between east and west, will not be fought with ships or aeroplanes, or guns, but in men's hearts and minds. For such a battle Britain is not yet armed.

AUSTRIAN GOLD MINE

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

PROMINENT among the reasons why Austria, despite 258 abortive conferences of the deputies of the Foreign Ministers of four great powers since 1946, is still occupied and without a treaty establishing her independence, is the existence of USIA. These four letters are the initials of the Russian words meaning "Administration of Soviet Property in Austria." Ask an Austrian—an economist, a man of business, a politician, a socialist working man or woman, a peasant—what USIA is, and you will get a variety of uncomplimentary descriptions. USIA, you will be told, in the favourite and perhaps the most apt phrase, is a cancer which is slowly spreading and destroying the economic life of the country. Or, you gather that it is an outfit combining the business methods of a Long John Silver with the sincerity of a Stiggins. Some call it a conspiratorial state within the legitimate State, whose citizens it assiduously subverts by economic or physical terror, bribery, sabotage and propaganda, inspired—and often carried out—by the arbitrary powers of a military occupation. USIA can, indeed, be shown to be all these things. But the quality which makes it the greatest of all obstacles to the long-overdue evacuation and genuine liberation of Austria is that USIA has so far proved itself an inexhaustible gold mine to the Soviet Union controlling it. Furthermore, that country obviously calculates that if the mine is one day exhausted the collapse of the Austrian economic system will be involved, bringing with it a good chance of replacement by Communism. It is a profitable gamble, with full insurance that financial loss will be made good by political gains.

Imagine a foreign consortium which controlled an area the size of, say, the Port of London, within which Britain had no power to levy duty on goods brought into it from abroad, and passed out through it on to the British markets; that in this area the laws of the land, including those on taxation, could not be enforced, nor could the police take any action undesired by the consortium; that some 300 British concerns of note, some of them large and important firms, were administered by this consortium, and that wages bills and other overheads would be met out of the gigantic profits secured by the disregard of all State charges, and by the sale of dutiable articles and those of which the import was restricted or forbidden, imported regardless of regulations and without payment of duties. Then this consortium, without even the shadow of legal justification

which it can claim for the control of some of the 300 firms, begins to spread a chain of retail stores, dealing in "outlaw goods"; these shops ignore trading-licence and closing-hour regulations, taxes, social insurance and other obligations to State and employees, and are thereby enabled easily to undersell all respectable traders. Picture the arrest and kidnapping of any who make a nuisance of themselves by opposing these developments, or who appear to know too much, and who are never heard of again; the methods being applied to estates seized, mostly without any proper claim, by the consortium, and distributed to tenants who after a year or so's possession, are being expelled in favour of sworn backers of the consortium (and enemies of the country). Imagine, finally, the British Premier and Minister of his Cabinet being cynically mocked by the management of this consortium when they protest about its criminal activities, leaving them no hope of these ever coming to an end, without the final defeat of the power behind.

These efforts of the imagination will not give a complete picture of the wealth that Marshal Stalin is drawing from the USIA gold mine, nor do they touch on the staggering profits taken from Austria's rich oilfields, exploited on USIA lines by a separate Russian concern, the Soviet Mineral Oil Administration. They do not include the operations of such Russian auxiliaries as "*fushnevtrans*" in the exploitation of Austria, which very profitably transport USIA's plunder, or those of the confiscated Danube Shipping Company, the seizure of which by the Russians has closed down for the past seven years the use of the Danube as one of the greatest international waterways in Europe. But the picture should give some idea of why the existence of USIA makes any hope of getting Russia to fulfil her written promise, contained in the Moscow Declaration of 1943 to restore full independence to Austria, extremely slender.

It is no good to attribute to Russia's actions alone the blame for a disastrous situation which could never have arisen but for our own folly. USIA was one of the bridal gifts so rashly bestowed by our statesmen on the glamour-shrouded Soviet Union during the short-lived east-west victory honeymoon at Potsdam. Nobody then seems to have sat down soberly to work out to what extent this loosely-worded instrument might be distorted by an unscrupulous beneficiary. On the face of it—and nobody, apparently, was capable of looking beyond the face of the bride—it was little more than elementary, and inadequate, justice to allow the Russians to appropriate any German property they might find in liberated Austria as part compensation for the savaging of their country by Hitler's barbarians. To-day one wonders how the western powers failed to stipulate that they, together with the Russians, should decide on just what was genuinely German property, and should share in its administration and final disposal for Russia's financial benefit. In America, where the Republican Party had no responsibility for the agreements of Yalta and

Potsdam they are a political issue. Not so in Britain, whose parties both consented, and where, of course, the officials of the Treasury and other Government departments which advised them are traditionally immune from criticism; probably this is partly responsible for the comparative obscurity in which Russia was able for a long time to abuse the Potsdam clauses.

Any property on which the Nazi invader had ever laid hand however briefly—and although the rightful owners were often never German, but Allied citizens, Jews, Austrian resisters or fugitives from the Nazi terror—was classified as "German" and seized by the Russians. Had the Russians acted honestly in accordance with the principles which the west believed had been established at Potsdam, Austria would hardly have suffered. There would have been the transference only of certain assets from one foreign power to another—from German State and private capital to Russian State capital. But the Potsdam clauses were cynically used as a justification for plunder—when unjustified plunder became embarrassing.

Take oil alone: the Russians hold practically all the rich oilfields of Austria, regardless of their former ownership by persons of Austrian or "western" nationality, on the grounds that the Germans had sequestered them during the war. Improvements made by the Germans are now made the fraudulent title to Russian seizure of millions of previously untapped gallons of oil. Zistersdorf, the most important oilfield, yields over 100,000 tons a month. In 1949 the Russians opened up new oilfields at Matzen, which now yield 25,000 to 30,000 tons a month. A year ago another field was first tapped in Aderklaa, yielding 12,000 tons monthly. Austria is allowed to buy from the Russians some 16,000 tons of her own petrol a month, for her own use. Recently Austria was forced to buy, at a high price, Zistersdorf oil from West Germany, where the Russians had exported it in exchange for industrial products.

From the start Russia used her economic acquisitions for political purposes. Ostensibly, her troops, like ours, remained in Austria after the flight of the Nazi invader solely to give the reborn Austrian State the necessary stability to rid itself of the last traces of the Germans, and to re-establish democratic government. But, right away, the Red Army applied all the irresistible forces at the disposal of a conquering army to putting USIA concerns above the law, in the political as in the economic field. The original Russian directors of the 300-odd important USIA concerns were Red Army staff officers. Few lasted over six months; most vanished abruptly. By the end of 1946, a political purge of USIA's 60,000-80,000 Austrian employees was in full swing. Apart from a limited number who went into oblivion because they were thought to know too much, factory workers who supported either of the two parties which constitute the present Austrian Government—the *Volkspartei*

(Catholic, Conservative), and the Social Democrats—were weeded out and replaced by Communists. Members of the handful of so-called “Socialist Progressives”—camouflaged Communists and renegade Socialists who, under one Erwin Scharf, have allied themselves with the Communists in the so-called “left block”—enjoyed special favour in USIA concerns, being the most hopeful instruments for penetrating key trade-union posts and works’ councils. The drilling and arming of “works’ guard-militia”, similar to those formations which played a big rôle in the Prague Communist *putsch* of February 1948, was vigorously developed in the Russian zone, as part of an obvious plan to use the USIA concerns to build up Communist revolutionary cadres. Due to the solid positive achievements of the Social-Democratic leadership of the labouring masses between 1918 and 1934 and in face of the bitter abuse from “respectable” parties the workers, self-confident and loyal to their tried leaders, continue in increasingly difficult circumstances to ignore Communist blandishments. It has taken the Americans a long time to realize that had the Austrian workers not had so much positive proof of democratic Socialism’s achievements, Austria would long ago have been lost. Not those charming relics of the Habsburg autocracy who so readily gained a hearing between the wars in London, Washington and Paris, but their opponents, whom they decried abroad as “*Austro-bolsheviken*”, have provided a so far insurmountable barrier to the USIA conspiracy. When a *putsch* was attempted in 1950 the Communist commandos, transported in USIA lorries (like those who stormed the Greek Legation in Vienna on March 31 last), were defeated in the Russian sector by Socialist detachments when the Communist-run police supported the *putsch*.

The threat to Austria—and thus to all western Europe—involved in the political aspect of USIA was clearly recognized when a clause was put forward by the west in the draft of the abortive Austrian treaty. This provided for the buying out of USIA by Austria lock, stock and barrel—oil was not included—for \$150 million. That draft treaty, blocked by Russia, is now dead. The new draft for a “short treaty” of eight articles submitted to Moscow by the western powers last March, takes cognisance of Russia having bled Austria of at least \$200 million since the original offer, and therefore proposes the return of all sequestered property to the Austrians, without any suggestion of further payment. To this move on the diplomatic chessboard Russia has not yet replied.

The Trattnerhof, an imposing block of offices just off the Graben in the heart of Vienna, is the requisitioned headquarters of USIA. It is easily recognizable by the imposing parade outside of USIA-owned high-powered American cars with Russian registration numbers. Inside are housed the ten main departments of USIA—controlling its heavy and light industry, electrical, metallurgical, coal-mining, food-producing and chemical, agriculture, forests and so forth. Once the headquarters of a

commercial undertaking, to-day sentries wearing the Soviet Star challenge everyone at the entrance to the building. Facts and figures which comparable trusts elsewhere actually spend money on publicizing, are put on a security level equalled only by the latest atom warfare developments on the safer side of the iron curtain. To get a sight through secret channels of these unnecessarily secret statistics puts quite a subsidiary burden on the western taxpayer. Many of what USIA pretends are top secrets are concentrated in its so-called “commercial bureau”. As early as 1949, it was able to show Marshal Stalin a clear annual profit from seized Austrian undertakings of £150,000, and that was only a beginning. It indulges in many profitable side-lines.

Take, for instance, the notorious and inadequately publicized piratical “scrap deal” of a couple of years ago. Methodically, USIA’s Trattnerhof secret service registered, and the Red Army secured, the vast quantities of war debris scrap in Vienna and eastern Austria. Operating through Austrians, some of whom after making gigantic paper profits vanished eastwards when the deal was concluded, the Russians sold 200,000 tons of plundered scrap alone to Czechoslovakia’s war industries. Switzerland took 85,000 tons, paying with American cars, chocolate, cigarettes and other goods sold by USIA at enormous profits on the black market. A few thousand tons went to Britain.

The more highly-coloured “Third Man” ventures of USIA have become less profitable since American aid put some of the black marketeers out of business by increasing normal supplies. Here and there some incident reveals that they have not yet stopped. Just recently “*Jushnevtrans*” lodged a complaint with the Austrian Federal Railways—not with the police—that two cartons containing 40 kilograms of the American drug streptomycin had disappeared from a sealed railway truck between the Swiss frontier and Vienna. What USIA makes out of such illegal imports may be gauged from the fact that the two cartons were valued at between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 Schillings—£14,000 to £21,000. Light has recently been thrown on another facet of USIA’s anomalous position by the Deputy Soviet High Commissioner, General Kraskevitch, calling on the Austrian Minister of Commerce to demand that USIA be guaranteed for 1952 minimum supplies of such imported raw materials as steel, copper, aluminium and lead. USIA, of course, will dispatch most of the finished products through the curtain but, short of treating Austria including western Austria as on the wrong side of it, the American embargo on the export of strategic materials can never be thoroughly effective here. Reminding General Kraskevitch that Austria’s 1952 share of these short-supply metals had yet to be fixed, the Minister promised him that USIA would get the same proportion as in 1951, providing, he added piously, that the products benefited the Austrian economy. This stipulation, owing to Russian control of the hole

in the east could never be enforced. Actually, USIA now finds it advantageous to conduct a proportion of its transactions legally, obtaining Austrian export or import licences, and passing payments through the National Bank.

Had the Soviet Union been content to abide by the legal meaning of "German property", left political subversion out of it and left the concerns taken over subject to the usual laws and regulations, Austrians would by now have accepted the situation. Far from this, a flagrant abuse has recently been added in the shape of the new USIA retail shops commonly known as "Uncle Joe's Junk Stores", which are growing at mushroom pace in Vienna and the Russian zone. Although not labelled as such, the contents of their windows at once betray the ownership. They are filled with the products of USIA factories—including spirits, liqueurs and perfumes which, as they evade excise charges, can be sold at prices far below the normal—and luxuries like American nylons, grape-fruit and bananas, imported in defiance of import restrictions and, of course, without paying duty. There is every kind of dumped product of Russian-controlled countries, from Russian caviar, Bulgarian cigarettes and Hungarian *barack* (apricot brandy), to cheap Czechoslovak motor cycles. No USIA shop has the obligatory Austrian *Gewerbeschein*—trading licence. There are at least 300 of them to-day (a year ago there were only 30) and another 100-200 which deal secretly in illegitimate USIA goods. The threat which they constitute to normal retail trade is assuming such proportions that in official western circles it is suspected that they are part of a plan for the "cold partition" of Austria.

The Socialist Party has called for a nation-wide boycott of USIA shops, and for the branding of Austrians who forward them as traitors. But in a country where costs of living are so high and wages so low as in Austria, and with the protecting hand of Russia everywhere stretched over USIA, neither proposal can have much practical result. Recently the new Minister of Commerce, Herr Böck-Greissau, complained to General Kraskevitch about USIA's immoral practices. The General told him that its shops were admirable institutions which benefited the workers and showed up the shamefully high profits made by the capitalists, and declined to make any changes. At the end of March, however, a protest to the Russian High Commissioner from the shop assistants' trade union against the established USIA practice of keeping shops open until 10 p.m.—in defiance of the Austrian 6.30 closing order—and also on Sundays, did produce a promise that in future they would close at the Austrian hour.

Chancellor Leopold Figl and Vice-Chancellor Adolf Schärf made personal protests—without result—last February to the Russian High Commissioner against another new disquieting departure of USIA—the application of pressure to force peasants into the Communist Party. A

month later Chancellor Figl urged the peasants to resist this illegal pressure and also not to be browbeaten into subscribing to the Russian propaganda newspaper. In 1945, USIA seized many big estates—on the usual "German property" plea—sometimes without even that pretence. Actually, these were estates of which the Nazis had robbed the former owners, accusing them of being enemies of the Nazi order. When increasing food supplies in 1948 made it less profitable to sell the yield on the black market, the estates were broken up and leased by USIA to Austrians. At the request of the Russians and to ensure the land being farmed, the Austrian Government made loans to the tenants to help them purchase equipment and livestock. Now USIA is arbitrarily cancelling leases of non-Communists and replacing them by Communist Party members.

No Austrian treaty would be worth the paper upon which it was written if it allowed USIA and kindred concerns to maintain Russia's stranglehold on the country. Nothing but a conviction that the strength of the west had become irresistible would induce Russia to surrender her illicitly-held gold mine. Meantime she will hesitate to attempt the physical partition of Austria if this means the cutting-off of supplies generally, and especially of the current from western Austria's great power stations, on which the yield of the gold mine depends.

(Mr. Gedye writes from Vienna.)

EUROPEAN ROBOTS

By K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

MORE than twenty years ago Francis Delaisi, a French Liberal, insisted in his book *Les Deux Europes* that it was as important a condition of lasting peace and prosperity for the Continent to raise the economic level of the Europe of the draught-horse to that of a horse-powered Europe as to establish a system of collective security. Without prosperity the countries of eastern Europe, whose freedom was a guarantee of security for western Europe, could not remain free. Economically, the two Europes were complementary, eastern Europe was both making up the food deficits of western Europe and supplying it with coal and many raw materials; it was also a natural market for western European manufactures. There were, therefore, no risks in helping forward eastern European plans of reasonable industrialization, for the more prosperous the countries became, the greater would be their potentialities as importers of western European high-grade products. Delaisi pointed out that the division between the two Europes, the agrarian and industrial, was marked approximately by the Danzig-Warsaw-Vienna-Trieste line. Although this placed western Poland and the Czech part of Czechoslovakia on the more fortunate side of the borderline, since no customs frontiers could run across Poland and Czechoslovakia, all new Europe resulting from the Versailles peace settlement was situated in its agrarian half.

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There are many political, geographical and social reasons why the standards of living of the two Europes showed a serious discrepancy. The main explanation is that the nations living between the Baltic, the Black Sea and the Adriatic missed the industrial revolution because either they had no national governments to take care of their own interests, or, if such governments existed, they were weak, of recent date and of only relative independence. Though Montenegro never lost its freedom, the few inhabitants could scarcely wrest the barest livelihood from its barren, inhospitable mountains. Independent Serbia was born in 1830, Greece in 1832, Rumania in 1859 and Bulgaria in 1878. Serbs and Bulgars had to work inordinately hard to earn the most modest living; Greeks in *diaspora* were giving financial help to their new State; only Rumanians were fortunate enough to possess rich oilfields and a fertile soil which

half a century ago enabled their country to become the third wheat exporter of the world, after the United States and Russia.

These five kingdoms represented about one-fifth of the total area of agrarian Europe, excluding Russia proper. With their exception the whole area in discussion from the end of the eighteenth century, that is, from the partitions of Poland, until the second decade of the twentieth century was under the control of Czarist Russia, the Ottoman Empire, the Habsburg Empire and Prussia. The two first-named were themselves backward and had governments incapable of providing their people with an efficient administration, a good education which had to be much more than a mere matter of literacy and an adequate transport system. It could not be expected that these two empires should care for the oppressed nationalities more than for their own peoples. Under the Habsburg monarchy the position of the subjected nationalities was politically and economically better, but still far from satisfactory. There were two "master races": the Germans and the Magyars. The former developed their industries in the Czech lands because of the presence there of coal and many basic raw materials, but they were not interested in industrializing other parts of the empire, especially the Austrian zone of Poland considered by the Austro-Hungarian general staff as an anti-Russian strategic *glacis*; the only important Galician industries, therefore, were extraction of crude oil and rock salt. In the Hungarian sector of the dual monarchy a few industries were erected, but the Magyar aristocracy contented itself with owning the greater part of arable land and exploiting the Magyar, Slovak and Rumanian peasants, attempting, moreover, to magyarize the two last-named. In the Prussian Polish provinces the population was subjected to a policy of germanization which was particularly successful in Silesia where deposits of coal, iron, zinc and lead permitted a great measure of industrialization and with it a massive immigration of German managers and technicians, the Poles being used only as miners and less skilled industrial workers.

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Such was the position on the eve of the 1914-1918 war. After Germany's defeat, the dissolution of the irremediably doomed Habsburg monarchy and the expulsion of Russia, weakened by revolutionary upheaval, from its European non-Russian lands, a new territorial settlement took place. Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania became free; Poland recovered its independence; Rumania achieved complete unity; Czechoslovakia was created as a new State; the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes formed a common kingdom of Yugoslavia; Austria and Hungary became independent States. While Bulgaria lost all it had gained in the Balkan wars and looked with envy on Serbia's good fortune, Greece in 1922

ended its ten-years' wars, relinquishing for ever its neo-Byzantine dream and freeing itself from almost all troublesome national minorities.

The Versailles settlement was a great step in the right direction. Admittedly, the new frontiers were not perfect—no frontiers ever are. On the crossroads of dead empires many minorities remained. The six million Germans enclosed within the boundaries of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia and the Baltic states were the lost vanguards of a *Drang nach Osten* which had been forced to a halt. The 2.7 million Magyars who were now citizens of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia were victims of an ill-advised policy of magyarization which had failed. The existence of these minorities was an unavoidable inconvenience which, however, could not be compared with the situation existing before the 1914-1918 war when whole historic nations were enclosed and partitioned by foreign States.

There was now in Europe more justice than ever before, but while the Versailles settlement freed all the nations from foreign domination, it left them to face their economic and financial problems alone. Only Czechoslovakia could solve these problems satisfactorily because it was lucky enough to have escaped war destruction and to have inherited three-quarters of all Austro-Hungarian industrial production; it was therefore the first country in the area to stabilize its currency and the only one to avoid inflation. In all other countries of eastern Europe villages were over-populated, industries undeveloped, communications insufficient, national economies in need of being re-shaped to the new frontiers and national finances in chaos. The road to recovery took a decade, involving many hardships, especially as foreign capital played only a modest rôle in the economic opening-up of the area. The total amount of long-term loans granted to Germany up to 1931 was equivalent to £465 million while Poland, for example, obtained during the same period only £34 million, mostly from the United States.

The great depression of 1929 had devastating effects on the national economy and public finance of eastern Europe. In 1930 an agrarian conference of the various States of the area was held in Warsaw on the initiative of the Polish Government but no workable programme could be devised because, while some great powers were indifferent, others were only too glad to see eastern European States in trouble.

Behind its hermetically-closed frontiers the U.S.S.R. started a policy of rapid industrialization and complete self-sufficiency. Since eastern European countries were in no need of Soviet timber, caviar or furs and had no industrial equipment to sell even for gold, its trade with them was negligible. But the economic difficulties of the Soviet Union's western neighbours were for Moscow a welcome opportunity to increase the export of Communist propaganda there.

Germany had a major interest in the disintegration of eastern Europe

and to this end the Weimar Republic increased home food production in order to create a glut of unsaleable surpluses in the neighbouring agrarian countries. It also sought to disrupt the economy of the area by attempting an Austro-German *Anschluss* in 1931, failing in this, however, by reason of the collective veto expressed by France, Italy and the Little Entente. The Third Reich changed its tactics towards eastern Europe. In September 1934 Herr Schacht introduced the so-called "new plan" which fitted the German rearmament policy and laid the foundations of a German-controlled "new order". Germany now started importing from eastern Europe huge quantities of raw materials, tobacco and such foodstuffs as could not be produced by its own agriculture, and was paying for them with planned and subsidized export. By 1939 Germany's share in the foreign trade of eastern European countries was two-thirds in the case of Bulgaria, one-half in the case of Yugoslavia and Hungary and two-fifths in the case of Rumania. Only Poland was able to resist this German attempt to detach eastern Europe from the west. Germany's share in Polish foreign trade during 1934-1938 was kept at one-fifth because between 1922 and 1938 Poland, making full use of its territorial access to the sea, increased about tenfold the proportion of its sea-borne trade to the total foreign trade; its sea-borne imports amounted to two-thirds of all its imports and in exports the proportion of sea-borne trade was four-fifths.

Obviously no great power with territorial ambitions in the area was able to play a constructive part in eastern Europe. Neither the U.S.S.R. nor Germany would tolerate there a confederation of States, a great power built by co-operation for the better protection of its members' security and the planning of their prosperity. Russians and Germans alike looked on eastern Europe as sooner or later to be entirely included in their own empires. Both were busy stirring up eastern European nations against each other and both were rearming in the conviction that their diametrically-opposed aims could be achieved only by a victorious war.

Once again during the 1939-1945 war the Germans demonstrated how they understood the business of "rebuilding Europe". Millions of human beings were uprooted and millions massacred. Deprived of spiritual and political leaders eastern Europe was to be a cultural desert, a reserve of cheap food, cheap raw materials and cheap manpower for the *Herrenvolk*. Yet was it unavoidable that the wretched eastern European nations should merely change their slave-driver? Without doubt it was the grossest error to believe that the Soviet Union, when attacked by Germany, was simply waging a national war of survival and that the unexpected partnership forced upon Marshal Stalin by Hitler was a holy alliance of equally decent people which would outlast the

fighting and form the nucleus of the United Nations. The second war was not a simple struggle between democracy and totalitarianism, between virtue and vice. It was a pentagonal war in more senses than one, a fight between two police forces and three gangster bands.

The Soviet Union, the only real victor of the 1939-1945 war, transferred its military and political frontier from the Narva-Minsk-Odessa line to the Wismar-Eisenach-Semmering line, intending not only to keep what it already held, but also to go forward. Its eastern European spoils were secured in three moves: first, it annexed the three Baltic States, "unified" within the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. the Byelorussian and Ukrainian peoples, and swallowed a large slice of Rumania calling it the Moldavian Soviet Republic—in all (including part of Finland and of former East Prussia) 180,702 square miles with 21.8 million inhabitants; secondly, it imposed Communist régimes on Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Albania—in all (excluding Yugoslavia which in 1948 ceased to be a Soviet satellite) 350,661 square miles with 70.8 million inhabitants; thirdly, there is eastern Germany, an area of 41,623 square miles with 17.3 million inhabitants, excluding Berlin.

Although certain striking similarities are discernible between the Nazi and the Soviet domination in eastern Europe, there are also marked differences. Admittedly the Soviet régime, like the Nazi, uprooted millions of human beings, sending them to slow death in the camps of forced labour; it deprived, too, the engulfed peoples of their leaders and created a cultural desert, but on the whole the Soviet approach is more subtle than the German. The Kremlin presents itself to the conquered as a liberator who cares for the well-being of the liberated and fulfils their dreams of industrialization, enabling them to reduce the over-population of the countryside and to increase their national income. The Kremlin encouraged only such type of industrialization as suited its own purpose—the development of heavy industry producing steel, tractors and fertilizers (guns, tanks and explosives).

Since immediately after the German surrender the Communist parties were not yet in full control in the people's democracies, no Soviet-style long-term planning was possible. First, a series of political purges of the Socialist, Peasant and Democratic parties allied with the Communist in the so-called national fronts was necessary; secondly, industry, banking and trade had to be nationalized; thirdly, the armed forces and the police must be in trusted hands. Short-term plans, therefore, were encouraged, aiming at achieving recovery and producing conditions better than pre-war, and these had the advantage of mobilizing popular enthusiasm.

Before embarking on long-term plans in the satellite countries the Kremlin needed to know if it was likely to succeed in its intent to control the whole of Germany through a national front government with Communists in key positions. If such a goal could be reached, the western

German industries would fall under Soviet direction thus reducing the necessity to build new steel furnaces, power stations, and chemical and machine plants in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria. Under the impact, however, of two defeats the Kremlin had quickly to make up its mind. In July 1947 the European Recovery Programme launched by the United States compelled it to forbid participation by its European satellites; in 1948 the U.S.S.R. was worsted in the blockade of Berlin which, had it been successful, would have had unhappy consequences on public opinion in western Germany. But when the blockade was defeated by an impressive air-lift the western Allies decided that a *de facto* partition of Germany into two States was a lesser evil than a Communist-controlled united Germany.

Moscow saw no alternative but to industrialize the satellite States as rapidly as possible. On January 25, 1949, the creation of the Council of Mutual Economic Aid (C.M.E.A.) was announced from Moscow with Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and the U.S.S.R. as original members; on February 22, 1949, Albania was admitted and on October 1, 1950, eastern Germany. The respective ministers of foreign trade and chairmen of State planning commissions appear to be members of its council. A network of bilateral trade agreements covered eastern Europe under the supervision of Anastazy I. Mikoyan and Maxim Z. Saburov, the chief Soviet delegates to the C.M.E.A. Long-term plans for the satellite countries were prepared: the Czechoslovak and Bulgarian five-year plans started in January 1949; the Polish six-year plan and the Hungarian five-year plan came into force in January 1950; a year later the Rumanian and eastern German five-year plans were put into operation and the Albanian five-year plan was announced on September 24, 1951.

As early as mid-1950 the aims of the respective development plans appeared in Moscow too modest; the Bulgarian, Czechoslovak, Hungarian and Polish plans were speeded up by substantial increases of capital investment and the augmented output of heavy industry. The revision of the Polish plan was enacted by the *Sejm* on July 22, 1950: the total of capital investment was increased from Z1.120,000 million to Z1.185,000 million; the total industrial output was to increase by 158 per cent. between 1949 and 1955 and not by 95 per cent. as originally planned. In Hungary the National Assembly on May 17, 1951, passed an act increasing the total capital investment from F.50,900 million to F.85,000 million; the total volume of industrial production was by 1954 to be 210 per cent. higher than in 1949 instead of 86.4 per cent. In Czechoslovakia, which between 1945 and 1947 lost one-fifth of its manpower, a considerable increase of industrial production was decided upon by the National Assembly in October 1951. By 1953 production was expected to be not 57 per cent., but 98 per cent. higher than in 1948. As in 1948 it was already 6 per cent. higher than in 1937, the production aim for 1953 was

in fact increased from 170 per cent. to 213 per cent. In Bulgaria, according to Mr. Anton Yugov, Minister of Heavy Industry, industrial output by the end of 1951 had reached the level envisaged for 1953.

In Table I are summarized the most important characteristics of the national development plans. Since the national budget in a Communist country comprises revenue and expenditures of all nationalized enterprises, the capital investment is part of budget expenditure. When translated into pounds sterling at the official exchange rates, these investments reach huge figures. Mr. Boleslaw Bierut, President of Poland, would have us believe, for example, that in 1951 his administration was able to

TABLE I.
DEVELOPMENT PLANS IN EASTERN EUROPE

Countries	Period of Plans	Total Investment*	Budget Expenditure* (1952)	Capital Investment* (1952)	Industrial Output in 1951 1950 = 100	Industrial Production Aims (1938 = 100†)
ALBANIA	1951-55	L.21,000	9,100‡	3,607‡	147.1	1.200
BULGARIA	1949-53	L.425,000	344,800	180,944	119	293
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	1949-53	Kc.715,000	323,529	217,499	114.9	213
HUNGARY	1950-54	F.85,000	42,481	19,125	130.1	393
POLAND	1950-55	Zl.185,000	62,876	26,000	124.4	428
RUMANIA	1951-55	L.100,000	30,608	16,101	128.7	302
EASTERN GERMANY	1951-55	...	...	...	121.9	234

* All totals in millions of respective national currencies. Official exchange rates to the £ : 140 Albanian leks, 810 Bulgarian leva, 140 Czechoslovak korunas, 32.87 Hungarian forints, 11.20 Polish zlotys and, from January 28, 1952, 31.36 Rumanian lei.

† For Poland the 100 basis is meant within prewar frontiers. When compared with the existing territory, the index for 1955 would be 289. For Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia 1937=100. For Eastern Germany 1936=100. ‡ 1951.

spend £2,241 million on new buildings, machinery and plant, that is two-thirds of the total budget expenditure of the United Kingdom. The simple explanation is, of course, that official exchange rates of the Soviet Union and all satellite countries are fictitious. The real purchasing value of Soviet and satellite currencies is from six to eight times lower than suggested by the official exchange rate. Nevertheless, capital investments are on an important scale. A useful comparison is made in Table II in which the budget expenditures and capital investments of the satellites are translated into roubles. The Soviet supervision of the national planning bodies seems to work adequately from the Kremlin point of view because proportionately the satellites are investing from their budget more than the Soviet Union itself. The Poles and the Czechoslovaks are spending per head more than the Soviet citizens.

From Table III it can be seen that the European satellites substantially increase the Soviet industrial potential. In 1951 for every 100 tons of coal produced by the Soviet Union the satellites contributed 56 tons; to every 100 kwh. of electric power generated in the Soviet Union they

TABLE II.
U.S.S.R. AND THE SATELLITES : 1952 BUDGET EXPENDITURES AND CAPITAL INVESTMENTS

Countries	Area (square miles)	Population (1950 est.)	Budget Expenditure* (million)	Capital Investment* (million)	% of Budget Expenditure	Investment per Head (Rb.)
ALBANIA	10,629	1,200,000	728†	288†	39.6	240
BULGARIA	42,796	7,160,000	4,827	2,533	52.6	352
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	49,330	12,463,000	25,880	17,400	67.3	1,392
HUNGARY	35,893	9,201,000	14,486	6,522	45.0	709
POLAND	120,359	24,977,000	62,876	26,000	41.4	1,040
RUMANIA	91,654	15,873,000	10,927	5,748	52.6	361
Totals	350,661	70,874,000	119,724	58,491		
U.S.S.R.	8,598,678	201,300,000	476,921	180,400	37.7	897

* All sums of money in roubles. Official exchange rates to the rouble, according to the State Bank of the U.S.S.R., on April 1, 1952 : 100 Albanian leks=Rb.8.00 ; 100 Bulgarian leva=Rb.1.40 ; 100 Czechoslovak korunas=Rb.8.00 ; 100 Hungarian forints=Rb.34.10 ; 100 Polish zlotys=Rb.100.00 ; 1,000 Rumanian lei=Rb.357.14. † 1951.

added 45.4 kwh.; against every 100 tons of oil extracted in the Soviet Union they brought to the common pool 26.9 tons, and they added 30.3 tons of steel to every 100 tons produced in the Soviet Union. Speaking on February 9, 1946, Marshal Stalin directed that not only must the wounds inflicted by the Nazi invader be healed, but also the pre-war level of the Soviet national economy must be surpassed and the military and economic might of the Soviet Union still further strengthened. He assigned the task of aiming at such annual production figures as 500 million tons of coal, 60 million tons of oil and 60 million tons of steel. These aims, he said, could not be achieved before 1961 at the earliest. As in the meantime he has decided to make full use of the satellite robots, his purposes will be more than realized by 1955.

There is another reason why the European satellites had to be industrialized. It is well known that the Soviet rail transport system is one of the greatest handicaps to Soviet peacetime and wartime planning. It was imperative to build new steel works, power plants and factories in the area regarded by Soviet strategists as the rear of a potential front.

The satellite nations look on at this industrialization of their countries with mixed feelings. Naturally, they welcome the fact that it is being carried out so speedily, and that their depressed areas are disappearing. At the same time they are aware of being ruthlessly exploited, that big brother is taking not only the coal they extract and the steel they produce, but also a great proportion of their food and clothing. Official propaganda seeks to comfort them with statements that the national income of their respective countries is increasing. Statistically this is true, but

the increases are immediately reinvested, additional sums of money are squeezed out of the populations by yearly compulsory loans and fewer consumer goods than before the 1939-1945 war are purchasable for actual wages.

Nevertheless, whatever the price, an industrial revolution is taking place in eastern Europe. Where the west failed to take the initiative new dams and blast furnaces are being erected in an atmosphere which must have been that of the building of the Pyramids. Human rights do not count but economically the Communist planning bears fruit. The ambitious programmes fixed and the murderous tempo at which the slaves are driven cannot be explained by big brother's intention to help and make the eastern European nations happy. Is it fear that compels such haste, or imminent aggressive design?

TABLE III.

U.S.S.R. AND THE SATELLITES*: INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION

(Million metric tons for electricity '000 million kwh.)

		1937	1951	1955	
Coal†	Satellites	144	160	198	578
	U.S.S.R.	128	285	380	
		272	445		
Electricity	Satellites	30.1	45	67	223
	U.S.S.R.	35.8	99	156	
		65.9	144		
Crude Oil‡	Satellites	9.2	11.3	19	79
	U.S.S.R.	28.5	42.1	60	
		37.7	53.4		
Steel	Satellites	6.9	9.6	13	60
	U.S.S.R.	17.7	31.7	47	
		24.6	41.3		

* Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and Eastern Germany.

† Including lignite. Coefficients used for the satellites (quantities of lignite per ton of coal): Eastern Germany 4.5, Czechoslovakia 1.7, other countries 3.

‡ Including synthetic oil whose production in 1951 was estimated at 1,000,000 tons in Eastern Germany and 200,000 tons in Czechoslovakia, and natural oil extracted in the Soviet Zone of Austria (estimated at 2.5 million tons).

AFRICAN NATIONALISM: A SUMMING UP

BY P. C. GORDON WALKER, M.P.

SO complex and baffling are the problems of Africa that any prospect of a sweeping, simple outcome has considerable intellectual attraction. Nothing can be ruled out in this rapidly moving continent—where history is bound not to repeat itself—not even the emergence of a single African nation. And, besides the local arguments adduced by Sir Charles Dundas,* there are others of a more general nature that can support his thesis. Societies that arrive late on the scene can certainly step over or miss out many of the steps through which more ancient contemporary societies have passed; indeed, in the technological field, they must do so if they are to survive at all. We can also pray in aid the tendency described by Toynbee for relatively very large social units to emerge on the edge of any system of societies.

But, even if we assume for the moment that Africa could step over the stage of 'parochial' nations and create at one jump a 'continental' nation, this would not be likely to produce the happy results foreseen by Sir Charles Dundas. The end-product would still be a nation; it would still be liable to be predatory. Nations are not formed in isolation or as the embodiment of an abstract idea; they need some force outside them in contrast to which they become self-conscious. Pakistan (which Professor Jack Simmons cites† as a possible example in favour of Sir Charles Dundas' idea) was not created because a few students thought it up, but because India was about to become a nation. It does not follow at all that large nations will avoid the errors of small nations or that they will bring peace to the world. Larger nations might well bring larger wars. But it seems to me improbable that we or our descendants will have to worry about this problem in connection with Africa. Though Sir Charles Dundas' idea is attractive, it seems so remote a possibility that we need not really bother our heads about its consequences.

Sir Charles bases his argument on two main assumptions that do not in fact lead to the conclusion he draws from them. The first assumption is that colour-consciousness will produce nationalism. Colour-consciousness is indeed a new and very powerful force in Africa; it will become an increasingly important political factor, and it will play its part in creating

* "African Nationalism", March 1952 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

† "African Nationalism—Some Comments", April 1952 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

nations. But it is not itself a cause of nationalism, in the sense that a single colour-consciousness will produce a single nation. Colour-consciousness is a form of anti-imperialism akin to the fellow feeling of all Asians or all Latin Americans. It is likely to inspire movements of liberation and independence but it is not likely to create an African consciousness that is essentially different from the consciousness (say) of Europeans. As Mr. Kenneth Bradley says,* it is easy to over-estimate the significance of the pan-African drum that is sometimes sounded by Dr. Nkrumah and others. A similar pan-Asian drum has sometimes been cautiously sounded by Pandit Nehru.

A common feeling between groups of nations (even warring and quarrelling nations) seems to be necessary for the very emergence of particular nations. Each nation is a member of a society of nations. European nations have fought many wars, but it is hard to see how particular European nations could have emerged had there been no Europe and no European consciousness. It is in this manner that pan-African emotion may help the emergence of African nations. So far from producing one single nation, it is far from certain that it will even produce friendly nations.

Sir Charles Dundas' second assumption is even more fallacious. It is that "following the normal course of mankind" Africans would in due course, if left to themselves, have progressed to the "national order of society." But nationalism is not something natural to human beings as such, regardless of time and place. It is a specific western product. So far from the natural evolution towards African nationalism having been halted by the "irruption into their midst of wholly alien forces" the very opposite is the truth.

The colonizers brought nationalism with them; they planted it in primitive Africa as it was planted in sophisticated China and India. It is a natural thing (in the words of Mr. Bradley) that artificially created colonies are being built into independent nations. These boundaries have often little relation to tribal boundaries, but they are the boundaries of areas in which the seed of nationalism has been planted. There may be some readjustment of boundaries (particularly in East and Central Africa if federation should succeed there); but it is no new thing in the world that nationalism should not coincide with 'natural' frontiers. Nationalism has shown its strength in Europe and elsewhere by obliterating and ignoring 'natural' units.

Wherever westerners have colonized peoples in Africa and Asia, it is within the boundaries they created that nationalism has arisen. Had India, like Africa, been divided amongst a number of western powers, there would be as many Indian nations to-day. As the Rev. H. H. E. Peacock implies,† nationalism is meaningless without political expression;

* "African Nationalism—Some Comments". † *Ibid.*

it is within the boundaries of colonies that it acquires the possibility of national expression.

Because Sir Charles thinks there is a natural tendency towards nationalism, he is able completely to disregard the influence of the Europeans in Africa. But if there had been no Europeans there would have been no nationalism. It is true and important to observe, as he does, that South African *Apartheid* implies a black as well as a white African nationalism; but nationalism would have come without this. There was no doctrine of *Apartheid* in India or Indonesia. We can therefore be pretty certain that the nations that arise in Africa, especially in the west where true colonies have existed, will coincide with the boundaries of colonies.

I must also disagree with Sir Charles Dundas about nationalism being more likely in East than in West Africa. In the second there are all the prerequisites for the sort of nationalism that grows up in western colonies; it is already on the way and nations that are reasonably coherent are already evolving for us to see. It is true that there are divisions and minorities in these nations; but so there are in many nations. Divisions, small size and economic backwardness may well produce a much slower evolution towards independent nationhood than many expect: but West African nationalism seems to me as certain as anything can be in the world.

On the other hand, in East and Central Africa it is far harder to see ahead. It may be that there will in time be so much inter-breeding that the problem of colour disappears. But this would certainly take so long to happen that it would hardly help to solve the problems facing Africa. In any case, if it did, if the white element disappeared, all we could then look forward to would be the sort of ineffective nationalism that has arisen in similar circumstances in parts of Latin America; the main driving force towards nationalism would have disappeared too. Another possibility is that South African rule might spread right over Central and East Africa. There might then emerge something of the sort of Bantu nationalism that Sir Charles envisages; a nationalism born of hatred and revolt. Even then it might no more produce a single nation than did the revolts in South America. Far the most hopeful way would be by a solution of the immense problems of the multi-racial society. For this the maintenance of British influence is essential; it gives the only hope of success. A hope only; not any certainty.

In East and Central Africa there are two problems side by side that Britain has often solved in separation but which have never before presented themselves in combination. There is the problem of the white settlers who demand the sort of independence now enjoyed by New Zealand; there is also the problem of the Africans who demand the sort of independence now enjoyed by Ceylon, or the Gold Coast. A satis-

factory solution cannot be achieved if we look at one only of these problems. This is the mistake of the nationalists in South Africa and of those 'liberals' who refuse to accept that there is any difference between the problem of African nationalism in East and West Africa.

Perhaps the best hope lies in very large-scale federation of the whole of the British Central and East Africa. This would give the various interests and communities some guarantee against local oppression; it would also permit some sorting out of boundaries that have been artificially imposed. It might also provide for the maximum sorting out of areas within the federation according to race and colour.

It may be that new experiments in federation will provide a solution. The purpose of federations is to give guarantees to minorities in order to persuade them to join a larger whole; in this case we are not so much concerned with States as with racial minorities. Perhaps second Chambers could be created that have the powers of the United States Senate but in which racial communities are represented.

However things may finally work out, communications will (as Professor Simmons says) play a large part. It is indeed because Europeans build roads and railways that they largely determine the units of nationalism. We must be careful where we build railways; they may largely determine whether Central and East Africa develop within British or South African influence. He who makes the railways of Southern Africa will make the nations of the future; he may determine whether these nations arise peacefully or in blood and hatred.

(The Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker, P.C., was Student and History Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford University, from 1931 to 1940. Since 1945 he has been Member of Parliament for Smethwick and in the last Labour Government was Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.)

THE FOURTH YEAR OF ISRAEL

SOME COMMENTS

In the April 1952 issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* Professor Norman Bentwich concluded his article "The Fourth Year of Israel" thus: "Some immediate retrenchment of immigration and of Government expenditure on social services may be imposed by 'the lethal blow of facts.'" But the Government and the people of Israel are firm in their resolve that the Land of Israel shall be not only the home of every Jew who wants to enter it, but also the intellectual and spiritual centre of the Jewish people."

SO comprehensive and, for the most part, so factual is Professor Norman Bentwich that any short comment must necessarily be selective. It must be said at the outset that his survey gives a vivid idea of the multifarious energies—intellectual, technical, and physical—that are being applied to the construction of the State, of the manifold developments taking place in it, and likewise of the serious problems with which its Government have to cope. Of all these problems the most difficult and pressing is the economic position brought about primarily by the vast and unceasing influx of immigrants and the continued hostility of the neighbouring Arab countries.

Since the establishment of Israel four years ago its population has been doubled, and as many of the newcomers cannot immediately become self-supporting they must depend upon the State for their housing and subsistence. Even if Israel were surrounded by friends, her task in grappling with such an economic situation would be harassing enough. It is rendered much more formidable by the refusal of her Arab neighbours to trade with her, by their placing obstacles in the way of her commercial traffic, and particularly by the fact that a substantial part of her budget has to be spent upon an adequate and well-equipped force for self-defence. The signing of peace between them would immediately be followed by an alleviation of the economic crisis and a lessening of the rigours of austerity. But although Israel has repeatedly declared her desire to make peace, she has met with no response. The Arab States demand that the problem of the Arab refugees shall be dealt with first and solved according to their proposals, while Israel insists that it shall be discussed only as part of a general peace settlement.

There is a possibility of Israel receiving some relief from her financial burden as a result of the negotiations that she is conducting with the

Federal German Government for the satisfaction of her claim for 1,000 million dollars. This demand is based on the cost of the settlement in Israel of 500,000 Jewish immigrants from lands formerly controlled by the Nazis, at 3,000 dollars a head. Of the total sum of 1,500 million dollars, one-third is claimed from East Germany in respect of the losses sustained by Jews formerly living in this region; but while Dr. Adenauer is willing to discuss the question of reparations both to Israel and the rest of Jewry, the East German Government have ignored all such claims. The West German officials are offering Israel a much smaller sum than that demanded on the ground that they have also to meet claims from several other quarters, and it therefore remains to be seen to what extent German reparations will be of assistance to her. In any case the payment, whatever form it takes, will probably be spread over some years.

No comment upon "The Fourth Year of Israel" would be complete without some reference to its dynamic intellectual activity, which is remarkable for so small a land. Apart from 18 daily papers, it has weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies galore. New books ranging from encyclopaedias and other scholarly works to fiction and poetry appear every day despite the paper shortage. And theatres, orchestras, and art exhibitions are further evidence of the determination that the rule of austerity shall not invade the cultural domain.

ISRAEL COHEN,
formerly General Secretary of the World Zionist Organization, and author of The Zionist Movement, A Short History of Zionism, Contemporary Jewry and the just published Travels in Jewry.

* * * *

The creation of the State of Israel, its success in its war of independence and its continuous progress represent a series of modern miracles. Optimism and a belief in terms of *credo quia impossibile* have served to spur to and arrive at achievement. The future of the State still depends on the continuance of the miraculous, which if the past serves as a pattern, will doubtless become actuality.

The oriental immigration was to some extent artificially encouraged. It has created a new problem, that of absorbing a class materially and culturally of an entirely different character. Can oil and water mix? Will one element predominate over the other, or will a new melting pot produce an ordered and satisfactory amalgam? The children can be taken into schools and influenced towards a new outlook and way of life in their most formative years. The young men and women by service in the armed forces and other forms of national service can be moulded into the approved pattern. But the middle-aged and elderly, no incon-

siderable number, present during their lifetime a problem which may prove insoluble.

Circumstances have at long last forced a halt to the unrestricted open-door and have thrown some light perhaps upon the motives of the Mandatory power in terms of its attitude to certain aspects of immigration. The economic situation is one of endless anxiety to the Government of Israel. Again, so long as Israel's relations with her Arab neighbours are governed by precarious armistice so long will her budget be burdened by a crushing armament expenditure and the immobilization from productive enterprise of so many of her youth. Her trade is hamstrung by the refusal of the Arab world, her nearest and natural customers, to trade with her. The whole atmosphere too is bedevilled by the apparently insoluble problem of the Arab refugee. There is also the relationship of Israel with the Jews in the world outside, which is one full of anxieties. Professor Bentwich is exact when he writes of the Jewish people facing with "faith and energy . . . immense material problems and spiritual difficulties." He is equally correct that the principle of piling up problems and letting solutions take care of themselves is being put to a severe test. This writer would only comment that the era of solution must now become an immediacy.

NEVILLE LASKI,
Queen's Counsel, Recorder of Burnley since 1935, President of the London Committee of Deputies of British Jews from 1923 to 1940, and Vice-President of the Anglo-Jewish Association.

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It seems that the most suitable definition of Israel would be "a small country, the problems of which are in inverse proportion to its size." Therefore, I could not but feel admiration for the way in which Professor Bentwich succeeded in reviewing, in six pages of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, the fourth year of Israel. But as an oldtimer of the "Problem Land" I permit myself to reproach Professor Bentwich for omitting entirely from his otherwise full and accurate review, an issue which was of specific importance during the year in question. And that is the demand for reparations from Germany by the Government of Israel. A few facts will prove the importance of this issue and its implications.

The demand was first formulated by the Israel Government in their note of March 12, 1951, to the four occupying powers in Germany: the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France. In this note was demanded the imposition on Germany, western and eastern alike, of reparations to the amount of 1,500 million dollars, to be paid to the State of Israel. This amount represents only a part of the Jewish

property robbed by Nazi Germany, which now remains without heirs since the owners were murdered during the Hitler régime. The sum was fixed by the Israel Government as the amount needed for the absorption and rehabilitation of the half-a-million people who emigrated to Israel from the countries that had been under Nazi rule.

No answer was received from the Soviet Union. The three western powers answered separately, though on similar lines, on July 5, 1951. While expressing their understanding of the reasons behind the Israeli demands, they stressed the fact that according to existing agreements the United States, Great Britain and France were not in a position to demand additional reparations from Germany, either for themselves or for others. These formal answers did not express the final attitudes of the three countries. Under the influence of Jewish organizations in the democratic countries, helped by public opinion and the friendly intervention of Government circles in Great Britain and in other countries, some achievements were made. At the end of September 1951, Dr. Adenauer, the head of the West German Government, declared that the terrible crimes committed against the Jews under Nazi rule put Germany under the obligation to pay reparations to the Jewish people. The Bonn Parliament approved this declaration. At the end of 1951 Dr. Adenauer committed himself in writing, on behalf of his Government, to enter into negotiations with Israel on the basis of the Israel Government's letter of March 12. Following these developments, direct talks on reparations between the representatives of Israel and western Germany were opened at the Hague on March 20, 1952.

These are the plain facts, and now something about their implications. The problem of reparations from Germany and the question of direct talks with its representatives became the most controversial issue in Israel since the establishment of the State. Practically every second person in Israel is a direct victim of Naziism and it is quite understandable that every contact during this generation between Jews and Germans unavoidably reopens fresh wounds. As usual there is no lack of unscrupulous inciters from both extremes, right and left, who are interested in exploiting the genuine popular feelings for dubious political ends. The debate on reparations from Germany was, for the first time in the history of the Knesset, conducted in an atmosphere of violence. Street riots were organized in Jerusalem by *Herut*, the right wing nationalistic party. The permission to enter into direct parleys with Germany was given to the Government after a hard and embittered debate, during which party discipline was enforced to its utmost on both sides of the House. The decision was reached by 61 votes to 50. (The Knesset has 120 members.) Under such circumstances each result, positive or negative, of the reparation parleys, will have very serious consequences, primarily in internal politics of Israel, not to mention the obvious repercussions in foreign

affairs.

In conclusion, I would like to draw attention to another aspect of this issue. Reparations from Germany to the State of Israel are a political phenomenon unprecedented in international law and diplomatic history. At the time of the Nazi régime, when the organized mass extermination of the Jews in Europe and the robbery of their property took place, the State of Israel had not yet come into being, and the slaughtered Jews were not its citizens. But the organized extermination of six million civilians and the plunder of their property, on the one side, and the large scale rescue of the half-a-million survivors by the small country of Israel, on the other, are also without precedent. This complex of problems being *sui generis*, I think that it is also of general human interest.

DOV B. SHERIRA,

editor-in-chief of the Knesset Records (the Israel equivalent of Hansard).

* * * *

Professor Bentwich's article recalled to my mind a conversation I had in 1937 with an eminent American Zionist just after the first partition of Palestine had been proposed. He was a 100 per cent. supporter of Zionist aims and had no doubts at all about the ultimate birth of Israel. But, in his view, the launching of Israel would be like the launching of a business concern, and he spoke of the dangers of over-optimistic expansion in the early stages which might lead to the very issue which Professor Bentwich mentions: "the growing difficulty in purchasing abroad the considerable proportion of food-stuffs and consumer goods which are required for the rapidly growing population."

During my Middle East tour last winter I could not visit Israel. But I got to Arab Jerusalem and there I heard much—some of it, of course, *ex parte*—about the economic conditions across the Israeli side of the Armistice Line—of Israeli Black Market activities and of lucrative smuggling from the Arab side where standards of life, though low, are higher than in Israel. And since my return to this country I have received a letter from an old Zionist friend who lives in Jerusalem. "The [Arab] boycott makes itself greatly felt," he wrote. "We are called upon to perform miracles despite ever-mounting difficulties in a world of friction, disunity and shaky economics. The economic conditions of Israel are far from satisfactory as you know. I am also sure that further hardships are in store for us."

As I read, I wondered if Professor Bentwich's account of the "Fourth Year of Israel" would give my friend a picture of the Israel where he lived. Or would he feel—with me—that it was so impersonal that, with all its valuable statistical details, it read more like a discreet chairman's

speech to a meeting of shareholders than a report from one who has just returned from Israel. I felt unhappy—and uneasy too—that the Arab boycott was not even mentioned. For the boycott had made my friend write as he did; it is the boycott that denies Israel the Arab corn and the Arab meat which its rapidly growing population lacks, and debars Israeli industrial enterprise from selling its output in the Arab markets of the Middle East which it had planned to serve. And, by inference, it is because of the boycott that many newly arrived immigrants—in particular those from India—have failed to stay the Israeli austerity course and have returned or have applied to return whence they came.

The boycott will persist so long as there is no peace between Israel and its Arab neighbours. And until then, Israel's present isolation in the Arab Middle East must prejudice its future. That is, as Professor Bentwich rightly implies, the crucial problem of Israel's foreign relations. But its solution must be sought in the Middle East and not in New York or London or anywhere else.

OWEN TWEEDY,

who has known Palestine since 1917 and was Public Information Officer in Jerusalem from 1936 to 1941. He has just returned from a visit to the Middle East.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

BY LAWRENCE HARRY GIPSON

MR. BARRY TRAPNELL'S article* represents a serious attempt to summarize the significance of American higher education. In this connection he makes a number of interesting observations on the merits and defects of the work being done in the colleges and universities based upon a survey of the activities of a number of leading institutions which he visited during the past year. He is quite correct in stressing the magnitude of the problem of providing each year the opportunity for hundreds of thousands of young people to profit according to their respective capacities and inclinations by enrolment in some college or university. He is also correct in stating that, as a rule, the barriers to be surmounted before gaining admission to one of these institutions are not difficult, although he might well have pointed out that the better colleges and universities of the east require a satisfactory showing in the so-called "College Board Examinations" that are of such a nature as to eliminate all poorly prepared applicants—a test, however, that cannot easily be applied for admission to a state-supported institution. In other words, the general practice is to honour the graduation certificate from the public high school or private academy. But once in college, as has been indicated, the student must swim or sink and the chances that he or she will sink at the end of one or two years are much greater in America than in Great Britain.

Mr. Trapnell observes that most American higher education is vocational in its aim in that both the students and their parents are interested in a programme of study that will prepare the recipient to obtain a livelihood and an established position in society. This is doubtless as it should be in such a country as America where nine out of every ten young people are expected to make their own way once they have completed their formal education. In other words, it would be theoretically possible to send out into the world each year tens of thousands of American graduates who had spent four years in cultivating their minds without too much regard to what would be their lot—as was unhappily the case in Germany, Austria and Italy between the two wars—with all that this implies in the way of a potential explosive force.

But, granted that American colleges and universities have as one of

* "The University in America", THE FORTNIGHTLY, April 1952.

their main objectives the training of the student to occupy a useful place in society, it is necessary to point out that there is a very great gulf between the type of training offered, for example, by a private commercial or business college—a purely vocational type of institution—and the colleges of business administration to be found in all our better universities. In the latter the student is expected to take not only advanced courses in such fields as economics, public finance, English, and a foreign language, but also to select as options other courses in such fields as history, psychology, and the fine arts. These facts should be kept in mind when referring to Mr. Trapnell's article.

Nor is the study of philosophy and history neglected in most universities to the extent that Mr. Trapnell implies. The institution with which I have been identified for many years, Lehigh University, despite the great emphasis there upon the applied sciences, gives in rotation some 15 semester courses in philosophy and 45 in history. It may also be added that every student in the College of Engineering there is required to take a specified course in history based on a syllabus and involving group discussions, directed, incidentally, by a Cambridge graduate with a doctorate from Yale. The offerings of our university in other humanistic fields are equally broad and generous, with 31 semester courses provided in psychology, 42 in biology, and 50 in English language and literature, together with numerous courses in foreign languages, the classics, political science, international relations, sociology, the fine arts, mathematics, and astronomy, without reference to those in pure physics and chemistry.

It is unnecessary to say that only a very small fraction of the pupils who enter the primary school will continue their formal training until a doctorate in the graduate school is obtained. But the fact that the way is open to almost any American child with the necessary aptitude and ambition to move ahead to the realization of youthful dreams of becoming a truly educated man or woman is a matter of supreme importance in our national life. That talent can rise to the top from the bottom with comparative ease is, indeed, perhaps the chief ingredient in the cement of national solidarity. With the passing of the frontier, the schools and colleges have now become the chief levellers. The young man who becomes a hero in his college can well be the boy who left a coal pit where his father still works as a miner. That same young man may also ultimately exert a powerful and steadying influence in public life as a recognized civil leader. Examples of this movement from the bottom to the top in the United States by way of the educational ladder are legion. One may venture to assert that to a very great extent by means of this instrumentality the American nation is much more a classless society than it was 50 years ago.

One final comment I must make upon Mr. Trapnell's article on the American university. The farther along the student moves in his college

work the more rigid become the standards applied to it. A very considerable number who enter college hopeful of attaining a degree will leave without it, burdened with no sense of disgrace. Most of those, having at length secured their baccalaureate, terminate at this point their formal education. Among those who do not, some will enter a professional school to study theology, law, or medicine; others will proceed to a graduate school. Among those admitted to the latter, the great majority must content themselves with the master's degree—a degree earned after one or two years of advanced study. In other words, the American doctorate is beyond the grasp of all but a few who have clearly demonstrated their capacity to carry to completion successfully a line of independent research. Thus the American with a doctorate has, as a rule, started his or her training—involving in all some seven, eight, or more years—from a broad base in the freshman college year, which progressively narrows as he advances. There are both advantages and disadvantages in this. As Mr. Trapnell has pointed out, one so trained is apt to be less of a specialist than the individual who receives the doctorate in a British university. At the same time this broad preliminary training gives the American scholar great adaptability and, in view of rapidity of the changes in the type of problems he or she is called upon to solve, is an asset of great value.

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THE IDEAL OF FRATERNITÉ (1789-1849)—I

BY DAVID THOMSON

THE idea of fraternity, as an element in modern democratic thought, first entered political history during the French Revolution.* It was not from the first linked with liberty and equality, which were more often joined with such words as 'Vertu,' 'Union' or 'Justice' rather than with 'Fraternité'. It received no mention at all in the original Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen in 1789. The famous triad, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', appeared in no national constitutional document in France until as late as 1848. Yet it came to be sufficiently widely accepted as the device of democracy in France to be officially adopted by the Third Republic after 1871, and it is now formally incorporated into the Constitution of the present Fourth Republic. Article 2 of that Constitution lays down that "The motto of the Republic is 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' Its principle is government of the people, for the people and by the people." The origins of the revolutionary ideal of fraternity have remained so obscure that it has usually been dismissed as a mere pious aspiration, introduced mainly for the sake of symmetry in a slogan. This is far from true. Under both the First and Second Republics it had quite precise meaning, but it was a different meaning each time.

It was unique in the revolutionary catalogue of basic democratic principles in that it alone was entirely a product of the course of the French Revolution. A *philosophe* like Voltaire could write that "States are equal and men are brothers"; Robert Burns could sing the pious faith "that man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that," and the American revolutionaries, in their Declaration of Independence in 1776, could refer to "our British brethren". Fraternity was an idea in common use among Freemasons, and there is a tradition that the idea, in its French context, was masonic in origin.† However that may be, to the men of the French Revolution it had much more specific associations than it is commonly assumed to have had, and those associations were entirely with the composition of the armed forces, in particular with the National Guard. It is the National Guard which forms the link between

the revolutionary triad, the tricolour flag, and the *Marseillaise*, and is therefore a central element in the whole republican legend of the Revolution.

On July 13, 1789, the 400 electors of Paris, whom the 60 districts of the city had appointed to choose their deputies for the Third Estate, set up a standing committee to administer the capital. As the first task was to suppress disorder, they organized a Town Guard (*milice bourgeoise*), whose uniform was to be red and blue, the city colours. Before long this force was 48,000 strong, and was composed of citizens of good repute who volunteered to bear arms. They were joined by elements of the regular army, the French Guards, who had broken from barracks and joined the people. Some of these took part in the storming of the Bastille on the following day. The next month the National Guard was put on a permanent footing, each of the 60 districts providing one battalion of 700 men; the original voluntary basis gave way to that of municipal responsibility for equipment and pay. By a decree of August 10 its officers were bound to use their troops only under the orders of the civil or municipal authorities. It was the 'National Guard' in the sense of the guardian of the nation—if need be, even against the King and the King's government—and it was regarded as the symbol of citizenship, the free citizen body in arms for the defence of its new-won liberty and of those property rights mentioned in the Declaration of Rights of Man and of the Citizen.

In the course of 1790 it was greatly extended. In February the officers of the regular army were likewise forbidden to employ troops except under civilian orders. The former police forces were incorporated into the National Guard. In June, the *milices bourgeoises* of the provincial towns were amalgamated and incorporated into the local battalions of the National Guard. All enfranchised citizens and their sons over 18 had to register for service in it. It grew into a citizen army in the fullest sense—a people under arms—and its badge now combined the white of the crown with the red and blue of Paris to make the tricolour. It excluded all who were also excluded from the vote, so that although citizenship was now identical with the duty of armed service, citizenship was itself limited by property qualifications. The National Guard was essentially a middle-class force. But within the citizen-body it represented the principle that the best way to make a soldier behave like a brother was to make your brother a soldier—and that was what fraternity meant in 1790.

To celebrate the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille an immense *Fête des Fédérations* was organized in the Champ-de-Mars. The patriotic leagues and the provincial battalions of the National Guard came to be known as the *fédérations*, and the *Fête* was to be an armed demonstration of the new spirit of fraternity between Paris and the

* It had, of course, a very long history as an idea before 1789, going back at least to Alexander the Great cf. Ernest Barker: *Social and Political Theory* (1951), p. 108n.). We are here concerned only with its bearing on modern democratic ideas.

† Cf. the rule of the masonic *Loge des Neuf-Sœurs* that: "Tous les hommes seront des frères, quelle que soit leur opinion, quelle que soit leur patrie."

provinces, and between the civilian citizen body and the new citizen armed forces. It was a vast national rally, a sort of military tattoo combined with mutual oaths of loyalty, jollification, and a solemn mass before the altar of the fatherland, celebrated by none other than Talleyrand, as Bishop of Autun. It is uncertain whether the full slogan 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' appeared even now, but certainly the idea of fraternity had entered upon the scene in an unforgettable setting and a precise sense.* Two years later it was the 500 National Guardsmen of Marseilles, marching to the capital on their way to the frontiers to help in the national defence, who sang as they marched the war-song of the Army of the Rhine, which Rouget de Lisle had written, and which was henceforth known as *La Marseillaise*.

The first ascertainable date when the full slogan of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* appeared is May 29, 1791. And it appeared in precisely this connection, of ensuring that the armed forces of the nation could not be used against the nation. On that date the Club of the Cordeliers, whose full title was the *Société des amis des droits de l'homme et du citoyen*, heard a speech from the former Marquis de Girardin, a friend of Rousseau, on the subject of ensuring a "*force publique uniquement et entièrement nationale*." The Club then published its "opinion" that the national forces should have one simple uniform, with a plaque to be worn over the heart bearing the words *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. The expressed purpose was to ensure that "amidst a free people, the public force shall be none other than the nation armed for the sole defence of its territory and its liberty, since this is the one and only way in which this force can act only on behalf of the nation, and never against it."† The armies of the *ancien régime* had been composed normally of recruits drawn from many other countries as well as from France. And the Cordeliers Club was clearly trying to implement the twelfth article of the original Declaration of Rights, which stated: "Preservation of the rights of man and of the citizen requires the existence of public forces. These forces are therefore instituted for the advantage of all, not for the private benefit of those to whom they are entrusted." Fraternity, in this sense of a nationally organized armed force on a footing of complete harmony with the people as a whole, was regarded as the necessary complement to liberty and equality, and the necessary safeguard of the "rights of man and of the citizen." As republican sentiments gained ground, the only contemporary models for a republic were the United States, Switzerland

* The anonymous writer of the article on *Fraternité* in the *Grand Dictionnaire Universel* of Larousse claims that it appeared, especially on the flags of Dauphiné and Franche-Comté. But Aulard was unable to find evidence of this claim; see his *Études et Leçons sur la Révolution française*, 6e. série, 1910, on "*La Devise Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*"—the only serious study of the origins of the slogan.

† Aulard, *op.cit.*, pp. 13-15. The Cordeliers Club proposed the complete integration of the army of the line into the National Guard, so putting it completely at the command of the civil authorities of the *départements*.

and Venice, and of these the United States was by far the most important. La Fayette, the commander of the National Guard, was popularly associated with the revolt of the American colonists, and the pattern of democratic armed force organized to defeat a monarchical government.

It is clear, therefore, that when the idea of fraternity first entered political history between 1789 and 1791, it meant no vague and pious sentiment of universal brotherly love. It had something of its quite modern military connotation of 'fraternizing' between soldiery and citizenry. It implied not a theory of benevolence but a theory of power; a principle already foreshadowed, though not specifically worked out, in the original Declaration of Rights. The vaguer notions of brotherly benevolence towards fellow-citizens or foreigners came later.

From this time onwards the idea of fraternity seems to have caught on more widely as an element in revolutionary thought. In the Constitution of 1791 it was still not treated as one of the 'natural rights' of man, but in that year the *Dispositions fondamentales garanties par la Constitution* provided that "national festivals shall be held to preserve the memory of the French Revolution, to maintain fraternity among citizens, and to attach them to the Constitution, the fatherland and the laws."* With the coming of the Republic in September 1792, there was much general talk of the new spirit of brotherliness expected from republican citizens. The habit grew up of ending letters, both public and private, with the formula "Fraternally yours" (*Salut et fraternité*). The word was more often on people's lips, and before the end of the year it acquired a new twist. Again, it was connected with military power.

On November 19, 1792, the Convention issued its famous 'Edict of Fraternity' to the peoples of Europe, announcing that it was ready to accord "fraternity and help" to all peoples wanting to recover their freedom.† It was hoped that fraternal revolutionary sentiments would lead to spontaneous risings in support of the advancing French armies, and that the example of France would soon be followed everywhere else in Europe. Within a month this optimism was dispelled. On December 15, 1792, the Convention was obliged to issue a second decree announcing: "We do not want to dominate or enslave any people . . . but every revolution needs a provisional power . . . Such power can belong only to the French in those countries whither the pursuit of France's enemies has drawn her armies . . ." The French generals were given orders to abolish the tithe and feudal rights everywhere they went, and to replace existing governments by elected provisional administrations which would exclude the enemies of the Republic. Rousseau had suggested that men might be forced to be free: the Convention decided that they might also

* This provision was repeated verbatim as Article 301 of the French Constitution of 1795.

† "*La Convention nationale déclare au nom de la Nation française qu'elle accordera fraternité et secours à tous les peuples qui voudront recouvrer leur liberté.*"

be forced to be fraternal.

On April 21, 1793, Maximilien Robespierre put before the Jacobin Club his *Projet de Déclaration des droits de l'homme et du citoyen*, which the Jacobins unanimously adopted. It was one of several such drafts, each rivalling the other in its revolutionary and republican enthusiasm. Even here fraternity found no place in the catalogue of 'natural rights' or duties, but Article 34 of Robespierre's draft stated that "the men of all countries are brothers, and different nations should help one another, as far as they are able, like citizens of the same State." Fraternity was now assuming a constant place in the list of republican virtues, both internal and international, and it was becoming more of a vague and pious aspiration in the process.

When the Convention considered the spate of new draft 'declarations of rights' in April 1793, it was not Robespierre's version but the Girondin version which carried the day, and it spoke only of "the principles of liberty, of equality, and of the sovereignty of the people." Of several freak proposals the oddest was that of the picturesque Anacharsis Clootz, who put forward a very simple scheme:

Art. 1. There is no sovereign other than the human race.

Art. 2. Every individual or every commune which shall acknowledge this luminous and immutable principle shall be, by right, received into our fraternal association, into the Republic of men, of brothers, of universal humanity.

Art. 3. In default of continuity or of maritime communications, we shall wait for the propagation of the truth to admit the most remote communes and areas.*

This discussion took place on April 26, 1793. It may be that the enthusiasm of Clootz bore some fruit. In June the *directoire* of the Department of Paris issued a decree requiring householders to paint on the front of their houses the words *Unité, indivisibilité de la République, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, ou la Mort*.† Under the Terror this habit was imitated elsewhere in France, but was never universally required. The conjunction of '*Fraternité ou la Mort*' came to have an ominous and threatening implication after experience of the Terror. Originally, it must be noted, it had no such nuance. It struck an heroic rather than a menacing note, as in Patrick Henry's 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' It meant a readiness to die rather than to forgo the benefits of liberty,

* Clootz's actual phrase was "*reçu dans notre association fraternelle, dans la République des Hommes, des Germains, des Universels*," cf. L. Duguit, H. Monnier, R. Bonnard: *Les Constitutions et les principales lois politiques de la France depuis 1789* (5th ed. 1932), p. xxix. His proposal was invoked again in 1871, during the Paris Commune, by Jules Nostag: see R. W. Postgate: *Revolution from 1789 to 1906* (1920), p. 298.

† See Aulard, *op.cit.* The *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* wrongly ascribes this incident to the Cordeliers Club instead of to the Department of Paris.

equality and fraternity.*

Such, then, were the origins of the idea of fraternity in politics. It was a product of the masonic lodges and the revolutionary clubs. It was closely associated with the constitutional problem of how to organize the armed forces of the nation so as to safeguard the newly won rights of the citizen, and with the military relations between the new Republic and its neighbours. It then acquired the qualities of optimistic and pious aspiration, and at the same time came to be associated with the war and the reign of terror, and with most unfraternal violence. The story of Cain and Abel repeated itself as the guillotine claimed its successive victims, and after only four years of revolution, it had come to mean internally a civil war against the recalcitrant and externally a synonym for nationalism.† This double transformation in what the word stood for is the most important single feature of the early history of the idea. It gave rise to the most famous of all *mots* on the subject: Metternich's remark that having seen what was done in France in the name of fraternity, if he had a brother he would rather call him cousin. By 1815 the ideal of fraternity, along with that of equality, had become associated with the dangers of Jacobinism which it was the first task of the restored monarchs and of the congress system to suppress. It therefore became peculiarly the property of the secret societies and the underground liberal revolutionary movements which gained in appeal and in strength between Waterloo and the revolutions of 1848. In this *milieu* the idea underwent a further transformation.

Between 1789 and 1796, the idea had begun as something quite specific and had become vaguer and more discredited. Between 1815 and 1848, the contrary process took place. Beginning as a vague notion of universal benevolence, it came to acquire a more specific meaning. But it was quite a new meaning.

Fraternity resumed its meaning of vague cosmopolitan benevolence because it was caught up in the Romantic movement. Victor Hugo, Lamartine and most other Romantic poets prophesied that the next stage in human history would be a universal republic of peace. In his *Marseillaise de la Paix* Lamartine wrote:

Nations! mot pompeux pour dire : Barbarie!
L'amour s'arrête-t-il où s'arrêtent vos pas?
Déchirez ces drapeaux; une autre voix vous crie :
'L'égoïsme et la haine ont seuls une patrie
La Fraternité n'en a pas!'

Because the liberal societies were often internationalist in character or in

* In the *Manifeste des Égaux* issued by the conspirators in the Babeuf Plot of 1796 occurs the phrase: "We want true equality or death," which was doubtless an echo of the Terror, to which the Babouvists looked back with some admiration. If so, it was re-echoed later by Proudhon (*De la justice*, vol. I), who described "Equality or Death" as the "law of the revolution".

† Though to Edmund Burke, at this time, it was of course just the opposite. He attacked Fox for attempting "to substitute the principles of fraternity in the room of that salutary prejudice called our country." (*Observations on the Conduct of the Minority*, 1793.)

affiliation, a fraternity of democrats seemed to be the right answer to the reactionary internationalism of the Holy Alliance and the congress system. In the hot-house atmosphere of underground revolt the idea acquired a strong flavour of Utopianism. The slogan reappeared in the revolts of July 1830 (which put Louis Philippe on the throne), November 1831, June 1832, and April 1834. In the decade of the 1830's it was the hope of desperate men.

But in the next decade it gained new precision. As the industrial revolution spread, men began to speak of "organizing" fraternity to create a new social and economic order. In 1841 Lamennais wrote: "The true society founded on natural equality is in essence, and should be in fact, only the organization of fraternity." "What is fraternity?" asked Louis Blanc, in his *Catéchisme des socialistes*. "It is equality, consecrated made positive, sanctified and sustained by love." Socialists, he added, seek a society where "fraternity, drawing together peoples after it has drawn together individuals, will lead them to look upon war as atrocious folly and will move towards the abolition of armies." Blanc devoted the first volume of the twelve which he wrote on the *Histoire de la Révolution française* to showing that the history of Europe preceding 1789 revealed the interaction of the three "principles" of authority, individualism and fraternity. The great Revolution had, of course, inaugurated the principle of fraternity.*

By 1846 there had appeared a Society of Fraternal Democrats, which was strongly supported by the Chartists in England. The Utopian communist Etienne Cabet formed a club called *La société fraternelle centrale*, and in February 1848 his placard—one of many—proposed: "Let us demand that all Frenchmen be declared brothers." Because of the prevalence of such notions during the decade of the 'forties, the ideal of fraternity became by 1848 more closely integrated in republican thought with the ideals of liberty and equality. The men who mattered in the early days of the Second Republic of 1848—Lamartine, Blanc, Cabet and others—had made it a natural part of their political theories. And socialist thinkers, intent on "organizing" equality and fraternity within the State, had given the idea a completely new significance.

(The second part of this article by Dr. Thomson—who is Fellow and Senior Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and a University Lecturer in History—will be published in the next issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

* Blanc, here, defines fraternity in these words: "Le principe de fraternité est celui qui, regardant comme solidaires les membres de la grande famille, tend à organiser un jour les sociétés, oeuvre de l'homme, sur le modèle du corps humain, oeuvre de Dieu, et fonde la puissance de gouverner sur la persuasion, sur le volontaire assentiment des coeurs." (*Histoire de la Révolution française* (1847), tome 1, p. 9.)

WORLD POPULATION BY 2000 A.D.

BY HUMPHREY HUMPHREYS

THOUGH man has existed a quarter-of-a-million years, for nearly the whole of that time he has been nothing more than a food gatherer like other mammals, subsisting on what the bounty of nature provided in the shape of flesh and fruit, a bounty which varied greatly with place, time and season. In such conditions an animal so large, unable to subsist on grass or vegetable fibre must always have been rather rare. Even in the most favourable circumstances hunting and food-gathering tribes require a living room of several square miles per person and it has been estimated that the human population of England in the last Ice Age—say 50,000 years ago—numbered no more than a few hundred. Eight to ten thousand years ago in the Middle East men learned the secret of food production by agriculture and pastoralism. This led to a marked increase in the numbers any particular area could support for, with seed crops that yielded a hundred-fold, with a multitude of flocks and herds, man too multiplied as never before and spread over the alluvial plains of Southern Asia in a swarm of small village communities. But most of Europe was then covered by forest and another 3,000 years passed before small tribes pushing up the Danube and along the Mediterranean coasts introduced the new technique to what was then the Dark Continent. By that time a succession of unknown and nameless men of genius in Egypt, Iraq and the Indus valley had made in the fourth millennium B.C. the series of discoveries which started civilization. The harnessing of the wind and of animal power to the service of man, irrigation and the plough, the invention of the wheel and its applications in vehicles, in pottery and in simple machinery, mathematics and metallurgy, writing and reckoning: these made city life possible and brought about a second great and rapid increase of population. Sir Leonard Woolley, when he excavated Ur of the Chaldees, worked out its inhabitants in 3,000 B.C. at about half-a-million, which is much the same as the estimated total population of Europe at that time, shortly before agriculture was introduced there. And Ur was only one of half-a-dozen similar Sumerian cities.

As this complex of new inventions spread slowly over the Old World the population rose till it reached, in one country after another, the new and higher level thus made possible and then remained more or less stable there till modern times. There were of course local ups and downs due

to war, pestilence and famine, changes of climate and migrations of peoples. Man made some improvements in his technique as when iron replaced bronze, but for several thousand years there were no really dramatic additions to the material arts and resources of civilization. And then in the last three centuries the discoveries we associate with the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution have brought about a third and yet greater upward surge in human numbers.

World population has been increasing for most of the present century at the rate of a little more than one per cent. a year, and in spite of two world wars the rate of increase is rising. How long can it continue? Clearly only for a relatively short time, for we cannot enlarge the size of our planet and there is no real evidence that the others are habitable. There are about 1,300 million acres of the earth's surface capable of cultivation, and with our present techniques the average space required to produce food for one person is one-and-a-half acres, rather less for cereal foods, but more for a high protein diet since animals demand more room than crops. That gives us a maximum world population of 8,600 million, four times to-day's total and at the present rate of growth this will be reached in a century and a half—sooner if the rate continues to rise. This calculation rests on two assumptions which we shall examine presently—first that there will be no revolutionary improvements in food production, second that the many restrictions on the movements of people from overcrowded to under-populated countries will be abolished.

The most obvious factor tending to encourage a further growth is the advance of medical science which has been mainly responsible for the great increases of the past century. A hundred years ago the expectation of life in England was 40 years, now it is 67. At the beginning of this century our infant mortality was 140 per thousand live births, now it is under 24, and recent discoveries have produced even more dramatic results. In the 1914-1918 war the average death rate in advanced military hospitals was ten per cent. During the reconquest of Burma in the winter of 1944-1945, I commanded the forward general hospital to which all British casualties were admitted until the last phase of the advance. We received over 11,000 men, most of them transported from the battle-fields by air, and of these only 23 died. In 1946 British Guiana adopted the technique evolved in the war for controlling malaria by spraying standing water with D.D.T. In three years the birth rate has doubled and the infant mortality rate been reduced by four-fifths. It is probable that the country will soon be faced with a choice between famine or reducing its food exports, chiefly sugar for Great Britain.

We can feel confident that advances in agricultural science will not only increase the yield of food but will open new areas to cultivation. Millions of acres in northern Canada have been brought under the plough by breeding strains of wheat which will ripen rapidly enough for harvest

in the shorter summer. If men could learn to control the rainfall, millions of square miles of land now desert and of useless tropical forest where an excess of rain leaches the soil could be made to feed him. At present we can to some extent precipitate rain from the skies if the moisture is already there, but cannot stop it coming down where we do not want it. Nothing so far suggests that by the end of the century we shall be doing the latter. The dry north-east trade winds which have created the Old World's great belt of sub-tropical desert would have to change a course conditioned by the earth's rotation to become moisture laden, but some minor encroachment on the desert may be possible since North Africa was more fertile in Roman times than it is to-day.

More promising perhaps is the possibility that by the end of the century chemists may be able to synthesize the essential ingredients of food—proteins, fats and carbohydrates and the important accessory vitamins—either from substances like coal and oil which once contained them, or from inorganic matter. The important elements concerned, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, are plentiful enough. At present we can live only by preying on other forms of life, animal and vegetable, and in our choice of the latter we are much more restricted than ruminants or rodents which can exist on grass, bark and leaves—all with some exceptions indigestible by man. If we could in fact learn to manufacture the ingredients of food direct we could bypass the niggardliness of nature and multiply—for a time—faster than ever.

All improvements in agriculture are subject to the law of diminishing returns which is a somewhat stilted phrase expressing what every gardener knows—that though up to a point if you put more labour and fertilizer into the soil you will increase its yield, that point of optimum productivity having been reached, further efforts of the same sort will not produce proportionately bigger crops. The whole of western Europe has now passed into the phase of diminishing returns and can no longer feed itself from its own soil. India and Japan are very near it and suffer from the chronic threat of famine, a declining standard of living and an urge to emigrate to more empty lands.

The great growth of European population in the last hundred years was made possible by the spread of agriculture to almost empty lands in America, Australia and Africa which were willing to export their vast food surplus to Europe in exchange for its manufactured goods. That phase is over. Not only are there now few empty lands to exploit but the fertility of many has been much diminished by the wasteful exploitation of the nineteenth century. Continuous wheat cultivation has exhausted many soils, felling of forests has desiccated others, over-grazing has deteriorated grasslands, and erosion on a vast scale has produced dust-bowls in America and Asia. Nor is this the whole story; not only are the principal food producing countries themselves encountering

diminishing returns, but their own populations are growing fast so that they have less and less food to export. It has been stated that in another 50 years Argentine will consume all its own beef. Moreover the countries which have hitherto fed us now aim at industrial self-sufficiency and will need less and less of the manufactured goods by which Europe has paid for its food imports. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that unless some of the hypothetical methods of manufacturing food are introduced in the next few decades the population of Europe in general and of Great Britain in particular will need to be less in 2,000 A.D. than it is at present. Such a reduction could be achieved by birth control or by emigration and both involve consideration of the racial distribution of world population by the end of the century.

The Ice Ages and their interglacial periods provided those conditions of protracted isolation in different environments and of in-breeding in small groups which biologically tend to produce varieties of animal species. Palaeolithic man was no exception and numerous varieties or sub-species, which in the human context we call races, came into existence. Some like the Tasmanians are now extinct, other such as the Bushmen, Hottentots and Pygmies of Africa, the Australian aborigines, the Sakai of Malaya and the Dyaks of Borneo are in a fair way to become either extinct or obliterated by cross-breeding. Three great divisions, white, Mongol and Negro remain. The last two are biologically the most distinct though whites are numerically the most important. The brown races, Berbers, Egyptians, Semites, Persians and Indians cannot be sharply separated on physical grounds from the Alpine and Mediterranean divisions of the white stock and should be so classed biologically.

This white or Caucasian stock has three main divisions, Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean. The Nordic, long-headed, light-haired, blue-eyed and large of limb, was originally an inhabitant of the great plain or park land which extends from the Baltic to the Ural mountains and beyond them to the Altai in Central Asia. He was a late-comer to the civilized world and did not step upon the stage of history till the second millennium B.C. when he imposed Aryan speech on the other peoples of Europe and over much of south-west Asia, Persia and the North-Indian plain. He brought with him the horse. But numerically he has always been the least of the three white races. In 3,000 B.C. when agriculture entered Europe, when as we have seen there were Sumerian cities with half-a-million citizens, it is doubtful whether the whole Nordic race could have mustered a hundred thousand people.

Alpine man, short-headed, stocky, with dark eyes and hair was originally and is still predominately distributed along the great mountain axis which runs east and west from the Atlantic to Central Asia—the Pyrenees, Alps and Balkans, the plateaux of Asia Minor, Armenia and Persia, the Hindu Kush, Himalayas and Altai. The Swiss, the Balkan

peoples, Turks, Armenians, Persians and Jews are predominately Alpine in their physical characters. Mediterranean man, long-headed but slender with dark eyes and hair and darker skin than the other two is still seen relatively pure in southern Italy and on the Mediterranean coasts. He has always been the most numerous of the three strains, especially if we include as we should the brown races of southern Asia to which he is so closely related, and in Egypt, Sumeria and India it was he whose inventions started civilization. But for four millennia or more these three white strains have been so thoroughly mixed together by migrations and cross-breeding that nowhere will you find a pure stock. In a random sample of Swedes only seven per cent. had fair hair though 87 per cent. had blue eyes. Even to-day the traveller will meet blue-eyed Pathans on the Indian frontier, blue-eyed Kurds in Persia, blue-eyed Riff tribesmen in Morocco, relics of past migrations.

The Mongols are the most compact of the three principal races of man. A century ago they were in the main confined to the Chinese and Japanese Empires but since then they have spread steadily into S.E. Asia, the East Indies and the islands of the Pacific. They even began to establish themselves in parts of America till they were stopped by stricter immigration laws. Though they originally perhaps imported civilization from the west they have maintained it more consistently than the white races; it is salutary to remember that the Tang dynasty of China with its exquisite art flourished for the three centuries when Europe was at the lowest depth of its Dark Age.

The Negro races have always been strung out along the equatorial belt and now they girdle the globe though not continuously. They cross Africa, appear in the Negrito tribes of Papua and New Guinea, and traverse central America where they were brought by white men to cultivate the hotter part of the newly-discovered continent. The Negroes of North and South America have nearly all interbred with other races. At about the same time the Bantus spread into South Africa. Negroes are a smaller fraction of the human race than whites or Mongols for the urban revolution which originated in the Middle East and has been such a potent cause of population growth did not affect tropical Africa. That is why the Negro has contributed relatively little to the techniques of civilization, and this has given rise to the belief—widely held but totally unscientific—that he is mentally inferior to the other two races. The real explanation lies in his history, the enervating effects of a tropical climate in his homelands, and the social handicaps he is apt to suffer when he quits them.

The present numbers of the principal races of mankind cannot be exact as we have not everywhere a census to rely on, but Negroes number approximately 100 million excluding those in the two Americas, and there are about 550 million Mongols; the 750 million whites and 500 million

brown people who biologically cannot be separated from them therefore number together half the total population of this planet but the preponderance is relatively recent, and 500 years ago the brown peoples probably outnumbered the white.

The racial distribution of the world's population 50 years hence will be greatly influenced by the problem of race antagonisms and colour prejudice. There is no scientific evidence that the native endowments, physical, mental or moral, of the different races vary to any significant extent, and these antagonisms result from social and environmental causes which are best understood in historical perspective. It is not unnatural that a race, nation or tribe confronted with another living at a lower mental and physical level should conclude that it is congenitally inferior. The enlightened Athenians of the fifth century B.C. were unanimous in believing that the barbarians of the north and west—so called because their language was unintelligible—were incapable of understanding or adopting Greek civilization. However, in a century or two the neighbour barbarians in the shape first of Macedon and then of Rome became masters of the Greek world. Those more remote—considered by the Greeks to be hardly human—were the ancestors of the nations of modern Europe. The Romans were more realistic; theirs was mainly a Mediterranean empire whose races were not widely dissimilar. Little more than a century after the empire began a Spaniard—Trajan—was deliberately selected as Emperor by the formality of adoption. A century later the emperor Severus was an African so that it is not perhaps surprising that a prolonged campaign in Scotland proved to be the death of him. St. Augustine was a Moor, and there was little or no colour prejudice in the Middle Ages. We are told of slight social but no racial objection to the marriage of Othello and Desdemona. But from the beginning of the seventeenth century there was a change. Spanish, Portuguese, English and Dutch spread over the globe; in America, Africa and Asia Europeans encountered races living at a much lower standard than their own, and concluded, like the Athenians, that a skin colour other than white or a strange speech betokened a native inferiority. Moreover Europeans, having firearms, were much more formidable in a fight and this fostered the illusion of superiority. In countries like the U.S.A., India and Africa where white and coloured peoples enjoy, or have enjoyed until recently, different standards of living and of education, the illusion has persisted. It is in fact the same illusion which up to the nineteenth century preserved the barriers between the social castes in England and other countries, barriers which even now have not completely vanished, though the general post-war levelling of living standards is rapidly breaking them down in this country.

Colour prejudice has no real basis in instinct. Southern Europeans, Spaniards, French and Italians have always mixed freely and interbred

with coloured peoples. But it has one irrational aspect which is felt to be, and perhaps in a certain sense is, instinctive, and that is the fear and dislike of something strange. That has always been the basis of anti-Semitism, for Jews tend to keep themselves apart and have different habits and beliefs from other Europeans: their first loyalty is not to the nation whose citizens they are, but to their own race and religion, and in ages of superstition this aloofness breeds myths like that of ritual murder. Because Britain is an island the English are more liable than other Europeans to these irrational xenophobias. Before they became better acquainted they disliked Frenchmen because they ate frogs. There is, however, one cause of racial antagonism which does not spring either from ignorance or superstition and that is the fear by races which have attained a high standard of living and wish to maintain it that other races, content with a much lower standard, will crowd them out of their occupations and the market for their goods. It is fear of this competition on unequal terms which has caused the U.S.A. and some British dominions to bar their gates against coloured immigrations and maintain them as white man's countries. This form of racial distinction is not unreasonable though it can only be maintained when there is the military might to guard the gates. Education, travel and changes in political power will mitigate and in the end perhaps remove the less rational causes of race antagonism, but this last one will remain until living standards all over the world have reached equality. One of the principal sources of Russian political power and of the attraction of Communism is that both expressly disown all kinds of racial and national discrimination, and proclaim equal standards for all mankind—standards, that is, in the plural, for the range of real incomes in Russia is far wider than it is in this country. Coloured races, therefore, tend to look on Russia as their champion.

The present relative racial numbers are unlikely to remain the same. Two outstanding features of the first half of this century have been the conquest of disease and the rapid increase in human productivity. But we can perceive contrasting reactions to these two results of human enterprise. White people have drawn their dividends in the form of a rapidly rising standard of living and to do so have deliberately kept their numbers stable by birth-control. Asiatic peoples on the other hand have utilized the advances in human knowledge to augment their numbers. The increase has been so rapid that the standard of living, far from rising, has tended to fall. In the past twenty years the population of the Indian peninsula has grown by the incredible figure of 92 million without any corresponding addition to its food supply and most of its people suffer from malnutrition. Nor can their standards rise till the worship of fertility which is inherent in the Hindu ideology is abandoned and facilities for birth control are provided. The population picture in 2000 A.D. will be coloured by the tendency of Asiatic peoples to pursue their

present path or to change and follow the white man's example. Such a change could not in the nature of things be immediate and it therefore seems probable that the twentieth century will reverse the trend of its predecessors and see an increase of coloured people relative to white men.

Contrasting plans are being applied to the problem of relations between the two groups. The first is the segregation of white and coloured into separate territorial units. The U.S.A., Canada, Australia—and New Zealand after she had successfully absorbed the Maoris—maintained themselves as white men's countries by preventing the immigration of coloured settlers. It seems probable that the rising nationalism of coloured peoples, of which we see many contemporary manifestations, will do the same by excluding white men—certainly from the privileged positions they have hitherto held and perhaps altogether. When Japan came out of the strict seclusion it had imposed on itself for two centuries and decided to adopt modern civilization it needed and employed many white technical advisers. After 50 years its own nationals were sufficiently trained and the white men departed. Even before India became independent the British who had once held all the senior posts in the administrative and technical services had, to an ever-increasing extent, been replaced by trained Indian personnel except in the Army.

In the vast Soviet empire there is a deliberate attempt to encourage the fusion of different peoples by cross-breeding. All forms of nationalism are frowned upon; there are constant forcible removals of whole communities from their homelands to other parts of the Soviet Union sometimes because they are needed there to man new industries, sometimes apparently as a punishment for too much local patriotism. Such a policy if persisted in cannot fail to break down racial barriers and produce a homogeneous population. If successful it would solve one of the most difficult problems in world politics, but would take several centuries to carry to completion. A third plan being attempted in South Africa is almost certainly doomed to failure, the system whereby a small dominant white caste maintains itself biologically, politically and socially distinct from the much larger numbers of its coloured fellow countrymen. It is an old system which has at times been successful as in the social castes of medieval and Renaissance Europe, and in India where it was imposed by the Aryan conquerors and lasted for 3,000 years. But even there it is now breaking down rapidly, thanks to the influence of Gandhi and his followers. The British attempt after the Mutiny to establish yet another white caste complete with its social apparatus of separate clubs lasted just 90 years and is now over. The caste system is so completely at variance with all modern trends of thought and social behaviour that it is unlikely to succeed permanently anywhere else.

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THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION—II

By J. H. HUIZINGA

WHAT are the prospects for the continuation of the system of rule by an *élite* of the socially successful? To what extent can the "gentry" hope to perpetuate itself now that it has largely lost its economic basis of "cooked money" and now that there is little scope left for the emergence of a new generation of the socially successful made of that "raw money" which has so often reinforced its basis of power in the past? It is too early to suggest definite answers to this question. All one can do is to consider how far the conditions, which have enabled the gentry to survive the loss of political privileges in the nineteenth century, are present in the twentieth to enable it equally to survive the loss of economic privileges.

In so doing one is immediately struck by a cardinal difference between the past and the present. In the early nineteenth century the oligarchy of great landowners was confronted with the claim to a share of power put forward by the "raw money" that had been made in industry and trade. For the extension of the franchise was the result of pressure by a new class of the socially successful who, just because they represented "raw money", were only too eager to accept the leadership of the "cooked money". As Walter Bagehot put it in 1872: "In all countries new wealth is ready to worship old wealth, if old wealth will only let it." And that the old wealth in England has always been willing to do. Thus the gentry of 1832 could consent to share its monopoly of political power with the new rising class without having its position seriously undermined. For the leaders of the new elements, who in many cases had begun as attackers of the gentry, soon became part of it themselves and as such the most convinced defenders of its right to rule. No better example of such a transformation is there than Joseph Chamberlain, at the outset of his political career a fiery radical and republican who demanded "ransom from the idle rich for their privileges," and contemptuously described by Disraeli as "somebody who looks and talks like a cheesemonger and other frightful things," who at the end of his life was a trueblood conservative openly priding himself on belonging to "The Party of the Gentlemen of England."

But who in our twentieth century are the new class of the socially successful whom the established gentry must try to absorb and assimilate, if the traditional system of rule by an ever-renewed natural *élite*, adopting

the traditions and the style of its predecessors, is to be maintained? In the collectivist society of our day they are no longer first and foremost the possessors of that new wealth which has always been so eager to worship the old wealth. They are now rather all those who achieve social success in other fields than money-making; the technicians, organizers, bureaucrats, and, last not least, the leaders of the great trade unions. Now there are various obvious reasons why these elements are likely to be considerably less inclined "to worship the old wealth" by working their way into the gentry-class and reinforcing its social and political position of power. The material temptations which the old money has to offer are much smaller than in the days when the great country houses still flourished and "the aristocracy" as Hamilton Fyfe has said, "made a complete capture of Joseph Chamberlain, absorbed Asquith, dazzled Morley and for a time even seemed to cast its net over Lloyd George." Secondly, and more important, most of the new class of the socially successful cannot afford to send their sons to the gentlemen-factories even if they should have the ambition to do so. Thirdly, most important of all, a considerable part of the social *élite* which our collectivist era has produced, the trade union leaders, have been brought up in an aggressive class-consciousness which in most though not in all cases is apt to render them immune to the lure of the gentry class, the sediment of the *élites* produced by the individualist era.

Finally there is one other reason why this class, or perhaps one should say the system which it has perpetuated, seems in danger of disappearance. In the nineteenth century "rule by the quality" was accepted by all classes of the population just because it was not the rule of "raw" but of "cooked" money, that is to say, of a class which, however imperfect, tried to live up to the moral ideals of the gentleman. That as much as its wealth accounted for its prestige. No more typical testimony than the confession of Arnold Bennett's quoted by Lewis and Maude in their book on *The English Middle Classes*: "Their assured curt voices," he wrote in 1909, "their proud carriage, their clothes, the similarity of their manners, all show that they belong to a caste and that that caste has been successful in its struggle for life . . . I do not belong to this class by birth, artists very seldom do, I was born slightly beneath it. But by the help of God and strict attention to business I have gained the right of entrance into it. I admit I have imitated its deportment with certain modifications of my own; I think its deportment is in many respects worthy of imitation."

But is its conduct still exemplary to-day and, even if it were, is it still recognized as such by the socially successful of our time? It seems doubtful for, morally as well as intellectually, the gentleman-class appears to have forfeited a good deal of its former social prestige. In the Victorian era it was, at least outwardly, a model of all the puritan virtues, religious,

thrifty, sober, hardworking. Even its aristocratic top layer, so Bagehot expressed it, "dare not form a society of enjoyment as the French aristocracy once formed it; they live in fear of the middle class, the grocer and the merchant." And in that respect things have changed indeed; the doings of "Society" still thrill the masses, but they no longer inspire the grocer and the merchant, to say nothing of the urban working man, with much deferential respect. Of course, modern "Society" with its endless highly publicized divorces, its ostentatious pleasure-seeking, its willingness to receive even "the rawest money" with open arms provided it gives good parties, forms only a small part of the gentry. But in so far as "Society" provides the most visible manifestation of the social life of that class, its moral decay, or, if one likes, the decay of its external conduct, has doubtless done something to undermine the social prestige of the gentry as a whole.

Likewise this class also seems to have lost some of its former cultural and intellectual credit. There was a time when the gentleman—think of a Byron—excelled in these fields, too, or in any case—like Samuel Johnson's patron Lord Chesterfield—showed enough understanding and interest in the arts and the sciences to earn the respect of their practitioners. With the mass-production of gentlemen in the nineteenth century, however, when the public schools began to concentrate on the formation of character rather than on the development of the intellect, the gentry became an object of derision or indifference to the worlds of art and knowledge. Oscar Wilde described the typical Tory squire as a "red-cheeked, white whiskered creature who, like so many of his class, was under the impression that an inordinate jocularity can atone for an entire lack of ideas." Laski characterized the modern gentleman as a person whose favourite authors were Surtees and Kipling, who preferred Gilbert and Sullivan to Beethoven and Mozart, who was quite unable to speak intelligible French or German and, having received a classical education, generally had little Latin and less Greek. It is, of course, highly exaggerated and one-sided, but as a symptom of the decay of the gentleman's intellectual and cultural prestige not without significance. So because the gentry has not only lost so much of its money but also of its social, moral, intellectual and cultural prestige, it will probably no longer exercise the same irresistible attraction which in earlier days has enabled it to absorb and assimilate successive generations of the socially successful and thus perpetuate its rule.

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There remains the question whether the traditional ruling class might nonetheless maintain at least a part of its ascendancy by that other well-tried technique which consists of infiltrating the leadership of its competitors for power rather than absorbing it. On the face of it the pros-

pects appear not unfavourable. For who are the leaders of the new ruling class which occupied "the best club of England" in 1945, driving the gentry out of its ancient stronghold with rejoicing? A good many of them are anything but proletarians; Bevin, Aneurin Bevan, Herbert Morrison and Emanuel Shinwell may have come from the masses, but Mr. Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps, Hugh Dalton, Hugh Gaitskell, John Strachey, to mention but a few of the most prominent, all belong to the "classes" and most of them to the higher rather than the lower strata. Thus the situation is even now in some degree still the same as in Palmerston's day. "Sir," he said in the House around 1850, "we are here an assembly of gentlemen and we who are gentlemen on this side of the House should remember that we are dealing with gentlemen on the other." It is a statement which Mr. Churchill could echo to-day, without violating the truth. Hence Aneurin Bevan's complaint of some months ago about "the strong tendency of the Socialist Government to take its leaders out of the top drawer of society."

It is of course no new phenomenon, this conquest of a radical movement by members of the privileged class against which it is directed. In the same way the great Whig lords of 1832 guided the movement for an extension of the franchise and so, too, there were aristocratic elements who made common cause with the reformist parties of the end of the century. But there is one great difference between contemporary developments and those of the nineteenth century. When the representatives of the classes championed the reformist cause many of them did so, consciously or unconsciously, in the spirit of Bagehot's warning that "a political ambition of the lower classes, as such and for their own objects, is an evil of the first magnitude [which] could only be averted by the greatest wisdom and the greatest foresight in the higher classes." Their task was "to guide the new voters in the exercise of franchise, to guide them quietly and without saying what they are doing but still to guide them" and thus "to prevent or mitigate the rule of uneducated numbers." In short, the aristocratic reformers of those days championed the cause of the masses because they considered it to be the best way of retaining their own position of power or, rather, of preserving the entire system of rule by the social *élite*. Gladstone himself made no bones about it: "I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle, the rule of the best," he said. "I am an out-and-out in-equalitarian."

Not so the twentieth century representatives of the gentry who champion the cause of the masses. Whereas Gladstone believed in a hierarchic society, Mr. Attlee holds that "the abolition of classes is fundamental to the socialist conception." Far from being missionaries of their class, he and his like are apostates, out to overthrow the entire system of rule by the *élite* of the socially successful bred in the age-old traditions of its forerunners. Their purpose is to replace the rule of the old school tie and

the silk hat, symbol of individual success past and present, by the rule of a row of caps, symbol of collective success, the headgear of that class that can only be called socially successful in the sense that through organization its members have become numerically strong enough to demand and obtain the highest prizes in the struggle for existence. Or should one say that they are out to replace the old *élite* by the new rather than to break with the aristocratic system as such? Is it their purpose to replace rule by the successful of the individualist era, whose success is largely measured in money and social status, by the rule of that equally small group that could be considered as the natural *élite* of a collectivist world; the technicians, the organizers, the managerial class? If that should be the case—and whether deliberately or not, we do seem to be moving in that direction—then it is perhaps conceivable that in spite of all bloodless revolutions the social structure and the system of government of this country will remain essentially unchanged, that the old *élite*, the gentry, will once again put the imprint of its hereditary style and outlook on the new one (a brigade of managerial bowler hats might be assimilated and absorbed, an army-corps of caps could not).

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In conclusion, there is a price in cultural and moral losses that has had to be paid for the great and overdue gain in social justice achieved by the bloodless revolution. First of all, there is the only too visible loss of aesthetic values. Where for instance even in my young days still stood the gracious mansion known as Chesterfield House now towers a characterless block of flats. And Chesterfield House is, of course, but one of the few pleasures for the eye that have been sacrificed to the demands of an equalitarian time which in England, at any rate, has hardly yet developed a style of its own. The loss is particularly serious in the country where one Stately Home after another falls victim to the ruthless march of "progress". What is perhaps even more to be regretted is that together with their brick and mortar an ancient and valuable tradition threatens to disappear. An Italian traveller quoted by Taine had noted as early as the sixteenth century that "*chez les Anglais les nobles tiennent à honte de demeurer dans les villes, ils habitent les campagnes, il s'adonnent aux choses des champs, vendent leur laine et bétail en ne jugent point honteux les profits rustiques.*" And so it still remained, up to a point, in the nineteenth century, the ruling class maintaining its close ties with the land after landed property had ceased to form its main source of revenue. While the industrial revolution defiled England's green and pleasant land with the ugliest most soulless cities the world has ever seen, the leaders of this revolution used their "raw money" to buy themselves estates in the country in imitation of the "cooked" money and thus to procure at

least for their children that environment and style of life which they needed to gain entrance into the circles of the established ruling class.

One might well suggest that this rural environment where the new elements from the new cities came in salutary contact with a lovingly cultivated nature drenched with the memories and the lessons of England's glorious past, has contributed not a little to making the gentleman what he is. Would a man like Baldwin, who has spoken so movingly of the simple joys of country life in his beloved Worcestershire, have been the same quiet, philosophical, sly and yet amiable character if he had never known any other surroundings nor style of life or interests than those of the dirty, vulgar, money-minded industrial districts where his steel factories stood? It seems difficult to believe. The traditional intimacy with the land and the simple things and people of the land can hardly have failed to have exercised a profound and, both culturally and morally, highly beneficial influence on the formation of many generations of the ruling class. And that tradition now seems in danger of being lost. In so far as the new ruling class consists of proletarians these have in great majority never known the country-life; in so far as it is still recruited from the gentry its members are finding the maintenance of the old ties with the land financially increasingly difficult.

The question finally arises to what extent economic levelling is compatible with the preservation of a high level of civilization in general. The equalitarians do not worry about this; they assume either that civilization is a product of the masses, and that hence its level will rise in proportion to the amount of money and leisure at their disposal, or they consider that no price in cultural values is too high for the achievement of social justice. It is difficult, however, to share their complacency and assurance. The more historically-minded, at any rate, are likely to agree with the writer in *The Times* who, looking back on the hundred years since the Great Exhibition of 1851, felt "that much of the graciousness, of the beauty and the content, of good living and fine craftsmanship has passed from our English life, perhaps for ever." And what is ultimately to become of creative intellectual endeavour in the world of fair shares? "If the Labour voter cannot see", *The Economist* has written, "why a Bishop should not shine his own shoes and stoke his own stove and still less why a woman-doctor should not scrub her own kitchen and fillet her own herrings, he should be made to understand that leisure, privacy and opportunity for external contacts are as essential to high intellectual activity as extra rations are to heavy manual labour." It was in much this same spirit that Taine defended the great hereditary fortunes 80 years earlier as "*des conservatoires préparées pour toutes les belles choses; sans aristocratie une civilisation n'est pas complète, il lui manque les grandes vies indépendantes, largement développées, affranchies de tout souci mesquin, capables de beauté comme un oeuvre d'art.*" Fortunately

among the levellers there are some who are not unaware of these considerations. "We shall be faced", it is recognized in the recent Fabian pamphlet "Towards Equality", "with replacing the functions of the rich in securing social variety and patronizing the arts . . . wealth has allowed certain individuals the security to differ, to experiment and to defy current conventions. We must at all costs avoid the anxious conformity of a Middletown."

Civilization, however, is not only the product of those creative intellectual and aesthetic faculties that can hardly come to full fruition in the Middletown of Fair Shares. Civilization is also a matter of ethics, of that moral conduct which in England has always been embodied in the ideal of the gentleman. And in that sense, too, economic levelling might well entail a loss of civilization. Gentility, so it has been said, is nothing but ancient richness. But what will remain of this gentility when the richness is lost? Of course, the word gentility in this context refers rather to social status than to moral conduct; the gentleman in the ethical sense of the word is certainly not exclusively the product of richness. But wealth and the things that wealth can buy—freedom, space, security, self-confidence—have doubtless greatly helped that vast majority of the gentry who, no more than any other class are born as nature's gentlemen, to approximate this ideal.

Will they still be able to do so now that they have handed out such a large part of their wealth to the masses? And will they be able to do so in sufficient numbers to continue to serve these masses as an example? Let us ardently hope so. For just as the Stately Homes have been called this country's "greatest contribution to the visual arts" so one might call the gentleman, with all the *défauts de ses qualités*, England's greatest contribution to both the art of governing and the art of living.

(The first part of this article was published in the April issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

A HISTORY LESSON

A HISTORY LESSON

BY RICHARD CHURCH

No-one can say the age was democratic,
 When Cranmer and Elizabeth contrived
 To hold the people down with iron will
 And bigotry. Too many martyrs burned
 For life to run with ease, and freedom flourish.
 Cropped ears were all the fashion: a journalist
 Who wrote a tract about the Royal marriage,
 Or project of a marriage never intended,
 Lost his right hand, and could not write again.
 Yet the poor wretch must wave the bleeding stump,
 And vaunt the Queen, and cry No Popery
 To show his loyalty and patriot's faith.

There's something in that discipline, perhaps,
 Since it evoked such ardour. Strength for strength,
 The rushing together of opposed extremes
 Makes for an equilibrium as calm
 As stagnant waters, or the tolerance
 Of an unbelieving generation. The level
 Is different, but a mountain-calm is healthier
 Than that of marshes in the featureless plain.
 So think, before denouncing Tudor tyrants;
 Recall the second miracle of Canterbury,
 Set before the altar, not of Our Lady
 But of the older Muse of Poetry,
 With Cranmer, whom Recusants and Puritans
 Compared with Caiaphas, acting the part
 Of oracle or pagan demagogue.

The grim Archbishop, out of monkish funds
 And monastery buildings, planned a school
 For fifty scholars, with two grammarians
 To light again the candle of pure learning
 Blown out by Cromwell fifty years before.
 "But let the ploughman's son enter the room,"

Cried the hunter of New Heresy.
 Some few citizens of Canterbury
 Were quick to profit. A shoemaker's son,
 Born beneath the shadow of Bell Harry
 And Anselm's modest tower, sang with the others,
 Gentlemen's sons, squires' boys, any
 'Apt to learning' as harsh Cranmer phrased
 This one provision for the singing scholars.

Oh merciless posterity, before
 You judge that Prelate for his cruel deeds,
 Faggot and stake and minor mutilations,
 Think of the act which set a boy to sing
 Free of the cordwainer's last, free of the dark
 Alley, free to learn the craft that summoned
 Tamberlaine and Helen, free to swim
 The Hellespont with Leander, free to launch
 A thousand ships and burn the topless towers
 Of Ilium in a verbal holocaust
 That set the torch blazing in Shakespeare's hand.

THE AMAZON AS IT COULD BE

BY JOHN BROWN

THE Amazon Institute, a subsidiary of UNESCO, was set up at the Iquitos conference of delegates from the countries concerned in 1948, and its purpose is to direct scientific studies of the river and apply the lessons of these studies. The countries represented at Iquitos were Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, France, Italy, Netherlands, Peru, U.S.A., and Venezuela, while Great Britain and Switzerland sent accredited observers.

The Convention adopted by the Institute embraces wide powers, and among the first fruits of this adventure in international co-operation was the Huallaga scientific expedition of 1950. Before this expedition the Peruvian Huallaga was a river unknown and was considered a reserve for explorers and naturalists. As a result of this mission of specialists from half a dozen countries the Huallaga hinterland is being opened up. Vast mineral resources have been located. The diseases of the inhabitants are now receiving proper attention, and in education an onslaught has been made. Moreover, it is now clear that white strangers are assured of a welcome from the Indian tribes of the lowlands, and the stories of reception committees armed with blowpipes and bows and arrows can be assessed at their true value. This is not to say that every tribe of Amazon Indians will welcome the whites—the high Marañón is still something of a question mark—but we can say that a new waterway more than 500 miles long into the interior is now available, mapped, and known to be safe.

Our own expedition of 1951 to the Amazon headwaters was a modest, privately-financed affair, but it turned out a good example of real international teamwork. Starting in Britain, we had valuable help from the American Geographical Society, and various government organizations in Peru and Brazil, while the reports of a previous French expedition proved very useful. The chief of the Amazon Institute in Peru, Dr. Eduardo de Habich, a famous explorer of the jungle, and Dr. Jorge Broggi, the director of the Peruvian Geological Institute, proved valuable friends to us.

We succeeded in pinpointing the Amazon source in the Andes, and are hopeful that our statistics of glacier size and movement, river flow and so on, may be useful when the time comes for hydro-electric power stations and the reclamation of the flood-zone lands, in the work of open-

ing up this vast area. The United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization experts who have visited Amazonia since 1945 believe that the food oil resources of the region are sufficient to meet the entire world deficit, if collection can be properly organized.

Our trip was comparatively uneventful. I had no encounters with jaguars, and did not even shoot an alligator. In fact, we shot for the pot, and spared the wild life, with the exception of a few fur-bearing animals. Some trips I have read about seem to have done nearly as much damage as a panzer division, but we were too busy working to have much time for sport, as general massacre of the fauna is called. Camping on thin strips of beach west of Nauta, we were choked by clouds of mosquitoes. The nets were useless against the swarms. Our clothes were soaked with sweat, and in the humid heat cooking a meal was like a day's work. There were alligators in the lagoons behind the main river, hardly distinguishable from rotting trunks, tortoises, porpoises, and, they said, anacondas, although I did not see any. Every tree was a little world, with its dictators, workers and parasites. To get through the tangled lianas one must have, as compulsory wear, a machete ready all the time. The pessimists carried both a revolver belt and a slung rifle.

There are Indian tribes in this part of Western Amazonia who hunt with bows and arrows, and this may give rise to the fears expressed by the occasional visitor, for their painted faces do not inspire confidence. But as my friend Sebastian Snow said, people who try to look ferocious may be mild creatures at heart—after all, who could look milder than Crippen or Dr. Petiot? And from the Indian point of view, I know from experience that there is nothing more ferocious-looking than a white man, armed to the teeth.

There are no supplies to be had unless one gets to a river town like Iquitos, where everything costs four times as much as in Lima or Rio, for it must be brought 1,200 miles across Peru, or two thousand miles upriver from Para. The natives live on fish, bananas, and mandioca flour. In these surroundings it is not surprising that the Europeans of Amazonia get spasms of irritability, cursing everything about the river and their own stupidity in being there. When I first went out I felt very "browned off"; I had thought of my digestion as cast iron, but some of the tropical foods were a trial. The drinks were horrible and the tobacco foul. I was in that awkward stage of learning Spanish where I could read it and understand it, but could not explain much to other people. It was very difficult to keep clean, and I grew depressed when I met white men who had "gone native", and had resigned themselves to a life of squalor.

It was a treat to get up into the sierras, where it was cold and healthy. The Indians here were filthy—they never wash until they are married; or conscripted into the army—but there was plenty of pure water and, once we were acclimatized, the splendid mountain scenery made up for a lot.

High up on the plateau of the central Andes, one is still peering up at peaks like Carnicero, which is 21,000 feet, and Huascaran, 22,000 feet.

It is in this area that two of the Amazon's chief source rivers rise—the Marañon and Huallaga. The Marañon flows north-east for 1,100 miles, and is joined by the Ucayali near Nauta. The river, already distended by affluents from the Ecuador volcano belt, rolls along nearly a mile wide. From Iquitos the river, now called the Amazon proper, runs east two thousand miles to Para and the Atlantic. Big ships from Europe come up the Amazon as far as Manaus, and from here to Iquitos there is a regular service of river steamers. From Iquitos it is possible to go by launch another 868 miles south down the Ucayali. Dozens of rivers, each 500 or more miles long, pour into the Amazon, which in the rainy season resembles an inland sea, the banks being sometimes indistinguishable from midstream. So great is the volume of Amazonian water that 200 miles out into the Atlantic from the mouth the yellow flood can still be traced.

This vast water power should be, and one day will be, brought into the service of mankind. Where does all the water come from? The Andes, spine of the sub-continent, acts as a water-trap. It never rains on the west coast desert, two thousand miles long, and all the water that might irrigate this area is caught in the high watershed. Here the snow and ice are melted by the tropical sun, and great rivers are the result. The Amazon irrigates 40 per cent. of South America, and because of its geographical position the vegetation of the area grows at a prolific and even alarming speed. Chop a eucalyptus tree down for firewood, and it will be up again higher than ever in a few months. The jungle trails hacked out by the machete to-day are being reconquered tomorrow by the swarming creepers.

Jungle fever and malaria are rife in certain parts, but most areas are free of serious disease, and the new American tablet drugs can ward off malaria with a bi-weekly distribution. There is little yellow fever now, or beri-beri. The life of the river Indians is poor and sordid, with the exception of the few traders. There are vast areas still unexplored, and a great wealth of *castanha* nuts lying about by the million. Jungles as big as France are unvisited by the whites, who stick to the river bank, sending the Indians into the hinterland to get a few basketsful of nuts when a river launch is due. If the river flood waters were controlled by international development projects huge areas of land could be brought into cultivation, and tens of thousands of people from the congested lands of the east settled on plantations.

High in the Andes, at elevations of 14 to 18 thousand feet above sea level, we were continually coming across traces of the Inca empire wrecked by the Spanish conquerors. We collected rock samples for the Geological Survey in London, and there was ample evidence of enormous mineral resources. The trouble is the lack of transport facilities, for

machinery must be sent before on muleback or by llama train along the steep trails. It was embarrassing for us to be resting, puffed out and exhausted, on a mountain pass while a 70-year-old guide was grinning down at us from above. It takes three months before one's lungs are adjusted to the rarefied air, and the healthy feeling of sea level returns. The sierra Indians, with their barrel chests and rapid respiration, can accomplish journeys that would stagger an athlete. Some of them thought nothing of a "stroll" of 30 to 40 kilometres to get the latest news from a distant hacienda.

We visited the Solimana range in southern Peru, and found miles of peaks that have never been described in Andean literature. In the Titicaca country we saw the beauties of the great lake, and visited the Puma Rock, sacred in local tradition. Everywhere in the mountains the scenery was of a breath-taking character. Great jagged peaks pierced the clouds, and the sky colours at twilight were of indescribable magnificence. In the night there was a velvety silence, with nothing to disturb the mind but the occasional crash of glacier ice in distant lakes. Living close to nature made us realize what we had missed in noise-racked, tormented civilization.

(The author was a member of the 1951 Andes-Amazon expedition which started from England.)

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

I am completing a life of the painter George Stubbs (1724-1806) and a catalogue *raisonné* of his work. I should be grateful for information from those owning pictures and drawings by this artist who have not already assisted me.

BASIL TAYLOR.

86c, Philbeach Gardens,
London, S.W.5.

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AN ARCHBISHOP'S THIRD FORCE

BY ROGER LLOYD

We are all immersed in one of the greatest revolutions in history, and each one of us is an actor in its drama. This is now so plainly evident that if we try to escape from the fact or refuse to adopt a definite attitude towards the revolution, we condemn ourselves to live by only the murky and uncertain light of an illusion. But there is more than one attitude that people commonly adopt. We can take refuge in nostalgic dreams of the past and sigh for the day when "things get back to normal," though of course they never will. Or we may eagerly welcome it and try hard to increase its pace, in the belief that it leads us to some kind of golden age which, when we have reached it, will be static and permanent. This is social and political futurism, and is the attitude of mind which counts the total sacrifice of the present for the future as a sign of high virtue. Of these two attitudes the first, though itself thoroughly bad, is not so bad as the second because it is not so appallingly cruel. Both, however, are most naive.

There is a third and a more excellent way, and the Archbishop of York, both in his own person and in the book* which he now offers to us, is probably the outstanding exemplification of it. This is the way which wastes no time in moaning about the fact of revolution and permits itself no exaggerated optimism about its beneficence, but simply tries to understand it by amassing a large fund of exact knowledge about each of the fundamental processes which give it its driving power, by relating them to each other in a new synthesis, and by looking at the whole *sub specie aeternitatis*. His whole treatment of his theme is therefore really well informed, studiously unemotional, and perfectly calm. He never, never shrieks at his readers; he never even attempts to exhort them; he offers no policy. There is

a maximum of light and a minimum or even a minus quantity of heat. This in fact is a book for those who want to understand what is happening, and who realize that until they have put themselves to this necessary discipline any attempt to influence the direction of this revolution is only a little less dangerous than an attempt to halt it prematurely in mid-course.

By temperament and by training the Archbishop of York is better qualified than almost anyone else one could think of for such a task as this. No other highly placed ecclesiastic has a greater or more intimate knowledge of life in the back streets of great cities. Long years in Portsmouth followed by a spell as Bishop of Southwark, the most arduous of English sees, gave it to him. What he saw made him truly care, and he showed his care not by demagoguery but by taking all the many pains needed to get exact knowledge of the facts. Few know as much as he about nutrition and housing, and no one has done more to make his knowledge advance the causes to which it relates. In all his years at York he has been an indefatigable traveller, visiting churches overseas in most parts of the world, and spending some time in Moscow in the war. His range of reading and his retentive memory of all he has read are both prodigious. So when he writes about, say, Humanism, Communism, Democracy, or the Deified State he never utters words without knowledge. His writing, too, though never exciting is always readable, and a judicious use of personal reminiscence helps the reader along. Perhaps the highest qualification of all is his readiness to apply to the Church all the disturbing change which he tells us we must accept and try to consecrate in the world, for this book is intended to be the third of a trilogy, the

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first two of which were concerned with the fitness of the Church of England to be the Body of Christ and to serve the people in a deeply revolutionary epoch.

Here then is an Archbishop who calmly and realistically accepts the fact of revolution, and who is convinced that only by accepting it with understanding can the Church hope to influence its course and turn it at last into the only kind of revolution in which all alike are victorious. That in itself is a gesture of some importance. But how does he believe that the Church can do this? By applying reform to her own internal life more resolutely than she has yet done—and his earlier two books contain his ideas of how this might be done. Then by realizing how exactly Christian theology answers the deepest questions of ordinary people who at present create the wrong kind of revolution because they have had (or think they have had) only dusty answers. Finally by accepting the need of revolution but at the same time tempering its iconoclasm by the timelessness of its worship.

However great public anxiety or private sorrow, the priest will always say at the altar: "It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee" and the people will always join with him in saying: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory."

The French have been trying to build up what they call a Third Force in politics, and though it does not work very well it is in actual existence, a method already on offer of pursuing social change peacefully and by consent. There seems to be a real need for a corresponding Third Force in the sphere of world revolution. At the back of the Archbishop's thinking there lurk hints that this may be his purpose, and that he sees our nation as aspiring, unconsciously but really, after this rôle, and the Church as giving this Third Force its soul. This is exactly the sort of book which can further such a conception.

THE PROBLEM OF POWER,
by Lord Radcliffe of Werneth. *Secker & Warburg.* 8s. 6d.

What the B.B.C. should do with the Reith Lectures is not an easy question. In the first official statements about their foundation the idea seemed to be that they should make an original contribution to knowledge; but this none of them has done. Lord Radcliffe's reflections on power, however, born in the study but also in life—he was, for instance, chairman of the commission that fixed the boundary between India and Pakistan—must have had great usefulness. Probably some hundreds of thousands heard his talks, and we can be sure that among them the regular readers of books of political theory could be numbered in hundreds. It was an educational opportunity nobly taken.

State power was his subject. He had to limit his theme, and he makes no references to economic power, or to those struggles for power between two personalities which can sometimes devastate the domestic scene. Beginning with Plato, he passes on to the Middle Ages where all earthly authority was healthily checked by the religious "conception of a universal moral law, ruling majestically over all human affairs." Locke, Rousseau, the makers of the American constitution—all of them Lord Radcliffe succeeds in relating to their own times and to the present day. There is an excellent chapter of practical illustration when the history of the foundation of British rule in India is re-told to show that absolute power need not corrupt.

This indeed is where the lectures cut valuably across the current of popular thought. "It has been part of the cant of English life for so long to speak of power as an evil thing, an intoxicating thing, a corrupting thing. I call it cant because all experience shows that the British are singularly fitted to the exercise of authority . . ." This is an interesting and sanguine view, but there are good reasons why Acton's famous dictum has been so long in fashion. In an

* *In an Age of Revolution*, by Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.

age of moral scepticism and economic insecurity, power must needs be viewed doubtfully by men of goodwill. When right and wrong appear indistinctly the application of power is more troublesome to a man of scruple than when he is entirely settled in his mind as to where right lies. A distrust of power springs partly from confusion in the moral sphere. Again, as Lord Radcliffe seems to hint, temptations to the misuse of power are less when the ruling class has well-lined pockets. Clive, after immensely enriching himself, demanded the highest standards from the administrators under him. The Victorians were of remarkable probity partly because they were so well-to-do. Power is more tempting and more dangerous when it is all a man may have. It is extremely natural for the present generation to sense this fact.

While Lord Radcliffe says much about restraints on State power in the past, he has less to offer for the present, though he is anxious over our concentration of power in a sovereign Parliament which is in the hands of a majority party. He relies most, one feels, on the good habit of the popular mind, on the moral inclinations of the nation. Even here he utters a happily phrased caution: "The British have formed the habit of praising their institutions, which are sometimes inept, and of ignoring the character of their race, which is often superb. In the end they will be in danger of losing their character and being left with their institutions: a result disastrous indeed."

WALTER JAMES

GOD, MAN AND STATE : Greek Concepts, by Kathleen Freeman. Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

Classical scholars are remarkably long suffering with a generation that treats them with scant respect. Rebuffed by educationists and ignored by technocrats instead of turning a contemptuous back upon the world they hasten to offer distillations of their labours in a form acceptable to men who could not distin-

guish confidently between Plato and Pluto. Dr. Freeman is foremost among these cupbearers, and she is prepared to play the modernist's game by showing that what she brings is relevant to present interests. Her latest book sketches some of the thoughts of the Greek philosophers about God, man, society, education, and law. Her summaries except in the last case are almost entirely confined to the philosophers, Plato and Aristotle bulking large, but the pre-Socratics, Epicurus and the Stoics getting a hearing too. What the poets and historians had to say about these great matters is not considered. The book is then in no sense another version of the Greek view of life—a ready gauge of this is that Pericles' funeral oration is quoted but twice, once in a footnote. The philosophers, and Plato is no exception, were in their writings well away from the world of men. Some of the things they taught were exceedingly odd, and struck the people of their time as being so, if Aristophanes' judgment is to be trusted. They have left behind theories, not reports on contemporary opinion. But it is theories that Dr. Freeman wishes to make known for, as she says, "because of a lack of knowledge of the history of thought, views are still put forward as new and workable which were exhaustively discussed and closely examined over 2,000 years ago by some of the acutest minds the world has ever produced." Her summaries are clear and for their generality exact, and she makes intelligible reconstructions of the oracular fragments of the early philosophers. She only occasionally discusses the topical relevance of the theories she outlines though she does take care to relate them to each other.

The most striking anticipations of modern theory are also the most superficial—Leucippus' atomic theory of matter or Anaximander's beliefs about the evolution of the human species. It is rather in Plato's discussion of the functions of the State, or the views of Aristotle or Epicurus about the purpose of life, or the arguments between Socrates and the Sophists about the nature of

truth that the old ground is uncovered on which modern controversialists make their stand, often without being acquainted with the earlier tenants. There are after all only a finite number of radically different views that are possible about these things, and it is not so much the merit of the Greeks that they thought of so many of them as that they discussed them with an uncommon instinct for essentials. That is what makes a study of them so much more rewarding than the study of any comparable body of writings. But they will not do everything for a twentieth century theorist. They had their Hobbes, their Hegel, their Russell, and the rest, but there have been three arrivals they did not anticipate, Jesus Christ, Marx and Freud. Greek concepts will not cover these three, yet no theory will do for to-day that does not take account of the truths or falsehoods of their teaching.

OWEN HICKEY

CHRISTIANITY PAST AND PRESENT, by Basil Willey. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

In this volume the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge addresses that not inconsiderable body of men and women whom the uncertainties and unsettlements of our time have driven to consider afresh the possible validity of Christian faith. Many such people have inherited from the last two generations their suspicions of it and they occupy that borderline position where they at one and the same time both long for it and yet suspect it. He has set out to answer the burning question as to how a man can find his way to that Christian faith and where he begins that pilgrimage.

Few can be better qualified to answer that specific question, for Professor Willey has clearly felt in himself the tensions which vex the mind of the modern man at this point, and the solution he offers is one that he has come by not without wrestling. He knows the history

of Christianity and he has an innate sense of the importance, both theological and practical, of the real issues that are involved. We have here therefore no fainéant and over-simplified solution, born of half knowledge, such as books of this type often proffer to vex, and rightly vex, the theologian. What Professor Willey has written demands attention, not only by those on the border-line of Christian faith, but also by the leaders of the churches. The former will find the book not only delightful to read because of the urbanity and grace of its style, but because it speaks, as few books have done of late, so directly to their condition, while ecclesiastical statesmen will see their task more precisely.

The Church has recovered, Professor Willey notes, a note of aggressive confidence. The claim is openly made that the Gospel is not to be judged by the world, but the world by the Gospel. That new confidence has been reinforced partly because the plain facts of mundane existence seem to bear testimony to the truth of some great, basic Christian contentions, partly because there seems to be a self-energized futility in the working out of humanistic schemes for world-betterment and partly, because largely under the influence of Kierkegaard, and further back, of Coleridge, the fact of moral religion, understood as choice in face of a given situation, has made large headway in the churches themselves.

Professor Willey does not join in the somewhat indiscriminating chorus of praise of Kierkegaard which is to-day fashionable, but he does believe that at that point Kierkegaard gave us a very deep and needful insight, and, accepting it, one logical consequence follows. The contemporary weight attached to dogmatic religion is counterbalanced by a healthy insistence that religion is primarily a matter of choice; it is a moral adventure, not a blind acceptance of theological statements of belief. It is what a man is in himself and what the world is actually in itself

that bid him "stand and deliver" and say 'yea' or 'nay' to Christian faith. That means repentance, and that in turn means the discovery of new spiritual power. I do not think that I gravely mistake Professor Willey's thesis when I say that he would rephrase Augustine's famous dictum and say "*Poenitentia facta quod vis crede*", for he believes that the inherent logic of forgiveness would safeguard the rightness of a man's thinking.

This volume has about it the freshness of a spring day. It is not to be pretended that it answers all the questions and the book itself cries aloud for two additional lectures—one dealing with the logic of forgiveness for our understanding of the nature of God, and the second setting forth the implications of forgiveness for ethics—but concerning the profundity and truth of its main contention there can be no doubt.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT

INFLATION, by Paul Einzig. *Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SOVEREIGNTY, by R. H. Hawtrey. *Longmans*. 24s.

Dr. Einzig's book reads partly like a very long article in an encyclopaedia, and partly like a tract for the times. To describe it in this way is to praise it. For the book gives us on the one hand a clear account, divided into brief chapters, examining inflation from every point of view, and agreeably free from economic fads and political bias. On the other hand, he does set his examination within the framework of to-day's, or rather, of last year's Britain—a welfare State with full employment and with taxation at the maximum possible.

As an expert of many years' standing, Dr. Einzig knows that inflation cannot be taken in isolation and treated as though it were a problem in physics or chemistry. Inflation is a phenomenon affecting money; one can put it in this abstract form if one wants to. But if a useful result is to be reached, one must go further and consider the nature of the different

groups of people who handle the money, and the relations between them. Inflation, in other words, is a matter of psychology and of power relations as much as of abstract economics. A tax cannot be regarded simply as a transfer of so-and-so much purchasing power from the private to the public sector of the national economy. It may or may not be passed on to the consumer; it may or may not result in an agitation for higher wages, or in a withdrawal of savings, or in a higher velocity in the turnover of money. (The last point might have been examined rather more fully; it played a large, perhaps the main, part in the rising trend of prices during the last three years.) And the way in which the public react will depend upon such factors as their self-discipline, their saving habits, and the distribution of power among trade unions, investors and pensioners, to name three groups only.

Possibly Dr. Einzig rather overestimates the element of power outside the Government. No doubt a time comes when taxation loses its efficacy to repress inflation, but one is inclined to think that he rather exaggerates its tendency to become actually inflationary. Certainly in other quarters this doctrine has been unduly stressed by interested parties. It is probably from an exaggerated sense of the limits of what Government policy can do to counter inflation that Dr. Einzig suggests rather timid remedies—State lottery loans, loans having a guaranteed purchasing power, and a revived national savings drive. His strongest remedy is the temporary suspension of the social services—and this particular method flies to the other extreme. On the other hand Dr. Einzig is certainly right in suggesting that in to-day's circumstances lower expenditure is more effective, as an anti-inflationary force, than higher taxation. It is hard to think of any practicable retrenchment which will not be unpopular with somebody in the Britain of to-day, but that is no excuse for weakness on the part of the Government in power.

Professor Hawtrey's book is described as a second edition of the work first pub-

lished in 1930; in fact, it is a reprint of the first edition plus six chapters added to bring the story up to date. The size of the book is in this way nearly doubled.

The original portion is based on lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston early in 1929—a time when Locarno was still a powerful charm, if not a powerful reality, and when the great depression and Hitler were still to come. The League, in other words, had not yet been tested.

The additional section was written in gloomier circumstances, and, one cannot help feeling, in a spirit of greater realism. How can the power of sovereign States be restrained? Not by the sanctions which were the *ultima ratio* of the League: "Any attempt to coerce a great power is likely . . . to degenerate into . . . a war to enforce peace, which is a contradiction in terms." An alternative must be found. Professor Hawtrey examines the Schuman Plan with great care, and passes thence to the idea of a composing commission as a supranational authority. But he dares give no affirmative answer to the question whether power politics can ever be eradicated.

W. H. JOHNSTON

TRAINING AND PROMOTION IN NATIONALISED INDUSTRY, by The Acton Society Trust. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

The nationalization of industries in this country has been regarded by many people as a dangerous experiment but it must now be clear to all that this experiment must be made to work, and quickly, if we are to survive. Many famous and effective organizations, whether for production or to give service, have been built; their speed of growth and ultimate size have however always been under the control of the executive chiefs.

The Acton Society Trust's book gives a vivid picture of what happens when sturdy and independently proud units both large and small are suddenly and forcibly brought together under one re-

mote board, authority, council or commission. (It is interesting but confusing to find this lack of uniformity of titles at all levels.) This is probably the first time that all the main factors concerning the aspirations of the people employed by all the nationalized industries have been set down and discussed and the writers have been remarkably successful in producing a readable book of reference and comment from such a vast mass of varying and confusing material. Sections on training, promotion, and personnel organization describe the actual practice in the coal, transport, electricity and gas industries. The wide differences of habit and desire that must exist even in one "industry" are clearly seen in gas, where the Board took over 1,000 undertakings employing 140,000, and while one company alone employed 20,000 at least 30 others had staffs of less than ten. Small wonder that the problem of giving only "a considerable degree of equality in opportunity over unprecedentedly large areas" still remains unsolved in the multiplicity of training programmes described.

A study of the sections on promotion however makes the problem of training look but a matter of money and mechanics because the permissible choice of candidates for promotion is largely controlled by all the deep-rooted prohibitions bred in an age of fear and favouritism. Should promotion be on seniority alone as in railways or on proved experience and knowledge as in the pits? Should people be moved from one district to another and should 'outsiders' be given good jobs? These and many other searching questions are asked and discussed in a provocative manner. "Here, in short, is a basic problem of large-scale organisation: how can one reap the advantages of a centralized policy without irking or restricting the initiative of local management?" But since it is suggested that "the real barrier to the developments of this side of training policy lies less in the sphere of organization than in the minds of the managers" one is tempted to wonder if

it is not necessary to irk the few for the benefit of the many.

This book should be studied by members of the nationalized industries themselves for "only if men have some understanding of the wider issues involved can they take an intelligent part in the process of consultation" which alone can lead to acceptable, and hence, workable solutions to this huge task.

W. J. N. SOWELS

THE VICTORIAN TEMPER: A Study in Literary Culture, by Jerome Hamilton Buckley. *Allen & Unwin*. 30s.

The faults in Mr. Buckley's book are those of style rather than opinion. He is too fond of unacknowledged quotation, and though, in a survey like this, he must suggest generalities by careful concentration of details, his intensity sometimes makes for over-writing or heavy and even unintelligible reading. These criticisms apart, however, one may congratulate him on his scholarly and often entertaining survey.

He begins with an analysis of Victorianism, and the age has indeed been distorted by sweeping indictments. One cannot generalize about the Victorians: they were apathetic and progressive, materialist and religious, a combination of strong contradictions which can only rouse strong favour or such comments as that of the critic who called "the entire Victorian age a neurosis."

In literature the Victorians had to begin by seeking new values; for Keats, Shelley and Byron had long since died, Wordsworth and Coleridge had declined in creative power, and there remained no major exponents of the old Romantic ideals. Thus the new generation chose its standards by elimination, and the earliest Victorian trend was anti-Romanticism. Tennyson found Wordsworth "too diffuse and didactic," Carlyle dismissed Coleridge as "flabby and irresolute" and Byron was out of favour

by the 1850's; even Keats and Shelley were condemned (though again by Carlyle) as "miserable" and "infinitely too weak." But the anti-Romantic movement also found a positive expression, not so much in Dickens, as Mr. Buckley suggests, as in parodies by Thackeray and middle-class satire by Hood, who stood midway between the eighteenth-century humorists and the socially-minded mid-Victorians. There followed the Spasmodic school, eccentrics who shared, as Mr. Buckley describes it, only "a fairly coherent philosophy of incoherence"; but the work of Bailey and Buchanan is of interest merely to the specialist or to the student who would trace the Spasmodic influence upon authors of greater moment. Mr. Buckley's account of Tennyson's struggle to control his Spasmodic impulse, and his final acceptance of Victorian citizenship, is one of the most thoughtful chapters in the book. Another is "The Pattern of Conversion" in which he makes a most interesting study of symbolic baptism in Victorian literature, comparing versions of the Twenty-third Psalm, suggesting the significance of *The Water Babies* and the powerful use of water imagery in Dickens; there are water symbols in Tennyson's work from a childhood lyric to the time of "Crossing the Bar."

Another aspect of Victorianism, unrelated to the title of the book, is Victorian taste, and Mr. Buckley's account of it is entertaining light relief. A description of some exhibits at the Crystal Palace, the multiple-purpose furniture like the "couch-bed-life-preserver-water-closet" or the "grand buffet of M. Fourdinois" could hardly fail to cause a smile; it is less pleasant to read that Landseer deliberately exploited the bad taste of the public, and one recalls with surprise that the Prince Consort, who added so wisely to the royal collection, could also design a centrepiece decorated with models of a dead hare, a caged rat, and the remains of a dead one. Such achievements, as much as literary diatribes, mark the distance between Romantic and mid-Victorian, a strange

and complete divorce of beauty from truth.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

EDWARD LEAR'S JOURNALS: A Selection, edited by Herbert Van Thal. *Arthur Barker*. 21s.

Edward Lear died over 60 years ago. Nowadays, he is chiefly remembered for his engaging nonsense and his pleasantly funny drawings. Often, the idioms of yesterday's humour fail to amuse us today; but Lear's fun is exceptional. Perhaps it has a quality of enduring appeal. Perhaps, curiously, it anticipates one of the moods of the contemporary sense of comedy. At any rate, there is no doubt that a number of present-day artists have derived their style and approach from a careful study of Lear's uniquely personal and delightful absurdities. But the charm of Lear's nonsense has beguiled attention from the fact that he was essentially a serious artist who devoted most of his life and energy to landscape-painting.

In his excellent book on Lear, Angus Davidson tells how, when staying at a Calabrian inn, Lear overheard a young Englishman describe him as "nothing but a dirty d—d landscape-painter" and how, thereafter, Lear had delightedly styled himself—"Edward Lear—Dirty Landscape-Painter." His decision to paint landscapes was made in 1835 when he was about 23. Hitherto, he had been employed in making accurate and minutely detailed drawings of animals and birds. He did this exacting work to perfection; but his eyesight had never been strong, and he had been troubled with asthmatic and bronchial complaints. Landscape-painting not only offered some relief from continued eye strain, but presented favourable opportunities of going abroad to warmer climates. In 1837, he left for Italy; thenceforward, much of his life was spent out of England. He was a prodigious traveller who found his way to remote and obscure places, endured frequent and considerable hardships and occasionally met truly

hazardous circumstances.

Throughout his journeys he kept continuous records. He drew incessantly, often in the most discouraging conditions; he wrote vivid commentaries in his journals. Herbert Van Thal has assembled passages from Lear's journals of his travels in Greece and Albania, southern Calabria, Corsica and, finally, an account of his exciting and dangerous excursion to Petra. The book contains only four reproductions of Lear's drawings which, though admirable as examples of explicit draughtsmanship, seem a little lifeless by comparison with the sparkling, descriptive vigour of the writing. Nevertheless, they serve well as illustrations and prompt a wish that more had been included.

It is a pity, perhaps, that the editor did not provide a short biographical note in order to relate the journeys to the context of Lear's life. That is not to say that the extracts are, in themselves, insufficient; for Lear had all the gifts of an ideal commentator, a skilled use of words, quick, enthusiastic observation, a ready understanding of people and their circumstances and, above all, an irrepressible sense of humour. The reader may well find himself echoing the appreciative words that Tennyson wrote to Lear after the publication of the Greek and Albanian journals:

"With such a pencil, such a pen,
You shadow forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

ELIZABETH GASKELL: Her Life and Work, by A. B. Hopkins. *John Lehmann*. 21s.

Mrs. Gaskell and her family were anxious that no biography should appear after her death. She herself, having written the life of Charlotte Brontë, had run into a tempest. Not only, it was probably argued, was a parallel storm to be avoided, but the old controversies might easily start up again. The *Life* had appeared in 1857, and its author died

only eight years later. Nor was this work the only one to arouse an outcry. Accustomed as we have so long been to welcome her as the gracious portrayer of the ladies of *Cranford*, we tend to forget that she fought for human rights and justice, shocking the proverbial country parsonage (and she a minister's wife!) when she published *Ruth*. Its theme of the fallen woman was an anticipation, by 40 years, of Hardy's *Tess* which, in its own time, still caused hearty rumbling. The family fear was to persist in frozen form until 1913 when, as Miss Hopkins regretfully notes, the last remaining of Mrs. Gaskell's daughters prepared her conscience for death by destroying those letters and papers she had kept.

The loss seems not to have been so serious, if we may judge by Miss Hopkins' new biography, the most fully documented and correctly focussed that has yet appeared. What mainly evades her in its detail is the early life. This leaves a certain area of conjecture, festooned with those uncomfortable phrases that indicate the historian whose feet are dangling: "She must have felt"—"We may readily picture"—"It seems more than probable . . ." Miss Hopkins might, with courage, have jumped all these; for, once the young Elizabeth Stevenson is married, the material is clamorous enough, and keeps the narrator busy sorting and assembling. There is little of the *Cranford* ease in Mrs. Gaskell who, without any self-conscious challenge over woman's position, came nearer than most in her day to the nice balancing of home life with professional demands. She never neglected husband, children and household; she never let down an editor over an instalment of her serial works. When she did fall to argument with Charles Dickens—her most regular editor—her inflexible attitude on questions of quality was the cause. As Miss Hopkins' composite picture makes clear, Mrs. Gaskell was herself a personality, not of the parading, egotistic sort, but determined, if need be, to the point of obstinacy; at the same time sympathetic, almost over-honest, loving and lovable.

In society she was elegant, cool and self-possessed; with every outward advantage over Charlotte the country mouse. Even as a novelist her range is wider and her contacts, but for Charlotte's time abroad, more varied. Her books had a readier market, and the years and health she sacrificed to her friend's biography seemed hardly worth the pains. Time was to show.

From this all-round study, perceptive yet impartial enough, Mrs. Gaskell emerges with a broader reputation. A newly-printed correspondence with her publisher George Clark shows the extent of her interest and curiosity, and the warmth of her prejudice. It was, for example, a shock to her to find that her admired George Eliot was that Marian Evans whose union to the hated Lewes she deplored. This attitude throws a light on Mrs. Gaskell's own position as a novelist falling short of the first rank. Her sympathies were divided. While pleading for the exploited worker or the woman of lost virtue she still belonged to her own class, giving to the under-dog in pity what might often have been claimed as right. Her realism, as Miss Hopkins points out, may look now like romanticism. In humour she falls short of Jane Austen, in intellectual power of George Eliot, in intensity of the Brontës. But because she is well worth studying as both woman and writer this biography, which could hardly have enraged her family, is a notable piece of portraiture.

SYLVA NORMAN

THE SOUTHERN MARCHES, by H. J. Massingham. *Robert Hale*. 21s.

It is appropriate that over this book there should seem to rest continually a blessing of rainbows—appropriate both to the place described and to Mr. Massingham's inspired description of it. He himself owns that the task of re-exploring this luxurious stretch of the Welsh borderlands was accepted "upon the thoughtless spontaneity of naked love"; and the mood of love permeates every

chapter of this exceptional book. I have read with pleasure and profit most of the author's 40 books, and for me this is one of the best of them.

Mr. Massingham's special triumph as a country writer is that, long before it became (shall I say?) the fashion, he was declaring in the most forthright terms the necessity for an ecological approach. Oneness is all. He was therefore just the man to give us an interpretive study of one of the most abounding regions in the country, being so skilled in the detection of that unifying spirit which informs the local diversity, binding crop and stock, art and craft, architecture and character. The result is that, as we accompany him on his journeys down the valleys of Usk and Wye, borrowing his discerning eye and enjoying the benefit of his wide knowledge, the place lives for us in his pages as in the reality itself.

Untiringly Mr. Massingham has proclaimed the unequivocal need for a return to an economy based on this acceptance of the oneness, the wholeness, of life, and the same message informs his present book. Not that this is a book of nostrums. Rather it is a clear, glowing picture, to the painting of which both heart and mind have brought an equal passion. We see the farms and the work that goes on there, the villages and the life in them, the churches and the dedicated art of them.

Mr. Massingham is sometimes compared with Cobbett, but the comparison is superficial. Admittedly, like Cobbett, he may measure the excellence of a scene by the soundness of its husbandry rather than by any aesthetic standards, as when he rightly admires the Golden Valley primarily for its mixed, non-predatory farming. Like Cobbett, too, he may rage against what he considers abuses of the national well-being, as when he rounds on the Forestry Commission's addiction to conifers—"Are pit-props our only form of wealth?" But, unlike Cobbett, he sees everywhere the cultural life of the spirit without which even the best husbandry would be but the curse of Cain. For his parallels and instances he is

therefore as apt to draw on art as on nature, taking it for granted, as he should, that his readers will be alert to the purport of his references to, say, John Martin's paintings or North's Plutarch or the mystical poems of Henry Vaughan. (Only to music, oddly enough, does he seem a stranger.) And, what sets him even further apart from Cobbett, he is constantly mindful of the religious motives governing life at every turn, so that Tintern Abbey, for instance, is recreated here not so much as a picturesque ruin as a poignant reminder of the Cistercian economy that was once its mainspring.

As the first volume of a new series of regional books, under the same imprint and editorship as the deservedly popular County Books, *The Southern Marches* sets a high standard; indeed, we shall be lucky if future volumes come but up to the shoulder of this one. The map included as an end paper is, I admit, an improvement on those which rather unhelpfully accompanied the County Books, but it could still be bettered. Also, a more personal choice of photographs would surely have been acceptable in a text so charged with the rich personality of its author.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE ORACLE, by Edwin O'Connor. *Reinhardt & Evans*. 10s. 6d.

THE DRINKER, by Hans Fallada. *Putnam*. 12s. 6d.

THE MOON AND THE BONFIRE, by Cesare Pavese. *John Lehmann*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Edwin O'Connor's satirical first novel *The Oracle* starts a shade grotesquely with a plump pundit broadcasting in the nude during a heat-wave to a nation-wide audience of radio-conditioned morons. Thereafter Mr. O'Connor whole-heartedly debunks the peculiarly American institution of the folksy but infallible radio commentator, and his slick, embittered little *tour de force* ranks with Charles Yale Harrison's

Nobody's Fool and John P. Marquand's *So Little Time* among the effective, if often ephemeral, sociological novels that have laid bare the foibles and worse of the New World's way of life. One terms *The Oracle* a *tour de force* because of the devastating effectiveness with which, in its stream-lined style, it scores its points against chosen targets and tells a story at great pace, with unflagging tension, rounding it off with a neat yet satisfying ending. Both pace and stream-lining have their dangers and at times the satire is used more as a bludgeon than a rapier and the commentator becomes little more than a caricatured buffoon while others, such as his wife and father-in-law, although not just 'flat' characters, are sketched in the round with, one may say, too faint a pencil. The commentator's mistress is a stock figure in stock situations and at times the novelist veers between documentary treatment, satire and fantasy. More compassion would let in light to his dark view of his fellow mortals. Or is this cavilling because he has chosen a satiric rather than a humanistic approach? At least, Mr. O'Connor has well written a pungent first novel about people and things he dislikes. One may evaluate his status as a novelist when he essays the harder task of dramatizing virtue in action.

The late Hans Fallada, in his last novel *The Drinker*, plumbs the depths of human misery although one cannot quite claim that he achieves a Dostoevsky-like insight into the lone places of the heart. *The Drinker* traces the process of disintegration of a middle-class German grocer from dipsomania to lunacy and the tale is told, by the grocer, with an excruciating, ironic detachment and the evocation of a stifling, twilight atmosphere of frustration and despair that recalls the novels of Georges Simenon and, in comparable passages, Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend*. The author wrote this novel in prison on a murder charge and presumably its prison scenes, if not those in the asylum, are based on first-hand experience. It is sad that this tormented work should be the

last that Fallada gave to the world. It is a bleak yet compelling document but its limitations of scope must be recognized. There is really no spiritual struggle—just complete moral abdication due, we must suppose, not to weakness but to mental instability. Thus the novel inevitably becomes rather a case-history than a tragic drama. The translation by Charlotte and A. L. Lloyd, though one may suspect that it misses some nuances, is expertly unobtrusive.

Cesare Pavese's last novel, admirably translated by Louise Sinclair, is slower-paced, more reflective and more pastoral. *The Moon and the Bonfire* is a chiaroscuro of immediate and recollected impressions by a bastard Italian who has prospered in America and returns after the war to his native village. The theme is that of vain searching for the past, for old companions who are dead or gone or, which is worse, unrecognizably changed, and for lost emotions of youth that have atrophied or been killed by disillusionment. Signor Pavese conveys the significance of the peasant's attachment to the soil—what life means here on earth, with roots or without them—and the Piedmont background is evoked imaginatively, at times poetically, as when mountain villages at night become "nests of stars in the black sky." An elegiac strain runs through the book and there is something Russian in the passivity of its despair; the despair, one feels, of a religious mind without faith, with a hint of sadness from the pagan world. The moon and the bonfire of the title each have somewhat obscure symbolic significance and are also to do with ancient sorceries; what the French call *sortilèges*. Pavese once translated William Faulkner and has clearly been influenced by him. There are moments in *The Moon and the Bonfire* when we recognize Faulkner's emotionally volcanic, elemental world translated from the Deep South to Italian soil.

LUKE PARSONS

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

The television newsreel showing of Miss Sarah Churchill unveiling a memorial tablet to the American grandmother she so much resembles is a charming footnote to the reading of her father's biography of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (*Odhams Press*. 21s.), the happy husband of Jenny Jerome. It is nearly 50 years since Mr. Winston Churchill began his "diligent labour" of sorting and assembling 11 large tin boxes of documents which had to be welded into this massive record, now revised and enlarged,* of a short but politically crucial life. The 25-year-old Member for Woodstock's maiden speech "had fire and fluency" said Disraeli "and showed energy of thought and character"; 12 years later, and but seven before his death in 1895, the "Democratic Tory" was announcing his resignation from the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Parallels come crowding the mind and speculation is encouraged—not least on what the subsequent career of Lord Randolph might have held had his span been as long as his son's. Certain it is, as Mr. Churchill affirms, that the father's words could be quoted as living contributions to the affairs of to-day. As for the son: half a century away his language had that same felicity this generation takes for granted, and his gift for the quotation that illumines not only the subject but the quality of his own mind was never more plainly demonstrated than in the chapter headings here.

From a Polish childhood

It is hard to realize, so irrepressible is the Prime Minister, that he was writing so well so long ago. Yet it is equally hard to realize that so short a time ago the contemporary *Lord Jim* was written, or *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*. Probably the effect of shock is caused by the violence of the pendulum's swing, from respectful laudation to utter and pro-

longed neglect, in the period since. With CONRAD: A Reassessment (*Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge*. 10s. 6d.) Douglas Hewitt comes to the rescue. Nobody would be inclined to doubt that Conrad "did his best work comparatively early," but just how good that best was, is the congenial task of this chronological study to emphasize. The first books and stories being sufficient in themselves, we are reminded that on them must be based any assessment of Conrad's importance and therefore that it is unreasonable to be disappointed "at the marked inferiority" of most of his later output. The man who said: "*Nostromo* is finished; a fact upon which my friends may congratulate me as upon a recovery from a dangerous illness," was not merely a Pole writing in English, surprising or even freakish as such a feat might seem; with that masterpiece "*Tale of the Seaboard*" alone, produced out of the agonies of craftsmanship, he was enriching and ennobling English literature.

"Good Lord, deliver us"

In some quarters the author of MIRACLE AT CARVILLE (*John Lehmann*. 12s. 6d.) has been scolded for not attempting any agonies of craftsmanship in the shaping of her book. This seems an irrelevant criticism, first because she is not and has no desire to be a professional writer and, secondly and supremely, she has endured for herself such special and hellish agonies as no novelist, however accomplished, could adequately imagine or impart. Moreover, for one grateful reader the narrative is entirely redeemed from the commonplace by its burning sincerity. (No critic apparently has cared to exercise his wit regardless of the truth by summing it up as 'all my eye and Betty Martin'.) This is the autobiography of the 19-year-old Betty Martin (though this was not her name, married or single, for in 1927 neither in New Orleans nor anywhere else in the

* with no provision in 12 columns of index for THE FORTNIGHTLY—an exclusion, let it be added, shared by *Hansard*, *Punch* and *The Times*.

world could her real one be so branded) who discovered during the Christmas holidays that she was a leper. It took 20 years to cure her, for in 1947 chaulmoogra oil, which had been used for centuries in the treatment of leprosy (now clinically and mercifully called Hansen's disease), was discarded because the sulphones—promin and diasone—had been discovered, tried and triumphantly proved. Life at Carville, the national leprosarium, is shown to have been sustained by faith—sometimes, as in the author's case, in God, always in the patient research and skill of noble doctors. She learned to make her own bacteriological tests, to help the editor of the hospital paper, to earn money in various ways, and to organize campaigns outside to remove the disease from "the stigmatic, generic, biblical" terminology which precluded the infliction of indignities, such as being deprived of the right to vote. She found love, and for all mankind as well, shed the unthinking selfishness of youth and the last traces of self-pity. Betty Martin now has her wish, expressed in the first verse of her little poem "Yearning" which swept through the United States:

I pray that God reserves for me—
Until the day when I'm set free—
A bit of earth where I may roam;
A place to call my very own.

Blossom time

It is the recurrent need of lesser mortals too, this bit of earth, whether it be for our own garden plot, or for lane and wood and hillside and stream. Just anywhere in the open air BRITISH FLOWERS IN COLOUR (*Odham's Press*, 21s.) would be an acceptable companion. Its 200 and more illustrations may be pored over for their own sake, or for the sterner purpose of identification. B. L. Burtt, the editor, besides writing the Introduction and the chapters "Some Common and Widespread Plants", "Ornamental Trees and Shrubs" and "The Flower Garden", has marshalled a team of enthusiastic experts to discuss in their respective articles such themes as

woodland herbs, meadows and pastures, chalk downs, heath, bog and moor, maritime plants, alpines, and native trees. For "recognition, study and appreciation" the book is factually satisfying without restricting our fanciful flights from the wild lupins of the Orkneys to a mass of phlox in an East London garden.

The open door

A little further east, at Chislehurst in Kent, "a well-kept garden with trim flower beds, smooth lawns and ornamental statuary" was the last retreat of NAPOLEON III IN ENGLAND (*British Technical & General Press*, 18s.). Ivor Guest traces the exile's ups and downs of fortune that led him eventually to the French throne. His sixth journey to England was on a State visit to Queen Victoria. Then came the Franco-German war and he was once more in the wilderness. In 1871 he returned; at Camden Place he lived with his Empress Eugenie and from here two years later he was carried to his burial place in the local church of St. Mary's. His is a twilight world, at least for most English readers, and Mr. Guest's bright and kindly lamp reveals, together with much research on his part, an unexpected interest, sympathy and comprehension on ours, mingled with reawakened pride and hope in England as the traditional host.

Those who would learn more (and like their history unorthodox), should turn to SECOND EMPIRE MEDLEY (also *B.T. & G. Press*, 15s.); to this Ivor Guest contributes a chapter "The Heyday of the Cancan". W. H. Holden edits a symposium in which, as a pendant to the last book, Macdonald Critchley's "A Medical History of Napoleon III" caught the immediate eye. The numerous illustrations, disconcertingly (though in a miscellany permissibly) in groups away from their appropriate texts, help to fortify the impression that "monarchy's last fling in France" was a gay, brilliant, extravagant affair, cloaking some solid achievement in art and industry.

GRACE BANYARD

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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MR. CHURCHILL'S GOVERNMENT

MR. CHURCHILL'S reputation as the greatest living Englishman has never been in doubt since 1940; his reputation as an administrator and a policy maker has violently oscillated throughout the whole of his life. As the wartime Coalition showed, he can invoke admiration in a variety of rôles. His repertoire ranges from the desperate cavalier through the urbane political tactician to the elder statesman and the *enfant terrible*. It was in the last rôle that he lost the election of 1945, and his reported comment that Lord Baldwin could have pulled it off revealed a deep insight into the character of the electorate. It was in a combination of the parts of patriot king and experienced public servant that he won the election of 1951. In the last few weeks, he has shown a tendency to revert to the immediate post-war phase with the difference, which has done nothing to increase his stock in public confidence that he is now the head of a Government, not the leader of an Opposition remote from the prospect of office.

Although the exact significance of the local elections cannot be known, they reveal a noticeable swing of the pendulum. It was local elections which heralded the revolt against the Socialists, and now that they are fought on party lines it is impossible to disregard the evidence they offer as it could have been disregarded before the war. Mr. Churchill's Government are losing ground in the country, and it is depressing for a Government to know that nothing but the statutory duration of a Parliament stands between them and extinction.

All the evidence suggests, however, that Mr. Churchill and his colleagues were punished at the local elections for their handling of affairs as well as for their policies. They have done things which were bound to alienate those of their supporters who hoped, often on the strength of dishonest electoral professions, that the election of a Tory Government would mean a sudden translation to the conditions of 1938, and the outbreak of unemployment in Lancashire has helped to confirm the fears of those who believed that it would mean a return to 1931. For the middle classes, the Conservative victory has meant, as a result of Mr. Butler's manipulation of the Bank Rate, the unaccustomed necessity to live within their incomes. The cost of living on which the election was won has not gone down perceptibly, and only a panic-stricken concession to public opinion has stopped it from increasing in one particularly noticeable

respect, transport fares. It is little wonder that the Government are *losing ground*.

It is equally clear that this is the kind of ground which they should have expected to lose. The Government came to power on the strength of a promise to administer efficiently without class bias or sectarian prejudice. The crusade on which Mr. Churchill embarked with no less flourish than the circumstances justified, could not be converted into a national picnic without abandoning the policy typified in Mr. Butler's Budget, the policy of keeping enough central control to protect the weak against disaster and letting the facts of economic life speak just loudly enough to stimulate effort. If the policy had been energetically pursued, a good many of the crusaders who joined up last November would have contracted out *en route*, but by the end of five years its fruits might have been apparent. As a party tactician no less than a national statesman Mr. Churchill was obliged to defy public opinion, but to do so successfully his Government must be and must appear to be efficient.

The impression is gaining ground that Mr. Churchill is forgetting this fact. Whenever the Prime Minister's reputation is on the decline his critics say the same things about him. He is looking at national politics with the eyes of an Edwardian tactician. He is going in for last-minute improvisation and, most insistent of all, he is keeping bad company. The stock instance of this last vice is said to be his affection for the overlords. The difference between the chairman of a Cabinet committee with co-ordinating functions and a co-ordinator acting as chairman of a Cabinet committee may be small but mishandling and confused statements have certainly made it appear large. Traditionally the bullying of departmental Ministers takes place under the cover of Cabinet secrecy. Yet, if the co-ordinators were politicians with parliamentary ability and the opportunity to exercise it in the Lower House, instead of unorthodox strong men of the kind which Mr. Churchill so often collects about him, less might have been said.

From all this the Government survive, but the still more precarious survival of the Conservative Party depends on its indifference to sudden changes of opinion, and on its broad consistency of policy. Very little that is concrete has yet gone wrong. Mr. Butler is still stopping lending; he has not been panic-stricken by the reappearance of unemployment. But it is right that the warning note should be struck at the first signs of a recrudescence of Churchillian brilliance. The Government's future depend on their not being regarded primarily as an instrument of the Prime Minister's intuitive flare. Mr. Churchill makes as convincing a sage as an *enfant terrible*, and the time for recasting has arrived.

DR. MALAN

BY L. E. NEAME

AMONG the embarrassments of the democratic world must be included Dr. D. F. Malan. At the parades of the western powers and their allies the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa is apt to fall out of step or even to face in the opposite direction. At one moment he rejects the requests of the United Nations and hints that if they are unduly pressed he will withdraw from the association. At another he tells the British Government that the continued refusal to meet the Union's wishes in the matter of the Protectorate may foment an agitation in favour of republicanism and secession.

Nor can such monitory and minatory utterances be dismissed as mere "talking to Buncombe". Many people in South Africa heartily dislike Dr. Malan and his ideas. But they know that he is a man who does what he says he will do and damns the consequences. To distant on-lookers he may seem to be a modern Dame Partington trying with her mop and her pattens to push back the waves of the democratic ocean. But South Africa is not Sidmouth, and the ideological tempests that blow in the northern hemisphere are very different from those that sweep across the African sub-continent.

To understand Dr. Malan and his policy he must be viewed against his background and his environment. He is the spokesman of an isolated people who for 300 years have been striving to establish a White nation in a Black continent—an effort that Lord Balfour once described as "something that has never before presented itself in the history of mankind." Dr. Malan talks much of democracy and the voice of the "*volk*". But his democracy has the caste structure of that in the Black Belt of the United States. To him the voice of the "*volk*" means the voice of the Whites.

Two basic facts must be remembered by those who would understand the pattern of life in the Union of South Africa. The first is that the Whites are out-numbered by nearly four to one by non-Whites, which means that their outlook is governed by the instinct of self-preservation and the fear of non-White domination. The second is that the majority of the Whites are, and always have been, Dutch. The Union may be a British Dominion. But it is an Afrikaner land. It has never had as Prime Minister a man of British descent. In its cabinets and its parlia-

ments there has always been a majority of Afrikaners.

When Jan Christian Smuts was a boy of 12 tending geese at Riebeeck West in the old Cape Colony, Daniel François Malan, four years younger, was learning his alphabet on a near-by farm. Both attended the village school. Both went on to the Victoria College at Stellenbosch. Then Smuts studied law at Cambridge and returned to South Africa to become an official in Kruger's republic, a general in the Boer War and finally a world statesman. Dr. Malan left college and worked as a teacher while studying for the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church. He completed his theological training at the University of Utrecht in Holland and returned to the pulpits of the rural Cape. He was a serious-minded young man who held strong views on social and political problems and did not hesitate to ventilate them. Installed in the pulpit of a wine-growing congregation, he preached the virtue of temperance with such vigour that before long he was transferred to minister to the spiritual needs of a sheep-farming area. But most clearly he saw the wrongs suffered by his own people and the misdeeds of British administration and domination.

Having been born a British subject, he took no part in the second Anglo-Boer war, but his sympathies were wholly with the Boers. He was one of the "political *predikants*" who fulminated against Milnerism and all its works. After the formation of the Union of South Africa, Hertzog disagreed with Botha and was ejected from the Cabinet and formed the National Party to preach the gospel of militant Afrikanerism. In 1915 the Nationalists in the Cape launched an Afrikaans daily paper to promote their cause, and Dr. Malan stepped from the pulpit into its editorial chair. He was an eloquent speaker as well as a vigorous writer, and when in 1919 he won a seat in Parliament he retired from journalism and the church and concentrated upon a political career. His maiden speech in the House of Assembly was a declaration of the faith that was in him. Stepping out somewhat in advance even of Hertzog he boldly declared that the Union Jack could never be the expression of the "*volk*" soul of the Afrikaner people and pronounced in favour of republican independence. He closed his almost messianic message with the words:

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding Sire to Son,
Though often lost, is always won.

Resurgent Afrikaner nationalism was then led by a triumvirate composed of Hertzog in the Orange Free State, Tielman Roos in the Transvaal, and Dr. Malan in the Cape. Hertzog was the acknowledged head of the movement, but his influence was greater in the ex-republics than in the Cape where Dr. Malan controlled *Die Burger*, the biggest and best Nationalist paper in the country.

Hertzog's National Party made many converts, yet after ten years in the wilderness he seemed to be no nearer entering the promised land of

office. But Smuts was forced to strengthen his dwindling ranks by absorbing the English Unionist Party, and Tielman Roos suggested that the Nationalists should enter into an electoral pact with the Labour Party in order to avoid the splitting of the anti-Smuts vote. Dr. Malan's first reaction was against such a move. "Coalition", he declared, "means the continuous trafficking in principles; it means the violation of conscience; it means double-heartedness and dishonesty on the part of political leaders who have to try all the time to placate the most widely differing elements among their supporters. It means the raising of opportunism to the level of statesmanship and the dethronement of principle in order to make way for political lack of character. Under coalition no problem can be tackled or solved in a manly way."

However the agreement was made, and the Pact won the 1924 general election. Dr. Malan became a member of Hertzog's Cabinet despite the fact that it contained two Labour members. He took three portfolios and was elected deputy leader of the National Party in Parliament. He proved a good administrator and his departments were free from racial favouritism. He began to implement the ideas he had expressed on the platform. He supported the abolition of British titles in the Union. He took upon himself the difficult task of providing the Union with its own flag in place of the Union Jack—a change that was so bitterly fought that the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, finally intervened in a dispute that threatened to cause civil strife. Dr. Malan put through the measure making Afrikaans the second official language in place of Hollands, or High Dutch, thus carrying to victory a cause that another *predikant* and editor had launched at the *Paarl* 50 years earlier. He reformed the civil service, and the conduct of election, and the Senate. He even tried to reform the press by enacting that during election all letters and reports and leading articles likely to influence votes must bear the name and address of the writer.

The Hertzog administration presented a solid front to the public and won a renewed vote of confidence at the 1929 general election. Then the position gradually deteriorated. Having secured the Statute of Westminster and the acknowledgment of the Union's sovereign independence, Hertzog had no wish to force the issue of republicanism. In the eyes of the more fanatical Nationalists he seemed to be listening to the blandishments of the British and the imperialists and to be adopting an arrogant attitude towards the more aggressive wing of his followers. Militant Afrikanerdom began to murmur that "the General" had been softened by his visits to London and was inclined to bow the knee to Baal. Discontent came to a head when the Union was forced off the gold standard at the end of 1932. Hertzog was persuaded to join with his life-long opponent Smuts in forming a coalition government to see the country through the financial and economic crisis. Dr. Malan refused to enter

the coalition cabinet and later, when Hertzog and Smuts decided upon the fusion of their parties into the United Party, he solemnly denounced the merger and persuaded his Cape National Party to vote against it and remain in being as the *Herenigde* (purified) National Party.

Thus like Hertzog in 1913, Dr. Malan created a schism in the ranks of the Afrikaners. Like Hertzog then, he went into the wilderness almost alone. He presented himself as the sea green incorruptible of Afrikanerdom crying in the spirit of Elijah that the priests of fusion had forsaken the old covenants and thrown down the old altars and that he, even he only, was left as the defender of the true faith. Like Hertzog he seemed to have sacrificed his political career. In a House of Assembly of 153 members only 18 followed him into the lobby. But in racial politics nothing succeeds like excess. Hopelessly outnumbered in Parliament, like Anateus, he renewed his strength by contact with mother earth—Afrikanerdom in the rural areas. He stood high in the esteem of the *predikants* of the Dutch churches. He was a member of that mysterious body the *Broederbond* which had been denounced by Smuts and Hertzog as a secret anti-British society pledged to make the Afrikaner *baas* in South Africa.

Whether Dr. Malan, like Hertzog 20 years earlier, would have won the majority of the Afrikaners to his side one cannot say with confidence. The outbreak of the 1939-1945 war brought a touch of drama to the political kaleidoscope. The Hertzog-Smuts alliance crashed on the rock of neutrality. Hertzog was defeated in the Cabinet and in Parliament and resigned and rejoined the National Party. There was much rejoicing at the return of the prodigal son but the harmony was short-lived. Hertzog was not forgiven for his coalition with Smuts and the English in 1933. He found his advice rejected, and in 1941 he retired from Parliament and politics. Dr. Malan was left the unchallenged leader of the Nationalists. He was defeated by the Smuts party at the wartime election of 1943, but with the close of the struggle the conditions became more favourable for his side. Communism was spreading and the Coloured races were claiming equality. The cry of Asia for the Asians re-echoed in the Union as Africa for the Africans. Malan stepped to the front with the policy he called *Apartheid* (separation) which he claimed could alone ensure the survival of the White race. War weariness and the high cost of living told against the Government. Smuts, like Winston Churchill in Britain's first post-war election, was defeated at the polls.

A fortnight after he had entered upon his 75th year, and 33 years after he had left the pulpit for the press and politics, Daniel François Malan became Prime Minister. He formed the first wholly Afrikaner government in the history of the Union. No representative of the English section had a seat in his Cabinet. The wheel had turned full circle. At the opening of the twentieth century the administration of all South

Africa had been purely British. Now it was purely Dutch. But the margin of victory had been a narrow one. The Nationalists had been in a minority of 140,000 in the polling booths. They had a majority of only one in the Senate and seven in the Assembly. Dr. Malan set himself the task of entrenching himself in office. He restored the franchise to the thousands of Germans in South West Africa who had been deprived of it under the Smuts régime. The bread cast upon the waters returned in the form of six Nationalist seats in the Union House of Assembly, thus raising his majority to 13. There were, too, on the voters' roll in the Cape some 48,000 Coloured men who held the balance in six or eight constituencies and always voted against the Nationalists. They had been protected by a clause in the South Africa Act providing that their electoral rights could be changed only by a two-thirds majority in Parliament. It was a safeguard that Hertzog and many of Dr. Malan's own supporters had declared, 15 years earlier, was inviolable. Despite those solemn pledges Dr. Malan persuaded himself that the entrenchment was merely "the dead hand of the past" and could not for all time bind the sovereign "*volkswil*" of South Africa. By a bare majority in Parliament he removed the Coloureds from the common roll, thus vastly increasing the chance of Malanites being returned in half-a-dozen seats in the Cape now held by the United Party Opposition.

He halted the large-scale immigration from Great Britain which had been a feature of Smuts' post-war policy, and encouraged the importation of technicians from Holland, Germany and Belgium. The law giving new-comers the right to become Union nationals after two years' residence was altered and the qualifying period extended to five years. He began to apply the policy of *Apartheid* in all public offices, and made sexual relations between Whites and non-Whites a penal offence. He passed anti-Communist laws of so drastic a character that by ministerial edict individuals could be deprived of their business, and barred from holding public office, and removed to specified residential areas, without the right of appeal to the courts. He rejected the claim of the United Nations to exercise any measure of supervision over the mandated territory of South West Africa and announced that in due course the Union would ask for the transfer of the High Commission territories of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland even if the Natives in them opposed the change.

Dr. Malan's Government have had a bad press both at home and abroad. Critics from China to Peru fulminate against his ideology and denounce his administration as reactionary and totalitarian. In the Union the ex-soldier "torch commandos" seek to defend the liberty for which they fought. The members of the United Party are girding up their loins for a gigantic effort to defeat Malanism at the next general election—due in 1953 at the latest—and are already calling upon all right-minded men

to prevent the entrenchment of a party whose Colour policy and neo-Nazi temper are likely to bring down unpredictable dangers upon South Africa.

The leaders of the Natives, encouraged by the news of happenings in Nigeria and the Gold Coast and elsewhere under British colonial policy, say bluntly that they will accept nothing less than the granting of full democratic rights enabling them eventually to take over the government of the country. Dr. Malan in not bowing before these storms probably feels that they may be made to blow in his favour. Criticism and threats from without are often emotional assets on the side of militant nationalism. So he clings doggedly to his policy of *Apartheid*, convinced that it expresses the voice of the "*volk*" and that given enough rope those who oppose him will hang themselves before the next election comes.

In the eyes of his opponents Dr. Malan is an obstinate old man who is angered by a hostile press and what he regards as the deliberate misrepresentations of his enemies, and so will make no conciliatory gesture. They see him only as a bigoted zealot who has closed his mind to the changes of the post-war world and still proposes to solve the problems of the mid-twentieth century by the methods of the mid-nineteenth—a fanatic who has survived into an age he does not understand.

But Dr. Malan is an astute politician, quick to sense the emotional atmosphere of his country and to play upon the instinct of self-preservation that always lies near the surface among Europeans dwelling in a land in which they are outnumbered by non-Europeans. The first and last cartridge in the armoury of Malanism is the maintenance of the supremacy of the White race. And when Dr. Malan appeals to the people he will deny that there is any other issue. He stands as the unflinching champion of the White man, proclaiming his faith in the righteousness of his cause and crying like Luther of old: "There I take my stand. I can do naught else, so help me God. Amen."

To the observer oversea the Malan policy may seem to be hag-ridden by Colour prejudice and having no moral, ethical or scientific basis. But those who know South Africa best will be least inclined to underestimate the electoral value of his appeal to a White race struggling to survive at the foot of a Black continent.

(The author, formerly the editor of the Rand Daily Mail (Johannesburg) and the Cape Argus (Cape Town), writes from South Africa.)

ECUADOR

BY N. P. MACDONALD

GRASPING, as it were, the western slopes of the Andes to avoid slipping into the Pacific, Ecuador tends to be dismissed as signifying little in the Latin American picture. Yet it is a country of respectable size, although its exact area is uncertain because of a frontier dispute with neighbouring Peru; the lowest estimate is 176,000 square miles, or a little less than pre-war Germany, while the highest is 276,000 square miles, only slightly less than the area of Spain and Italy combined.

Ecuador in any case occupies, with Colombia and Venezuela, a special place in the history of Spanish America; for these three now separate republics composed the State of Great Colombia founded by Simon Bolivar as the nucleus of the federation which he sought to build of the newly-freed Spanish colonies. But Ecuador was the least important of the three components of that State. Indeed, throughout the history of the Spanish Empire the province of Quito—as Ecuador was then known—had been of little significance. It suffered a geographical isolation which continued to affect its independent history. That history began in 1830 when the State of Great Colombia, which had none but artificial unity, dissolved once more into the old Spanish administrative areas from which it had been formed.

Thenceforward Ecuador was to follow an independent path marked no less by internal dissensions than were the careers of her late partners. Thus Juan José Flores, Venezuelan-born chief architect of Ecuadorean independence, remained in power for 15 years before revolution initiated a period of military dictatorship which lasted until 1860. There then appeared as ruler of Ecuador one of the most interesting characters to be found anywhere in Latin America at that time. Gabriel Garcia Moreno, who has been described as "one of the greatest personalities of American history," was very different from the usual Spanish American *caudillos* of the period. Like them he championed a cause in which he ardently believed, but his cause was the Church, not himself. In that he was not out of place against the contemporary background of his country's politics, for they were dominated by the religious issue. During the latter part of the nineteenth century Ecuador was ruled by men who alternately upheld and attacked the privileges of the Church. For his part Garcia Moreno attempted to give the fullest expression to what he considered to be the inherent conservatism of his fellow countrymen. He negotiated

a concordat with the Holy See, and encouraged the Jesuits and other religious orders. His constitution of 1869 declared Roman Catholicism to be the State religion of Ecuador to the exclusion of all other creeds, and he even went so far as to advocate the re-establishment of the Inquisition.

In 1875 Garcia Moreno was assassinated on the steps of the cathedral at Quito, and under succeeding presidents the Church was to pay dearly for the privileges it had enjoyed under his rule. By 1906 liberty of conscience was assured, education had been secularized, and the constitution of that year contained no reference to a State religion. The constitution of 1929 and that of 1946 confirmed these provisions. To-day ecclesiastical property has been nationalized, some of it being entrusted by the State to the continued use of the Church.

Concentration by successive governments on the religious and other political issues resulted in neglect of the wider development of the country. This has also been hampered by geographical considerations. Externally Ecuador was, until the opening of the Panama Canal, so much cut off from the outer world that neither European nor United States influence was greatly felt. The few foreigners in the country were of small significance, and there was little immigration except from neighbouring countries. Internally Ecuador has suffered, like Peru and Bolivia, from geographical division. The country falls naturally into three distinct regions—the coastal belt, the Andean plateau and the tropical lowlands of the east, the latter known locally as the *Oriente*. This trisection of the country for long hampered economic development in Ecuador, and the obstacles it presents have not yet been entirely overcome. Thus the coastal belt, with the main port of Guayaquil, was for many years—and in many respects remains—the centre of the country's economic life, although it is inhabited by only 500,000 of the total estimated population of 2,000,000. There sawmills, breweries and other industrial enterprises have grown up alongside the 6,000 estates which grow cocoa, which long accounted for the major part of Ecuador's exports. There, too, are valuable oilfields, while yet another contribution of the coastal region to Ecuadorean economy is, somewhat unexpectedly, the Panama hat. This is made from the fibre of the *toquilla* palm, and its manufacture—essentially a village craft—is carried on in countless small homes.

To-day Guayaquil still has a larger population than the capital; for Quito, even now, has not quite conquered the somnolence to which it became accustomed in Spanish times. It was an established centre of population long before the coming of the Spaniards, for it was a prominent city of the Inca Empire, and was linked with the Inca capital at Cuzco by the famous Andean road, more than 500 miles long, of which parts still exist. But the Spaniards found the wealth of Peru and Bolivia more attractive than the apparent poverty of Ecuador, and so Quito became

the backwater it has remained until recent times. It had poor access to the sea—the journey took a week until the railway reduced the time of the trip to two days—and no trade radiated from it, nor was anything of value produced in its vicinity. The isolated capital of an almost isolated country thus became little more than the cock-pit in which rival politicians argued, and sometimes fought, out their differences to such an extent that for many years the rulers of Ecuador had no time to take measures to purge the coast of yellow fever. This scourge prevailed there long after it had been banished from other tropical areas in Latin America, and, as a result, Ecuador's trade was severely affected.

Yet the isolation of Ecuador as a whole, and of the various regions within the country, has had one significant result, for it has enabled her large Indian population to maintain its cohesion to a very much greater extent than has been the case in the other so-called Indian republics, Peru and Bolivia. When the Spaniards dismissed Ecuador as a comparatively poor country the Indians were assured of freedom from the labour in the mines which so greatly contributed to the de-population of other Indian areas. Indeed, up to the end of colonial rule in Ecuador Spanish authority remained restricted to the immediate neighbourhood of Quito, and so did not affect the majority of the natives. The Indians thus remained strong, so much so that children of mixed marriages were often entirely absorbed into the Indian population. The strength of the Indians in Ecuador to-day must also be credited to the not unenlightened policy pursued towards them by successive governments.

The Indians of Ecuador do not form a majority of the population as in Peru and Bolivia. Of the 2,000,000 inhabitants they account for 675,000 being outnumbered by the *mestizos*, or half-breeds, of whom there are 915,000. In contrast, the white population numbers only 10 per cent. of the whole, compared with 15 per cent. in Peru and Bolivia. Yet, although the *mestizos* form a majority of the population, the Indians have not been victimized by them to so great a degree as have the Indians in Peru and Bolivia. In Ecuador the State possesses a large number of mountain farms originally owned by the Church and later confiscated. Some of these have been divided into plots and sold to the Indians on easy terms. As a result it is claimed that few Indians in Ecuador occupy a status in any way comparable to the servitude in which live the Indians of Peru and Bolivia. Again, although the Ecuadorean Indians are seldom able to produce more cereals than suffice for their own needs, they have been able to breed cattle. Aided by the demand for cattle in Ecuador they have been able to put themselves in a better position than would have been theirs had they been forced to labour on the land of others. Indeed, in many areas the Indians have been able to retain the system of communal land holdings which were the basis of their existence even before their conquest by the Incas. In northern Ecuador a large

number of Indian communities own thousands of acres of small holdings, carefully tilled and planted. They preserve many distinct characteristics of dialect and costume which are in large part attributable to late conquest and imperfect absorption by the Inca Empire. Altogether the Indians of Ecuador are a significant part of the community, and that fact has been recognized by successive governments. The Indians were granted rights of citizenship in 1896, although they have since played little part in political life; and only the other day a group of representative Indians from the Chimborazo province visited the President of the Republic to explain some grievances which had led their communities to refuse to give certain particulars to census officials. The President replied with a promise to visit the Indians to see things for himself, and instructed the Ministry of Social Welfare to set up a special commission to ensure that Indians were in fact enjoying the same rights as their fellow citizens.

Yet, compared with this progressive treatment of the Indians, Ecuador has so far achieved little general social progress. Although compulsory social insurance for workers was introduced in 1935 general social legislation remains backward, even by Latin American standards. Since 1926 there has been a Ministry of Social Welfare whose inspectors are empowered to pay annual visits to establishments coming within their authority. Nevertheless Ecuador has been slow in ratifying the conventions approved by the Washington Labour Conference of 1919 governing such matters as hours of work, night work for women, the age of admission of children to industrial employment and unemployment benefits. For wages, payments in kind still continue, as they do in many other Latin American republics with backward agricultural populations. In Ecuador payment for agricultural labour is often less than a shilling a day. Nor is the industrial worker in much better case. There are few large enterprises and production is mainly concentrated among isolated craftsmen, each employing a small number of workers at a minimum wage. As a result the average standard of living has never been high.

Progress in the field of education has also been slow. Throughout Ecuador education is free and nominally compulsory, and in 1947 about half the children of primary school age were receiving instruction. Efforts to educate adult illiterates have had some success, but the proportion of the population unable to read or write remains high. A high percentage of illiteracy and racial differences are two factors which have always hampered the introduction of practical democracy in Latin America. In this Ecuador is no different from the other heirs to the Spanish and Portuguese empires. Since 1934 the country has had no fewer than 11 presidents or provisional chief executives. The present head of the State, President Galo Plaza Lasso, is the twelfth, and the first to serve the full term of four years. But just as Ecuador shares the social causes

of political instability with the rest of Latin America so she shares the economic causes—petty regionalism bred by poor communications, and dependence on virtually a single export. This, as already mentioned, has been cocoa, sold chiefly to the United States. But production has been declining in recent years, and rice exports have been growing in importance, although, like cocoa, rice is subject to fluctuations in world prices. The production of cotton and sugar is increasing, and bananas are beginning to play a part in Ecuadorean exports. Not least, Ecuador enjoys a virtual monopoly in supplying the world with balsa wood. When the Spaniards arrived in Ecuador they found in use rafts constructed of very lightweight logs. Thus the Spanish word *balsa*, or raft, became applied to the tree from which the wood came.

Broader economic development in Ecuador depends primarily on the improvement of communications. Some roads have been built in recent years, but the total railway mileage is still under 1,000 and large areas remain untouched by modern transport. Inadequate communications have also been responsible for the neglect by Ecuador of the Galapagos Islands, which lie some 60 miles off her coast. The islands have long been famed for giant turtle, but it is not so well-known that many of them bear English names, a reminder of visits by famous navigators and buccaneers in days gone by. Thus the principal island of the group, although officially named Isabela, is more generally known as Albemarle; the next largest, Santa Cruz, bears the very un-Spanish name of Indefatigable, while other islands are known as Narborough and Chatham. Only the first and last named islands have been developed to any extent, principally by the planting of sugar. But lately the world demand for sulphur has led to renewed interest in the sulphur mines on the islands which thus promise to add to the contribution they have already made to the defence of the free world; during the last war the United States were granted the right to build bases there to protect the western end of the Panama Canal.

Altogether Ecuador possesses great possibilities for economic development. But plans for that development, so far as they concern the *Oriente*, are overshadowed by the dispute over this region between Ecuador and her Peruvian neighbours. The quarrel concerns a region which Alexander von Humboldt prophesied would one day be the storehouse of the world. Andean peaks and tropical forest lands, potentially rich in bananas, rubber, coffee and timber, and in which Indians may be found panning gold in the rivers, all have their place in it. Peru and Ecuador both claim the region on the ground of being an Amazon power. Peru is already astride the headwaters of the Amazon, including the Marañon, and the natural outlet of half Peru is through the port of Iquitos and down the Amazon. Ecuador, on the other hand, has only poorly-developed communications with the upper Amazon, but is insistent on

her right to an outlet down that river.

The origins of the dispute are traceable to the imprecision of Spanish colonial laws. Thus the *Cédula* of November 29, 1563, assigned to the province of Quito (Ecuador) lands bounded "on the east by provinces not yet discovered or civilized." At the same time the *Audiencia* of Lima (Peru) was also bounded on the east by "the undiscovered provinces." There was thus a ready-made bone of contention when Peru and Ecuador achieved their independence. In 1821 the first republican government in Lima invited the inhabitants of the disputed territory to elect representatives to the Congress in Lima. Colombia, with which Ecuador was then incorporated, at once protested, and the quarrel had begun. Negotiations followed, and a treaty agreeing that the boundary should be defined was signed in 1829. But the work of demarcation went on slowly, and when Ecuador became independent of Colombia she inherited an unsettled problem.

Altogether there have been some 13 attempts to resolve it. Forty years ago the dispute was submitted to the late King Alfonso of Spain, but he renounced the rôle of arbitrator when Ecuador showed herself unwilling to accept his mediation. Later the United States, Brazil and Argentina tried, but failed, to take the issue to the International Court at the Hague. In 1936 Peru and Ecuador agreed to respect the provisional frontier. But border incidents continued until the outbreak of what amounted to war between the two countries in 1941. After six weeks hostilities were brought to an end by the offer of the United States, Brazil, Argentina and, subsequently Chile, to arbitrate. In August 1941 Peru and Ecuador both accepted a protocol, which they signed at Rio de Janeiro early in 1942, and which allocated to Peru about half the disputed area of 100,000 square miles. Since then a joint Peruvian-Ecuadorean boundary commission has been working on the demarcation of the frontier. But progress has been slow, and there have been signs that the quarrel may flare up once more.

Altogether Ecuador, like each of the Central and South American republics, is an individual country with its individual problems. But some of those problems depend for their solution on yet other problems which affect the whole of Latin America—the improvement of education and the standard of living which, in their turn, depend on the provision of sufficient resources for extensive and well-organized capital development.

LABOUR PARTY POLICY IN TRANSITION

BY GILBERT MCALLISTER

THERE are two ways of looking at the Attlee-Bevan controversy. The press—for the most part opposed to the Labour Party—prefers to depict it as a struggle between two men for power. A more charitable, and almost certainly the more correct view is to see the controversy as symptomatic of a party whose soul and mind are in ferment, which has reached a degree of fulfilment but is troubled and does not see clearly the way ahead. It could hardly be otherwise. The 1945 Labour Government carried through nothing less than a social revolution in which they gave legislative sanction to practically every ideal ever expressed by the early pioneers and leaders; whose words and lives were still the predominating influence and stimulus and from whom the British Labour Party acquired its peculiar characteristics, its moral and intellectual superiority to every other brand of Socialism preached or applied in any country in the world. For 50 years "the movement" had sought to give a fair deal to the miners through the State ownership of the mines. It had subscribed to every attempt (and had initiated many of the early efforts) to provide a basic platform of security and social service, freely available to the poorest in the land and lifting them above the possibility of want in sickness or in health, in work or in unemployment, in infancy or in old age. It had led the housing movement from its beginnings and although other Governments had to take the legislative action that was necessary to open the attack on the nineteenth century legacy of slumdom, squalor and overcrowding, there can be no doubt that it was the Labour Party in and outside the House of Commons which formulated the demands of the impoverished victims of appalling congestion and slum conditions.

The 1945 Labour Government put through a volume of legislation unparalleled in the history of Parliament. In fulfilling for the most part the dreams of the early pioneers they created a void, a policy vacuum that has not yet been filled.

Should the Party proceed to further measures of nationalization? What sectors of private enterprise should be nationalized? Even in 1950 these were the great interrogation marks—answered under the stress and exigencies of the February General Election by the words "Sugar, Cement, Insurance." Little thought had been given to the case for nationalizing the insurance industry. Perhaps the best work on the

subject had been written by the late Sir Arnold Wilson, a Conservative member of Parliament, and on his showing there was no doubt that the case for the public control of the great insurance companies was overwhelming. But the major premise of that case had been incidentally destroyed by the formulation and application of the great national insurance scheme itself. With everyone compelled to subscribe to social security there disappeared automatically the need for the shilling-a-week-man and the vast alchemy whereby one insurance company alone extracted £66,000,000 a year in modest contributions against "funeral benefits" and gave back to the subscribers £33,000,000 a year. In the more comprehensive scheme originated by Lord Beveridge and piloted through the House by Mr. James Griffiths, the need for such private insurance disappeared and with it much of the case for the nationalization of the insurance industry. It was realized, too, that evil as some aspects had been, the insurance industry was an enormous dollar earner and owed its world-wide reputation and trade to a trust in the City of London, felt by people in every part of the world. Cement? Cement was a monopoly. All monopolies are bad and should be owned by the State. Therefore cement should be nationalized. Sugar? Mr. Cuse was the personal property of Mr. Tate and Mr. Lyle. Certainly sugar should be nationalized. It was only a little belatedly that the originators of the proposal realized that the Co-operative movement, closely allied to the British Labour Party, owned almost as much of the British sugar industry as Mr. Tate and Mr. Lyle combined.

Little is heard of these proposals to-day. Instead a very considerable school of thought believes that nationalization has gone almost far enough and that it is important to prove that the nationalized industries can be successful before embarking on further experiments. The State corporation—derived from the example of the authorized association of the housing movement and later more widely applied in the charter of the B.B.C. and in Mr. Morrison's creation of the London Passenger Transport Board—became the model for all the Labour Government efforts at State ownership and control. Gnawing doubts about the machinery of nationalization arose when a Labour Member of Parliament attempted to put down on the Order Paper a question dealing with the work of one of these corporations only to find it disallowed by the Table on the grounds that it was an attempt to interfere with the day-to-day administration of a corporation for which no Minister had either power or responsibility. The theoretical advantage of the State corporation was that it was not subject to ministerial or parliamentary control—in other words it was not part of the Civil Service machine and was not subject to the day-to-day interference of the Treasury. In practice it was seen that the State corporation had the worst of both worlds. It had none of the freedom of private enterprise with the maximum of Treasury

interference and control and it had a lack of answerability to Parliament which diminished, if it did not destroy, its democratic sanction.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, admitting his share of responsibility for this state of affairs, has now reached the point of view that State-owned industries should be administered directly by the State through the ordinary machinery of the Civil Service. It is doubtful whether this would be an improvement but it is typical of the kind of problem that the Labour Party must resolve if it is to go forward confidently with a programme based on classic Socialist economic principles.

Mr. Herbert Morrison who believes in the mixed economy was once so bold as to say that he believed in 25 per cent. Socialism. Mr. Bevan would obviously fix the figure much higher than that. Mr. Churchill would probably put it at 15 per cent. But it is at least worth remembering that in the House of Commons to-day from Mr. Churchill to Mr. Bevan there is no-one, with the possible exception of Sir Waldron Smithers, who believes either in one hundred per cent. private enterprise or in one hundred per cent. Socialism.

There was, too, the remarkable discovery daringly put into words by Mr. Richard Stokes, that profits are somehow important. "You cannot", said Mr. Stokes, speaking more to his colleagues than to the then Opposition, "run an industry to break even. Either you must make a profit or a loss. It is much better to make a profit." It is true that B.O.A.C. is now making a profit. Mr. Bevan is optimistic enough to believe that by greatly extending the field of nationalization the profits of the nationalized industries would provide a large part of the national revenue. That is hypothetical but, ignoring the hypothesis, even the most ardent Socialist might well pause to consider whether in fact the nationalized industries should be regarded as revenue undertakings. Is it reasonable that the Post Office should make vast profits at the expense of the user of the Post Office? Have all Governments and all parties abandoned the idea of the 1d. stamp and do they all regard the 2d. charge for a post-card and the 2½d. charge for a letter as fully justified because it is a convenient way of collecting revenue? This indeed is to enshrine the profit motive in a new way but it is singularly to depart from the idea of a State service. One of the basic ideals of the Socialist movement was that those industries which were essential services for the whole community should be operated socially in order that the whole community might enjoy the benefits of the service. It was indeed the basic idea of the whole school of Fabian political theory evolved by the Webbs which came to be known as "gas and water socialism." Mr. Bevan may conceivably be right but it would require much closer and more detailed argument than the thesis he put forward in his recent testament.

Underlying the question of the form and extent of Socialism there are questions which have been more fully and searchingly discussed by back-

benchers as to whether Socialism should be consumer-socialism or producer-socialism and as to how far competitive-socialism is a good idea. The Socialism practised by the 1945 Government was in the main producer-socialism. The nationalization of the mining industry benefited the miners—a highly desirable thing. It is open to question whether it greatly benefited the rest of the community as consumers and it is as consumers that the miner and the steelworker and the railwayman form part of the general social community in whose interests the State must act. For the question each industry, whether private or public, must answer is: "Does this industry as at present organized and administered, and while providing fair conditions for the workers at all levels in the industry, best serve the interests of the general body of citizens as consumers?" This is a test of Socialist efficiency which would not provide an unequivocal answer if applied to all industries already nationalized. On the other hand, some industries at present in private hands might quite readily make out a substantial case for the view that they are providing at one and the same time good conditions and opportunities for their workers and an excellent service to the community. Then there is the question of competitive Socialism.

The State, let us suppose, takes a look at an industry which manifestly is functioning imperfectly. That I think would be a reasonable description of the cinema industry to-day. Should the State therefore nationalize the cinema industry? Is the State capable of providing the kind of machinery that would allow the necessary liberty—because even to contemplate nationalizing the cinema industry is a little like contemplating nationalizing the press—to producers, writers and artists? If the answer to that is 'no', should the State therefore say we must leave it as it is? Or should the State say we shall take over some of the surplus studio space of the existing industry and we shall run State studios producing State films of a commercial character in open competition with Mr. Rank, Associated British, Warner Brothers and the whole might of Hollywood? It would at least be a fair challenge alike to Socialism and to private enterprise. Similarly in the field of film distribution; it may be, although the vast majority of cinemas are owned individually or in very small groups, that the great circuits are too large and too powerful. Would it be reasonable to go further than that and for the State to acquire from the major circuits at reasonable prices a fair cross section of their cinemas—ranging from the London *première* cinema to the modest hall in a country town—and on that basis to enter into strictly commercial competition with the existing circuits? Within the Parliamentary Labour Party there are quite a number who think that there is much to be said in favour of competitive-socialism. Those Socialists who would immediately repudiate the idea should at least consider whether they are not instantly condemning Socialism as an inefficient industrial

instrument, if they are not saying in fact that Socialism cannot be successful except when it enjoys complete monopoly conditions. One of the leaders of the building trades unions has declared that the building industry should be nationalized. It is a tempting proposition. Bearing in mind the fact that there are over 40,000 individual building firms in the United Kingdom it may be doubted whether it is a practical proposition but is there any reason why the State should not establish one or two large-scale building organizations to tender in open and fair competition* with the existing private enterprise organizations?

Mr. Bevan is rightly concerned with industrial efficiency but he believes that the managerial revolution is a frightful conception. That is as may be but few would deny that the advance in economic standards which the members of the Labour Party believe must attend every development of Socialist practice cannot be achieved unless industrial output, including agricultural output, is increased enormously. This cannot be done in an atmosphere of restrictive practices on either side of industry—in the refusal of the building trades unions to adopt the bricklayer's jig which makes bricklaying almost child's play or in the restrictive covenants that now operate on the employers' side between some of the largest industrial concerns in the country. Mr. Bevan is unwise to diminish the status of management especially as he should remember that just as he himself came from a mining community so most of the managers in British industry to-day came from a completely working-class background. Only a small number of managers in industry to-day enter with an inheritance of loaded dice.

Bound up with this consideration is the more immediate question of inflation and national solvency. Are wages for ever to chase rising prices, or can wages get a jump ahead of prices and a period of reasonable equilibrium ensue? The Trades Union Congress resisted with all its force the application of a national wages policy. Is a national wages policy possible and is the Labour Party prepared to formulate it? It has become clear to almost everyone that there is no final solution to present economic ills so long as the re-armament burden remains so heavy. It is here that all the sections of the Labour Party begin to meet on common ground. The hard economic facts of our time, the whole teaching of the New and the Old Testaments combine to say that the policy of love thy neighbour is the right one—hence Point Four, hence the Colombo Plan, hence the United Nations, hence UNESCO, hence the projected Four Power talks, hence the idea of Government on a world scale.

If the British Labour Party failed in any important respect in the period since the war it was especially, and to the degree, that it abandoned the Party's traditional ideal of international and supra-national

* Municipal "direct labour" schemes have seldom competed on level terms with private enterprise. Their overheads did not usually enter into their estimates.

co-operation. It was understandable that British Socialists should be horrified even more than British Conservatives at the hard and sometimes vile application of socialist theory in the Soviet Union. Much as many Conservatives dislike them, it is in the Labour Party that one finds real hatred both for Communists and Communism. Yet somehow the miracle of east-west co-operation must be achieved if the world is to be saved from disaster. If one accepts the validity of the thesis that as the result of the combined re-armament programme of Britain and the United States we shall in 1953 be able to negotiate from strength the question still remains: "What then?" What of the gigantic productive power of the United States? Is it to run to a standstill as in the 'thirties, bringing a worldwide "economic blizzard" in its train? Or is this great productive power of the west to be used to give to the peoples of Africa, India and Asia a higher standard of living and a longer life span than they have ever enjoyed? Here at least there is agreement. Here there is the basis of a common policy.

Mr. Morrison, alone of all the Socialist front rank leaders, shows himself willing to follow the argument wheresoever it may lead. Mr. Morrison is so brilliant in handling some of the more superficial aspects of political life that both his friends and his enemies are lulled into imagining that he is lacking in profundity. They could make no greater mistake. Mr. Morrison devotes more time and thought to the evolution of a policy based at once on ethical and philosophical considerations than most of his colleagues. He has a far firmer grasp of political realities. Although his tenure of the Foreign Office is commonly judged to have been a failure, even that is a doubtful conclusion. Mr. Morrison's speech at Ottawa just before the General Election was one of the greatest policy contributions of British statesmanship in the post-war era.

Whether it is possible to organize the productive resources of the western world for the benefit of the under-developed world without the fabric of world law is the problem which Socialist leaders have shirked but which a substantial body of opinion in both Houses of Parliament has had the courage to voice unequivocally. No one could doubt that the conception of a world system of law which can only arise from a world system of Government is in tune with the deepest and best ideals of the early British Labour movement. To betray this ideal is to betray mankind. The rule of law is the sanction and the foundation of a free society; it is equally the sanction and the foundation of a world at peace. Here indeed is the crux of the matter and almost every other problem fades into insignificance.

This resolved, there are many other problems on which the Labour Party must make up its mind. The British Labour movement has its roots deep in Christian teaching; this is its distinctive characteristic which makes it superior to its counterparts in any other country. Keir

Hardie, the Bruce Glasiers, George Lansbury, Stafford Cripps, were all Socialists; they were all Christians. To them indeed there was no distinction; Christianity and Socialism were interchangeable terms; they worked for the Kingdom of God on earth, believing in the Fatherhood of God, and therefore in the brotherhood of man. It is not merely a distaste for the authoritarian, repressive and sometimes cruel aspects of Soviet Communism that makes the British Socialists reject the theory and the practice; they also reject the whole materialist conception of history and where they are not avowedly Christian they are still the heirs and the trustees of the Christian inheritance.

Even the establishment of the Welfare State—giving us the right proudly to boast that in Britain to-day no-one is in dire poverty who needs be in dire poverty, nor denied medical attention who needs medical attention—is not the end of idealism. Beyond lies the great hope of a world at peace; of men and women living their lives usefully and peacefully in the service of their fellow men. The world stands poised perilously between disaster and triumph. If disaster is to be averted and triumph secured it may be that it will depend on the British Labour movement drinking deep from the wells of its earliest inspirations, proclaiming its belief boldly and going forward, without hatred of class or country but with humility and love, to win the most important battle of all not for the British working class or even for the British people but for all humankind.

(The author was formerly Member of Parliament for Rutherglen.)

AUSTRALIAN IMMIGRATION

By JOHN MOSS

SINCE the end of the war about 600,000 persons have gone from overseas to settle in Australia, of whom nearly 300,000 have been British. It is remarkable that it should have been possible to absorb this number in a total population of about 8,000,000. Australia would welcome a greater number of migrants from the United Kingdom but its need for increased population is so great that suitable settlers are welcomed from almost any European country. The total number of migrants in 1950 was 175,000 and in 1951, 133,000 of whom 50 per cent. were British. There has been an arrangement whereby suitable ex-Servicemen from the United Kingdom with their families have travelled free, but most of those who do not go as full paying passengers pay £10 towards the fare for each adult over 19 years, and £5 for each child from 14 to 18 inclusive. No payment is required for a child who has not reached his fourteenth birthday. The British Government make a grant of £25 a head and the balance of the cost of transport is met by the Commonwealth Government in so far as persons are taken out under the United Kingdom Commonwealth Scheme. There are also schemes under which the various states bring out migrants for special forms of employment, such as for working on the railways. The development of the state railway systems is essential but is much handicapped by the shortage of labour. Recently, therefore, New South Wales sent its immigration officer and a railway expert to the United Kingdom to try to recruit railwaymen for work in that state.

The Commonwealth Government believe that it is imperative to maintain their immigration policy. There is a widespread need for more workers but the need is paramount in what are termed "primary industries", such as forestry and agriculture. Of Australia's labour force of 3,500,000, only about 500,000 are in rural industry. This is 42,000 fewer than when the population was 1,500,000 lower. Australia is maintaining its consumption standards only by eating into the surplus which it should have for export. It is very important for Britain that Australia should maintain, and increase rather than decrease, its export of food-stuffs. As showing the developments in the cities in recent years, it has been pointed out by the Minister for Immigration that Australia has a greater proportion of people in "secondary industry" than has the United States.

Thousands of displaced persons have been placed in forestry work and

saw mills as in other employments. I travelled many miles through forests, particularly in western Australia, and saw the vast resources of timber. I also visited some of the large timber mills and saw the excellent arrangements which are being made to house the employees. Good houses are being provided for families and communal provision for single men. Housing is one of the drawbacks to getting further employees in any industry and it is, therefore, recognized as the duty of the employer in such industries as timber, to provide houses on the site.

The growing steel industry has also benefited by the immigration of displaced persons and the labour force at two steel works has been increased by 10 per cent. in this way. British migrants—often influenced by their wives—are inclined to seek employment in or near to town and often in one of the capital cities, but migrants from European countries some of whom have almost forgotten when they had a settled home, are more willing to accept jobs in a rural area if housing is provided.

The large influx of migrants has created a very heavy demand for housing accommodation, so the Commonwealth Government has concentrated on placing migrants largely in industries which can contribute to building construction generally. In order to foster decentralization and to encourage developments in country towns, hostels are being provided in every state and 50 have been completed. Commonwealth-nominated British migrants are being accommodated in ten of these hostels. Each state also has some hostels for state-nominated migrants. For instance, I visited an excellent hostel in Queensland—providing better accommodation than the so called 'first class' hotel where my wife and I were staying—where British migrants and their families are welcomed until they can find their own dwellings. One of the men there was a builder from a small south coast town who migrated with his family because he was tired of the restrictions and controls in England. Some migrants, and particularly European migrants, are doing well in building their own houses—sometimes on a co-operative basis. The present policy of the Commonwealth Government is to bring out about 150,000 migrants in each of the next five years and it is hoped that 63,000 will be British.

Persons brought out under the Displaced Persons Scheme must accept employment found for them by the Department of Labour and National Service and cannot take other employment within two years without the approval of the Department. Agreements were concluded recently with the Netherlands and Italy for the reception of migrants from those countries. Some 40,000 Dutch settlers have already arrived and it is hoped to receive much larger numbers as the accommodation position improves. Under the agreement with Italy it is expected that 15,000 will come during the initial period. Persons brought to Australia under the Assisted Passage Agreements with the Netherlands and Italy are also required to work as directed for a period of two years, but they will be

placed in the type of employment for which they were selected. Another country from which it is hoped to receive a substantial number of carefully selected migrants is western Germany. The introduction of Germans has, however, met with some opposition particularly from the Jewish community. The leading ex-servicemen organization, the Returned Soldiers' League, has endorsed the proposal.

It is recognized that after new settlers have been brought out and placed in employment it is only the community which can promote their complete assimilation as Australians. Very fine work in this connection is being done through the Good Neighbour movement. I was glad to have the opportunity of getting first hand information of the work which is being done by its councils which, in New South Wales and Queensland, are known as New Settlers Leagues. There are now some 75 councils throughout Australia and more are being continually established. A state council acts as a focal point for each state. The great benefit of this scheme is that it brings together so many organizations and influential individuals. They deal with all types of migrants but there is a tremendous feeling of goodwill to any British migrant who gets into difficulty. I am afraid, however, that sometimes help—even substantial help—is taken for granted. I heard of a number of cases in which British migrants had been assisted very considerably. In one case, a man who had migrated with his wife died. Within a few weeks, £1,000 had been raised to pay off the mortgage on the house where the widow was living. One of the most outstanding instances of good neighbourliness of which I heard—and I do not think this was for a British migrant—was where a man bought a small timber house on which he paid a deposit of £100 and agreed to pay the balance by £6 a week. Unfortunately, he had taken no notice of the posters which are displayed in all immigration offices that no-one should buy property without taking proper advice. The seller was unscrupulous, as shown by the action of the health authority in condemning the house shortly after the migrant had taken possession. The local branch of the Good Neighbour council was consulted and during a week-end a team of eight men got together, pulled the house down and built another one on the site. This may seem extraordinary when thinking of English houses but it should be remembered that many in some parts of Australia are of timber-frame construction and are sometimes erected in a man's spare time.

During my visit to Australia, I travelled thousands of miles in all the states. I had ample evidence that many young British men and women have much greater prospects in Australia than they would have at home, provided they are willing to work and provided they, and particularly their wives, do not expect ideal conditions at the start. They may have to live in a hostel for some time before they can get their own home but I was astounded at the housing development which is going on in every

state and, in particular, the encouragement which is given to private building. If a young couple go out together and are both willing to work, they can soon save enough money to pay a deposit on a house and the balance can be readily financed through one of the banks or building societies. The bank will also advance money to enable a man to build his own home as large numbers of the migrants are doing. I heard of a married couple who were both working and who had saved £1,000 in a year. This would, however, be an exceptional case, but it would be quite possible for such a couple to save several hundreds of pounds. If, however, a migrant falls into the habit of some Australians, of spending considerable sums of money on beer (I am not against anyone having a glass of beer) and gambling, then he cannot expect to save. His position would be no worse, and perhaps no better, than if he had remained at home.

I saw the arrival at Fremantle of the *New Australia* which is a wholly migrant ship, refitted by the United Kingdom and Commonwealth Government for the purpose, and sails continually between England and Australia. Her general arrangements, such as lounges and dining rooms, and for meals, correspond with those to be found in any good one-class ship but, as the ship was not built for the tropics, some of the cabins are very hot. Two women welfare officers, employed by the Commonwealth Government, travel in her and give information about the new country to migrants while they are travelling from the United Kingdom. On the ship there were many children with their parents, and there were a few children who were being immigrated under the special scheme for reception into children's institutions in Australia. I also saw several parties of British migrants disembarking from ordinary passenger ships at several ports. Many migrants are privately nominated, others by employers such as public works contractors, railways, and hostels. Others again are state grant nominees; these must go direct to reception centres after arrival, unless they have been able to arrange private accommodation. Their problems and placing in employment are dealt with at the centre. State nominees are usually sent to reception depots at the port and lodgings for the single men and women are soon found. Married men with families are provided with accommodation by their employers. On several occasions I saw the handling of state nominees at the port and was impressed by the friendliness with which all problems were dealt and by the eagerness of the state immigration and employment officials to get the migrants into the most suitable occupations. Female welfare officers attached to the State Department advise single women on employment and tell them about Australian conditions. Excellent accommodation with good meals is provided at the state reception hostels I visited.

Each migrant, other than personal nominees, is encouraged to deposit £2 at Australia House before leaving England so that he may have it available on arrival. Most of them do this; in some cases they spend all

their ready money aboard ship.

Commonwealth migrants under the various European schemes and British migrants who go under the Commonwealth scheme are sent on disembarkation to large reception places, involving a railway journey of up to 190 miles. British migrants disembarking at Sydney are sent to the Bathurst Reception Centre, which is about 140 miles from Sydney, and holds about 5,000. It also takes Dutch migrants. It was used originally by the army and migrants must understand that it is a converted camp and run on camp lines in blocks, each under a supervisor. Conditions are necessarily austere but this is the only type of accommodation which can be used for the reception of large numbers. The migrants are only kept long enough for various formalities to be completed and it is unusual for anyone to be there more than a week. The feeding arrangements are excellent; three good meals are provided daily, and there is a separate kitchen where meals are cooked for children under seven and from which milk is issued as required. The British migrants must find the meat allowance of about six pounds a head a week ample; this is in addition to sausages and rabbits. Other items in the menu include about half-a-pound of fish and six pints of milk.

British, Dutch and Italian migrants arriving under the assisted schemes are allotted employment through the Commonwealth Employment Service usually before they come or within a few days of their arrival at the reception centres which at present operate at Bathurst, N.S.W., and Bonegilla, Victoria. At each of these centres there is a competent staff to do all the necessary work. Including 8,172 Dutch, 13,533 migrants arrived at the Bathurst centre in 36 ships during the year ended August 4, 1951. The initial formalities include the issue of social service documents. There is immediate entitlement to child endowment; in fact, this is paid in respect of a child who is born on the way out. Migrants can also claim unemployment benefit after seven days of unemployment.

There is a school—including a kindergarten—at the centre which is attended by the children of the staff and where children of migrants go for the few days they are there. There is also a good hospital block with an Australian woman doctor in charge who is assisted by several former European doctors who are not, however, entitled to practise in Australia until they have satisfied certain conditions and have been approved by the Australian Medical Association.

British migrants are sent on disembarkation at Melbourne to the other reception centre at Bonegilla on the border of Victoria and New South Wales. This is a town in itself and has accommodation for about 8,000:

(a) for British migrants.

(b) for European migrants.

(c) for the dependants of European migrants who are working elsewhere and have to be housed until they can obtain their own accommodation.

The British migrants are in blocks at some distance from the others. This centre was also formerly an army camp. There are separate huts, each family having their own set of rooms. While some of the arrangements—particularly the bathing facilities—must be thought to be rather unsatisfactory, by the women in particular, it must be remembered that it is only a temporary home for them for not more than a week and as the opportunity occurs, the Government will, no doubt, make improvements. For instance, in accordance with Australian custom, the women are expected to use shower baths but these are arranged rather too communally than most of the British migrants would like.

As most of the population in Australia is in the eastern states most migrants other than personal and state nominees are disembarked at Sydney and Melbourne, and go first to Bathurst and Bonegilla. A new workers' hostel with family accommodation is, however, to be opened in western Australia, near Perth. I hope there will be an increasing number of British migrants to this state where the prospects are so good.

Other centres, of which I visited four, are maintained by the Commonwealth Immigration Department for the families of assisted European migrants. One was at Somers, near Melbourne, where there is accommodation for 1,700. The average stay there is six months but some of the husbands get their own places much more quickly. There is a 'hard core' of people who will not exert themselves to this end, but most of the migrants are anxious to get their own homes as soon as possible and sometimes several families co-operate to build or buy a house. There were 16 former nationalities in this hostel but there was no segregation and no racial difficulties apparently arise. The children are taught in schools provided by the state Education Department. I saw them in school and they were a happy, bright lot of youngsters. They soon learn English and sometimes act as interpreters for their mothers. The fathers pick up English at work but the mothers are very backward in this respect. At Somers, as at other camps, English language classes for adults are provided. A charge is made for the accommodation in this type of hostel of £2 for an adult, 30s. for a child over 16 who is working, 20s. for a child from three to 16, and 10s. for a child from 12 months to three years. But there is an overriding maximum charge of £3 10s. 0d. a week for one family. Bearing in mind that the basic minimum wage for a man is now more than £10 a week, and there are very few who do not earn more than the basic wage, any man who is keen to get a home together has the opportunity of saving which is made still more easy if the wife also works. (Wages are higher than in Britain; as is the cost of living.)

Another centre which I visited in Victoria is at Benalla where there were 259 families of Displaced Persons including 434 children. Here 90

women were employed in a textile factory nearby where, after training, a woman could earn from £8 to £11 a week. More women could be employed in this factory so arrangements were being made to transfer some women from a centre in western Australia, which I visited later, as there they had no such opportunity. The husbands are encouraged to visit their families during weekends. The educational and other arrangements are of the generally prevailing high standard as elsewhere. The centre which I visited at Cowra, in New South Wales, had 800 wives and 2,000 children of European migrants who were working elsewhere, most of them employed at Canberra about 130 miles away and travelling by bus to the centre for the weekends.

Besides the Commonwealth Immigration Department centres, there are hostels administered by the Department of Labour and National Service for the families of men in employment and where the husbands also live. I visited one of these hostels on the outskirts of Melbourne where there was accommodation for about 1,000 families. Each family has two or more rooms built inside large wool stores shaped rather like aeroplane hangars. This hostel is entirely for British migrants, who remain until they are able to get their own accommodation. The feeding is communal in separate blocks; one dining room, where my wife and I had the excellent evening meal provided for migrants, serves 600 people on the cafeteria principle from a kitchen with equipment which could not be surpassed in any hotel in Australia. A very considerable sum has been spent by the Government on this building. The general arrangements are good except for the very depressing appearance of the buildings from the outside.

All the men are in good employment in Melbourne and many of them are earning £20 a week. Individual savings up to £1,000 are not unusual before a family leaves the centre. Some women go out to work. As showing their comparative affluence, there were about 100 trucks (or lorries) and motor cars in the camp belonging to the men. The charge is on rather a higher basis than in the reception centres, but there is an overriding condition that each man must be left with at least £2 a week of his basic wage, not taking into account overtime or child endowment.

As I have already said, Australia offers great prospects to willing British migrants but one difficulty which must be preventing some suitable young people from accepting these opportunities is that often the young husband or wife does not want to leave a mother behind in Britain. There are, at present, no reciprocal arrangements in relation to the social services so a young couple must face the possibility of having to maintain a parent, particularly a mother, if he or she goes with them. Reciprocity with the United Kingdom is needed, first, as a measure of social justice and, secondly, as an important aid to the Government's plans to speed up the inflow of British migrants. It was considered at a conference of

officials from the various countries of the British Commonwealth held in London in 1947 when the then Minister of National Insurance, Mr. J. Griffiths, said that if ways and means of overcoming the technical difficulties in the way of reciprocity could be found, not only would it be a very great boon to people moving from one country to another but there would be a benefit of a wider and more general character in that

every step forward in the direction of reciprocity in social insurance is also a step forward in the direction of breaking down the barriers that divide mankind.

The matter has since been raised between representatives of the two Governments on several occasions and it is to be hoped that a solution will soon be found. I discussed the matter with Mr. A. Townley, the Commonwealth Minister for Social Services, who agreed it should be settled.

At present, British migrants arriving in Australia above the age of 45 for men, or 40 for women, cannot receive an age pension at 65 (or 60 for a woman), but must wait until they have completed 20 years' residence. In many cases this means that the pension cannot be received until a considerable time after the normal working span of life has ended. It seems unfair that migrants, who have contributed to the National Insurance Fund of the United Kingdom for many years and, on leaving for Australia, cease their contributions and subsequently contribute by taxation to the Australian fund, should lose the right to receive, at the normal age, the benefits which they would have received had they remained in the United Kingdom, and have to wait until they complete the full residential period. Many of these people have young families which would be a great asset to Australia, and naturally they would migrate more readily if they felt they would be given the same entitlement to pensions, should they need them, as other citizens of Australia at the normal qualifying age. A person who receives a contributory old age pension in the United Kingdom and goes to Australia may still receive that pension in Australia, but the amount is much less than the Australian pension of £3 per week, and no supplementation can be made under the Australian law until the expiration of 20 years' residence. The comparative position of a married couple is even worse, because an Australian married couple of pension age receives £6 a week. When Senator Cooper was in England recently he made inquiries of many people as to the reasons for the inadequate number of English people who had migrated to Australia and he found that this lack of reciprocal arrangements in social services was a material factor. In addition to age pensions, reciprocity with the United Kingdom is needed in respect of widows' and invalid pensions.

(Mr. John Moss, C.B.E., a barrister who has had considerable experience of the British social services, recently returned from an extensive tour of Australia.)

WHAT WORKERS' EDUCATION NEEDS

By G. D. H. COLE

SPARE-TIME education of grown-up men and women is meant, not to advance them in trade or profession, but to help them to get more out of life. This definition is wide enough to include the pursuit of purely individual culture as an end in itself and also to cover such social motives as the better understanding of the modern world and its problems, with a view to individual or collective action. In practice, what is called the adult education movement extends over both these areas of appeal. Individuals who attend adult classes often find it difficult to explain their own motives for doing so, and, where they find it hard, no one else can expect to find it easy. Motives are in fact very often mixed, and may change as a result of the experience of study. A man or woman may enter a class in order to get a better equipment for citizenship or for activity in some special field, and may then get captivated by the intrinsic fascination of the subject studied, even to the extent of forgetting all about the original purpose. Or, on the other hand, a man or woman may join mainly in quest of personal culture, and then acquire through the contacts thus made a feeling of civic responsibility which was hardly present at the outset as a conscious motive. Nor must it be forgotten that the motives for joining a class have quite often a considerable social element. People join in order to meet and talk with other people, as a relief from loneliness or want of intellectual stimulus. They may also join because their best friend has joined, or because a group they belong to has helped to form the nucleus of a class. Or they may join, especially where new ground is being broken, in the hope of inducing others to follow their example, rather than for what they expect to get out of the class for themselves. But in the type of class of which I am thinking very few will have joined in hope of personal advancement, or because they have been told to do so by someone in authority over them. The adult education class is essentially a voluntary enterprise, in the sense not only that no-one need join it unless he wants to, but also that there is nothing to stop anyone from ceasing to attend as soon as he pleases.

In general the essentially voluntary nature of adult education means that teachers and providing bodies have to set out to give adult students what they want and will in fact enjoy, and not what the teacher or the providing agency thinks they ought to want irrespective of this consideration. But in practice the problem cannot be so simple; for

the teachers and the providing bodies have in mind standards which they set out to maintain, and the latter have also to enlist the interests not only of the actual or potential students but also in many cases of non-educational (or at least not primarily educational) associations and groups to which these students belong. This second consideration applies particularly over the entire range of adult education designed especially for working-class students. Literary and evening institutes and similar centres conducted by local education authorities recruit a high proportion of their students simply as individuals, attracting them by advertisements, announcements, and public meetings to classes in particular subjects chosen in advance. When the institute is a going concern, it often attracts a body of 'regulars' who attend one class after another from year to year and acquire a sort of corporate existence and loyalty to the centre. But to a large extent students in L.E.A. classes get to know one another only in the class and have no bond of union other than their common interest in the subject. As against this, the voluntary bodies active in adult education often draw their students from groups which have already a common interest through membership of bodies not primarily educational—such as trade unions or co-operative societies or guilds, or churches or chapels, or sometimes factories or large offices or groups of neighbours living together on housing estates. Where recruitment is of this kind, very often it is a question not of announcing a subject first and then enrolling those who wish to study it, but of enrolling first a group of potential students and then finding out what subject comes nearest to meeting the desires of a number of persons who do not all want to study the same thing, but can be induced to modify their several preferences in order to get the class going.

This difference is of the greatest importance. The tendency of a good many public bodies, not only in planning their own courses, but also in giving financial and other help to voluntary agencies, is to press for clear advance definition of subjects of study and to object to overlapping between courses planned by different bodies in the same area. This is natural enough with their own direct provision in institutes in which a large number of different courses are being simultaneously carried on; but it simply will not work either when students are being recruited largely through non-educational bodies, such as trade unions, or in small places where there cannot be more than one or two classes, so that the potential students have to take what can be made available or go without. Such students come to a class not because they want to learn a particular subject, but rather because they want generally to widen their knowledge and to improve their sense of mastery of world problems and of the problems of their own society, to learn to think more logically and objectively and to express themselves better and more clearly, and to do these things in company with a group broadly like-minded with themselves and

with a similar background of experience. For such students, the precise subject matters much less than the way it is taught, and much less than the composition of the student-group. The impulse which brings the group into being is fully as much social as instructional, and the methods of both recruitment and teaching need to be adjusted to this overriding condition. This was fully recognized in the formation of the Workers' Educational Association half a century ago and in the collaboration between the W.E.A., the universities, and the working-class movement which grew out of the famous conference on 'Oxford and Working-class Education' and became embodied in the institution of the three-year tutorial class. In the early days the greatest stress was laid on the need for choice of both subject and tutor to rest with the class—which involved the assumption that the class existed before either was chosen. The assumption was, in effect, that there existed bodies of students, recruited mainly from the various branches of the working-class movement, and that the business of the providing agencies was to respond and to adapt their methods to this demand. In practice, as the movement developed, this conception had to be modified; it had to be recognized that the demand could not come into existence of itself on any large scale and that it had to be stimulated by the efforts of the W.E.A. and of its affiliated societies. This, however, did not do away with the recognition of the vital importance of starting with a group rather than with a tutor and a subject ready-made, and of working out the subject of study with the group and giving it choice of tutor as well as of subject.

Gradually, however, as the movement grew larger, and particularly as it developed a wide range of work at levels less advanced than those of the three-year tutorial classes, these elements of democratic choice came to be less and less emphasized. In shorter courses, it was often simply not practicable to create the group first and then let it decide what to study; the best that could be done was to treat the local W.E.A. branch as the representative of the student-body, and to let the branch decide what courses should be offered and who should be invited to teach them. This worked and still works well where there is a strong and intelligent W.E.A. branch closely in touch with the local working-class movement, but it cannot work where there is no W.E.A. branch, or only a weak one, or where the links between the branch and the local working-class bodies are inadequate. In such cases, the planning of subjects and the choice of tutors lapses more and more into the hands of the organizing agencies, which may be either the W.E.A. district, covering a wide area, or, where the district is weak, the university extra-mural department. Under such conditions choice of subject and tutor, and the democratic self-government of the classes, easily become mere shams, with no real content. Instead of a democratic demand springing from the working-class movement or from any representative source, one gets a movement organized

from above and offering the students what is supposed to be good for them, rather than what responds to their deeper impulses and excites their loyalty and enthusiasm.

It is, no doubt, easy to argue that these developments are the unavoidable consequences of the movement's emergence from its pioneer phase, and that no adult education movement on a scale such as now exists could have been brought into being by the old methods. This latter statement may or may not be true; but I am sure that the adult education movement of to-day, taken as a whole, is much less than it used to be a response to real demands and much more an artificial creation from the side of supply. Of course, the supplying bodies have still to provide what students will voluntarily accept, and have no power to force any sort of education down anyone's throat—for those who do not like what they are offered can always go away. Nevertheless, responding to a demand is something essentially different from offering something which potential students can take or leave, and it is, I believe, a fundamental weakness of a large part of adult education to-day that it is doing the second of these things rather than the first. The movement is following, no doubt, both the easier course and that which has much the stronger appeal to the administrative mind. The alternative method, which the original promoters of the movement regarded as right and indispensable, cannot be followed unless there exists as a basis for it a really vigorous local workers' educational organization in close and continuous contact with the life of the local community and with the local working-class movements in particular. In areas where this condition is satisfied, as I think it broadly is in such an area as North Staffordshire, with its long W.E.A. tradition, the entire life of the adult education movement has a different character from that which it takes on where it consists mainly of a number of classes organized from a remote district or university centre.

For this reason, any arrangement which tends to transfer responsibility and organizing activity from the W.E.A. to the university extra-mural department or to some institute conducted by a local education authority ought to be resisted as tending to undermine the democratic character of the movement. Over and above this, resistance should be offered within the W.E.A. to anything that tends to reduce the importance and responsibility of the branch and to concentrate power and activity in the district office—except where the district itself is small and compact. It has to be recognized that both these tendencies are very strong, and that resistance to them can be effective only if the W.E.A. itself is sufficiently vigorous. This points to the necessity for giving very careful consideration to the work of W.E.A. branches and to the means of making them more effective in the conditions of the present day. In proportion as the W.E.A. fails to carry out its original purpose, of acting as the point of focus for the interest of the working-class movement and of its members in adult edu-

cation and of representing a specifically working-class demand, the quality of its activity is bound to degenerate in its local work and the kind of demand it was set up primarily to meet tends to go unsatisfied. The mere multiplication of classes is of no value in itself; unless they have a distinctive character and purpose they can just as well be left to the L.E.A. or to other agencies that do not profess to have any special working-class connections. How, then, can this distinctive character of W.E.A. work be preserved and, where it has been lost, restored?

There is no single answer to this question, but there are certain most important contributory answers. In the first place, the branch must not be a mere agency for arranging classes; it must have a real life of its own extending to many who are not class-members. It must be in close touch with the local trade union and co-operative bodies, arranging Saturday schools, week-end schools, and lectures on subjects of current interest to appeal to their members, sending speakers to address them, and participating actively in occasions which they arrange among themselves. But the local W.E.A. branch cannot in fact do these things unless it is organized for doing them. In especial, there are two indispensable conditions: tutors in local classes must be active branch members, ready to take on jobs for the branch and by no means deeming their work done when they have conducted their classes well; secondly tutors and classes must regard it as an integral part of their work to produce active participants in the life of the branch, speakers who can be sent to talk to local meetings or groups, and spare-time tutors who can conduct elementary classes within the local working-class movement. At any rate no tutorial class should be considered to have done its job until it has produced several voluntary tutors and speakers from its own ranks.

One of the movement's curses is that, as the work of university extramural departments has become more highly organized, there has been in many areas an increasing tendency to regard the tutor simply as a tutor—a professional who ought not to be called on to spend his time going round doing odd jobs. In reality, in working-class education, these odd jobs are of the very essence of the work to be done, both because they need doing in order to maintain the movement's democratic character and because they teach the tutor how to conduct his classes in the required spirit, and not merely with academic competence. A second curse is that, with the extension of grants of public money to less advanced courses and with the invasion by some universities of the more elementary fields of adult education, there has come a growing expectation of being paid for everything, whereas in a healthy movement a large part of the short-course work ought to be done without any payment at all. This will not happen unless the local branch life is energetic and comradely, as on the whole it was when the movement was young and both students and tutors

got from it a sense of mission.

So far I have been considering the general work of the workers' education movement, primarily in connection with local classes and other local activities centring round the branch. There are, however, a number of newer factors of which in any survey of problems and prospects it is necessary to make mention. One of these is the growing tendency for trade unions to take up educational work on their own account, quite apart from such help as they give to the W.E.A. This work is for the most part different in character from what the W.E.A. has been doing, save quite occasionally. The individual trade unions are for the most part concerned in their own educational work neither with providing cultural opportunities for their members nor with increasing their basic understanding of the main forces at work in the contemporary world, but rather with improving the quality of the union's own work in the fields of organization, administration, collective bargaining and joint consultation. Much of the teaching in these fields can clearly be done best by officers or members of the union concerned, provided they know how to teach; but there are other parts which need the collaboration of outside bodies, such as technical colleges, on the production and book-keeping and cost-accounting sides, or can be done better by a mingling of 'inside' tutors with tutors who have studied industrial relations or trade union practices over a wider field. There is also the question whether courses intended mainly to promote trade union (or, *mutatis mutandis*) co-operative efficiency would not best achieve their end if they included at any rate some element of wider education—for example, in the general history of the working-class movement.

The lines of collaboration in these fields between the trade unions and the bodies specifically concerned with workers' education can only be laid down after a good deal of diverse experiment. The larger unions will necessarily wish to keep the control of this kind of specialized education mainly in their own hands; the smaller will not be in a position to provide it without joint action or the use of outside agencies. The Trades Union Congress, which has already undertaken some work of this type, may expand its activities to meet the need; or the W.E.A. may be called in to give increasing help. Whatever the bodies undertaking the new tasks, it will be necessary to discover in time a new supply of tutors qualified to teach what is wanted.

Some trade unionists, I know, deny the value of this kind of work, and hold that the only sound way of making trade union officers and representatives better at their jobs is for them to learn by trial and error. At the other extreme there are a few who, largely influenced by American examples, are disposed to subordinate all other forms of workers' education to this purely vocational kind. Both these views are misguided. Trial and error are no longer a sufficient preparation for the tasks which

fall upon trade unionism as its power increases, but equally it would be disastrous to abandon the wider kinds of workers' education in order to concentrate wholly on the training for trade union service. Trade union withdrawal from the wider field would undermine the position of the workers' educational bodies and would hand over adult workers' education to agencies which would lack all appreciation of the special needs of students whose motives in joining classes are social rather than exclusively cultural. A balance will need to be struck between the two kinds of workers' education, but it seems likely that the work of the W.E.A. will continue to be mainly in the field of general education, as against that of specialized preparation for trade union (or co-operative) service.

How wide is this field? I have said already that I am unimpressed by the mere numbers of classes that the W.E.A., or any other body, contrives to run, especially when quite a proportion of the classes it does run have no particular connection with workers' education in any definite sense of the term. I would sooner see fewer classes related to the needs of the working-class movement. Difficult though contraction may be, I am inclined to believe that it will need to happen if the movement is to do the job it once set out to do. The problem, however, differs in large towns on the one hand and in small towns and country districts on the other. In the large towns there is room for a workers' educational movement to exist side by side with adult education movements not directed specifically to working-class students; in small towns or rural areas there is often no practical possibility of more than one movement doing good work. It is therefore necessary to accept as unavoidable the tendency for village and small-town classes to cast their net wider in terms of social groups than large-town classes, and for W.E.A. branches in such areas to be more in the nature of general providers of adult education than specific providers for working-class students. In the big towns, on the other hand, I believe the W.E.A. would be wise to hold aloof as far as possible from sponsoring classes which have no real connection with the working-class movement and consist mainly of students who can be described as 'working-class' only in the broadest possible sense of the term. This would involve actually encouraging such groups to conduct their activities under other auspices, and would, I am well aware, give rise to difficulties with a good many local education authorities and with some university extra-mural departments. But these difficulties would be well worth facing if the rejected groups could be replaced by groups arising out of improved contacts with the local working-class bodies, and if, as a result of the change in emphasis, these bodies could be induced to look upon the W.E.A. more as their own and to accept more responsibility for promoting its success. In effect, the W.E.A. cannot have it both ways. It cannot be a general adult education provider and at the same time the educational representative of the working-class movement. If it attempts to be the

latter, it will antagonize some of its supporters and perhaps have to do battle for some of the public money it gets. But if it is content to be the former, it can have no sufficient reason for expecting the working-class movement to give it any substantial backing, and it will be in constant danger of losing its independence, which rests in the last resort on the esteem accorded to it among the local stalwarts of the trade union, co-operative and political Labour movement.

It should be understood that I am not at all urging the W.E.A. to abandon or to modify its attitude of objectivity in teaching or its refusal to adopt a party-political or sectarian standpoint. It must continue as strongly as ever to practise these principles, and to leave to other agencies those forms of educational work which presuppose the rightness of a particular economic, political, or religious creed. It must do this in the interest of the working-class movement itself, on the ground that the movement needs this kind of objective education and cannot hope to develop the right kinds of leadership and mental alertness without it. In a totalitarian society, it is no doubt unavoidable that all education must rest on a basis of dogma. In a working-class movement animated by totalitarian objectives, the same thing is bound to happen to workers' education. But Great Britain neither is nor shows any signs of becoming a totalitarian society, and the British working-class movement is not a movement with totalitarian tendencies. It does not start out from the assumption that there is necessarily but one correct answer to any question and that this answer can be determined by the authoritarian methods of 'democratic centralism'. It does not hold that truth is relative to class-attitude, or must be pursued exclusively within the limits of a particular class-standpoint. It does not believe that because Britain is still a capitalist country, there can be in it nothing that is good or worth preserving. It does believe broadly in the real value of certain traditions and cultural qualities of British society, and wishes to help in their diffusion and in the carrying of them over intact into the new society that lies ahead of us. In fact, even those who are readiest to deny this act on it much of the time.

As the British working class and the movements it has created to express its needs are not totalitarian, but are strongly libertarian, they need educational agencies fitted to work in the spirit of their own beliefs. But they also require these agencies to be their own—not paternalistic gifts from the Government or the more highly educated classes—and to be carried on democratically with their effective participation and for the purposes they regard as important. To bring back the W.E.A. to a fuller acceptance of this service is, I feel sure, the outstanding task of the leaders of the workers' educational movement at the present time. I do not suggest that, if this can be achieved, there is likely to be either a great rush of worker-students into W.E.A. classes or a stampede of trade unions to offer their help. I do not believe that there are large numbers of trade union-

ists or co-operators who are pining secretly for classes which will make them both better trade unionists or co-operators and better citizens of a democratic society. The numbers of such potential recruits depend in practice on the degree of enthusiasm that exists for the trade union, co-operative and Labour movements among their members, and also on the extent to which these movements provide encouragement and opportunity to their members to play an active and formative part in their affairs. The more centralized the great working-class bodies become, the fewer among their members are likely to be aroused to the sense of a need to make themselves either better trade unionists or co-operators, or better citizens, or better men and women. I am fully alive to the fact that the weaknesses of the workers' education movement, as it exists to-day, proceed largely from weaknesses in the wider movements on which they depend for support and driving-force. The educational wing cannot in practice advance far ahead of the other wings.

That does not mean, however, that it need lag behind, or commit suicide by allowing itself to become merged in the general movement of adult education. It can rely on the support of the working-class movement only if it shows itself ready to stand up for that movement's claims, special needs, and sense of solidarity and loyalty. These claims need standing up for all the time, not so much against 'class-economics' or against conscious reactionaries as against administrators in quest of tidiness and largely unaware of the special conditions needed for success in working-class education, and against university and other academic persons who have been used to teaching pupils who cannot run away from them and are kept further in subordination by the need to pass certain examinations in order to qualify for jobs. The more internal teachers in universities see of and participate in workers' education, the fewer mistakes they are likely to make. The same remedy cannot be used to cure the diseases of administrators and local education committees, although those of the latter can be alleviated by getting more adult students elected to them. It is too much to hope that the administratively-minded or committeemen who regard the whole working-class movement with hostility will come to love the W.E.A. the better, the more they know of it; for voluntary workers' education is bound to affront the bureaucrat by its untidiness and the reactionary by the very fact that it sets out to serve the workers' movement. But, where love cannot be won, respect is often a good substitute. The more closely the workers' educational movement can link itself to the wider workers' movement and so gain its positive support, the more—provided it sticks to its educational principles—will it be respected even where it is not loved. And in addition the more it will be loved by those whose love is best worth having—the active workers who become its students and the teachers who, out of a sense of mission, devote the best part of their lives to its service.

REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS

BY MAX BELOFF

As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hands should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.—BYRON.

WE live in an age of more delicate regard for the susceptibilities of others and the chance of an English bard being slain by a Scottish reviewer is a remote professional risk. The trouble is that as reviewers have got more gentle, writers have become thinner-skinned, and some eminent persons at least would not nowadays subscribe to Lord Byron's confident assertion: "An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases." As a result of this and other changes in the intellectual climate, reviewing at the moment suffers among other things from an excess of timidity; and genuine controversy is all too rare. To expose error was once a way to professional and academic preferment; it is now all too likely to be the reverse. It is not that there are "sacred cows", but that all cows are sacred—particularly those whose udders have long been dry. The poet and the novelist must decide for themselves whether they like the present situation, or indeed whether these remarks apply as aptly to their quarter of the literary horizon as they do to the treatment of works on history and public affairs which are the proper subject of the present article. But before embarking upon that subject, one caution should be added. Although the fashion of presenting political or social questions in fictional form is on the whole not very prominent at the present time, at least in this country, there are still occasions when a novel raises issues of an importance greater than the fortunes of its fictional personages or the felicities of its treatment. Such a work tends to fare particularly badly under the present system.

To take a recent example, John Connell's *Time and Chance** is not only (if a non-expert may venture such an opinion) a moving and beautifully written novel, but it deals with a great historical transition; the retreat from the British Empire and imperial responsibilities in recent years; the share in that retreat of a political creed in this country that denies and makes mock of the stern virtues upon which the empire was built, and by

* Constable. 15s.

which it is retained, and the moral issue of how far a single generation has the right to throw away the achievement of its ancestors, surrendering to an ill-instructed clamour for "self-government" its responsibility to the helpless for good government. When a novel of this calibre is dismissed by an eminent Sunday newspaper in three anonymous and colourless lines, is it a literary or a political judgment, or merely that falling outside the current major categories of fiction, it found its allotted reviewer with no idea of how to go about reviewing it?

The kind of book that is more obviously a contribution to an understanding of the current scene—a work on history or politics or economics—is unlikely to share this particular fate. But the problems it raises are serious. For one thing, the output of such books is very large whereas the time available for reading them is often very restricted in the case of those to whom they could be most valuable. Therefore the first duty of newspapers and periodicals and of the B.B.C. is to make clear beyond doubt what is and is not worth reading. This is all the more important because while the novelist, or the poet, or the scholar may have difficulty in finding a publisher, in the case of certain contemporary themes, it is all too easy. Whether some publishers grudge the miserable guineas they pay their readers, or whether having paid the guineas they neglect their advice, or whether their readers are incompetent, is not clear; what is clear is that much rubbish finds its way into publication and that publishers on the whole do not get rapped over the knuckles as they deserve but instead are allowed to complain of shortage of paper, bottle-necks in binding and all their other favourite explanations for the slow appearance of better books. In some fields, even reputable firms may err—and trust to kindly editors to protect them.

At the moment it is Russia and things connected with Russia that the public is assumed, perhaps rightly, to be most interested in. The current situation in Asia does indeed render an understanding of the Soviet approach to non-European peoples a vital matter. Yet when some time ago, an extremely ill-informed and superficial work on this subject, which might in the hands of the unscrupulous have done much harm, was produced under a well-known and politically irreproachable imprint, I found my own small endeavour to point out the errors in the work patently frustrated by the editor of a deservedly popular new illustrated monthly, on the familiar plea of lack of space (which did not prevent him sending either myself or other reviewers a great many more books on subjects of less moment).

The opposite fate befell the first volume of Mr. E. H. Carr's *The Bolshevik Revolution*. Here was a work which to anyone seriously conversant with the subject was far and away superior to anything that had so far appeared in the English language on this all-important event. It was to a much greater extent than could be understood by anyone un-

familiar with the considerable technical problems of the accessibility of source material, a pioneer work. It was written with an absence of passion all too rare in books upon this subject, and upon certain premises which were clearly stated. Yet on the whole most reviewers failed to fulfil even the primary duty of making clear the contents of the book, the author's terms of reference, and the importance of his contribution to Soviet studies generally. Some reviewers disliked Mr. Carr and his views—on other questions—some disliked the Soviet Union: some liked Mensheviks not Bolsheviks; some left-wing socialists paradoxically discovered that Mr. Carr had outraged a vein of native liberalism in themselves which their best friends had never suspected to exist. *The Times Literary Supplement* made good its claim to be the doyen of the literary world by behaving like the rest, only more so.

Although political and personal prejudices are often allowed to obliterate the proper function of a reviewer, where a genuine political issue does arise over a book, there are considerable chances that it will not get ventilated at all, or only partially. When for instance the publishers of "Penguins" decided to publish a history of the U.S.S.R. and commissioned for the purpose a well-known communist who produced as might be expected a work in strict accordance with the "party line" and containing therefore wholly unjustifiable insinuations about Great Britain, it was considered the height of bad form, a sort of British "McCarthyism" to suggest that the thousands of "Penguin" readers might reasonably have been warned that the "history" they were being offered was history of a very special kind. Even more ungentlemanly was thought to be the conduct of those who suggested that a life of Lenin written some years earlier by an eminent fellow of an Oxford college was for similar reasons hardly the product of impartial scholarship.

Of course, neither reviewing nor writing can on such matters be strictly neutral. No doubt patriotism is as much a prejudice as anti-patriotism. It is as wrong to assume that Britain has always been in the right, as to take the common *New Statesman* line that it is always in the wrong. One will not go to reviews in the *New Statesman* or the *Tribune* for impartiality about a political book; though in the former there are often excellent reviews of historical works.

On the other hand, if one is going to have to discount something in order to evaluate the utility of a review, one must know what it is one is discounting. For this reason, anonymity in reviewing (whatever one's views about it are in general journalism) is an outmoded fashion clung to by certain journals—*The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Economist* and *The Listener*—for professed reasons that will not stand examination, at least where historical or political writings in the broadest sense are concerned.

Anonymity in reviewing is an attempt to support with the prestige of an

institution what can only be an individual opinion. If I were to review a treatise on Sanskrit in the *Literary Supplement* my total ignorance of the language would not be palliated by the distinction of the company in which I appeared, or the tradition I inherited; yet the review would be treated with a respect that it would hardly receive if published over my own name in *The Spectator*, or in *Time and Tide*. The defence given in *The Times* article on the fiftieth anniversary of the *Supplement*, was possibly relevant in some fields of pure literature: "Its anonymity has been designed not to lay down the law but to give consistent authority to a wide range of suggestion." But while a neglected talent in poetry or fiction may have another chance quite soon, and while mere suggestion as to merit and demerit is a possible attitude to writings of this kind, the information one wants about other kinds of books is much more precise. Is the book important or not? Is it correct or not in its main contentions? And the reader's confidence cannot be given to anonymity unless he has the fullest confidence that the selection of a reviewer for each book is made, with absolute disregard for all considerations but the matching of reviewer and subject, and that the editor's judgment on this point is infallible. Few readers in a sophisticated age are prepared to accept this view, and experience shows that they would be wrong if they did.

Of course things may be partially saved by a properly run correspondence column. When the *Supplement* gives high praise to a work on the *Gunpowder Plot* which reverts to theories long-exploded by scholars, there is always Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper to rush in to the rescue. But Mr. Trevor-Roper's love of the truth, energy and indifference to the perils of controversy is all too rare; there are not enough Trevor-Ropers. It would be simpler to know one's reviewer.

Furthermore, there is the fact that it is vital to know whether the amount of space devoted to a book is some indication of its importance, or whether it is an index rather to the importance of the reviewer. If one knew the reviewer's name one would be a little nearer perhaps to knowing the answer. Of course there are perils in personality-mongering in reviewing, as in any other types of journalism. The worst of them is the habit of allotting regular space to some prominent personality and letting the choice of the books to be featured depend upon his personal preferences. With the catastrophic fall in the amount of space for reviews in the Sunday papers, for instance, this may largely distort the whole picture of the literary scene. Review sections of journals run on this principle, resemble provincial theatre companies where the choice of repertoire is limited by the necessity of giving important parts to leading players of an age or girth that makes some parts more suitable than others. But there is no reason to believe, as the anonymity snobs tell one, that there is no middle course. The regular use of unobtrusive but recognizable initials as in the *Oxford Magazine*—the best journal for reviews in the country—

is one possible alternative. There may be others; the great thing is to dispel the illusion that anonymous reviews are any more desirable than anonymous books—or anonymous letters!

On this particular aspect of the matter, the B.B.C. at least is guiltless. But as I have suggested in an article in the Spring number of the *B.B.C. Quarterly* to which I may perhaps be allowed to refer, the B.B.C. and in particular the Third Programme has still not solved the problem of the meeting of the spoken and the written word. In particular, the real chance of controversy, of having a book discussed by two critics with rival prejudices, or by a hostile critic and the author himself has been fantastically neglected. *The Struggle for Europe* is a good enough book to stand on its own merits; but Mr. Chester Wilmot's distinguished services to the B.B.C. were probably of some use in getting for his book the imaginative and extended treatment on sound and television which few (if any) other authors have had.

On the other hand, the 20 minutes allowed for a straight book-talk on the Third Programme means a larger number of words than a reviewer can normally hope for elsewhere. And since one of the great weaknesses of most reviewing is that the reviews are far too short to deal adequately with important books, there is a considerable advantage in broadcast reviews, even if they tend to find their way into programmes at times when one is either at work, on the way home from work, or asleep. It is a pity that the monthlies on the whole fail to use their space for the long reviews for which neither the dailies, nor the weeklies can find room.

Again the Third Programme partially redeems itself along with the *Literary Supplement* for its attention however intermittent to books published abroad. At least one can say for the *Times Literary Supplement* that it does not share the common illusion that nothing published outside England is worth reading or ever read. Professions of internationalism combined with concrete evidence of insularity form one of the many paradoxes of the present intellectual situation. It is not the least harmful and irritating of them.

We walk on shifting sands most of us; except for the bands of dogmatists who tread along their own narrow planks to perdition. We are assailed on all sides by propaganda, and weakened by uncritical thinking. Our greatest need is to sift, to select, to dispute. Book reviewing could play a part in fulfilling this need; as at present organized in this country it does so only imperfectly. Some part of the blame is probably outside anyone's control—paper-shortage for instance—but part of it rests perhaps, on the erroneous attitudes of editors and reviewers. It would be interesting to discover how widely this view is held.

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THE THUNDERER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY H. G. NICHOLAS

NO institution in modern Britain has been so neglected by historians as the press. For the past 150 years the newspaper has been one of the great moulding influences of our society, insistent, pervasive, and ubiquitous. Yet the majority of modern historians have ignored it, and the rest have handled it with a diffidence and clumsiness that stand in striking contrast to the assurance with which they write of Parliament, diplomacy or the bank rate. Why is this? Some, no doubt, are inhibited by academicism. Brought up to believe that there is something called scholarship and something else called journalism, they have felt fear and distaste at the thought of crossing the frontier that divides them, in abandoning the manuscript and the 'unpublished sources' for newsprint and mass publication. Others, emancipated from such inhibitions, may yet be hampered by technical incompetence; never having been inside a newspaper office, they cannot assess and interpret even the public face of journalism, much less what lies behind. Besides, what lies behind has, so far, been singularly impenetrable. The press which lives by publicity is not anxious itself to be publicized—except, that is, on its own terms. Consequently revelations from within have been few and investigations organized from without have been unrewarding. The worthwhile books on the history of the British press in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would not fill a five-foot shelf.

On that shelf, however, a good ten inches must now be reserved for the four volume history of *The Times*,* the first worthy history of a major British newspaper. It is significant that it is the work not of an academic historian, but of a typographer-journalist. It is probably also significant that it should be *The Times* which is the pioneer in such autobiography. More than any other paper, it thinks (and writes) of to-day with an awareness of tomorrow leaning over its shoulder and yesterday looming in the background. More than any other paper, it conceives of itself as an institution and so has preserved a continuity, a tradition and, above all, records, which assist a historian who is searching for the significant threads in the maze of a newspaper's ephemera. On the other hand no organ in Fleet Street has been more jealous of its secrets, more concerned to lock in its cupboards skeletons and trophies alike. To allow this crib

to be cracked, even by one of its own locksmiths, must have called for an effort of will, a sustained exercise of nerve that ran against all the instincts and the training of Printing House Square. That the enterprise, once begun, should adhere consistently to what the author calls the "course of resolute self-examination" is remarkable enough. But at the same time it is no more than the character of Mr. Stanley Morison and *The Times* itself would lead one to expect. What is most remarkable is first that the work should have been undertaken at all on so ample a scale, and secondly that it should have been brought down so nearly to current times. For the courage of these decisions no praise can be too high; the honesty of purpose with which they have been executed has few parallels in contemporary historical writing.

To all the difficulties that press history presents, contemporary press history adds one more. It must describe a newspaper in the context of events which are not yet established, on which Clio, through her chosen agency of the historical text books, has not yet imprinted her tidy pattern. The fourth volume of *The Times* narrative deals with the years 1912 to 1939—the period of the great *lacuna*, too recent to have been written up, too distant to be remembered. Consequently the author has the double burden of having both to narrate the events themselves and of describing *The Times'* reaction to them and its rôle in shaping them. This burden was already intermittently apparent in Vol. III. In Vol. IV it is so heavy that it has literally burst the bounds of manageability and has resulted in the splitting of the book into two physically distinct volumes, as well as the spilling over of large quantities of material into appendices and notes. No one who has any experience at all of organizing this type of material will be harshly critical of an author faced with such difficulties, yet it must be admitted that the craftsmanship of this elaborate marquetry is not always up to the quality of the timber that composes it. There are inelegancies, corrigenda (over and above those listed), occasional omissions and repetitions; worse still there are certain obscurities in the narrative which are not always excused by the complexity of the subject matter. The style, while generally as simple and direct as a good journalist's, lapses occasionally into an oracular obliquity which suggests that the burden of revelation is almost more than *The Times'* flesh and blood can stand.

However the narrative takes wings and soars into an absolute mastery of its subject whenever the inner politics of Printing House Square are the theme. The Northcliffe story is superlatively told. His feline malice is depicted with the *petit-point* fidelity of an Ivy Compton-Burnett; his sledge-hammer megalomania comes across with a Graham Greene-like realism. Yet justice is not sacrificed to effect. When Northcliffe's long-overdue biography comes to be written, the 'Northoleon' of English journalism can hope for no fairer treatment. That he was the salvation

* *The History of The Times*, Vol. IV, 1912-1948: In two parts bound separately. *The Times*. 50s.

of *the Times* is as fully recognized as the more obvious fact that, save for the accident of death, he would have been its ruin. His story is lifted indeed to the truly tragic place on which it properly belongs. Here is no Heist or Rothermere consumed with a merely vulgar lust for power. There are the Richelieus of the press; Northcliffe, by comparison, is almost a Father Joseph, subverting to his own purposes the faith to which with one part of him he is genuinely devoted, corrupting the very institution which he has sacrificed so much to preserve. His is the double failure of not being able to woo *The Times* round to a willing acquiescence in his demands and then, when his crude powers as proprietor are about to be substituted for his subtle wiles as a journalist, of seeing paranoia and death snatch his prize away in the very moment of victory.

The irony of *The Times* owing its salvation to its arch-enemy is paralleled inversely by the irony of its devoted servants becoming the agents of its disgrace. The *History* does not dwell upon the paradox that the lowest point of *Times*' leadership should be reached under an editor so determined to safeguard the liberal ideal of editorial integrity and independence that he extracted from John Walter and John Jacob Astor what no previous editor had ever received from the proprietors, a written charter of editorial rights and liberties. Geoffrey Dawson used this, with all sincerity of purpose, to advocate a course which, it is safe to say, no Northcliffe would have tolerated and which the present *History*, in its frankness, makes little attempt to excuse. So much indeed was pretty generally known already. What was not so generally appreciated, and what the *History* now brings out with striking clarity, is the further irony that the principal executant, if not the responsible designer of *The Times*' 'appeasement' policy was Barrington-Ward, whose succession to Geoffrey Dawson's editorial chair was so widely hailed as initiating a new policy of 'progressivism', almost of radicalism. "Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill"—the Miltonic apothegm might well serve as this fourth volume's epigraph.

All this, as I have said, is superbly told. Even where its telling involves judgments on living individuals—as it often does—the full story is not shirked. There must be many passages in these 1,100 pages which many of the actors concerned would prefer not to have seen the cold light of print or, if displayed, to have been softened in their wording. Occasionally, for reasons not explained, the narrative stops short of full explicitness. How dearly the connoisseur of strange encounters would like to know what passed when Sir Basil Zaharoff called on Sir Campbell Stuart in 1922 to negotiate the purchase of *The Times*! But far more frequent are the occasions when the reader feels himself almost to be an invisible eavesdropper, over-hearing secrets that history's microphone seldom picks up—the editorial conference at which Northcliffe's 'stink bomb' was exploded under the noses of the 'troglodytes' of Printing

House Square, or the lunch that hatched the idea of *The Times* board of governors, or the precise circumstances in which Geoffrey Dawson on September 6, 1938, just back from a country week-end and a late dinner, inserted the notorious passages in *The Times* leader that paved the way for the disruption of Czechoslovakia. The intimacy which such glimpses afford invests the narrative at points with the excitement and human interest of a novel—the adventures of Soames Forsyte perhaps, in a setting as melodramatic as anything in Dickens, as bizarre as anything in Balzac, as vulgar as Arnold Bennett's *Card*, and as subtly demoralizing as George Eliot's *Middlemarch*.

Though the 'back room' history of Printing House Square has this particular fascination and may properly claim to be the central theme of any history of *The Times*, it is, fundamentally, less important than the paper itself, what it said and what it did. To write this history, the public history so to speak of the newspaper, also presents difficulties—differences in kind indeed but hardly less considerable in degree. There are two questions the reader wants to have answered—what did the paper say on the great issues of the day and what influence did it have? The fourth volume finds the first question often an intractable one for the reasons mentioned at the outset. The author's balance of interest also gives the treatment a surprising tilt upon occasion. Foreign affairs, admittedly, were the dominant theme of the 'twenties and 'thirties and, amongst them, Anglo-European relations in particular. Yet it is strange to find so much of the Anglo-American story unexplored; there is virtually nothing after 1923 although in the person of Wilmott Lewis the paper had the services of one of the most brilliant (if also sometimes erratic) correspondents in its history.* Domestic affairs proper are even more capriciously treated. The General Strike is passed over in virtual silence, the 1931 crisis is skimmed, the long, sad story of economic decline throughout the miserable years of 'tranquillity' is almost ignored. True the abdication crisis is given full—and illuminating—treatment, but domestic politics proper is virtually ignored once the coalition government has been ousted in 1923.

Of all these gaps it might be said that the energetic historian, at any rate, can find the answer himself if only he goes to the labour of digging up the files. When it comes to estimating *The Times*' influence, that is a harder matter. And here indeed the paper's official historian enjoys few advantages denied to the rest of us. 'Influence' is a hard quality to assess at any time, but the influence of a newspaper is often peculiarly elusive. How many votes did *The Times* win for Labour in 1945, or for the Conservatives in 1951? It is a false wisdom that pretends to know the answer. Sometimes, as when a correspondent or an editor acts as a go-between—for example, Smalley in Washington in 1896 over the

* One also wonders why the heroic services of Norman Ebbutt in Berlin are so sketchily described and the correspondent himself left unidentified.

Venezuelan controversy, or Steed over Ireland in 1921—the figure of the press can be detected in the act of jogging Clio's elbow. All such occasions are faithfully recorded in the *History*. But they are relatively infrequent and, when they occur, can reasonably be regarded as arising extra-ordinarily, not out of the run of a newspaper's work—indeed even on one view of journalism, out of a perversion of its proper functions. When one asks what influence *The Times* had, as a newspaper, through its news columns and its leading articles, the answers returned by the *History* are of uneven value. Is one really to believe, what the *History* seems to imply, that Bouchier, as the Balkan correspondent in 1915, might have added "a million bayonets" to the Allied cause? And is there any real evidence for the implication that *Times* leaders in January 1918 really modified the views of Wilson and Lloyd George on the nature of the peace settlement? The *History* is modest enough when it admits that *The Times*' influence on the actual Versailles negotiations was slight, but the assumption that underlies the bulk of the book's treatment of foreign affairs is that *The Times* was a kind of deuterio-Foreign Office, whose views and information were important almost *per se*. The private reports that foreign correspondents send in to Printing House Square assume, rather too often, the significance of the despatches of an ambassador; one reads on, bemused and half-forgetful that these interesting communications are of importance only in so far as they affect what actually appeared in the columns of the paper.

There is, moreover, a certain amount of fuzziness about the *History*'s estimate of *The Times*' constituency. Like a dissolving image in a film, this changes insensibly from the Common Room at All Souls into the Cabinet Room at Number Ten, or 'the Clubs' in Pall Mall, or simply into right-thinking persons everywhere. It is all too readily assumed that it is the equivalent of public opinion, or even 'informed' public opinion, in general—an assumption particularly misleading in the 'twenties and 'thirties, when Dawson is repeatedly described as "following public opinion". An appendix which simply gave *The Times* distribution figures, showing how the percentage of readers in say, Surrey compared with that in Lancashire, or how they divide in terms of income and occupation, would cast more light on *Times* policy than a great deal of editorial analysis.

Perhaps it is this same political portentousness that leads the *History* to pass so lightly over all the other topics of the period. Religion, business, labour (after 1914), art, morals, science—hardly anything is said about these, though the influence of a great newspaper in some of these fields is surely as great as in politics and foreign affairs. Again, the paper's format—a matter which so enormously affects what John Walter III so anxiously described as the paper's "tone"—surely a typographer-historian might legitimately have indulged himself in fuller analysis and

depiction of that. How much of the death-like 'tranquillity' of British opinion in the 'thirties is attributable to the cushioning wording of *Times* headlines and the sedative arrangement of the centre-page spread?

Listing these omissions is not merely a complaint; it is also a testimony to the appetite and curiosity that these already bulging volumes arouse. *The Times* is an enormously interesting subject; the triumph of the *History* is that it makes it more interesting than ever. These volumes combine elements rarely found together—human interests and institutional analysis, a wealth of factual detail (as to what the paper said) with an undiminished scope for speculation (as to why it said it and with what results). The writing blends the fascination of a highly individual authorship, whose personality shoots tantalizing shafts across the story, with an objectivity and fairness almost unique in works of this kind. Though this volume, regrettably, falls considerably below its predecessors in accuracy, orderliness and finish, it excels them all in courage, interest and vitality. It is equally valuable and equally stimulating to both the historian and the journalist. How long shall we have to wait before the rest of Fleet Street accepts the challenge that its frankness and fullness throw down?

(The author is a Fellow of New College, Oxford.)

IN THE WATER

Weeds are the shape of water: water grows
Like green unplaited hair of some nymph; draw
Her upwards, shaking pearls from her shoulders
In the suspended smoke of waterfalls,
Her smile a brief rainbow . . . White, soft, she slips
Into the rocks yielding like black water:
Has she quite gone? Far, where she breasted, floats
A dazzling swan . . . as if all else were dark.

GLORIA KOMAI

FOUR CENTURIES OF EDWARD VI SCHOOLS

BY RUPERT MARTIN

A CYNIC has observed that Edward VI gained his reputation as a promoter of learning "because his ministers only half killed it." This refers, of course, to the Dissolution of Chantries Act, which was passed by his father in 1545 but never came into full operation until 1548, when the nine-year-old king was given power to take over all the yet undissolved chantries. It is often difficult to separate the work of the young king from that of his father in the foundation of the so-called Edwardian schools. Edward VI has come to enjoy a nobler fame as a patron of education than he perhaps deserves; even the most obstinate upholder of his claims could hardly suppose that a boy of nine, soon after his accession, could have given a personal impulse to all the many schools which bear his name. It is reasonable to maintain that much of the credit should be given to Somerset and Northumberland, though they kept a good deal more of the spoils than they gave back. The object of the Chantries Act was to suppress Roman Catholic practices, so that the chantries should be "converted to good and godlie uses, as in erecting of grammar schools to the education of youth in virtue and godliness." But although the chantry priests had been endowed to sing masses for the souls of the dead, it should not be forgotten that they almost always kept a school as well. Thus when Edward VI's ministers swept away the chantries, education suffered a severe blow in many corners of Britain where a royal foundation for a local school did not necessarily follow.

In many cases, too, schools which are claimed as foundations of Edward VI only took the place of some older seat of learning. Thus there were many local grammar schools, quite apart from a number which now describe themselves as public schools, up and down England, which first suffered confiscation and were then re-founded, often with some quaint phrase about their endowments being "convertyd to the mayntenance of a scoole master." These schools were usually equipped only with a master and an usher; a staff, such as we know now, was an unheard-of affair. Some of these Edwardian schools still preserve an ancient school-room furnished with a desk and dais at each end where, presumably, the teacher with the louder voice gained the greater share of attention. Some also still cherish statutes which decree that a holiday be declared "if the Master and the Usher be absent on the same day."

The effect on the schools of England of the Reformation, and particu-

larly of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Wolsey, Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell, proved profound. Until the quarrel with Rome education in England had been largely in the hands of the monastic communities, which enforced celibacy on churchmen. This meant that clever boys were educated to a high level of scholarship, promoted rapidly to the chief offices in the Church, and thus condemned to die unmarried. The cultured man could establish no family to be a centre of intellectual life, and could leave behind him no sons to inherit his interest and ability, and widen the circle of his own culture. As long as the clergy were doomed to sterility, and as long as learning was centred on the clergy, progress was bound to be meagre and slow. The reforms of the Tudors widened the impact of education on all walks of life, and the intellectual success of the child of the vicarage and the manse has since become proverbial in British life. Elizabeth I herself was, of course, in her own person one great argument for the success of the Reformation in England. The expansion of English fame in her age was helped by the new impetus given to learning and to education, just as much as by the success of her captains. A Spenser and a Sidney, a Bacon and a Shakespeare, were part of the harvest of the new learning, and have taken their places alongside Drake and Burleigh in the annals of that time.

Dispute as the historians may about the niceties of Royal or Church patronage, and about original dates, the fact remains that a large number of old schools are now celebrating the quatercentenary of their foundation (or re-foundation) in the years just before Edward VI's early death in 1553.

Sherborne School, under the shadow of an abbey built in the warm, golden stone of the west country is an example of one which uses the arms of Edward VI, its founder in 1550, although a school had existed in the town since the days of St. Aldhelm. Sherborne was for a time the capital of Wessex and it is probable that King Alfred, who is known to have lived as a boy in the town, may have begun his life-long devotion to learning at the school. When its quatercentenary was celebrated in 1950 the occasion was honoured by a visit from George VI and his queen. Sherborne and its near neighbour, the King's School at Bruton, share the distinction of being the first two schools to have had boards of governors whose first and only duties were educational. They were to be purely lay corporations, with no other aims, religious or municipal, but charged solely with the proper maintenance of their schools. The title '*Libera Schola Grammaticalis*' is often found at this time: *Libera*, because it was to be free, so far as endowments permitted, and *Grammaticalis*, because it was to be a seat of higher education, *grammatica*.

Another school which claims a far older history than the letters patent which it received from Edward VI in 1552 is Bedford. The traditions of the school go back to pre-Conquest times, and the Benedictine Abbey

in the town, founded in 971, was a notable seat of learning. Here, as in all schools with monastic origins, care must be taken about the 'venerable superstition' that monks were schoolmasters in the usual sense of the term. They certainly taught the internal school for oblates within the monastery grounds, but they did not teach other pupils in the cathedral or grammar school. In the medieval grammar school the scholars were taught by a man in holy orders, but not by a monk. After the dissolution of the monasteries the school at Bedford was handed over to the mayor, bailiffs, burgesses and commonalty of the town; on its re-establishment by the young king it found a princely benefactor in William Harper, a native of Bedford who became Lord Mayor of London and was knighted by Elizabeth I.

The King's School at Bruton in Somerset is another example of the combination of private enterprise and royal patronage. Richard Fitz-James, Bishop of London, founded the school in 1519, making provision for the method of teaching "after the gode newe Fourme used in Magdalen College in Oxford or in the Scoole of Powles in London"; it was suppressed when the Bruton Abbey lands were given to the Berkeley family (this is the four-hundred-year-old link which connects Berkeley Square with Bruton Street in London), and then re-founded by Edward VI in 1550.

Shrewsbury School belongs to the vintage of 1552, though some of the manuscripts now in its library are thought to have been in the library of the great Benedictine house at Shrewsbury, a celebrated seat of learning for many centuries. The school received its charter as the result of a petition from the people of the district, who felt the lack of educational opportunities for their children. Shrewsbury became a stronghold of the classics under Butler, Kennedy and Moss. To this day there are few classical scholars who do not derive part of their early training from the pages of Kennedy, that formidable despot who used regularly to expel members of his sixth form for making a false quantity in their verses—"Go back and pack your bag: you are a disgrace to your school, your family and your country." Fortunately the victim was invariably hidden by Mrs. Kennedy until the storm had blown over. Shrewsbury is also typical of some ancient schools which have now exchanged their cramped quarters in a town for an open site near its borders.

Tonbridge School, dating from 1553, is an example of a school which received its letters patent from the king, but was put under the protection of a great City Company, the Skinners, in the same way as Dean Colet put his Pauline foundation under the rule of the Mercers Company. Sir Andrew Judd, who petitioned Edward VI for the establishment of Tonbridge, was a Lord Mayor of London, and also held the curious title of 'Lord Deputy and Mayor of the Staple of Calais.' By his will he made the Skinners Company perpetual trustees and governors of his new

foundation.

There is one famous Edwardian foundation which is no mere development of an earlier one, but owes its origin directly to the king's personal interest in some of the problems which his father's policy had raised. The dissolution of the monasteries had deprived a large number of destitute people of their only means of living, which had formerly been provided from the charity of these great houses. Ridley preached a notable sermon in front of the young king, calling attention to their piteous state. Moved by this, Edward gave his support to the Lord Mayor of London who raised funds for the housing and teaching of the city's poorest children. In the year 1552 Christ's Hospital admitted its first scholars, and has carried on its magnificent work ever since, now in country surroundings. Lamb, Coleridge and Leigh Hunt have all drawn interesting pictures of life in this celebrated school. Lamb's description of it at the end of the eighteenth century is a vivid yet dismal one and shows how much boarding schools have changed in the last century-and-a-half. The sensitive child was there at a time when most schools were brutal places, and Christ's Hospital had constant floggings and cells for solitary confinement. Lamb's cameo of Boyer, the grammar master, ranks among the best things in school literature: "He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different Omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh-powdered, betokening a mild day. The other an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance in his passionate wig. No comet expounded surer."

Many of the schools of Edward VI have integrated themselves closely with the life and development of great towns, instead of becoming mainly boarding establishments for pupils from all over the country, as Sherborne and Shrewsbury now are. Schools such as those in Birmingham, Bath, Norwich, Leeds and Southampton fall into this category. Men of world-wide fame have been educated in some of them, but it is perhaps in the strengthening and fortifying of local life that such largely day-schools have made their greatest contribution to the nation's progress.

Other well-known schools which pay homage to King Edward VI as the patron of their re-organization are Bromsgrove, Giggleswick and St. Albans. The last is said to have been founded as far back as 948, but received its charter in 1553. Three further schools of this time—King's School, Macclesfield, King Edward School, Stourbridge, and The Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe—show interesting small variations of title, though they all refer to the common founder.

These schools of the mid-sixteenth century can look back on a glorious past, though there were times (notably the early part of the nineteenth century) when many of them fell into grave decay, both in numbers and reputation. Bruton, for example, fell officially as low as one pupil in 1811, though it is possible that the master had private pupils who were not entered in the records. In that year when the solitary scholar pre-

sented himself for examination the governing body kept their annual audit dinner; such a celebration would not be a very cheerful occasion in these days among governing bodies, most of whom are compelled to keep an anxious eye on numbers, in order to provide revenue for daily needs. At Shrewsbury, too, in 1798 Samuel Butler is said to have found two boarders only in the school on his arrival and wrote: "In my attempt to establish the almost unheard-of principle of discipline I had all the mammas in Shrewsbury against me and for nearly twenty years I struggled on almost without a friend." Many other foundations of Edward VI experienced their nadir at this time, until the Victorian prosperity of the mid-nineteenth century raised their numbers, their funds, their amenities and their prestige.

It is true to say that never have these old schools been more flourishing than they are to-day, but the future is one which must inevitably bring changes, at any rate in the boarding communities. A competent committee has recently estimated that in leading schools of this type some 70 per cent. of parents are paying fees partly out of capital. This is obviously not a state of affairs that can go on for ever. Critics of such schools, who are not always over-friendly to their honourable past, say openly that they are in no hurry to lay violent hands on them, because the inexorable laws of economics will do their work for them just as certainly within a given time. Fair-minded people, who realize how much these old centres of education have contributed to the life of the country and the commonwealth, hope that some reasonable compromise between the intention of a royal founder and the will of a twentieth-century people can still be found. Lately many charges have been levelled against the schools which have survived the centuries as boarding communities. One is that their special claim to inspire leadership is an out-of-date one in an egalitarian democracy, in which the gifted leader is not encouraged to read Whitehall files with the telescope to his blind eye. Another is that the pupils in them pass four or five years in a state of luxury which is unsuitable to their training for a modern world. In actual fact, some of the most famous schools in the land use archaic buildings which would strike terror into the heart of a local education authority, and the boys in them frequently sleep on beds which their fathers, 30 years earlier, had condemned as unfit for further service. In such schools "the tongue of Rome is still taught in the atmosphere of Sparta." The mellow air of a past age clings to many of their buildings, in front of which the founder's statue looks down on a devoted community whose hardy training is still influenced by the standards of Tudor England.

(The author is a former headmaster and a present governor of one of the Edward VI schools.)

THE IDEAL OF *FRATERNITÉ* (1789-1849)—II

BY DAVID THOMSON

THE mood of France in February 1848, when the second great revolution began, was even more optimistic and idealistic than the mood of 1789. This time the ideal of fraternity mattered greatly from the outset, and was an integral part of the whole republican ideal as it had taken shape in opposition to the middle-class monarchy of Louis Philippe.

When the newly proclaimed provisional Government met at the Hôtel de Ville on February 24, 1848, they issued a proclamation to the people. This announced that the democratic government which the people wanted would have as its principle "liberty, equality and fraternity."* In due course, when the Constitution of the Second Republic was drawn up nine months later, its preamble embodied this revolutionary triad for the first time as an official slogan. According to Article 4 the Republic "has as its principle liberty, equality and fraternity. It has as its basis the family, labour, property, public order." And according to Article 8: "The Republic shall protect the citizen in his person, his family, his religion, his property, his work, and shall make available for each the education indispensable for all; it shall, by fraternal help, secure livelihood for its needy citizens, either by providing them with work within the limits of its resources, or by giving assistance to those who are unfit to work and whose families cannot help them." Likewise Article 7 provided that citizens have the duty to "co-operate for the common well-being by mutual fraternal help."† Fraternity became, for the first time, a constitutional obligation both on the citizen and on the State.

Armand Marrast in his report on the Constitution declared that the aim of the Republic was not equality pure and simple, but "equality governed and explained by fraternity." He saw, as the "happy and fruitful novelty of our Republic and of our age Fraternity, serving as the origin of institutions, inspiring the laws, animating the whole State with its spirit." In his circulated comments on the new Constitution, Eugène Sue claimed that "fraternity prevents 1848 from being like 1793."

In his circular of March 5, 1848, on behalf of the provisional Government, Lamartine reserved the right of the Republic to help subject

* See L. Duguit, H. Monnier, R. Bonnard: *Les Constitutions et les principales lois politiques de la France depuis 1789* (5th ed. 1932) p. xciv, footnote 2.
† For full French text, see *ibid.*, pp. 232-4.

peoples, but only in their own interests and only if they wanted such help. It was a greatly modified version of the 'Decree of Fraternity' of 1792. Assuring the French diplomatic agents to whom the circular was addressed that "we wish the world and ourselves to march to brotherhood and peace" he asserted: "Liberty has set all free. Equality before the law has levelled all. Fraternity, whose application we must proclaim and whose benefits the National Assembly must organize, will unite all . . . Reason, spreading everywhere, across the frontiers of nations, has created in men's minds that great intellectual nationality which will be the achievement of the French Revolution, and the constitution of international brotherhood throughout the world . . . The Republic . . . proclaims herself the intellectual and cordial ally of all rights, of all progress, of all legitimate development of the institutions of nations who want to live according to the same principle as herself. She will make no secret or incendiary propaganda among her neighbours. She knows that there are no durable liberties except those that are born of themselves in their own soil."* This 'Manifesto to Europe' was regarded as applying the principle of fraternity to international relations, just as the "organization of labour" urged by Louis Blanc would mark its application to social affairs. Despite the eager Utopianism of 1848, at least the ideal of fraternity had progressed a stage. At last a serious attempt was being made to reduce its implications to concrete political issues and policies, both internally and internationally.

The ideal of fraternity was, indeed, the main watchword of the earliest stages of the revolution of 1848. Universal suffrage was regarded as the strongest political guarantee of universal brotherhood; no citizen should be deprived of a voice in the determination of national policy. But the socialists and more extreme revolutionaries were already demanding a more drastic extension of its implications than moderates like Lamartine were prepared to countenance. And in the conflict between them, history repeated itself and fratricide replaced fraternity in the bloody June Days.

The cult of continuity with the heroic days of 1792, in which the more romantic revolutionaries indulged, soon became foolish. De Tocqueville noted that in the elections to the Constituent Assembly "most of the candidates had resumed the old customs of '92. When writing to people they called themselves "citizens" and signed themselves fraternally yours". He added: "I would never consent to adopt this revolutionary nonsense."† The provisional Government decided to recall 1790 and to organize a 'Festival of Fraternity' in the Champ-de-Mars, wherein figures represented liberty, equality and fraternity walking hand in hand, and where it was hoped that a "fraternal confusion" would happily prevail. Landlords were expected to remit rents, and de Tocqueville

* Quoted in A. de Lamartine: *History of the French Revolution of 1848* (1849 English translation), p. 278 ff.

† *The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville* (1948 edition) p. 101.

recorded the delicious advertisement which one of them printed in a newspaper.

Mr. Editor: I make use of your paper to inform my tenants that, desiring to put into practice in my relations with them the principles of fraternity that should guide all true democrats, I will hand to those of my tenants who apply for it a formal receipt for their next quarter's rent.*

But he also noted the new solidarity which the growth of an open class war was breeding amongst property-owners, especially in the countryside. "There was no more jealousy or pride displayed between the peasant and the squire, the nobleman and the commoner; instead, I found mutual confidence, reciprocal friendliness, and regard. Property had become, with all those who owned it, a sort of bond of fraternity. The wealthy were the elder, the less endowed the younger brothers; but all considered themselves members of one family, having the same interest in defending the common inheritance."†

While this new-found 'fraternity' was solid enough to help in making the Second Republic yet another middle-class régime, and to place it at the mercy of Louis Napoleon, the urban working-class spirit of republican 'fraternity', which Louis Blanc had hoped to find in the "right to work" and in "national workshops", quickly came to nought. The actual experiment in national workshops was not, of course, in any way a fulfilment of Blanc's hopes and met with his own direct disapproval. But the disastrous failure of the experiment discredited the idea, and the socialistic applications of the ideal again became the property of the extreme revolutionaries, just as after the failure of the Babeuf Plot in 1796.

The low survival value of the Second Republic, and the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon three years after its foundation, soured the high hopes of the February Revolution. But 1848—the year of revolutions in Europe—had been a moral triumph for the concept of fraternity nursed by the international liberal societies. The revolutionaries of each country really had come out into the open in support of one another, and they had shown how fragile was the system of the restoration in Europe. Whatever happened, after the failures of 1848, there could be no mere continuation of the order which had existed before 1848. The new twist given to the idea of fraternity throws some light on the nature of what did happen.

As Mr. Max Beloff has put it: "It was not the ideas of the French Revolution but the reaction against them that dominated the following three decades. The brotherhood of peoples was replaced by the cousinhood of crowned heads."‡ But now, after the 'Year of Revolutions', if there was still to be no brotherhood of peoples, neither could there be a cousinhood of kings. One reason was that the revolutionary ideal had

* *ibid* p. 114.

† *ibid* p. 99.

‡ *A Hundred Years of Revolution*, ed. George Woodcock (1948), p. 44.

now spread to the new industrial urban proletariat of Europe. All the main revolutions of 1848 were urban revolutions, like that of Paris. "For the first time news of a revolution passed from one town to another by telegraph; it no longer needed to filter through, and so to affect, the countryside. The revolutionaries travelled by train from one revolution to the next; they had neither eyes nor thoughts for the country through which they passed."* Fraternity now would mean the bonds that are common to all wage-earners, even if these bonds did not unite all wage-earners in the way that the new apostle of their rights, Karl Marx, hoped. Fraternity, turning sour in the mouths of the optimistic liberals, became peculiarly a concept of the working classes.

At the same time, it became peculiarly a concept in the history of nationalism.† And this in no way conflicted with its new alliance with socialism. Early socialism was internationalist in outlook mainly because liberalism was internationalist, and the two movements shared the same optimism. "It must never be forgotten that the Chartists, Marx and Engels, Proudhon and Bakunin, lived or at any rate were young in the hey-day of liberalism."‡ Internationalism was not even a peculiarly socialist creed; it was a liberal ideal, borrowed by the socialists from the liberals of their day. In so far as socialists like Louis Blanc looked to the nation-State to "organize fraternity, socially and economically, they were looking to a strengthening of the State and were going counter to the general liberal assumption that the State would take a less and less active part in the lives of men. The more they demanded that the State should "organize fraternity" the more they supported the nation-State at the expense of liberal internationalism.

It is noteworthy that even before 1848 the principle of fraternity was itself being criticized from opposite quarters because of its vague internationalist flavour. Mazzini opposed to it the principle of "association". "Brotherhood does not include a common social ideal for men on earth: it does not include even its necessity: it has no essential necessary relation to the development of a purpose, that shall bind together in harmony all our faculties and powers. Brotherhood is certainly the base of every society, the first condition of social progress, but it is not progress itself . . . The principle of brotherhood is compatible with movement in a circle. And the human mind began to understand that *brotherhood*—the necessary link between two principles of *liberty* and *equality*, that epitomise the *individualistic* philosophy—never passes

* A. J. P. Taylor in *The Opening of an Era: 1848* (1948), ed. F. Fejtö.

† The nationalistic use of the idea had doubtless been prepared from the first by the very imagery of patriotism; a common 'fatherland' implies a common 'brotherhood'—*allons enfants de la Patrie*.

‡ F. Borkenau: *Socialism, National or International* (1942), p. 36. cf. E. H. Carr: "Like Mazzini and other nineteenth-century thinkers, Marx thought of nationalism as a natural stepping-stone to internationalism." *Studies in Revolution* (1950), p. 27.

beyond their limits, that its activity can only operate between individuals, that it easily assumes the name of *charity*, that though it can fix the starting-point whence Humanity should reach the social Ideal, it can never be substituted for it."* For Mazzini, in short, fraternity was not enough.

Lamartine, on the other hand, condemned it as too much. He wrote of the adherents of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabet, Raspail, Pierre Leroux and Louis Blanc as holding views of which "the essence was a chimerical fraternity to be realized on earth, and tending towards the suppression of individual property . . . These systems were the poetry of communism, intoxicating with Utopian aspirations, and avenging the cause of men dissatisfied with social order."† He clung to the vaguer liberal sense of fraternity as charity—the sense which Mazzini condemned. As he reminded the Paris mob, in his popular harangues on the formation of the provisional Government: "I have always aspired to a more fraternal government, and one with laws more imbued with the charity which unites us at this moment . . ."‡ When that spirit was "organized" into more specific social legislation, Lamartine drew back from its consequences.

In this way the revolution of 1848 greatly clarified the contrast between two concepts of fraternity. Liberals like Lamartine clung to its sense as a diffused charitable spirit of "brotherliness", the individualistic basis for a form of government resting on persuasion and consent. Even Louis Blanc, in 1847, had described it as involving *le volontaire assentiment des coeurs*. On the other hand the socialistic revolutionaries had evolved a conception of fraternity as a fully organized "brotherhood", involving social legislation and organization of what would to-day be called social welfare. The citizens of a socialist society, sharing a common patrimony like brothers, should organize their whole community so as to remove such impediments to brotherliness as extreme poverty and unemployment. The liberals hoped that the removal of inequalities of political franchise would demolish the main barrier; the socialists impatiently demanded that the principles of private property be modified enough to diminish economic inequalities. This conflict between the notion of fraternity as mere benevolent "brotherliness" and the notion of it as an organized "brotherhood" marked the parting of the ways between liberalism and social democracy.

Louis Blanc himself hovered at the cross-roads, and became in effect the advocate of State socialism, but of State socialism as the guardian and promoter of individual rights. And even more extreme revolutionaries than Blanc did not yet extend the socialistic application of fraternity

* Joseph Mazzini: *Faith and the Future*, written in 1835, in reaction against the failures of the revolutions of 1830.

† A. de Lamartine: *History of the French Revolution of 1848*, (1849), p. 52 of English translation.

‡ *ibid.* p. 234.

to international affairs because, as already shown, most socialists still clung to the traditional liberal notions of internationalism and looked on "brotherliness" as enough in that sphere. It was to the organization of fraternity in social and economic life within each State that the revolution of 1848 turned men's minds.

In the form of "association", the idea spread beyond the specifically socialistic thinkers to liberals like Mazzini. Louis Blanc, supporting not only more active association among workers but also more positive action by the State to provide for the greater well-being of its citizens, again overlapped both trends of thought. In his programme submitted to the provisional Government by the Luxembourg Commission he wrote: "Two great ideas, necessary corollaries of the sentiments of equality and fraternity, alone possess the power at the present time of reconstructing and enriching: on the one hand association, the principle of all strength and of all economy; on the other, the disinterested intervention of the State—the principle of all order, all distributive justice, and all unity."* At the same time Proudhon, distrusting the State as much as ever, saw in the idea of multiple voluntary contracts a more comprehensive application of the idea of both "fraternity" and "association."†

The experience of 1848-1849 brought the parting of the ways not only between liberalism and social democracy, but also between social democracy and communism. The *Communist Manifesto* was published in London early in 1848, a few days before the February Revolution broke out in Paris. At first Marx shared the high hopes of the revolutionaries, but he soon came to distrust and condemn the turn which events took. The June Days drove him into violent denunciation. In the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* he wrote: "The fraternity of the two opposing classes (one of which exploits the other) which in February was inscribed in huge letters upon all the façades of Paris, upon all the prisons and all the barracks . . . this fraternity lasted just so long as the interests of the bourgeoisie could fraternize with the interests of the proletariat." In his pamphlets on *The Class Struggles in France* and *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* he deduced the lessons for the future. He wrote bitterly of: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity . . . when what this Republic really means is Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery." It was a lesson which endorsed Marx's thesis that a revolution which neglected the realities of the class war would be utterly frustrated. He saw the history of the Second Republic as a travesty of the First. In 1789 each stage had been more violent and more revolutionary than the last; in 1848 each phase had been more reactionary than the last. And the illusion of

* Quoted George Woodcock: *A Hundred Years of Revolution*, p. 221.

† cf. Proudhon, *Idée générale de la Révolution* (6e. étude): "Le contrat, c'est la Fraternité puisqu'il identifie les intérêts, ramène à l'unité toutes les divergences, résout toutes les contradictions, et, par conséquent, rend l'essor aux sentiments de bienveillance et de dévouement que refoulait (sic) l'anarchie économique, le gouvernement des représentants, la loi étrangère."

'fraternity' had played a constant part in the whole disaster. "The phrase which corresponded to this imagined liquidation of class relations was *fraternité*, universal fraternization and brotherhood. This pleasant abstraction from class antagonisms, this sentimental equalization of contradictory class interests, this fantastic elevation above the class struggle, was the special catch-cry of the February Revolution. The classes were divided by a mere misunderstanding and Lamartine baptized the provisional Government on February 24 as "*un gouvernement qui suspende ce malentendu terrible qui existe entre les différentes classes*. The Parisian proletariat revelled in this generous intoxication of fraternity."*

Marx sought to replace this delusive fraternity between classes by the revolutionary fraternity between the proletarians of each country. The International was the true pattern of fraternity, and any other form was illusory. "Comrade" was a better appellation than "brother" for communist politics.

For these reasons, from 1848 onwards, the idea of fraternity entered into the development of political thought in three ways. In liberal-democratic thought it was expected that universal suffrage would lead to what may be called 'the nationalizing of fraternity.' In social-democratic thought, it was expected that the growth of State responsibility for welfare would lead to 'the fraternalizing of nationalism.' In communist revolutionary thought, it was expected that the growth of proletarian solidarity and class-consciousness would lead to 'the internationalizing of fraternity.' It depended on the answer given to the question: "Who is my brother?" Should the answer be 'fellow-citizen', 'fellow-worker', or 'fellow-proletarian'? During the last hundred years, all three answers have continued to be given. If the most frequent and most firm answer has normally been 'fellow-citizen' it is because enthusiasts have too often forgotten that the usual limited human reaction is that expressed by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. "Show me a definite person doing a definite thing and I will tell you whether he is my friend or my enemy; but as to calling all human creatures indiscriminately my brothers and sisters, I will do no such thing. I have far too much respect for real relations to give these endearing names to all sorts of people of whom I know, and for whom, practically speaking, I care nothing at all."†

(The first part of this article by Dr. Thomson—Fellow and Senior Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and a University Lecturer in History—was published in the May issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

* *The Class Struggles in France*, p. 44.

† Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen: *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* (1873), p. 304.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY,

THE FOURTH YEAR OF ISRAEL

Sir,

I would like to reply briefly to the remarks of the four commentators, published in your May 1952 issue, about my article.

First, Mr. Israel Cohen comments justly on "the dynamic intellectual activity" in the small land. My reason for silence about the development of literature, art and music is that I had referred to them in a previous article which I wrote on "The Third Year of Israel" in the May 1951 number of THE FORTNIGHTLY. And there were not any striking new developments to record.

Mr. Neville Laski draws attention to three major problems: the mass immigration from the Oriental Jewish communities, the refusal of the Arab world to trade with Israel, and the apparently insoluble problem of the Arab refugees. Nothing in Israel's policy has been more admirable than the willingness to take in whole communities in distress without discrimination on the grounds of age, sickness or incapacity. And though the burden of social aid for such cases must be heavy for years to come, the old and the maimed will pass away, leaving the young and the healthy integrated in the nation. As to the second problem, which is stressed also by Mr. Owen Tweedy as a major peril of Israel, I would be the last to belittle its seriousness. I emphasized that peace with the Arab States, which has eluded all the efforts for three years, is the most vital of Israel's needs. The cold war in the Middle East accentuates every hardship of life. Yet I believe that, though some of the children of Israel murmur, and a few immigrants give up the struggle, the mass are prepared to stick it out. And the prospects of peace negotiations with the Arab States are at least better in the fifth than they were in the fourth year. For to-day the western powers are as anxious as Israel to have peace in the Middle East, and are not only seeking it, but pursuing it.

As to the third hurdle, the settlement of the Arab refugees, without undue optimism I hope that a solution is nearer. The unanimous adoption, by the last Assembly of the United Nations of the plans for employment of the able-bodied refugees in the countries where they now are living "in restless, resentful idleness," gives a prospect that at last the Arab States and western democracies will co-operate in the first steps towards the permanent solution.

Mr. Dov B. Sherira comments that in my survey I omitted mention of the demands by the Government of Israel for reparations from Germany, which "is a matter of particular importance." In mitigation I may urge that I had dealt at some length with that subject in an article "German Restitution and Reparation" in the January 1952 FORTNIGHTLY, and I omitted it in the survey of Israel's fourth year because, when I wrote, the issue was still indefinite. Negotiations were proceeding, and violent protests against them were disturbing the peace of Israel. But the practical outcome was still uncertain.

Lastly, Mr. Tweedy comments on the grave injury done by the Arab boycott of Israel and on Israel's present isolation. The solution, he says, must be found in the Middle East, and not in New York or anywhere else. I am in full agreement with him that

peace depends on direct negotiations between Israel and the Arab States, and not on the diplomatic web of conciliation commissions. The example, however, of the Armistice Agreements, brought about in 1949 between Israel and the Arab States with the resolute and skilful help of the United Nations' mediator, Dr. Bunche, suggests that negotiations between Israel and each of her neighbours in turn, with an "honest broker" to help, may at last break the deadlock.

Yours faithfully,

NORMAN BENTWICH.

London, N.W.3.

SETTLING IN NEW ZEALAND A CENTURY AGO

A POSTSCRIPT

In the March 1952 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY were published two letters from C. M. Igglesden in New Zealand written nearly a century ago to his friend in England, W. Watkins. The latter's son, Mr. W. G. Watkins of Lincoln, in whose possession the letters have been, has received some replies to his suggestion that descendants or other relatives should communicate with him. Two surviving daughters and one surviving son of C. M. Igglesden are living in New Zealand and, only in November 1951, Miss Milly Igglesden, a well known art teacher, just before her death at Wellington gave several of her father's letters to a sister; in these "Johnson, Inman, Finden, Watkins" and himself were described as being "great chums". The recipient, Mrs. Lena Goulter of Wellington, has written to Mr. W. G. Watkins giving particulars of her father's life "as Architect, Surveyor and Engineer in the Public Service of the Colony," and of his death in 1920 at the age of 88.

The original letters are on the way to Mrs. Goulter, who has promised the General Assembly Library of Parliament House, Wellington (whose Chief Librarian also wrote to Mr. W. G. Watkins), that she will "hand them over" to be added to the collection of New Zealand documents which is proving of great value to students of history.

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THE DAMNABLE PACT

BY NORMAN NICHOLSON

There are certain moments in literature which become part of folk-culture, part of the mental furniture of those who may know nothing at all about the source of the story. They are moments, for the most part, which image some common crisis or reveal the tension point between conflicting social forces or between human aspirations and human fears. Such moments arise when *Oliver Twist* asks for more, when Crusoe finds the footprint on the sand, and when Faust sells his soul. In Germany, of course, this latter scene came from folklore in the first place, but in England it came from literature, from Marlowe, and in Marlowe the story is essentially tragic. The folk tale was concerned as much with the devil's buffoonery as with his malevolence—but in Marlowe it is the damnable and damning pact which compels the imagination above all else.

Yet, in fact, by approaching the Faust story at this point we are coming in at the middle. The Marlovian Faust is a product of the late Middle Ages and the Reformation, but behind him is the ritual and magic of a pre-Christian era, and according to Miss Butler* it is the conflict between these two conceptions which has influenced the history of the legend. I have not read her two earlier books on this subject, but if I understand rightly the implications of this third, she believes that the figure of Faust emerges from the old fertility cults, the rites of the Dying God and the functions of the priest-king. Here the figure was entirely beneficent, facing mystery and danger for the sake of the tribe, and in certain circumstances accepting a sacrificial death. But as Christianity superseded the primitive religions, the old magical practices were condemned as evil, and wizards were regarded as men who held traffic with the

devil. Out of this came the legend of the damnable pact. At first there was no doubt whatever about the damnation. The original anonymous Faust book, published by Johann Spiess in 1587 and translated into English in 1592, had a splendid Lutheran gloom about it; the fate of Faust is the inevitable result of "his pride and arrogance, despair, audacity, and insolence like unto those giants of whom the poets sing that they carried the mountains together and were fain to make war on God."

But the popular reader did not intend to be drowned in despair for Faust's sake. Damnation was a real thing, a terrifying thing, but it did not do to think of it all the while. So, to quieten deep-seated fears, Faust and his devils were made to look ridiculous at least for a time. It was, says Miss Butler, the old, hidden faith in ritual and magic reasserting itself in a grotesque way. When in Marlowe's version Faustus tweaks off the food from beneath the nose of the pope, we cannot but feel, whoever may have written this passage, that it is unworthy of the rest of that stupendous tragedy. Yet the buffoonery satisfied a very real need. The jests about the bunch-of-hay horse and the bunch-of-grape noses, the comic imps, the servant's parody of the pact with the devil—all these give a feeling of temporary relief, even of security, to the spectator. So in the period which followed Marlowe we find that the story was immensely popular both with barnstormers and with puppet masters. It became as homely as pantomime, as rollicking as Punch and Judy. Casper, the comic servant, became almost as important a character as Faust himself, conjuring up the devil yet managing to cheat him of his soul, and in one version acting as night watchman and calling out

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the hours in ribald songs as Faust's end draws near.

The elemental terror of the theme was not forgotten, however, and even in the crudest of productions it came closer to the audience than it is easy for us to imagine to-day. There is the celebrated performance at Exeter when the actors in the incantation scene realized that "there was a devil too many among them." Even the puppet plays could reach depths of tragic feeling beside which our modern stage looks as shallow as a paddling pool: "What would you do in my place, Mephistopheles, to obtain the grace of God?" asks Faust in the Augsburg puppet play. And the devil replies:

Ah Faustus, if there were a ladder stretching from earth to heaven, made of swords instead of rungs so that I should be cut into a thousand pieces with every step I took, yet would I strive to reach the summit, so that I might behold the face of God but once more.

When Faust first emerged in 1587, his tragedy was that of a single soul, but gradually it revealed itself as the tragedy of modern man. To the poets of the eighteenth century it seemed evident that Faust's sin was merely that of eating the tree of knowledge, that, in fact, he represented the new aspirations of man, struggling against superstition, ignorance, and the darker mysteries of science and his own nature. That such a man should be damned was unthinkable, and from that time almost to the present day, many have tried to find a way in which he could escape his fate.

Miss Butler gives an exhaustive (and at times exhausting) study to the many variations of these two themes—that of that damned Faust and that of the saved Faust; of doublings and doublings back; of parings and clashes and compromises—from Lessing, Goethe, Byron, Lenau. At times we almost lose sight of the original tale as it is divided and subdivided and filed away in so many different cabinets. Even Goethe's own contribution comes under three separated headings—"An imperishable Faust", "An unearthly Helen" and "The Apotheosis of Faust."

And then, in the despair of our own times, the original Faust has come back. Thomas Mann tells his story in a modern setting, turning the magician into a musician; Paul Valéry sees that intellectual curiosity, unlimited and uncontrolled, leads inevitably to the atom bomb and primeval chaos all over again. Surely, says Miss Butler, the first biographers of Faust were prophetic in their suspicious fear of the passion for knowledge.

Yet was it really knowledge that Faust sought? If so, it was knowledge not as an end in itself but as a means to power. That, indeed, is also the modern error. For the father of lies can have no monopoly of truth but only of the misuse of truth, and to attribute the damnation of Faust to his search for knowledge is both unrealistic and sentimental. His guilt lay, not in searching, but in searching in the wrong shop.

PORTRAIT OF EUROPE, by Salvador de Madariaga. *Hollis & Carter.* 18s.

Don Salvador de Madariaga, the prototype of the world citizen, touches nothing that he does not illuminate with truly Chestertonian "predetermined paradox and embodied antithesis." This "mural fresco of European life" is a supreme example of his art. Those, however, who expect to find here political quartz, who look for light and leading on the problems of structure and organization so hotly debated among parliamentarians will be disappointed; let them reflect that this twinkling Spaniard, while he has played a part on the international political stage (and even served his country as an Ambassador and as a Minister), studied to be an engineer—and began life as a *littérateur*. (He has to his credit—in Spanish—volumes of poetry and plays, and his study *On Hamlet*, together with a translation of Shakespeare's play into Spanish verse, will be familiar to a number of English readers.) It is in the realm of ideas and symbols, not that of politics, that he is really at home, and his con-

* *The Fortunes of Faust*, by E. M. Butler. Cambridge University Press, 30s.

nection with Europe as she is being formed in the crucible of Strasbourg begins and ends with his contribution as Chairman of the Cultural Committee of the European Movement.

But for any one who delights in pres-tiditation with ideas—based, be it said, on acute observation—and appreciates intellectual larks, this little volume is sheer joy. The author starts from the fact (which he has many times before brought out) that the men and nations of Europe, with all their close physical solidarity, are still alas! substantially lacking in moral solidarity; there is a pertinent simile of streams of cars circulating on a narrow road and the presumable feelings of the drivers towards one another. And he goes on to make the usual, and indeed essential, point that Europe's genius consists precisely in the variety within unity, the respective "vintages" of national types, which go to make up the peculiarly European pattern of quality, of distinction. It is in the next step taken here that he rings the bell and gets his money back, so to speak, when he observes, rightly enough, that ventilation is eminently desirable, that the unity of Europe is in fact well served by bringing out into the light of day the various tensions between the several nations.

This he proceeds to do by taking the principal national types in pairs (as also certain lesser nations) and analysing their characteristics with coruscating brilliance, rather in the manner of his quasi-mathematical study of *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards* of more than twenty years ago. To quote here from the author's verbal felicities would be to spoil the fun for the reader; and for the quidnuncs and sobersides who may be heard tut-tutting at some of the far-fetched conceits he has his answer ready in an incidental remark: "I am, of course, exaggerating and pushing a relative fact to the edge of its absolute so as to make it stand out clearly." For my part I applaud most his discovery that "the Irish are Spaniards who have lost their way and got stranded in the north

where they do not belong"—besides being as a result of history "deeply anglicized".

I have only one quarrel with Señor de Madariaga: that is when he observes *en passant* that "French is the easiest language for an Englishman to learn"—which is just not true. And surely his wife, a Scotswoman, (or his publisher) should have told him that the national adjective is Scottish, *not* Scotch, which is an appellation reserved for whisky.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

THE BLIND EYE OF HISTORY: A Study of the Origins of the present Police Era, by Charles Reith. *Faber & Faber*. 18s.

Mr. Reith, already the author of two or three excellent historical studies of the British police, has a complaint against historians. He accuses them of being blind to the importance of machinery for the enforcement of law as a factor in historical development. He contends that there have been, broadly, two forms of police organization in history: the 'tribal kin police', wherein responsibility for enforcing laws is shared by the community as a whole, and 'ruler-appointed police' or *gendarmérie*, where in the responsibility is entrusted to a militarily organized group. He sees in the first form the principles which led to the democratic system of police now existing in Britain, the Commonwealth and the United States; in the second, the normal European pattern, and the origins of the totalitarian police-systems of modern dictatorships. In exposition of this thesis he ranges widely throughout history, from ancient Egypt and Anglo-Saxon England to present-day America and Soviet Russia. The result is an extremely interesting book, provocative and stimulating, written with verve and at times pugnacity. And it is all to the good that both legal and political historians should be reminded of the practical aspects of law enforcement which are only too often neglected or misunderstood.

Yet Mr. Reith greatly overstates his

case, and his use of historical evidence is often open to severe criticism. He is apt to make claims of historical importance for the specific form (or absence) of police organization which are much more lopsided than the judgments of orthodox historians on which he pours so much scorn. To dub John Wilkes "the paid and heavily financed tool of City merchants in London" and to ascribe "the basic cause of the initiation of the [American] War of Independence" to the activities of Samuel Adams and his followers, is surely to over-simplify complicated historical situations. The historian, so frequently scolded by the author for turning a blind eye to such startling simplifications, would be justified in retorting that he has in fact seen more than Mr. Reith and that he is trained to avoid distorting mirrors. He might add, on some points, that the alleged gaps lie less in the writings of historians than in Mr. Reith's reading of them. When the author announces (p. 242) that "in the course of the transition from feudalism to nationalism in Europe, the fact which has mattered most to posterity has escaped the notice of historians" and goes on to describe this fact as the problems and devices of the new monarchies for maintaining order in their domains, he reveals a strange innocence of a mass of serious historical study.

The author writes, too, as if the mere absence of the device of 'kin-police' was in itself the cause of historical situations, and is apt to neglect the economic and political conditions which explain both the absence of the device and the events which he ascribes to its absence. Despite these faults, the book is well worth attention. It has delicious pen-pictures of men like Jonathan Wild, the forerunner of all modern gangsters, and a most ingenious interpretation of Britain's military failures in the American War of Independence which no future historian of that war can afford to neglect.

DAVID THOMSON

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLU- TION, 1917-1923. Vol. II. By E. H. Carr. *Macmillan*. 30s.

This volume of Professor Carr's history traces the development of the Russian economy from the early days of the Revolution to the time of Lenin's death. The combined effects of war and revolution plunged the already backward economy of the country into a state of chaos, and so added to the foreseen ideological and practical difficulties of creating a socialist society in a backward country a formidable category of problems for which no solutions had been prepared or even considered.

The chief of these were that both industrial and agricultural production had fallen dramatically since 1914, and that it was clear to Lenin and his colleagues that unless these trends were reversed the Revolution could not succeed. The main difficulties were that the increased production of food and its efficient distribution could not be achieved without the support of the peasants, and that the output of industry could not be raised without at least some considerable measure of help from technical experts whose social origins and political convictions did not dispose them favourably to the revolutionary rulers. The experiments of workers' control in industry, and of sending gangs of armed and half-disciplined ruffians to loot the countryside in the supposed interests of the town dwellers, speedily broke down. What was to take their place? This, in the sphere of economic organization, was the primary problem of the revolutionary period.

In Bolshevik theory the solution of the agricultural problem was the nationalization of all the land, and the concentration of production, so far as possible, in large farming units. To this the social revolutionaries opposed the far more appealing if less efficient solution of nationalizing only the landlords' land and redistributing it to the peasants. In fact, after the Bolsheviks had achieved a theoretical victory, events took control; the peasants acted on their

own counsel, at least in many of the provinces, and the social revolutionary solution was to a large extent forced upon the Bolsheviks, whose contribution was limited to guiding events by stimulating a class war between the poorer and the richer peasants. It was this situation which forced upon Lenin the New Economic Policy, whose "initial and cardinal measure" in Professor Carr's words was "the substitution of the tax in kind for the requisitioning of surpluses." As a substitute for the much hated requisitioning the peasant was to earn, by prompt and full payment of the tax, the right to use his surplus to sell on a free market, and by this means the disastrous situation that the famine of 1921 superimposed on war and revolution was allayed.

N.E.P. was primarily agricultural, not industrial, and it was introduced after all industrial undertakings had been nationalized. Its effects were therefore less far-reaching, and its reversal was carried out without the convulsions that later accompanied "the liquidation of the kulaks." N.E.P. achieved its objective, and thereafter the Communists set about achieving their aim of a completely planned and socialized economy. The struggles between the different schools of planners—those who advocated one central plan, those who believed in a number of specific projects, Lenin, with his passion for electrification, Trotsky, with his fanatical belief in a ruthless central direction—are described in the last chapter of this fascinating and illuminating book, which shows the scene set for the feuds that followed Lenin's death.

W. T. WELLS

AUSTRALIA, by R. M. Crawford. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

The recent drastic import cuts made by the Australian Government took many otherwise well-educated people in Great Britain completely by surprise. It was a measure of our general ignorance of the great Dominions to which this country has given birth. The reading

of even a popular historical study of Australia, such as this one by the professor of History at Melbourne University, might have been expected at least to prepare their minds against an eventuality whose causes are neither superficial nor immediate but deep-rooted and long-standing.

Professor Crawford does well to begin his survey with a chapter on "The Land", for nine-tenths of Australia's troubles—and they are many—stem from its intractable nature and its unfortunate location on the globe. The legend of *Australia Felix* dies hard; but as Mr. Crawford quickly points out, of the Commonwealth's 3,000,000 square miles 600,000 "are unused and unusable," another 700,000 "good only for sparse pastoral occupation," barely one quarter receive enough rain to render agriculture possible and of those "much is mountainous."

The result is that as Australia's population has increased so it has (except during the early pioneering days) steadily retreated from the interior to the coast, and in particular to the five capital cities of Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth, which to-day with their environs house close on two-thirds of the total continental population. This has meant increasing industrialization and commercialization and, relatively, a decreasing number of people engaged in agricultural and pastoral occupations. Yet throughout her century and a half of white history Australia has depended (brief "gold rushes" apart) for her livelihood upon her primary products, which in 1922 made up 96 per cent. of her exports and as late as 1950, 85 per cent.

If, then, what Australia has in the main to offer are a scorching sun, arid or unprofitable soil (even in well-watered districts this is often poor), frequently recurrent droughts and yet more frequent bush fires—capable of devastating areas as large as England in a couple of days—why, it may be asked, have people persisted in emigrating there? (In parenthesis, relatively not so many have; for every one who has gone from Great

Britain to Australia, ten have gone to North America.) Gold is one answer; between 1851 and 1861 the population of Victoria alone rose from 77,000 to 540,000. Wool is another, and a general vague longing to start afresh and to make a fortune in the wide open spaces is a third.

But constant throughout has been another desire; to escape from the hierarchy of European society into a land where it was agreed that "every man should start fair in life, and have the same chance of making his way through the world." Professor Crawford's book is essentially a study of the making of Australian democracy, a democracy unique in kind and as yet far from fully fashioned. As he shows, that democracy has faced and survived many crises. To-day it faces a dual threat, probably the gravest in its history: the menace of Asia's underfed millions and the unbalance of its internal economy. It will need all the combination of courage, practicality, and insouciance in the Australian character to survive this threat.

H. C. DENT

ALL SOULS, by Ruth Tomalin. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

In the time of the Great Plague a poor, harmless old woman who had returned to her native village, Long Peace, to take possession of a neglected home, was charged with witchcraft and burned alive. This tragic happening provides the Prologue to *All Souls*, a strange and sometimes bewildering story by Ruth Tomalin whose intimate knowledge of bird and beast, flower and butterfly serves to invest an obscure theme with definite charm. Her men, women and children have uncommon names as well as strange manners and relationships are sometimes hard to follow. Mouse, Willow, Dusky, Piers Yeo, Mars Hussy, Vanessa all present certain difficulties and challenge the careless reader, in a realm where nobody seems to be quite normal or to do worthwhile things. There is a vicar whose chief concern is entomology rather than

parochial affairs, a schoolmistress with an illegitimate child in the school, and a mysterious housekeeper. Long Peace harbours an unfriendly community to which the children who intervene make little more than a negligible contribution. What is there in the face of this unpromising material that compels a second reading, in order that the end may explain the beginning? Perhaps we are moved to recover the story from an enveloping cloud of butterflies, birds and flowers, while paying due tribute to the seeing eye, the listening ear and the vivid imagination that atone for faults in construction and emphasis.

A first perusal demanded a second, the second called for a third that the survey might be complete. *All Souls* stands remote from the marketplace and its conventions, while for the student of wild life there is an appeal in every chapter. Years of close observation and a whole hearted response must have gone to build up the natural history side and to provide a setting that acts as an antidote to impediments in the narrative.

By reason of its love, pity and awareness this book refuses to be forgotten. The author has brought to her service clear recognition of the fulness and emptiness of village life, its good humour and rancour, its prejudice and limitations, its normal kindness and latent cruelties. There is a suggestion that the old evil, set out in the Prologue, is still active to-day, that the murder of a helpless woman had certain effects that centuries cannot obliterate. This was the teaching of Gautama the Buddha, and is held by millions of his followers to this hour. For it sounds strange in the twentieth century and the south of England.

Lo! as hid seed shoots, after rainless years
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds come forth
again.

I think that when Miss Tomalin has mastered the technique of storytelling she should command a large and sympathetic audience. At present we find ourselves in an ill-planned house with many beautiful pictures on the walls.

S. L. BENSUSAN

From a month that has included a visit to the Leonardo da Vinci drawings, to the home of Bernard Shaw at Ayot St. Lawrence, to Sir Max Beerbohm's 80th birthday exhibition, to the Royal Society of Arts illustrated lecture by Michael Ayrton on Giovanni Pisano, and to the summer Academy, the connecting stem is easy to trace.

Glory that was Greece

It is joined (for one whose deploring eyes have beheld *The Last Supper* peeling on the wall in Milan, who has risked death from racing traffic in the quick-falling dusk of Rapallo to watch the light in the upper room of Sir Max's villa, and who first encountered the sculptures of Pisano in the cities of Tuscany) to *THE ROOT OF EUROPE* (Chatto & Windus. 15s.)—the common inheritance, and the source of all our delight, often unconsciously, and but dazedly in the dazzle of it on our fleeting trips to that tired and torn and glorious old continent. Michael Huxley has edited and prefaced these "studies in the diffusion of Greek culture" to show that nevertheless the branches labelled Macedon and the east; Greece in Rome, and in the early medieval west; the Moslem carriers; the Renaissance; Byzantium and the high middle ages; Byzantium and the east and the north, and Byzantine influences in Russia, all belong to the same tree, the political crisis of today being due to the deviation of those principles that animated Athens. The scope and interests of the contributors range from the headmastership of Harrow and the care of the coins in the Ashmolean, Oxford, to the professorship of Byzantine history at Harvard and the directorship of London's Science Museum. Assisted by dozens of beautifully clear illustrations and 17 most illuminating maps, and accompanied by a bibliography that should satisfy the hungriest needs of further reading, they have been able to make an engrossing book at a comparatively cheap price look handsome as well.

How it is done

One of the first hunters of handsome books brought the ancient Greek authors to Europe as early as the fourteenth century. Now, a series of lectures delivered under the authority of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association has been assembled in *TALKS ON BOOK-COLLECTING* (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) edited by P. H. Muir, who also contributes the first paper. Those who follow, like him all "eminent authorities", discuss the various aspects, either from the seller's or the keeper's point of view. They speak of the period before printing, of the language and the fashions of the cult, of binding and binders, of milestones in publishing and, in a last lecture by Ifan Kyrle Fletcher, of one especially rewarding field—from playbills to Ellen Terry's letters—in the theatre. As should be expected, the volume with its numerous facsimiles and photographs is a credit to the trade.

Elia

Who, having read Charles Lamb, does not remember "My First Play", "Some of the Old Actors", "Stage Illusion" and "Artificial Comedy" and, even more pertinent to the general subject of the foregoing symposium, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading"? Here, the essayist is anything but 'detached' in his enthusiasm and dislikes and when he says: "In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands in binding" we heartily concur. And we agree just as heartily with,

where a book is at once both good and rare . . . no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

So that—although it is true that to read is paramount and what the book looks like doesn't much matter—it is no contradiction to say that the rich casket of *THE ESSAYS AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA* (Macdonald Illustrated Classics. 9s. 6d.) on the table receives a warm invitation to replace the tattered, old and dingy secondhand copy (and of no

antiquarian value) on the shelf. Malcolm Elwin's Introduction to the trim, gold-lettered, shining cellophane-wrapped newcomer is both biography and interpretation of man and writer—the one often tiresome, the other never, "well, hardly ever."

Seats of learning

And never when he writes of "Christ's Hospital", "The Old and the New Schoolmaster" and "Oxford in the Vacation." Lamb would have enjoyed the autobiography of schooldays that strictly comes next; then there are two novels about schoolmistresses, but any consideration of the mysteries of pedagogy might well begin here, like charity, with *THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: What and where it is* (John Murray. 3s. 6d.). R. J. S. McDowall and D. M. Gurney have compiled a useful survey mainly to make its own students "University conscious". But as the booklet explains the complexities of this federation of colleges (many of them much older than the 100 years of their binding together) which has grown into one of the largest universities in the world, the outsider who is also a London-lover will appreciate learning something of the history and attainment of so many and diverse institutions. Some we take for granted; others we snort over unkindly because their products sometimes excite our contumely; some we warmly admire, and others we are surprised—and delighted—to find included.

No snail

There are but three hindrances to delight in Hubert Van Zeller's account of his schooldays at Downside: the title *WILLINGLY TO SCHOOL* (Sheed & Ward. 18s.)—there should be a society for the suppression of torturing Shakespeare; the too hearty 'blurb' (not cramming "Moral Uplift down the reader's maw" indeed!), and the comic-strip-ish illustration on the dust jacket. So by simply removing this, it is easy to enjoy thoroughly surely one of the best autobiographies of its kind: with its au-

thentic conveying of what it felt like to be young and, literally, in the monastic community of school life; with a vivid sense of the ridiculous in sundry solemn moments; with its humour flowing unforced from the first "pre-preparatory" episode which kept laughter strangling the words as I tried to read them aloud, and with the wisdom all the more profound for being unstressed. The author has another great gift, for drawing the Beerbohm-ish caricatures (filled in and portraying the man within no less than his face and form) which adorn the book. And the happy schoolboy has apparently happily merged his endowments with his greatest vocation, for he is now a monk at Downside.

Teaching Girls

The first of the two *Putman* novels (12s. 6d. each), *NOUGHTS AND CROSSES* by Jacobine Hichens, concerns the struggles of a Protestant teacher (in a school somewhat vaguely run on the antics of a headmistress rather too obviously a 'copy' provider for Miss Joyce Grenfell) to resist, or not to resist, marrying the Roman Catholic she loves. All who have lingered on this brink fearing to launch away will recognize its truth. The calm, kind priest, knowing more than she could tell, answering all her questionings with that terrifying, steamroller logic that characterized the Inquisition and in discussion makes twentieth-century blood run cold, the emotional appeal of the Church, and the recoil, are all there. Yet this is not merely a warning against "mixed" marriages; it is what it should be, a good story well told.

Another such is *THE MONKEY PUZZLE* by Betty de Sherbinin, though there is nothing 'gaga' about the headmistress whose life, private and teaching, among a British group in wartime Argentina, is as it were eavesdropped upon. The Buenos Aires families were glad to send their daughters to Paula's school, and, so real is the house, garden and atmosphere of the place, that the announcement on the back of the wrapper, of the author's 11 years in Buenos Aires where

she attended the English School, has been taken for granted long before the book's end. The dying husband, the former lover—a British Council lecturer for-sooth—and the headmaster and his staff next door all serve their proper purpose in the scheme and even the physical appearance of Paula stamps itself firmly enough on the imagination to make her story memorable for that achievement alone.

Dr. Ommanney again

Another memorable book, which stamped itself on the imagination as long ago—astonishingly—as 14 years, was *South Latitude*; this prepared a warm welcome for its author's latest expedition among THE SHOALS OF CAPRICORN (*Longmans, Green*. 21s.) and, as with that so with this, it has been hard to put down, from its map of the islands of the western Indian Ocean to the last paragraph where:

The wide view of the sea was beginning to grow pale and the lights, shining through the mango trees, to grow wan before our last dawn in these islands. By the next sunrise . . . these two years . . . would have dwindled to a moment of time.

And yet the result was important enough. Between the Seychelles and Mauritius there are shallow waters, banks and coral strands which the Colonial Office saw as possible new fishing grounds. F. D. Ommanney and his friend John Wheeler set out in 1947 to investigate and their "mucking about in a drifter" established that there was enough food fish to make a commercial venture worth while. But there was much of excitement and interest in between, of calm and storm, of shipmates and creoles "black, lazy, improvident and cheerful," of lagoon and white beaches, of ports and jetties and, best of all, a combining of travel and natural history which makes for most of us the ideal adventure story.

The family of nations

There is a good deal of adventure too, unobtrusive and even unlikely as this may seem to be, between the covers of

such a mundane compilation of statistical as THE COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS OFFICE LIST 1952 (*H.M. Stationery Office*. 22s. 6d.). For it tells of those stirring "stages by which countries originally colonies or other dependencies of a mother country have become free and equal partners in a Commonwealth of Nations" and of the nature of their relationship to each other. The changes in the Commonwealth nationality laws are described and overseas settlement is historically surveyed. The List proper, of the names of Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, heads of Government Departments, diplomatic representatives, with the existing parliamentary situation in each country, is tabulated. So too are United Kingdom parliamentary papers and Acts relating to the Commonwealth, and the organization of the Relations Office is set out in detail. It has been suggested that libraries and kindred bodies should find it useful; it is certain that editors of periodicals devoted to world topics could find its information indispensable. In fact, this identical copy is on loan from THE FORTNIGHTLY editorial reference bookshelf.

Kingly burdens

From the Aucklands to Yulon territory, Commonwealth relations have been but too threaded, it would appear, by the shining of a central link in death—"the magic link" of the Crown, as Mr. Winston Churchill called it in his broadcast tribute. With their customary despatch *Odhams* have produced THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KING GEORGE VI 1895-1952 (10s. 6d.), a full and readable picture-book of every phase of his 56 years' pilgrimage, more than ordinarily momentous even for a monarch. Having made their "farewell salute" the new Elizabethans all over the world should cherish such a memento of a good man, such a reminder of duty well done.

GRACE BANYARD