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JOHN ARMITAGE

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1948

THE DISASTER OF MUNICH, 1938-1948

By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THE Munich Agreement was signed ten years ago. It was rapidly blotted out of the foreground of public consciousness by more tremendous and exhilarating events. But now as it takes its place on the horizon of history its proportions have become disagreeably magnified. The evil that men do lives after them. The Conference at Munich on September 29, 1938, probably did more than any other single incident to create a gulf of suspicion between the U.S.S.R. and the countries of the west, and no amount of common victories over Hitler have been able to close it.

It is time, then, to reconsider the history of 1938. Hitherto a wealth of fragmentary information has been available, but we have been without a satisfying synthesis to enable us to grasp the full significance of the Munich Agreement. Nothing, indeed, could have been more timely than Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's book* on the subject ; taken in conjunction with Professor Namier's account of the year which followed Munich, it provides the reading public with ample evidence upon which to judge the makers of Munich. Mr. Wheeler Bennett has, of course, examined the captured German documents and the Czechoslovak archives.†

To anyone who had been able to make himself familiar with the Czechoslovak scene in the 'thirties it was clear that the Sudeten Germans and their backers in the German *Reich*, lavish though they were in assertions that they aimed only at Czech-German reconciliation, were in fact working to bring about a ruthless German domination in Central Europe for a start. Later, during the war itself, they admitted this unblushingly. If this were so Munich could but encourage their villainy and hasten, as it did, the German entry into Prague. It seemed so shameful that Britain and France should have contributed to this that one suspended judgment—there must have been extenuating circumstances, one thought, which history would reveal. But now history does nothing of the kind. There were no extenuating circumstances except that Mr. Chamberlain was ignorant and therefore credulous and that Monsieur Daladier was weak.

The "Munichois" claimed that the Czechs would be better off without the territories which they lost to Hitler in the autumn of 1938, and that

**Munich. Prologue to Tragedy*, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. Macmillan. 25s.

†*Diplomatic Prelude* by L. B. Namier. Macmillan. 18s.

†For those who are determined to read the other available documents, *Nazi-Soviet Relations*, published by the Department of State adds to the White, Blue and Yellow books published by other Governments ; the Russians themselves have recently added to the mass of such publications.

Czech-German relations would be improved by the abandonment of Bohemia's traditional frontiers. Within three weeks, however, of heading the four signatures to the Munich Agreement, Hitler signed a secret directive with plans for the breaking of all Czech resistance in Bohemia and Moravia. This was child's play now for, by the terms of Munich, the Czechs had lost not only their natural mountain defences but also the extremely efficient fortifications with which they had supplemented nature.

They had lost a great deal besides. Adolf Hitler systematically subjected his enemies to a preliminary bombardment of threats and rumours and propaganda which terrified all those who lacked clarity and courage, but which was even more accomplished in the skill whereby it achieved the demoralization of the clear-sighted and the brave. In the case of the Czechs in 1938 he was able to go far towards breaking their spirit with a little manipulation of the attitude of the British and the French, so that the suffocation of being betrayed by their friends descended upon the Czechs so insidiously that it became impossible for them to save themselves; they must have felt very much like the Jewish victims of the Nazis who were told outside the gas chamber that they were going to have a nice bath.

It is often forgotten that the Czechs are consciously and proudly Slav by way of avoiding submersion in a Great-German sea; for a century, now, a Pan-Slav movement among them has ebbed and flowed in strength. For this reason it is misleading to compare the present day reactions of an anti-Slav country like Italy with those of Czechoslovakia. Even the Slovaks, who sometimes followed a Polish lead out of anti-Czech resentment, rejected the anti-Russian resentments of the Poles. It is true that the great Czech patriot, Palacký, at one time advocated a predominantly Slav Austria as a counterpoise to Russia, but after the Austrian Compromise with Hungary in 1867 he was forced to abandon this idea. The Western sympathies of Thomas Masaryk and Edvard Beneš were regarded with suspicion by traditionalists, but neither the Masaryks nor Dr. Beneš would ever have considered it possible for Czech policy to be anti-Russian. It was Dr. Beneš who was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the Czech-Russian treaty in May 1935, a fortnight after the Franco-Russian treaty had been signed in Moscow. The Czech treaty with Russia was no more than a pendant to the French one, but when the Germans, both within Czechoslovakia and without, took umbrage and ordered Prague to give it up, the Czech-Russian treaty became a symbol of the national independence of the Czechs.

The first condition of the Munich Conference was the abandonment of the Czech-Russian Treaty and the exclusion of Russia from the discussions, while its foregone conclusion was the appearance of Hitler in the Hradshin on March 15, 1939, to declare that Czechoslovakia had ceased to exist. In the nineteenth century the Czechs had regarded the Habsburgs as foreign tyrants, but now they found themselves at the mercy of a Pan-German fanatic who had habitually denounced the Habsburgs for the indulgence

he considered them to have shown to their Slavs.

All through the crisis which preceded the Munich Conference the Russians had behaved, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennet says, "impeccably"—that is to say the U.S.S.R., though only bound by treaty to march if France set the example, was prepared to fight if the Czechs were attacked; she not only declared her readiness, but Mr. Wheeler-Bennett considers the evidence that she intended to keep her word conclusive. Thus the obvious result of Munich was to cause the Czechs to react bitterly against the west and to fling themselves psychologically into the arms of Russia. The physical presence of the Russians when Czechoslovakia came to be liberated seemed to complete the triumph of the Slavophiles in Prague.

As a matter of fact, after the collapse of France, the free Czechoslovak Government had necessarily been based on Britain (Russia being at peace with Germany at the time), and when Dr. Beneš returned to Czechoslovakia he returned from the hospitality of the country which was perhaps most responsible for the humiliations he had endured at the time of Munich. The sociological structure of the Czech lands of Bohemia and Moravia was, moreover, western rather than eastern, and this impeded the progress the Czech Communists hoped to make and impelled them towards what would seem like the petulant coup of February 1948. But although the west has been winning back Czech support in the last year or so, thanks to Munich it is rash to presume that the Czech Communists have not considerable backing in their country. It seems certain that Sudeten German conspirators are active in the American Zone of Germany, and the Czechs may be willing to pay a heavy price—how heavy the simple people may not care—to be aligned with Russia if they feel that the Americans, who were shocked by Munich at the time, have now joined the ranks of the "Munichois". Certainly Dr. Gottwald is wise to refer frequently to 1938.

While its defenders had believed that Munich provided a solution of the Czech-German question they had also claimed that the Agreement had laid the spectre of war. During the winter of 1938 to 1939, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points out, they shifted their ground, and the case for Munich changed into the necessity to gain time in order to prepare for war. But the harm done by Munich both to the prestige of Great Britain and to the principles of political freedom may have been so great that it could not even be repaired by victory over Hitler. It was the Munich Agreement which made men feel that Britain was no longer great. In the tremendous struggle of the war which followed, Britain was obliged to realize her foreign assets and so to exhaust her other reserves of strength that she has now to go through the painful adjustment of accepting economic rank which is no longer great. But the moral blow of Munich had preceded this and was no gentler. All over Europe, and especially in eastern Europe, people felt that the western political aims

they had pursued for a century and thought to realize in 1918 had been exposed as meaningless hypocrisy. Some turned to Hitlerism which seemed to guarantee success, and others to Communism which seemed to provide a short cut to that social justice which they felt that the democrats with their vested interests had betrayed. The Peace of Munich, perhaps, did not do much less than Russia's military endurance later to establish Russian power in eastern Europe as it reigns to-day; every slip made by British foreign policy or by the western armies of occupation on the Continent since the war has been more easily exploited by Communist propaganda in consequence; the fair name of Britain, which had been restored, could be more easily defiled.

It may well be argued that Mr. Chamberlain's policy in 1938 has been fully justified by the post-war hostility of Soviet Russia. It can be claimed that the Litvinov policy of co-operation with the democratic powers was nothing but a ruse to gain time for the massing of the revolutionary forces which were to bring down the fortress of capitalism. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett writes:

Both Lenin and Stalin knew well enough that by their actions and their policies they had declared an ideological war upon the rest of the world; a war which was deathless; a war which, though there might be long periods of truce, could not be concluded until one side or the other had gone down to irrevocable defeat. . . . In these circumstances, the watchwords of the Soviet Union had become "Suspicion" and "Security"—suspicion of all men and security for Russia—and this formula had guided every Soviet act throughout the Munich crisis and long before.

This supposes that M. Litvinov was a mere tool who could never have represented any living tendencies in Russia. If so a British Conservative leader had either to make common cause with Hitler, as M. Bonnet would have liked to do on behalf of France, or to accept Russia's bluff and bluff back; that is, so long as she behaved impeccably she should have been treated impeccably. But Mr. Chamberlain's policy was literally the worst he could have chosen. The one power which behaved with international correctness by League of Nations standards was brusquely excluded from the deliberations at Munich. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has reproduced in his book one of the most important cartoons which Mr. Low was ever inspired to draw, with Marshal Stalin standing in the doorway smiling prophetically at the Munich Four as he asks: "What, no chair for me?" Mr. Chamberlain had already let it be known that his favourite solution of things would be that Germany and Russia should eat one another up. This gave the Russians a plausible case for almost anything that they might subsequently choose to do. When in the following spring the British Government came begging to Moscow for a military alliance against Germany after all, the Russians had the laugh and they made a Pact with Hitler instead of with Mr. Chamberlain.

With the detailed history of the making of Munich before one, one is bound to ask oneself at this ten years' distance why this pitiable thing was done? What made it possible? Two main causes emerge—a genuine

and civilized loathing of war in the west and a credulity on the part of the British politicians of the day which became almost criminal by its results. The two things were inter-related yet distinguishable from one another. Both had contributed to the lamentable state of military weakness—especially in the air—in which France and Britain found themselves. The French leaders were not deceived by Hitler as Mr. Chamberlain was; M. Daladier was tragically aware of the state of things, but, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennett says, "he had not the strength of character to apply the drastic measures necessary to remove the evils which surrounded him. He preferred to shift the onus of responsibility elsewhere rather than to purge his entourage." As for Monsieur Bonnet, he knew well enough that he preferred Hitler to Léon Blum.

The result of the French states of mind was that Paris was thankful to let London shoulder the heaviest responsibilities and in 1938, in democratic Britain, this in fact meant the arbitrary action of a man who was wholly unfamiliar with the problems with which he was called upon to deal. "European peace is what I am aiming at and I hope this journey may be the way to get it," said Mr. Chamberlain to the journalists at Heston as he left for Godesberg, and Mr. Wheeler-Bennett does homage to the strenuous exertions of the elderly premier. Neville Chamberlain was a typical provincial Englishman. He was not absolutely ignorant of some of the facts about Europe on paper. But he was utterly unaware of Continental habits and emotions—he lacked all continental criteria. In his dislike for ungloved revolutionaries, for instance, he failed to distinguish between National Socialism and Communism, the first a technique of domination, disguised with propaganda, tinged with hysteria, but innocent of doctrine, with which the second was overlaid.

That a Prime Minister should represent the average Englishman's point of view is a very good thing provided that he accepts the principle of the solidarity of the Cabinet, and acts, in foreign affairs, according to the advice of his Foreign Secretary. In his eagerness to safeguard European peace, however, Mr. Chamberlain forgot all about his constitutional obligations and this made a large part of the disaster, for the Foreign Office was not unaware of the state of Europe. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett reminds us that the Foreign Office was obliged to retreat before the appeasing press in combination with the appeasing Prime Minister. "It was a matter of some remark," he writes of the Berchtesgaden trip, "that the Prime Minister should be accompanied by the Chief Industrial, and not the Chief Diplomatic, Adviser to the British Government on a journey which involved so delicate an act of diplomacy as the vivisection of another country." It seems, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain had never been aware of his constitutional obligations at all. Not long ago extracts were published in the Italian press of a despatch from Grandi to Rome, a despatch now released by the Italian Foreign Office. It was written on

February 19, 1938, the day after an important interview he had had with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden. If Grandi is to be believed—and he could scarcely have risked fabrications of such a kind—Mr. Chamberlain asked the Fascist ambassador to refute Mr. Eden's views in Mr. Eden's presence, and both before and after their meeting sent him private messages behind Mr. Eden's back. In fact he forced Mr. Eden to resign in order to have no more serious trouble from the Foreign Office. It was all part of his naïveté. He seems to have believed that the professionals were creating unnecessary complications and that all that was needed was a little amateur common sense.

Rudeness to the Russians was one thing, but in these circumstances insults to the Czechs were quite another. Apart from the "polite blackmail" involved in the mission of the inept Lord Runciman, it was characteristic that in the Munich Agreement itself (article 8) the Czechoslovak Government was obliged to release all Sudeten German political prisoners within four weeks. These men were mostly professional Nazi gangsters. At the same time nothing was done for the rescue of Czech political prisoners in Germany who had usually been arrested on some flimsy excuse and were at the mercy of the Gestapo with whose brutality the Czech police were unable to compete.

In concluding that Munich was "inescapable" Mr. Wheeler-Bennett somehow succeeds in suggesting to his readers that it was not. After all we now know definitely that the German General Staff considered Germany still too weak to fight the western powers at that time. A more desperate situation than that in which we found ourselves in the summer of 1940 could scarcely have been created by war in 1938.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points the moral and adorns the tale: while his book is admirable as a technical achievement, it is also eminently readable. He lacks the facility of Mr. Trevor-Roper, indeed he is sometimes clumsy and often lengthy, but his characters have great vitality, especially the villains of the piece. We become intensely aware of Georges Bonnet's sinister intrigues and intensely aware of the bestiality of Hitler himself "snarling like an animal" three days before he unleashed the dogs of war. I am not sure that one feels the Führer's inspired madness quite enough—he was essentially a psychotic, surely, not a neurotic, and essentially a chauvinistic Austrian. The saints and heroes are fainter in outline, but one feels the tired strength of Dr. Benes. Something of the exquisite quality of Jan Masaryk, too, is here in this book, some of it in his own words in the Czechoslovak Note of rejection dated September 25, 1938. Three days later when Mr. Chamberlain had announced that he was going to Munich Jan Masaryk was received by the British Premier and Foreign Secretary. "If you have sacrificed my nation to preserve the peace of the world, I will be the first to applaud you," he said. "But if not, gentlemen, God help your souls."

THE NEW EASTERN EUROPE

By TIBOR MENDE

THE eastern Europe which had a flourishing culture and a period of greatness long before Atlantic trade secured the final supremacy of the west, found itself at the cross-roads at the end of the 1939-1945 war. For the first time in the region's history peasant revolt coincided with the shattering of the established framework of society. This came together with the increasing realization that in the twentieth century no community can remain predominantly agricultural without suffering exploitation from industrial powers; all this, moreover, after it was demonstrated in the Soviet Union that a new economic approach can go a long way to remedy nationalist and racial rivalries. The cumulative effect of these influences was the desire to revise on a regional scale past attitudes, to rectify errors and to attempt a new departure along new lines.

The seven countries participating in the enterprise formed the mosaic of small and dependent sovereignties at the mercy of more or less artificially nursed nationalist and racial obsessions. In addition, they were divided by the microcosmic absurdities of megalomaniac economic nationalism. As a consequence all seven were joint victims of their arrested development and its by-product: an abnormally low standard of living, which east of Vienna is between a third and a fourth of the average west of the Rhine.

From a primitive agrarian economy the countries of eastern Europe are to advance to rationally organized and fairly industrialized societies within a short space of years. This industrial revolution is following in the wake of the political and social changes of the past few years. Great political and social changes in the countries of western Europe did not precede but were the consequence of their respective industrial revolutions, and this reversal is largely due to regional circumstances. Most decisive among them is the rôle occupied by Germany and Russia in the history of the seven countries of eastern Europe. While German influence, decisive up to 1939, retarded the industrialization of the region, the influence of the Soviet Union is not inconsistent with such development. In fact it tends to help it. Thus, it would appear that while German influence perpetuated the basic reason for the region's poverty, in the long run, the influence of the Soviet Union is likely to remove it.

All seven eastern European countries have adopted comprehensive development plans since the end of the war. The five-year plans of

Albania and Yugoslavia will be completed in 1951; Poland's and Hungary's three-year plans expire in 1949; Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria will accomplish their two-year plans before the end of 1949. Rumania's three-year plan will be launched this year. All of these plans indicate the volume and composition of capital investment to be undertaken during the period of each. They establish production targets for individual industries, indicate raw material and manpower needs, the prospective level of national output and the allocation of this output between capital expenditure, public and private consumption.

With the exception of Czechoslovakia all the eastern European countries suffered from severe rural over-population resulting in a low level of productivity. No wonder, therefore, if the remedies proposed in the plans are to a large extent analogous. Industrialization is the basic principle. The utilization in industrial development of their surplus labour with particular emphasis on those industries which process domestic raw materials, is the second. Thirdly, there is a tendency to reduce dependence on a few principal crops which in the past exposed the eastern European countries to the instability of world grain markets. In agricultural plans emphasis is placed on the improvement of techniques of cultivation—through irrigation, mechanization and education—while in the industrial plans the development of basic industries—electric power, coal and steel—is in the foreground.* The mutual aim of all is to restore industrial and agricultural output to their pre-war level and then to increase this progressively to new heights. To achieve this second part of the programme new plans are already in preparation.

The tempo of industrialization is most marked in the Yugoslav five-year plan. Manufacturing mining and transport investments in that country amount to nearly seventy per cent. of all investments planned. During the five years Yugoslavia wants to increase her industrial production by 223 per cent. and agricultural output to fifty-two per cent. compared to output in 1939. This includes a 7.5-fold increase in siderurgical, metallurgical and engineering production, eight-fold increase in the building industry, nine-fold in the chemical and four-fold in the power industries.† The Polish three-year plan intends to raise manufacturing production by fifty-two per cent., capital goods industries by 150 per cent. and consumer goods industries by twenty-five per cent. above the 1938 level. The Hungarian three-year plan hopes to raise industrial production by twenty-seven per cent. over the 1938 level while agricultural production has to attain ninety-one per cent. of that in 1938. This involves an increase of fifty-four per cent. in the output of the iron, metal and engineering

*In the field of electric power total output of the region by 1951 will be more than double the pre-war figure. The production of aluminium in Hungary in 1949 is planned at 12,000 tons compared with the pre-war output of only 1,300 tons. Here, as in Yugoslavia, the object is to process a much larger proportion of the metals inside the country.

†In Yugoslavia the participation of industrial production in national income will amount to sixty-four per cent. as against forty-five per cent. in 1939.

industries; forty per cent. in the chemical industry; forty-three per cent. in electric power output and twenty-five per cent. in the production of textiles over the 1938 figures. Czechoslovakia in her two-year plan provides for an increase of ten per cent. in industrial output over 1937 while the level of agricultural production would remain unchanged. The Bulgarian two-year plan prescribes a thirty-four per cent. increase in industrial output and an equal expansion in agriculture. Ore mining is to increase nine times while coal mining and power generation have to double.

By 1949 all these countries hope to have reached or exceeded their pre-war national income. Yugoslavia's target for 1951 is nearly twice as large as in 1939. Bulgaria wishes to attain a national income level in 1948 fifty per cent. higher than in 1939. Poland expects by 1949 a national income one-sixth more than that produced by a far larger population in 1938. Czechoslovakia and Hungary both plan a national income ten to fifteen per cent. higher by the end of their first post-war economic plans than they had in 1938. Similarly, by the time these various reconstruction and development plans are completed, the countries hope to have reached a higher standard of living than they enjoyed before 1939.

To accomplish all this Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland plan capital expenditure amounting in the aggregate to eleven billion dollars or an annual expenditure of some three billion dollars, primarily for the development of manufacturing industry, mining and transportation. Against the £68 share of each of the 250 million recipients of the seventeen billion dollar Marshall-plan aid, the capital investment share of the sixty-five million eastern Europeans amounts to \$169. (Rumania, whose plan is not yet published, is not included). While the former will be provided in the form of grants and loans with specified conditions, the latter will be extracted from each country's own national income. Poland is the only one of the six planning countries which proposes to carry out part of the investments—twenty per cent. or \$400 million—by means of foreign loans. Though they did not provide for it in their calculations, all the others admit that such help would greatly assist and accelerate the execution of their plans. The considerable sacrifices involved would tax the endurance even of communities with much higher standards of living. Without such sacrifices in the immediate standard of living Poland would be unable to yield a fifth of her national income for direct investment in three successive years after a war that caused such terrible destruction. The required savings are even higher in the case of Yugoslavia where, in the fifth year of the plan, it reaches twenty-seven per cent. of the national income. In the Czechoslovak plan the yearly rate of investments is sixteen, in Hungary nine and for Bulgaria seven per cent. of the national income.* The

*Reparation obligations explain the low percentage of investments in the Hungarian plan. Investments together with reparations and other international obligations represent an aggregate savings ratio of sixteen to twenty per cent. of her national income.

proportion of gross capital formation in Great Britain, a country with incomparably higher living standards than in pre-war or especially post-war eastern Europe, was fourteen per cent. in 1938.

Unlike the case of the Soviet Union, where only a minor part of total output enters external trade, such trade is essential to the success of the eastern European economic plans. The actual degree of their realization will depend to a considerable extent on the mutual consistency of these schemes and, perhaps even more, on the availability of imports and the marketability of their exports.

These first series of national plans were born under conditions of a greater or lesser degree of national emergency. As a result their primary considerations were national with regional integration occupying only second place. While there are indications that the second series will pay much greater attention to such regional needs, already there are significant examples of dove-tailing and regional harmonization. The current Polish and Czechoslovak plans, for instance, appear to be complementary in many respects. There is considerable co-operation between the two countries concerning the exchange of Polish coal for Czechoslovak finished steel and in both the joint exploitation of river traffic and the Polish Baltic ports. There are similarly significant attempts in the harmonizing of the Yugoslav and Hungarian plans. In exchange for industrial equipment Yugoslavia is supplying Hungary with large quantities of raw materials essential to the execution of the Hungarian three-year plan. The recently concluded network of trade pacts between the eastern European countries lays down the quantities of goods to be exchanged for a longer period, usually five years, and provides for considerable credit transactions. The agreements concluded by Yugoslavia with Hungary and the Soviet Union and the last's pact with Poland are typical examples.

The outlines of a carefully thought out regional economic integration are already emerging. Equipment for heavy industry, fuel, raw materials, communications facilities and even labour are more and more carefully fitted in this regional plan as it is taking shape in the network of trade, financial and barter agreements between the seven countries of eastern Europe. Hungary gets ore from the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, coal from Poland and machinery from Czechoslovakia. Yugoslavia is in greatest need of capital equipment for her iron and steel industry and non-ferrous metal industry from Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, and of coal from Poland. Poland, the region's principal coal supplier, obtains finished steel from Czechoslovakia. Rumania, with an expected petroleum output of five million tons annually, would act as the second most important fuel producer. Beside this picture of purposeful and growing integration of economic functions there are also hopes that existing reserves can be exploited on a far larger scale than in the past and that recent discoveries can be expanded to hitherto unknown dimensions.

The case of the rapid growth of Hungarian oil production and the recent discovery of wolfram in Yugoslavia are examples. It is known that the various national authorities working on the second series of post-war economic plans are paying a much greater attention to the markets and supplies of the other eastern European countries than they were able to do at the time when they launched the much more urgent and consequently more hastily conceived first series. It would be a logical development indeed if above the various national planning offices a regional agency could be established to co-ordinate this work of integration.

The rough outlines of what can be expected in this respect from the second series of plans can reasonably be forecast, especially as preparation for the respective national rôles in this second series was one of the chief objects of the first post-war plans. Thus, it is evident that Bulgaria and Hungary would maintain a reasonable balance between industrial and agricultural production, that Yugoslavia, even to achieve this balance, would have to undergo a further period of intensive industrialization with emphasis on electrification, and that Poland and Czechoslovakia, but especially the latter, are to be the industrial workshops of the region. The recent Soviet-Polish trade accord, involving considerable industrial sacrifice on the part of the U.S.S.R., and the enormous expansion of heavy industry planned for the next five years at the expense of the traditional light industries in Czechoslovakia, both point in this direction. But even if all three plans are realized according to expectation it is still questionable whether this attempt at more rational integration could fully cover the region's import needs for industrial and agricultural equipment and raw materials to accomplish the desired changes. To achieve this it is probable that a large expansion of the seven countries' imports from the west is needed. This turns the limelight on the all important issue whether eastern Europe could expand its exports in the near future sufficiently to pay for its increased import needs in the absence of western credit.

Some western commentators profess to know that the eastern European countries intend to reduce their agricultural and other shipments to the seventeen countries participating in the Marshall plan to render the execution of that plan more difficult. According to the original Paris document of the "Marshall-nations" eastern European agricultural supplies are an essential factor to the success of the American scheme. Though under the influence of political prejudices such joint action may be imagined, it is devoid of any trace of economic common sense. For the sake of cheap political capital it disregards the vital interest the eastern European States have in the realization of their economic plans. Moreover these suggestions are likely to be attempts to divert attention from the generally harmful effects on world trade and peaceful development of American measures to bar the supply of capital equipment to eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. The now infamous Mundt amendment attached to the final Act of the Marshall plan was conceived not in Moscow

but in Washington.

Trade between eastern Europe and the Soviet Union was negligible before 1939. This was due mainly to political causes, but it was also due to the fact that the economic patterns of the U.S.S.R. and eastern Europe were far from complementary. Contrary to the rôle Germany used to play in the economic life of eastern Europe, the Soviet Union is not in need of agricultural imports and would prefer industrial products, the very things eastern Europe itself imported from Germany before the war. Naturally, trade between eastern Europe and the Soviet Union has increased after 1945 but there is no evidence that the traditional exports of the region, similar in pattern to the exportable surpluses of the Soviet Union itself, would not be available in the future for export to the west.

Before the war more than half of the total value of exports from Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria consisted of foodstuffs and timber. Coal, iron ore and non-ferrous metals were the other major exports apart from the industrial products of Czechoslovakia. In 1938 Germany and Austria together bought thirty-eight per cent. of these exports and supplied thirty-four per cent. of the region's needs. Great Britain took eight per cent., the U.S.A. five per cent. and the Soviet Union less than one per cent. Immediately after the war the Soviet Union occupied a disproportionate rôle in the foreign trade of the area for the main reason that for lack of communications hardly any other exchange possibilities existed. This contact, more often than not, helped to prevent widespread unemployment, thanks to the supply of Soviet raw materials. Very soon, however, with the re-establishment of normal communications with the west, the situation completely changed. In the first half of 1947 Czechoslovak imports from western Europe, the United States and other overseas countries, accounted for eighty-seven per cent. of her total imports. Eastern Europe during the same period supplied only ten and the Soviet Union not more than three per cent. As for her exports eighty per cent., fifteen per cent. and five per cent. went to the same areas. The situation is not very different in the case of Hungary. During the first nine months of 1947 only twenty-eight per cent. of her imports and thirty per cent. of her exports went to the other countries of eastern Europe. The Soviet Union supplied nine per cent. of her imports and took thirteen per cent. of exports (excluding reparations deliveries). The rest of the world accounted for sixty-three per cent. of her imports and fifty-seven per cent., of exports. In comparison to their pre-war external trade pattern a similar shift toward growing trade with the west is noticeable also in the other eastern European countries.

It is true that at present, owing to the decline in agricultural production and the disastrous drought of 1947-1948, the surplus of food-stuffs available for export is temporarily small. The current economic plans in eastern Europe allow, however, for a restoration of the pre-war level of foodstuff exports. But there will be important changes in the

composition of these exports due to the policy of slowly substituting animal products, canned fruit and vegetables for grain. Since the end of the war some twenty million acres of land have been split up into small holdings in eastern Europe. This, in itself, may result in a temporary decline in agricultural production. There are, however, definite plans, as in Hungary, to reduce wheat from pre-war levels and, in order to diversify agriculture, cereal crops are destined to play a gradually smaller rôle.* But these changes, although they may alter the composition of the agricultural exports of eastern Europe, would not necessarily diminish their volume. In fact the success of the various economic plans may even lead in the long run to exports of animal products and canned food far above pre-war levels. But this general recovery and with it the expansion of present agricultural exports to western Europe will depend very largely on the extent to which fertilizers and agricultural machinery, especially tractors, are imported from the west.

Thus it is evident that the availability of agricultural surpluses from eastern Europe depends far more on western co-operation than on the unquestionable eastern European willingness to export. It is equally evident that this is only part of a far larger problem, the issue of general planning of trade on a continental scale. In practical terms this means the harmonizing of heavy industry expansion in the west of Europe with the needs of the industrializing eastern European countries; and the barter of industrial and agricultural equipment for imports of food, timber and coal. In case these large scale plans appear impracticable in the present world political climate a beginning could be made on smaller but practical projects which would be of equal benefit to both sides. The Economic Commission for Europe's technical committees in Geneva have prepared studies of such possibilities. The case of Polish coal is perhaps the best known example. Western mining machinery would produce disproportionate returns in the form of increased exports to replace coal bought for scarce dollars. Or, £5 million spent on lumbering equipment in the countries of eastern Europe could save £70 million spent by the western European states on timber imported from the North American continent.

Before the war trade inside Europe accounted for nearly a third of world commerce. To-day the proportion is only a sixth and the decline is not entirely due to the eclipse of Germany. In so far as it is due to the decrease in east-west European trade it is a removable cause of western Europe's chronic dollar deficit. To ignore this remedy for debatable political motives helps to perpetuate western Europe's dependence on dollar aid. Beside these political motives there are also some well reasoned anxieties. It is asked whether the eastern European countries would really "deliver the goods" or whether industrial assistance might not mean the nursing of future rivals.

It is too early to forecast how far the eastern European countries will

*Hungary is planning to reduce the acreage under wheat, rye and oilseeds by some one-third of a million hectares to gain additional acreage for maize, fodder crops, sugar beet and potatoes.

succeed in their current and future economic plans. It would be equally difficult to say what further adjustments in their social and political structures will become necessary in the future to achieve their self-imposed targets. What is certain is that, notwithstanding considerable difficulties, the first year or two of the present plans show satisfactory results. While certain deficiencies were exposed in some sectors, targets were surpassed in many others. Apart from calculable factors like the supply of raw materials or the training of skilled labour, there are unpredictable ones like the evolution of foreign trade, eventual foreign assistance or the harvests dependent on climate. There is also the imponderable factor of enthusiasm which varies from country to country and which, according to numerous foreign observers, can produce economic miracles.

It is predictable, however, that a good many years must pass before eastern Europe can achieve technical equality with the west. Until such times and until the present disastrously low standards of living can be levelled to those of the west, eastern Europe is certain to remain a good and stable customer of the industrial and semi-luxury products of the west even if there is a gradual shift in the traditional composition of these western imports from consumer goods to industrial equipment. Parallel with this shift in the composition of western imports and the gradual raising of standards of living, new markets and sources of supply will appear which, as a whole, would only improve the commercial importance of eastern Europe to the west.

In a historical perspective it seems certain that the economic structure of Europe will be progressively and decisively modified by the efforts of the eastern European States expressed, for the time being, by their first series of economic plans. To underrate the significance of these efforts, following on centuries of dependence and stagnation, would be to disregard one of the most important developments of our century. To represent them, as they often are represented, as mere compliance with the strategic or political desires of the Soviet Union is a self-deceiving interpretation of such a momentous transformation. Something that is of benefit to the Soviet Union can be equally or even more advantageous to the countries of eastern Europe. Merely because the elimination of inflationary conditions in the western European States to-day is likely to further American designs there, only simpletons could maintain that their elimination is contrary to the interests of the peoples of those countries. Such interpretations overlook the fact that, whatever the momentary hardships or internal political difficulties, in the perspective of a few decades the peoples of eastern Europe will regard these years after the 1939-1945 war as the period when, through their own efforts, they raised themselves from abject poverty, settled their artificially fanned national and racial quarrels, and at last, claimed their overdue share of general human progress. They will have provided, moreover, a working example of that inevitable regionalism which seems to be humanity's next stage in its groping toward eventual larger unity.

THREE CLASSES IN EGYPT

By PENNETHORNE HUGHES

OF the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Egypt, 15,000,000 do not own a square inch of land. One and a half per cent. of the landowners own eighty per cent. of it. They are the first, and in their own eyes the all-important, class.

It must be remembered that many of these pashas are, like the royal family, Turkish by origin, and the Turks have a reputation for exploitation rather than development. Their contribution to the arts has been small and vulgar; the contributions of the Egyptians continuous and considerable. When Mohamed Ali the Great, who incidentally could not himself master Arabic, assured himself of possession, he re-allocated the land to his Turkish followers in much the same way as William the Conqueror parcelled out England. He took a fourth of cultivable Egypt for himself and his family. In this way were started the huge estates on which the pashas batten to-day. Their ranks have been swelled by cotton barons and the millionaire middlemen of two wars, and a few of the older generation of Arab-Egyptian landowners still exist as well. They are largely absentee landlords, who except for a few outstanding figures regard their estates purely as a means of income, and charge exorbitant rents to the fellahin who sweat on them.

As well as his estate or estates the pasha normally has a town house in Cairo, either in Garden City or on the Mena Road, and a residence at Alexandria, whither the Court and Government normally remove as soon as it becomes at all hot in Cairo. Here, in one of the quite extraordinary buildings which face the Corniche at Ramleh, he lives with his wife or mistress of the moment, races, yachts, and amuses himself in the company of the cosmopolitan adventurers and lesser royalties who make their summer headquarters there. But apart from ministering to his personal pleasures, he dabbles in politics to make sure that no legislation will interfere with him, tries to double his money on the stock exchange, and attends official functions where this ministers to his self-importance. His influence ensures that all taxation is on the principle of soak the poor, and whilst taxes on such things as cars and alcohol are kept very low, it would worry no administration unduly to put taxes on commodities like kerosene or lentils, which are the necessities of the poor. Income from land is naturally exempt from income-tax.

It is not a bad life, but the pasha gets very fat. So does the bey, his

jackal, who is less often a landowner, and more frequently a government official or a court toady. He too has his houses and cars and women, and spins off to Alexandria for the summer in his white coat and parti-coloured shoes, a muddy and self-contented parasite.

After all this it should be added that there are pashas and beys who do in fact carry on the work of government, and support the social structure generally. Moreover the pasha is a generous host and a good friend to those to whom he has taken a liking. He has more than a smattering of European culture, and may be a highly educated man. He speaks French as a matter of course, having probably been to a French school if not to the English Victoria College, and probably spent some of his youth in Paris or at Oxford. He is not often an aristocrat, as Europeans understand the term, but he is a successful and often personally likable member of what in America represents the boss class. Foreigners who have served Egypt become pashas or beys as well, and generally deserve the honour.

But personal charm is unlikely to save the pasha class should any considerable social upheaval take place in Egypt, for an oligarchy which is actuated by selfish considerations and not by social conscience is out of contemporary popularity, particularly when it does not even take the trouble to pay lip-service or blackmail to the causes of "democracy". And the wealthy in Egypt do not.

There has never been a military caste in Egypt with anything like the prestige which military castes have enjoyed in Europe, and in this perhaps the Egyptian is lucky. His army has so long been subject to foreign rulers that its social prestige has partly evaporated. But generals do exist, and their position *vis-à-vis* the ordinary serving soldier, who is a conscript, is as disproportionate as might be expected. For whilst the field-marshal's salaries are not published, lieutenant-generals receive—or did until the other day—£125 a month and cost of living allowances, together with the usual military perquisites, whilst the askari (the common private) supports himself and perhaps a family in the country on a salary of less than £9 a year. Moreover he has no vote. He is not a willing conscript.

Because position means personal power and the disposal of favours, the struggle for it, only mildly related to the public weal, goes all through Egyptian life.

The King is emphatically the head of his State. Whilst in the past he has for long had an English schoolmaster looking over his shoulder, he has been, even since the constitution was introduced, the ultimate legal authority for the affairs of his people, with far greater powers than the monarch of a western European country. He is by God appointed, by law established, by family tradition revered, and by personal fortune one of the wealthiest men in his country. He is the supreme commander of his military forces. Further he sanctions and promulgates laws, and can dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and rule by his personal authority, if he so chooses. He creates and bestows civil and military ranks, decora-

tions and all honours, and sees to it that this is no formality. He may declare war, make peace, and conclude treaties. He appoints and dismisses ministers at will. He appoints all senior personnel of the public services.

His political enemies, and the more vocal progressive bodies, may deplore such absolutism, but there is no question that this personal responsibility is far more comprehensible and so probably pleasing to the majority of the King's subjects than would be a purely symbolic crown, presiding formally over the elaborate system of checks and balances that has become the habit of democratic monarchy in, for instance, Great Britain. Whatever the personal popularity of individual monarchs, the fact that the King is a strong man, *the* strong man, is enough for most of the politically unenlightened of his subjects.

Parliament consists of two houses, an Upper, the Senate, and Lower, the Chamber of Deputies, and the executive, subject always to the King, lies in his Council of Ministers, with their twelve Ministries.

Egypt is divided into fourteen Provinces and Governments. The Governor of a province, a mudir, is a high dignitary, and even a sub-mudir throws the subservient into a panic of delicious apprehension and expensive compliment when he attends the local club buildings for an official function and his quota of coffee. The mudir, assisted by a council who usually find themselves excessively of his point of view, is responsible for local appointments and decisions, enforced by his Hakimdar, or commandant of police. Under him he has a mayor of each district, a mayor of each town, and a political organization as controlled as that of the best Tammany boss. Out in the country he has as his agents the village omdas, who are the local mayors, J.P.s, squires and general bigwigs, and with the village ghaffirs, or policemen, are answerable for order, taxes, and general administration in their little worlds—stout, well-contented men in striped caftans, riding white donkeys, with umbrellas held over their heads as they make their way into the provincial centre or once in a way to the railway station, bound for the glories of Cairo.

The village omdah is something of a joke to the Cairene, as the small country squire was to the eighteenth century cockney wiseacre. But he has his reward in the village, where his word is still the law, and he waxes exceedingly. He and the village sheikh are authority, and it is they who maintain and support the comparatively wealthy if small kulak class of peasant landowners. The boss system goes all the way through Egypt, with a rattle of piastres at each stage.

The political oligarchy has its complement, and derives much of its power, from the religious hierarchy. For if one half of the Egyptian is quiveringly anxious to better himself, to obtain office, and to acquire the security that this may give, the other half of him is taught acceptance of the system, even of his own lowly position in it, and is given spiritual consolation, by his religion. And his religion too is dominated by a powerful body, headed by the Sheikh-el-Islam—the ulemas of the Al-Azhar

University.

The Azhar is rigid, and, although its authority is challenged, it remains, as it has since before the time of Saladin, who unsuccessfully opposed it, the spiritual determinant of Egyptian life: its ulemas, its imams, its inferior kadis and its lesser agents influencing everywhere the life of the urban faithful, whilst the village sheikh, whose policy derives from the Al-Azhar, has an even greater control of the life of the fellah. To be a sheikh is to belong to a proud tradition and to have an answer to every problem, spiritual or civil—for the Koran, which he carries always in his head, contains all wisdom. He is courteous and patient and conventional, the undisputed pastor of most of his flock.

These are the rulers of Egypt, the landowning oligarchy, partly Turkish in origin but increasingly recruited from the big ones of cotton and commerce, and the religious heads of the Al-Azhar University: money, and Allah.

It is easy for the westerner to see the faults of these rulers, and as westernization increasingly takes place so it becomes easy for the Egyptian as well. The power of the pashas and of the ulemas is tottering, and it may well not survive, certainly in its present form, another couple of generations.

Yet quite apart from over-riding economic factors, there is much in the present system which commends itself to the Egyptian habit of mind. There is already a real social equality in Egypt—that is to say, that however different may be his standard of living and privilege, one Moslem is as good as another in the eyes of Allah, and the other knows it. Death is everywhere, but it has no fears for the faithful. The old-fashioned ulema, moreover, although his standards, strictly observed, make much of modern life impossible, preserves in them many things which the West may now be feeling that it too lightly threw aside—a hatred of vulgarity, an appreciation of tradition for its own sake, a sense of the personal dignity of man and the comfort of faith. Of the ruling classes, therefore, it may be said that their roots are deep, and their fruit, even if it is preserved fruit, is very rich.

The emergence of an independent middle-class is a comparatively new thing, in Egypt. There have always been clerks, shopkeepers, and ministerial underlings—usually foreigners. But the development of a real middle class, with its own views and influence, has been dependent, as it was in Europe, on the rise of industry and commerce. The clerk in a government office might have and usually did have a grievance, but he had no power to express it, and such expression would normally mean merely the loss of his post, and under the Turks probably the bastinado as well. At best he would be sent to frizzle in an outpost in Upper Egypt. To-day, however, there are some 562,000 civil servants in Egypt, who support approximately 3,000,000 dependants on an average monthly income of rather less than £4.

There is still little indigenous middle-class opinion, for the

doctors, the wealthy shopkeepers, and even the lawyers are frequently members of a foreign community, and they still lack organization. But the coveted position of effendi becomes an increasing possibility, and the aspiring young man, from the village or from the city, seeks it with cunning and all the application of which he is capable. His means are, first a degree, and secondly such personal support as he can mobilize by family influence, blandishment, or corruption. Occasionally of course he wins and keeps a position by worth alone, but if so it is in the face of bitter jealousy and opposition and promotion can hardly ever be won by simple merit.

The whole point of higher education, therefore, for a majority of students, is a job. When they do not automatically obtain one they have a strong sense of grievance, and demonstrate outside the house of the Prime Minister, or one of the ministries, clamouring for the creation of yet more government clerkships, and the swelling of an already overstaffed bureaucracy. For they have a degree, and that in itself should be a food-ticket, and an entrée to the world of political favours. Naturally there are not enough posts to go round, and a dissatisfied class of half-educated youngsters is annually swelled by a new generation of students who have put the village and the gallabeah behind them, and can never return to it.

In Egypt, quite apart from the religious teaching culminating in the Al-Azhar, the first schools were those attached to mosques, and the elementary education of the little Egyptian is first of all that of his faith, in the 4,000 odd maktab which line the Nile. The village schoolmaster may often be blind and stupid—even sometimes himself nearly illiterate, knowing the Good Book only by rote, but he instils its teaching and its vocabulary into his pupils, and frequently the fellah has an unquestioning reverence for book-learning. It is not until he reaches the secondary or higher stages that this holy zeal is likely to be tempered by worldly considerations of profit and status.

There are ambitious designs for a new educational system, which naturally works best in the big centres, but until the other day there were 3,500,000 males between twelve and forty-five who were illiterate, and 550,000 girls between twelve and fifteen. Most older women are illiterate. Yet the recognition of the need for a better educational machine is definitely there, and it is one of the things which, without party advantage, almost every administration is trying to meet.

A main trouble remains that it is difficult to get good teachers to go to the villages. The educated Egyptian who has become a schoolmaster has done so to escape from the village, not to go back to it. It is only a few of the more public spirited who will plough back their education by going as schoolmasters or doctors to the country districts which so sorely need them.

The ambitious and progressive young Egyptian who has graduated through these processes, passed his examinations and avoided self-

destruction, is by this time in Cairo or one of the other large towns, anxiously angling for a job. Externally he long ago put aside the clothes which identified him with the countryman, and is wearing European dress—unless the nationalism of the moment identifies this with the foreigner. He may retain the fez, but in any case his hair is polished, and he may well have shed his moustache. His socks are brilliantly coloured, and he has bright sock suspenders. He carries a walking stick. His time, if he has not got a job (and largely also if he has), is spent in the cafés, listening to the gossip of the Ministries, the political speculation of the day, and to anything that may give him a handle to a post. Sometimes he escapes back to his home in the village or the small town, to dazzle his parents, for whom he still feels respect, and his elder brothers, for whom he still has deference, and to retail the talk and the movement of the city.

Internally he may be satisfied, especially if his prospects are good. But if he is intelligent and widely read, and his prospects are not so good as he had hoped, he is likely to be unhappy. For the culture he has acquired is European, or if he has been to the American University, transatlantic, and his standards are upset. The old verities are largely cast overboard, but neither personal circumstance nor surroundings quite accord with the new. Islam is too fixed and too slow, and he is an agnostic; a spiritual *déclassé*. But there may be a new system into which his ambition—partly a selfless national one, partly an interested personal one—may fit. Communism? Perhaps. A socialist experiment? Perhaps. The rule of a Strong Man? Perhaps.

There are of course middle-class Egyptians whose story is quite different: who enter suitable posts, perhaps family ones, from middle-class backgrounds of the previous generation. Who, although they can never afford to offend the influential, proceed honourably to positions of middle worth, hold middle views, and perform useful and rewarded service, ending with a pension, property perhaps, and if they are lucky a wife with some money of her own, and well-married children. But for the time being there are more educated Egyptians than jobs which they feel prepared to accept.

Historically, the *effendi par excellence* is the Copt. There are rich Copts, who are lavish, hospitable, and cosmopolitan, who found schools, support Churches, and look after their own. There are poor Copts scattered up and down the country, and whole villages, in Upper Egypt, where they form the bulk of the inhabitants. But the essential Copt is, as he has been for generations, the clerk and factor of his Moslem ruler. Even to-day the Copts have a feeling of insecurity, and it is not persecution-mania which makes so many Copts tell you that because of their religion they can never expect promotion. It is hard to be a member of a religious minority, and by it handicapped in status, in a country where religion and status are the two most important things in life. In spite of this there are contented and friendly Coptic homes, well run Coptic institutions, and

Copts who are neither falsely proud nor servile. Like all Egyptians the Copt is personally friendly and easy to get on with. Yet he is often socially sterile and politically undecided: looking back with legitimate pride at a religious devotion which has defied persecution and a racial purity which has largely defied pollution, and looking forward to nothing in particular, except to remaining, with his treasured ritual of the fifth century, an anomaly to his fellow countrymen and an unacknowledged poor relation to the European.

You have only to talk to intelligent young Egyptians to realize their passion for the education and improvement of their country. The girls, because they have still to fight against orthodox opinion in order to have careers at all, are almost more impressive. Yet in the sandy soil of the Near East vitality tends to sprout early and then wither away, and there will have to be considerable and swift economic and social developments if the students of to-day are to fit usefully into the machinery of State. Their cultural aspirations are apparent enough, but whether they can overcome extremely difficult economic problems and the opposition of vested interests both financial and moral, is less certain. There are forces though to help them, and the King himself is showing a lead in various reforms.

Eighty per cent. of the people live in the villages. There is however—ignoring the bedouin of the desert, a fractional and unromantic quantity—one other class at the bottom of the social structure which should be noticed: the industrial workers. (The many servants are largely Berberines or Sudanese who later revert to the village.)

The number of workers in industry in 1940 was estimated to be no more than ten per cent. of those gainfully employed in Egypt, but the proportion has no doubt gone up slightly as a result of the training gained in Allied enterprises during the war, and the increase in light industry. It remains however a small class, and lives under bad conditions, in stinking slums, with few holidays, long hours and small pay—an average monthly wage of perhaps £3 or £4. The Egyptian is quite good at engineering and precision work, provided that his eyes are sound, but lacks initiative when confronted with something which he has not been taught, and is temperamental. There is as yet hardly a whisper of such things as Workmen's Compensation Acts, adequate protection against sickness or accident, and no unemployment or insurance schemes. Where factories and institutions have provided sanitary facilities, dining halls, and so on, in accordance with what regulations there are, they have rarely been used by the workmen, who are not educated to want them. There are Trades Unions, but as yet these carry little weight. The Egyptian worker maintains his national characteristics—he sings shanties, is on the whole cheerful, and can fall back on the comforts of his religion. But he is the nearest approach in the country to the revolutionary material of Europe, and any attempt to obtain better conditions is therefore met with vigorous opposition as

tending to promote a "potentially Communist element". It will probably be a long time before this class can become an important political factor.

A superficial picture of the Egyptian countryside can be obtained even from the train. For miles the fields stretch out, flat and muddy expanses variegated by different shades of green and yellow, and broken not by hedges but by runnels of the precious Nile water, drawn off from the canal that is somewhere always in sight, if only evidenced by the tall sail of a faluka apparently proceeding straight across a field. There are palm trees and sycamores, and sometimes the great banyan, with a gamoose and a child lying in its shadow. In the distance may be a puff of smoke from the rattling little Egyptian Light Railway that traces across the Delta, and somewhere on the horizon will be a minaret. Every now and again a huge white dove-cote goes by, with swarms of pigeons circling round it, as a change from the hoopoes, the egrets and the white herons.

There are mud villages, slightly raised above the level of the fields, partly because any eminence there might be was selected to begin with in order to escape the flooding, and partly because village after village has been built on the site, one over another as mud crumbled back into mud. There are the shadoof—the primitive beam and bucket contraption of the pharaohs, for bringing water up from one level to another: the sakkia, or Persian water-wheel, with a blindfold gamoose—the livid purple buffalo—or a discontented camel circling endlessly as it creaks cumbrously round: the Archæmedian screw, doing the same task even more slowly, its handle turned by a man with his blue or white gallabeah tucked up under his legs.

Almost always there is someone in sight: a tiny boy leading a loaded camel, a little girl riding on a buffalo, a sheikh on a donkey, a knot of women carrying pitchers to the well, a child leading a blind man down the road: or the eternal fellah ("one who tills"), without interrupting himself to look at the train, bent double over his precious earth, hoeing or planting or plucking: drawing water or making it.

This is the comfortable panoramic picture of the countryside, and at this range the fellah seems a hard-working worthy peasant, picturesque, traditional and entirely appropriate—the merry, peace-loving rustic of the sympathetic traveller. To the more brutal and hardly better informed visitor who tried to harness him to labour on a camp, he was on the other hand the essential Wog—dirty, lazy, stupid, grasping and incompetent.

In fact the fellah is an excellent cultivator, seeing that his tools are in the main little better than pharonic. He still uses the adze and a hoe that is a weapon of all sorts, and ploughs with a wooden blade which barely turns the surface—which is in fact just as well, as deep ploughing might ruin his land. He has an uncanny traditional knowledge of the right time for planting, and can judge the irrigation of a field by eye more quickly and effectively than an engineer could often do it with instruments. He is an

extremely fast worker, although he likes rest and is subject to concurrent enervating diseases. On the other hand he must be working for himself to produce his best—a human failing enough, seeing how little he gets for anything. He loves and lives for his land.

The fellah starts his day at dawn, when he takes the morning's excrements to the village manure heap, and goes on till sunset. There is a pause at mid-day for prayer, some bread, salted cucumbers and onion brought to him by his wife (his cheese and milk he probably cannot afford to eat: he must sell it), a pull from a jug of canal water and a brief siesta with a sack over his head. It is already dusk when he makes his way back to the village. At times of the year he is unable to work because of the flooding, and he tries to get casual labour road-mending or canal-making, perhaps far from his home.

In reward for all this he has an annual income which in extreme cases may not exceed £3 a year, eked out by barter—on an average £25 for a family of normal size of five or six persons. If he is a small-holder he may be a little better off, although he can hardly hope to feed himself and his family on the four-fifths of an acre that is his average holding. If he is attached to a big estate in Upper Egypt he may be little better off than a serf. Almost certainly he is in debt to the landlord, or the Greek money-lender, for he is paying a land-tax or a high rent, having to allow for replacement of his tools and cattle, and for such social necessities as marriage, circumcision ceremonies, or funeral expenses—and as the infant mortality rate is 193 per thousand, and the death rate anyhow is the highest in the world, there generally is a funeral. Everything is far more expensive than it was before the war, and although he does not normally starve to death, because of the phenomenal qualities of the land, he is always undernourished and on the brink of penury. His clothes are rags, his furniture a few pots, his health gets worse every year and his son is perhaps a conscript in the army—in which case there may be another family to keep as well.

For the man, and even for the women and children, the fields, under the rainless sky, are home. The house is merely somewhere to sleep, and even so it is almost indescribably primitive: a low cabin of Nile sludge and cow dung, floored with clay and roofed with corn or cotton stalks. It is true that this is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the new concrete houses which progress sometimes provides, and of which the fellah heartily disapproves. But it is dusty, verminous, smelly and poverty-stricken almost beyond belief. Inside, as well as the fellah himself and his family, are his animals—his sheep, goats and fowls, and even the hideous gamoose. Everything looks like mud, is made of mud, or tastes of mud. Nowhere in the world is the physical inter-relation of man and his environment more marked.

In this flaking hovel, tumbled on top of and beside other mud huts equally dirty and decrepit, the exhausted fellah, his pregnant wife, his

flyblown children and his earthly goods settle down to the evening meal of beans, green corn or marrow. It is only on a special occasion—perhaps once or twice a month—that he can dream of affording a little camel meat. Only the more wealthy can afford wheat bread, but most can manage endless coffee and black tea, drunk so strong and so stewed that the suggestion of treating tea in Egypt as a narcotic has been seriously considered. Outside lies the birka—the village pool—into which runs the seepage of the whole village, smelling to high heaven, containing every sort of germ, and constituting in the daytime the resort for play of the naked village children, of whom it is surprising therefore that any survive at all. In between the narrow walls themselves even the African sun can hardly penetrate to disinfect and purify, and the village crawls with bacteria.

Obviously these surroundings, appalling by western standards, do not so disagreeably strike the fellah himself. Even so his physique is manifestly growing worse, the death rate is going up (almost alone of all the countries in the world that keep statistics), and the most insidious disease of all is attacking more victims every year. Life expectation is thirty-one years, as opposed to fifty-nine in Europe. It is perhaps relevant that in England the Ministry of Health spends some £700 a year a person on health services. In Egypt the equivalent figure is £39.

The last great cholera epidemic in Egypt before 1947 was in 1902, when the population was reduced by 35,000 within six months. The influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 was, with malnutrition, responsible for some 146,000 deaths, and some 80,000 perhaps died in the malaria wave introduced into Upper Egypt in 1943, though kept from the world till some time afterwards. Malaria remains endemic in many areas, and there is occasional plague and typhus. To battle with it all there is one doctor, in the provinces, to every 5,000 potential patients. Then there are eye diseases and, the main plague of Egypt, the worm diseases caught from the parasite infested waters and mud. Statistically speaking, every Egyptian suffers from at least three complaints.

The tragedy is that the advance of irrigation, which has so increased the yield of the land, the output of cotton and the fortunes of the wealthy, has added to the virulence of disease. For under the natural system of annual flooding there was sufficient time for the sun, beating down on the mud, to kill off the parasites for a great part of the year. Now that there is perennial irrigation the parasites flourish and multiply all the year round. It is significant that the healthy recruits for the Egyptian Army are drawn almost entirely from those "backward" provinces in Upper Egypt which still preserve the old-fashioned irrigation system.

The problem is a tremendous one, and there are pessimists who claim that the only practical solution would be the almost impossibly expensive one of lining all the canals. Even more important though is the education of the fellah himself, who accepts bilhartzia, a worm disease, as easily as the

eighteenth century Englishman accepted the normality of smallpox, and resents interference in his intimate social habits. And whoever heard of not swimming in the blessed waters of the Nile?

In view of all this the most extraordinary thing is the comparative cheerfulness of the fellahin, and the gaiety and volubility with which they still manage to conduct their social affairs. For it is impossible to visit an Egyptian village without being impressed by the courtesy and hospitality which is extended to you, and which bewilders and embarrasses when you both know and see the background against which it is offered. The children may cry "backsheesh" on the roads, but the fellah would be deeply insulted if you tried to pay him, however obliquely, for giving to you, not as an Englishman, or a European, or as anything but a visitor, the very best that he can offer. It is his simple duty as a Moslem and his tradition as a peasant: you would have it whether you wanted it or not, and whether you arrived in bare feet or Rolls Royce. His wife cooks, he keeps up what conversation he can, through an interpreter if you are so ignorant as not to know his language, his children scamper off to pick sugar-cane or corn on the cob, his best rickety chair is brought out into the sun, and he shows you courtesy and a gravely interested welcome.

It is not necessary to prolong description of the apparently simple life of the Egyptian peasant—the work in the fields, the struggle to make ends meet, the joy of festivals, the secret urgencies of his household—except to say that like that of all primitive peoples it is of course in fact an immensely complicated life. The taboos are those of his Islamic religion, but also of a comprehensive ritual affecting every part of his life from childbirth to the grave: practices old as Africa, some of them the refined wisdom of the ages, some of them its withered and dangerous misunderstandings.

To the westerner the Egyptian fellah is a brutal and half-savage illiterate, whose mud is the best place for him: or he is an agricultural proletarian, artificially cowed and chained to his fields, but waiting for freedom: or he is, more sentimentally, the eternal peasant, sensual, good-natured, hospitable, industrious and decorative.

He is all these things. But, more realistically, he is the sinew and continuity of Egyptian life. If the country is to prosper, his physical and mental improvement is, as is fortunately recognized, an immediate and vital necessity.

(The author recently returned to England after several years spent in Egypt, and is still concerned with affairs there).

ITALY AFTER THE ELECTIONS

BY CHRISTOPHER SHAWCROSS, M.P.

PERHAPS enthusiasm for the simple things of life is one of the best features of the Italian character. Certainly it is one which endears the Italian people to any foreign visitor. Nowhere have I seen a better example of it than in the personality of the newly-elected President of the Italian Republic. Signor Einaudi accorded to me the honour of being the first Englishman to be received by him in his official residence, the ancient and imposing Quirinal Palace, until recently the city home of the Royal Family. By profession Signor Einaudi is a Professor of Economics and has only recently, and at an advanced age, come to take an active part in politics. He was called upon to deal with the serious inflation of the Italian currency as Governor of the Bank of Italy and as Minister of Finance. In these positions he is acknowledged by all parties—even the Communists—to have performed successfully an almost impossible task. His election to the Presidency was almost as unexpected as it was fortunate. It was unexpected because of his previous detachment from politics, and for that very reason fortunate, since the office of President is one which demands impartiality and freedom from party bias. Moreover, Signor Einaudi's reputation for personal integrity is as high as it could possibly be—perhaps the most important qualification of all for such a position.

Count Sforza, the veteran Italian statesman, received me in the Foreign Office—the famous Palazzo Chigi whose name became so unpleasing in the years between the wars, when Count Ciano, Mussolini's braggadocio son-in-law was its head. The furnishings of this building in their musty and depressing mediocrity, were in contrast to the ornate brightness of the Quirinal Palace. But whereas the President is impressive by his simplicity and obvious unfamiliarity with the pomp and circumstance of his high office, Count Sforza's dignity is of the order which made his surroundings seem inadequate to his aristocratic presence.

Differing sharply from both these two was Signor Saragat, the leader of the Democratic Socialist Party who has become Vice-Premier. At the time I saw him, he and his party officials were still negotiating for the positions which were to be granted to the Socialists in the Coalition Government. A man of keen intelligence, with a record of resistance to the Fascists which places the genuineness of his Socialism above suspicion, Signor Saragat is at once too ascetic and too temperamental to suggest

that he will ever become a great popular leader in a country like Italy. In this respect he differs greatly from his colleague; Signor Lombardo seems to be the man of action—certainly he is a man of affairs, being the managing director of a large industrial concern—and enjoys the perfect characteristics for a successful politician—energy, optimism, humour and pleasant manners. One day if the need and the opportunity should arise, he may emerge as the strong man in Italian politics.

Will such a need arise in the near future? I talked to many politicians of the several democratic parties—that excludes the Communists, the Nenni "fellow-travelling" Socialists and the Fascists—from Cabinet Ministers to back benchers. All agreed that the victory for democracy at the General Election last April was only the first battle in a long and difficult war. It was recognized that unless considerable social reforms are not only introduced but show practical results in improving the condition of the people, the advantages of that first victory will be thrown away.

But though this is well understood, I could find no clear indication of how or when the necessary action was to be taken. Obviously no official programme could be put forward until after the new Government had had time to consider and agree upon it. But time is on the side of the Communists in this. At the moment they are keeping quiet. They have even dropped their post-election propaganda to the effect that the votes were forged and the results "rigged". In fact, probably there has never before been an election fought with so many safeguards, organized by the Government, against force and fraud. But the Communists can afford to wait. They know that unless strong measures of control are introduced soon, unless there is reform of land ownership and the agricultural system, unless there is employment for the two million at present out of work, there will be a violent re-action against the de Gasperi Government. The Communists also know that the dominating party in Parliament, the Christian Democrats, contains a very strong element which is extremely Conservative—what we used to call "die-hard". This element is likely to resist and delay the required reforms so that they will not show practical results in time to influence the next elections.

In the meantime American aid under the Marshall Plan will continue to be poured into Italy. It will be absorbed, unless the Government does something, in a way which appears to benefit only the comparatively wealthy. In other words the rich will get richer and the poor, if not poorer, at any rate no better off. And the poor in Italy are in the vast majority. The conditions in which they live have never been comparable to our own. A warm and sunny climate, a diet which would be unpalatable and under-nourishing to northern Europeans, an outlook on life which would not be possible in Britain, have made the Italian people if not content with at least able to endure a standard of life which the average British worker would regard as intolerable.

But the people of Italy after twenty-five years of dictatorship, with only

seventy-five years as a nation behind them, want something more from the new democratic Government than they have so far seen. Full employment, reasonably efficient social services, a fair measure of staple foods, prices of so-called luxuries such as tobacco and entertainments which they can afford to pay—all these must be given to the Italian peasant and industrial worker if they are not to be corrupted by the specious and fraudulent promises of the Communists. Strong as the influence of the Roman Catholic Church proved itself to be during the April elections, it may be as nothing against the hard facts of life in five years time.

It is difficult to describe the conditions in which the Italian workers—and this includes the so-called black coated workers, the clerks in banks and offices—are now living. To form an accurate assessment, you have not only to know the different parts of Italy, but also to have had experience of the conditions prevailing before the war. It has often been remarked that systems of rationing and close control are inappropriate to the temperament of a Latin people and that any laws and regulations made to that end only assist the black marketeer. Whatever truth there may be in this, and undoubtedly there is a great deal, there are other considerations in Italy which would make a food rationing system such as we know in Britain unworkable. This arises from the differing habits and diets to which the people in different parts of the country are accustomed. For example, the southerner may exist largely on fruit, olive oil, cereals and fish and neither demand nor like meat and butter—or margarine—but the industrial workers of the north would want just these things and it would be necessary for a rationing system to be adjusted not only to those differing local requirements, but also to the different sources of supply from which they would have to be met. The truth is, however, that in any country, if a rationing system is to be effective, it must be nearly 100 per cent. so throughout the country. This was well demonstrated in Italy by experience with the rationing of particular articles such as olive oil and coffee, sold at a controlled price. Black market prices varied and were frequently found to be considerably lower than the controlled price of the rationed goods.

On the whole, however, the food situation in Italy at the moment, rationing or no rationing, appears to be reasonably good. Undoubtedly there are shortages, but they are probably not as stringent as in many parts of France. For the foreign visitor there is practically no shortage at all. In Italy there are comparatively few restaurants of the luxury type, but there are a great many of what might be called the good second-class category. At these a really good meal for two people with a bottle of wine can be bought for about £1. That means that the food costs more than 5s. per head, but it provides about double the amount of gastronomic satisfaction that could be obtained for 5s. in Britain. These good second-class restaurants are not of the "chain" type and the service in them is excellent, both for cleanliness and courtesy. Nor are they confined to the

less fashionable quarters of the city as they would be in England or France. This is an excellent thing as it enables almost anybody, occasionally at least, to take his meal in really attractive surroundings, for instance, on the pavement terrace in the most beautiful square in the city.

Those who visit Rome now for the first time will gain a bad impression of the municipal services and will conclude that the Italians are incapable of providing these. They will find the streets dirty and the sanitary arrangements, if existing at all, out of action. But it will be a false impression. Before the war a great deal of money was spent on these services and Rome was considered one of the cleanest cities in Europe. At the present time lack of money, for what Italians regard (rightly or wrongly) as a matter of minor importance, is the real reason. On the other hand the visitor will certainly and rightly conclude that Rome must be the noisiest city on earth and probably the most dangerous in which to walk across the street. Under the fascist régime of Mussolini the sounding of horns on cars was absolutely prohibited, even in cases of emergency, at all times of the day or night. Taxi drivers used to shout whistle and bang the panels of their cars to give warning of their approach. Under the new democracy this regimentation has been abolished and, perhaps to demonstrate his emancipation, the Italian driver sounds his horn almost incessantly. The noise may be unbearable, but this method of driving seems to be effective. When approaching a blind cross road you just keep your hand on the horn button, and your foot hard down on the accelerator; the driver approaching at right angles does the same, but it very rarely happens that they actually crash. Many of the streets in Rome are little more than narrow alleys, only wide enough for one car and full of pedestrians walking or standing in the middle of them. Nevertheless by means of the horn blowing a skilled driver is able to go through them at about thirty to forty miles per hour without accident.

An interesting feature of the automobile situation in Italy is that there are so many post-war cars of Italian manufacture, far more in proportion than in Britain or France. But the total car population of Italy is, of course, very much lower in relation to the total population. Another notable feature is the pride and interest which the Italian takes in the appearance of his vehicle. You see very few shabby or dented vehicles such as abound in France and are not uncommon in Britain. By contrast, you often see very old vehicles which have obviously been completely re-conditioned. I saw several taxis in Rome, very often more than fifteen years old, whose owners had gone to the length of having new chromium put, not only on the obvious parts but even on the wheels—including the spokes.

Italian engineers are highly expert at re-conditioning and adapting old vehicles. A number of surplus and unusable British Army motor cycles were acquired by the Italians who completely re-built them and they are now seen in use with a finish and equipment which appear to surpass our

own product. There is more chromium, there are bigger and better petrol tanks, luxurious saddles and so on. Perhaps the best example of adaptation is the small motor scooter which is extremely popular in Rome. The manufacturers found that there were a number of small tail-wheels, auxiliary engines and a good deal of material used in the manufacture of aircraft available at moderate prices. From this they built the modern motor scooter. It is a beautiful little machine, with every accessory including a spare wheel. It has a very low petrol consumption and I have seen one carrying four people up a fairly steep slope. In a climate where there is so little rain it appears to be the ideal method of individual transport. The only defect seems to be that the engine is very noisy for such a small car. This, however, is an advantage to the Italian who likes his vehicle to make as much noise as possible. There is a story that one owner went to the length of fitting a sound amplifier to his exhaust and put all the other drivers to shame. Certainly, the competitive spirit is very strong and races are held every week in suburban streets. Practice for these races, if not the races themselves, appears to be permitted without closing the roads to other traffic.

It was a very long way from the battle of the Anzio beach-head of 1943 to the Anglo-Italian football match at Milan on Sunday, May 16, 1948. On that day, in the warm sunshine of Southern Italy the Sunday afternoon crowds thronged the quaysides and cafés of the picturesque port. Each café had a radio set blaring forth the broadcast commentary on the match and the Anzio listeners echoed with their cheers the applause of the spectators in Milan. Indeed, so loud were the cheers that it was impossible to follow what was actually happening to the game on the field. The Italians were convinced that their team was winning, although in fact it had failed to score and the British had got two goals before the end of the first half. But to judge from the enthusiasm of the café patrons and the strollers outside, one would have imagined that an event at least as important as a general election was taking place and that the party supported by the vast majority was winning.

Perhaps it is these distractions which prevent Italians thinking about more serious matters, such as housing. Although overcrowding in Italian working-class dwellings, speaking very generally, may not be as bad as in the slums of the great industrial cities of Britain, the actual condition of the dwellings is just as bad. I met some English visitors in Rome who were telling their Italian friends that much more building appeared to be going on than in Britain. As a matter of fact this is quite untrue. Whatever may be the shortcomings of our housing programme, nobody can deny that all over Britain council houses are being built in considerable numbers. As in France, so in Italy you can go for miles through the countryside without seeing a single working-class house being built. What had struck the English visitors in Rome, however, was the large edifices under construction in the main streets of the city. They did not

know that these were either luxury flats, shops or offices, of little value to the economy of the nation and of none in the amelioration of its social conditions.

The great problem of Italy is now, as it always has been, that it has a rapidly increasing population, whereas its material resources, never in the last century adequate to support the population, are becoming proportionately less. No amount of economic plans, no amount of social or political reforms will alter these basic facts. Unless other countries, such as the United States, Australia, New Zealand and nearer home, France, open their doors to Italian immigrants, Communism in the end will win in Italy, whatever Prime Minister de Gasperi and his Government may succeed in accomplishing within the framework of their own political and economic system. Nor would the return of the former Italian Colonies provide any effective solution, as some Italians would like to have us believe.

A real Western European Union in which the British Dominions participated providing an enormous area for trade and for industrial and agricultural development, and above all an area in which the free movements of populations would not only be allowed, but would be encouraged, seems to be the only possible solution in the long run for Italy's economic and social problems, as I believe it to be for our own.

(The author, a barrister, is Member of Parliament for Widnes.)

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

BY LORD ABERDARE

IT is generally agreed that the first Olympiad, a four-year period extending from the year in which Olympic games were held, started in 776 B.C. It derived its name from Olympia, a sacred precinct in the westernmost Greek province of Elis, eleven miles distant from the Ionian Sea, where the river Cladeus flowing from the north joined the Alpheus from Central Arcadia.

There are many legends purporting to tell how the games started, one of them being about Heracles, who challenged his four brothers to run in a race and, having won it, was crowned, as all victors were, with a wreath of wild olive leaves cut from a sacred olive tree. Thereafter the contest was held every fifth year because five brothers had competed in the race. Another legend and a more likely one, is that they owe their origin to funeral games held in honour of tribal chieftains and their restoration to Pelops, the grandson of Zeus, at whose tomb ancient tribes gathered in order to worship their hero in the form of funeral games. Whether this was so or not it can safely be said that games festivals in Greece had a religious character dating back long before 776 B.C., and originating in the belief that the shades of the dead were gratified by such spectacles as had delighted them during their earthly life.

During the Homeric age these festivals were sacrifices followed by games at a tomb or before a funeral pyre. Gradually they grew into rites observed by an entire community and celebrated near the shrine of the god in whose honour they were instituted. The idea then developed that the gods themselves were present but invisible, and delighted in the ceremonies and competitions.

The participants in such contests may not have had much practice for the games but they were probably well developed and carefully trained for war, which was of constant recurrence, on neighbouring tribes. By 776 B.C. the games of Olympia were held in such high esteem that all the tribes of Greece suspended hostilities for this festival.

The games usually took place during the month of August and lasted about seven days. Only freemen of pure Hellenic blood were permitted to enter, though barbarians and Greek slaves were allowed to witness them. Contestants had to be of exceptional moral, physical and mental fitness, and to be sponsored by relatives bearing witness that they had committed neither crime nor sacrilege. It was universally agreed that it was necessary for each competitor to train for ten months before the

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games and that the last month of training had to be done in the gymnasium of Olympia and under the guidance of the specially appointed judges.

During this last difficult month of training the judges eliminated those they thought did not reach a high enough standard. The athletes had to swear that they had trained faithfully for ten months and that they would be fair and honest in their competition. Following this ceremony the names of those athletes who had qualified were broadcast and written upon a large white board. It was considered an exceptional honour even to be allowed to contest at all, while the winner received the very highest honour from his city and nation. He was usually escorted to his home in a triumphal procession and allowed to enter his city by a specially made breach in the wall, an act to signify that a city having such an inhabitant required no ramparts. Also he was honoured by banquets at the public expense and often was exempted from taxes.

Before the Greeks built a stadium their racecourse consisted of a plot of level ground over which the contestants ran to a tree or rock, these objects marking their finishing line. For a longer race the competitors were required to run to or around a tree and back to the starting line. The first stadium built was of a rectangular shape with stone slabs and pillars marking the starting and finishing lines. It was laid out on land surrounded by sloping ground and stone seats were built for the convenience of spectators.

Running races were the only events contested during these early Olympiads. The length of the shortest race was 210 yards and was called the stadion or stade race. Another popular race was that of 420 yards and the longest was about three miles. Gradually the following events were added to the programme: armour races, boxing, wrestling, chariot races, pentathlon (long jumping, running, throwing the discus, throwing the javelin and wrestling), pancration (wrestling and boxing, in which victory was not decided until one of the competitors was killed or lifted up a finger thus declaring he was unable to continue the contest), relay races and a torch race (held at night, the winner being the one who reached the finishing line with his torch still alight).

Competitors and spectators found their way to Olympia not only from Greece itself but from Magna Graecia, Asia Minor and the four corners of the Hellenic world.

Greece was in the ancient world what Great Britain has been in the new; its citizens were lovers of the sea and great colonizers. From every point on the horizon all eyes looked to Olympia. The larger city states sent embassies and many foreign nations were represented.

The Olympic games which at first were of a local character gradually became Pan-Hellenic, and of the four games which attracted wide attention those of Olympia consecrated to Olympian Zeus, father of all the gods, became by far the most important. At the start of the games all athletes stood before the statue of Olympian Zeus to swear that they would abide

by the judges' decisions and to offer up prayers for victory. The judges too took oaths that their decisions would be just. A fanfare of trumpets followed and a procession of the competitors was formed to the stadium, where orators from their native cities exhorted them to win. When the games started a trumpet blast sounded the event and the names of the contestants, their city and parentage were announced by heralds. At the conclusion of the event, the trumpet sounded for silence and the judges proclaimed their decision. A palm branch was placed in the hand of the winner and a wreath of wild olive from a sacred tree in the Altis, the sacred enclosure, on his brow. Heralds announced his name and city and the honour of having his statue erected in the Altis was awarded him.

Wrestling was for a long time the favourite contest among the Greeks and later the pentathlon, a combination of five contests designed to show an all-round proficiency. These were a running long jump with dumb-bells, a running race, throwing the four-pound discus, hurling the javelin (a spear believed to have been about three feet long and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick) and wrestling. The programme of the pentathlon was completed in one day, the competitors being gradually eliminated, until only two remained for the final wrestling match.

In all contests of any description the athletes performed entirely naked. Women were not allowed to participate in or witness the games. They were however allowed to enter chariots for the chariot races. Also they instituted an athletic festival for themselves, known as the Heraea, which was celebrated every four years shortly after the Olympic games. These games comprised running races only.

In the men's events boxing was an especially severe and brutal affair, as each contestant fought with a cestus, a series of ox-hide thongs bound together with lumps of hardened leather, nails and lead buckles, and each contest was a fight to the finish. The pancration ("all strength"), a combination of wrestling and boxing and the last word in all-round brutality, brought into play every muscle in the body. It was fought until one man yielded.

Horse races with bare-back riders were added later and some stadium events suitable for boys. At the 25th Olympiad the four-horse chariot race was included as a compliment to the men of wealth from all parts of the Hellenic world. To encourage the training of warriors for the army, the hoplitodromos was inaugurated. This race as the word implies was for the soldier who had to run with spear and shield and in full fighting order the entire length of the stadium—210 yards and back—and obviously required great endurance.

The games concluded with the procession of the victors to the Temple of Zeus in the sacred Altis, where stood the famous ivory and gold statue of Olympian Zeus. It was sculpted by Phidias (c. 434 B.C.), stood sixty feet in height and was one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. Before this statue final sacrifices and the closing ceremonies were per-

med. A public banquet at which odes to the victors were spoken by the best Hellenic poets concluded the festival. Orators, musicians, historians, dramatists and philosophers were present and a certain cultural atmosphere arose as a result.

Such were the Olympic games at their zenith. But, after Corinth fell in 146 B.C. and Greece became a Roman Province, Greece became less and less conspicuous and her high standards of honour and sportsmanship declined. Professional athletes began to appear at the games, travelling from one contest to another, prostituting the original idea of clean amateur sportsmanship and degrading it to a trade. In 394 A.D. the Emperor Theodosius, the last great ruler of the Roman Empire, from his throne in Constantinople issued a decree suppressing Olympic games.

Thus for over 1,000 years from the first recorded Olympiad in 776 B.C. to 392 A.D., the year of the last ancient Olympiad, there had been an unbroken record every four years of 292 Olympiads.

Less than a hundred years later, in 476 A.D., Rome capitulated to the barbarians. Phidias' great statue of Olympian Zeus was carried off to Constantinople, where it was destroyed in a fire; the Goths overran the Temple of Zeus at Olympia and as the result of an earthquake during the sixth century A.D. the temple was finally demolished. Simultaneously a landslide and an extensive inundation of the River Alpheus covered the ruins of Olympia with a layer of sand and mud fifteen to twenty feet deep. In this condition the sacred precinct lay for thirteen centuries, till Ernst Curtius of Berlin, with the financial assistance of the German Emperor, started to remove the overlying soil, a task he completed by 1881.

The revival of the Olympic games, the first of which was celebrated in Athens, capital city of Greece, in 1896, was due to the idealism and enterprise of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who forsook a political career to devote his young manhood to the introduction of sport into the educational life of his young French countrymen. To this end he travelled widely in America and England to study the organization of sport and its importance in the lives of the people of those countries.

It was in 1892 that he first propounded his desire for a new era in international sport. At a meeting of the *Union des Sports Athletiques* in France he made his first public pronouncement as follows:—

Let us export our oarsmen, our runners, our fencers into other lands. That is the true free trade of the future and the day it is introduced into Europe the cause of peace will have received a new and strong ally. It inspires me to touch upon the further step I now propose and in it I shall ask that the help you have given me hitherto you will extend again, so that together we may attempt to realize upon a basis suitable to the conditions of our modern life the splendid and beneficent task of reviving the Olympic games.

For a time there was no perceptible result but two years later a circular to all athletic associations pointing out "the necessity to preserve in Sport those characteristics of nobility and chivalry which have distinguished

it in the past, so that it may continue to play the same part in the education of the peoples of to-day as it played so admirably in the days of Ancient Greece" brought together in June 1894 to the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne enough delegates from various countries to found the International Olympic Committee. This Committee, though much enlarged, still controls the games and has remained self-appointed.

At the original meeting Baron de Coubertin proposed that the first games of the new era should be celebrated at Athens, and this proposal met with unanimous approval. Thus started the series of modern Olympiads of which in the summer of 1948 London is celebrating the XIVth—though it will only be the eleventh time the modern Olympic games have actually taken place.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin so excellently expressed his inmost feelings that I quote him once again: "The main issue in life is not the victory but the fight; the essential is not to have won but to have fought well. To spread these precepts is to pave the way for a more valiant humanity. *Joie des muscles, culte de la beauté, travail pour le service de la famille et de la Société; ces trois elements unis en un faisceau indissoluble.*" "May joy and good fellowship reign and in this manner may the Olympic Torch pursue its way through the ages, increasing friendly understanding among nations for the good of a humanity always more enthusiastic, more courageous, more pure." These words were repeated across the globe and form the basis of a healthy and happy philosophy. The Olympic movement gives the world a great ideal.

(The author is a member of the Executive Committee of the International Olympic Committee and of the Organizing Committee for the London Olympic Games, July, 1948).

THOUGHTS BEFORE LAMBETH

By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

IN 1931 Mr. T. S. Eliot began his famous pamphlet, *Thoughts After Lambeth*, thus: "The Church of England washes its dirty linen in public. It is convenient and brief to begin with this metaphorical statement." It is also convenient to borrow his metaphor and here point out immediately that the findings of the Lambeth Conference, which opens to-day and continues till August 8, have no more authority, in a legal or canonical sense, than the conclusions reached at a tea-party of Christian washerwomen. As the Bishop of Ely has put it: "The decisions of a Lambeth Conference have no authority binding on the consciences even of members of the Anglican Communion." It is true that he added immediately, in tones unmistakably episcopal, that "on the other hand, any decision that had been reached by the assembled bishops had serious import and was received with respect." But the important point is that Lambeth is essentially a bishops' theological debating society and not, in the accepted sense, a Council of the Church—a point which is often missed by laymen who are impressed by the spectacle of so many bishops together in one place, talking earnestly, agitatedly and abstrusely.

One of the questions, for example, to be discussed is the matter of intinction—that is to say, administering Holy Communion not in two kinds separately but by the method of touching each separate wafer with the priest's wafer which has been dipped in the chalice. The practice is in use in most Low churches in America and the opinion of the American bishops will, therefore, on the practical side, be of much interest. It is essentially a practical matter—there is no basic theological question involved—but one can almost see in advance headlines announcing: "Denial of the Chalice to the Laity" to arouse the latent prejudices of the millions who would never dream of presenting themselves at the altar rails. And another question, marriage discipline, is certain of popular attention, although its discussion at Lambeth concerns Christians only, since Church law and State law on marriage are already two different things.

The agenda for the Conference covers a very wide field. It is divided into five parts—the Christian Doctrine of Man, the Church and the Modern World, the Unity of the Church, the Anglican Churches and, lastly, questions referred to the Conference by Member Churches which include Marriage Discipline, the relation between Baptism and Confirmation,

Deaconesses and Intinction. As *The Church Times* pertinently remarked : To some it may appear at first sight that some of the subjects to be discussed are more suitable to a refresher course or a summer school than for a council of prelates destined to steer the Church's course through what may prove to be one of the most difficult periods in her history. Must bishops from all parts of the globe be summoned to England to discuss the Christian way of life for man or the nature and mission of the Church ? Is their journey really necessary ?

But, of course (as that newspaper also pointed out) the theological issues are anything but an impromptu debate. Reports on all the questions have long ago been prepared by committees of experts and memoranda of these were circulated to all visiting bishops before they left their own countries. Whatever theological definitions emerge from the Conference will be the result of careful thought, preparation and argument by the trained minds of the Church, not necessarily the bishops at all, and as such they will command and deserve careful study when the printed Report is issued.

Yet a view of Lambeth which sees it only in terms of a majestic continuity of theological discussion and definition would be as misleading as either of the misconceptions we have dismissed. In the last analysis most things, even a Lambeth Conference, can be brought down to a fine point ; and the fine point this month is III. b.iii on the agenda—III. The Unity of the Church (b) Anglican relations with other Churches (iii) The Church of South India. Here there is enough explosive material to disrupt the Church of England.

Last September four Anglican dioceses in South India—Madras, Travancore, Tinnevely and Dornakal—were “given their freedom” to unite with nonconformists to form the new “Church of South India.” The archbishops and diocesan bishops of England and Wales had previously given unanimous approval of the following resolution :

We wish to assure the Bishops and the ordained and lay members of our Communion who in September will be going forth to form with others the South India Church, of our prayers and of our continued fellowship in Christ. It is our most earnest hope that God will use them and their fellow-members in the South India Church to set forward the Gospel with power and to help the people of India to grow in unity ; and that He will guide their venture of faith to the day when there will be full communion between the South India Church and ourselves.

There is not, that is to say, at present inter-communion between the Church of South India and the Church of England, since, in the former, the nonconformist pastors and ‘bishops’ have not been episcopally ordained. And, by the doctrine of the Church which is still binding on Anglicans, the four dioceses were not so much “given their freedom” as “forced into schism”.

All Anglicans are only too well aware of the bitter controversy which has been proceeding for years on this issue and which, if it seems to have died down for the moment, has only done so because everybody is waiting “to see what Lambeth is going to do about South India.” This is not the place to recall the ramifications of the controversy, but it is necessary briefly to state the principles involved, since without knowing them the

proceedings at Lambeth will be largely unintelligible.

What are in conflict are two antithetical views of the nature of the Church—the one regarding it as a divinely fixed constitution, with ministry, faith and sacraments reaching back through the Apostles to Christ, the other assuming that any group of genuine Christian believers can create the Church at any time and place. In the former, which may be roughly called the “Catholic” view, the episcopate is essential ; to the latter, which is the nonconformist, it is not, though an episcopate may have a certain utilitarian value. By its formularies the Church of England is committed to the “Catholic” side.

In all questions of re-union, this matter of episcopacy becomes the crux of the matter. The Church of England has, historically, fought for centuries a warfare on two fronts. Against the Church of Rome, she has insisted that her orders are valid ; against the nonconformists, that orders are essential. Theoretically, her position is unequivocal ; but in practice, the intransigence of Rome on the one hand and the Church of England's long co-operation with nonconformists in many spheres of Christian activity on the other have tended to a certain blurring of distinctions.

In 1886, a General Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States of America meeting at Chicago, drew up what is known as the Chicago Quadrilateral. It was—and is—binding on the Episcopal Church and defined essentials on which no compromise could be made. They were the Bible, the Creed, the Sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion, and “the Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.” The acceptance of these four things are “essential to the restoration of unity” ; unless a Christian communion is prepared to accept *at least* these articles, no discussion—and still more no inter-communion—is possible.

Two years later, at the third Lambeth Conference of 1888, these points were, substantially, adopted in a form which has since been known as the Lambeth Quadrilateral, but with two significant differences. The first was that, as has been pointed out, the decisions of a Lambeth Conference are binding on no one, the second was that the four points were described as “a basis for reunion.” As Louis A. Haselmayer has put it in his important book *Lambeth and Unity* :

Instead of keeping to the Chicago statement that the elements of the Quadrilateral were *inherent parts of this sacred deposit and therefore essential to the restoration of unity*, it declared that they supplied *the basis on which approach might be, under God's blessing, made toward Reunion*. The influence of this subtle change has not been sufficiently noted. For it has changed the whole goal of union, and opened the way for the most unfortunate series of glossings and interpretative readings of the elements of the Quadrilateral by the later Lambeth Conferences of 1920 and 1930. . . . This has been true particularly of the final article—the “Historic Episcopate”. That phrase can become just a way of saying a form of Church government which has historic sanction, a form of Church government which has no theological basis ; or merely a form of

ministry universally acknowledged by the Church in its present state of division. This alteration has resulted in a total theological deterioration of the Quadrilateral. All specific proposals for union between provinces of the Anglican communion and Protestant Christian bodies during the past forty years have been constructed under the influence of this deterioration. If one studies the successive revisions of the South India Scheme . . . one can see that the principle of the manufacturing of union out of the least common denominator of agreement has been the guiding structural principle of these reports. The ideal of a restoration of unity based upon the essential inherent elements of Apostolic Christianity has played no part in the composition of these plans . . . In South India, the plan was put through by what seems to be a series of legal manipulations and constitutional evasions.

For some years, it appeared that the authorities of the Church of England were prepared to admit such an elasticity of interpretation of the nature and functions of the Episcopate that the Church of South India, with its unordained ministers and therefore (from the Catholic point of view) invalid sacraments, would be recognized as part of the Anglican communion. Even the possibility of such a step drove a considerable number of Anglicans, both priests and laity, to Rome; and it was widely rumoured that threats of more widespread secessions, in one form or another, which would have very gravely imperilled the stability, if not the existence, of the Established Church, were not altogether without their effect on the final decisions. It is quite certain that, were Lambeth to advise or countenance inter-communion with the South India Church, the Church of England, as we know it to-day, would not long survive.

Item III. b. iii is thus the critical point of the Conference, not only as regards its practical consequences, but also because the conclusion taken there implicitly sums up the theological position. Arguments about the mission of the Church, the relation of the Church to the State, forms of worship and questions of organization all depend finally on what "the Church" is conceived as being; and the South India matter forces precise definition.

It is against this background that one must consider the Affirmations of the Evangelical Congress which are to be presented to Lambeth. That Congress was held in April and included all the leading "Low" church representatives. Most of the "Affirmations" are theological statements with which no one is likely to disagree, but the penultimate paragraph asserts that "we welcome the inauguration of the United Church of South India as being at once the fruit of a spirit-inspired evangelism, a direct response to the needs of those as yet unevangelized, and the earnest of a still greater unity among Christians throughout the world. We would pray our Fathers in God to lead us at the earliest possible moment into full communion with this Church."

This attitude is reinforced by the Bishop of Winchester's introduction to the official *Handbook of the Lambeth Conference*. He writes:

Many Anglicans will be grieved that this Church (the South India United Church) should not have been asked to send representatives to exchange greetings with the Bishops of Lambeth. The decision, however, is not unreasonable if only because,

for practical reasons, the invitations to representatives of non-Anglican Churches have to be limited in number and geographical area. . . . If the great venture towards Christian re-union in South India works out, as all should hope and pray, successfully and happily, and it is followed by other such ventures in other lands, the Lambeth Conference of the Anglican Communion will inevitably and happily decrease in importance, and some form of General Council of Churches, increasingly reunited in their respective areas, will come more and more to the front.

From these two quotations it will be immediately apparent where "official" sympathy lies.

The attitude of the "High" Church party, though it is clearly enough known, has not yet been exactly defined in terms of a resolution to be presented to Lambeth, for the Anglo-Catholic Congress is meeting this month, from July 5 till July 10. It is likely that the Bishop of Winchester's article, adumbrating the end of Lambeth Conferences and the substitution of a "Council of Churches" will cause any resolution to be framed in rigidly uncompromising terms, for the assumptions underlying the Bishop's statement are that the Church of England is merely one among several Protestant sects and that the word "Church" can be applied to a body which lacks or repudiates a validly-ordained ministry. The fact that the subject of the Anglo-Catholic Congress is "The Church" lends colour to the belief that the Catholics will reaffirm—and ask Lambeth to reaffirm—the Quadrilateral rather in the Chicago than in the Lambeth sense—that is to say, that episcopacy is to be accepted as an essential part of the Divine deposit and that, until that is done, questions of reunion cannot be considered. Here they will be certain of the support of the American bishops, who, whatever their private predilections, are bound by the Chicago Quadrilateral; of a considerable number of overseas bishops within the Commonwealth and of the very few of Catholic bishops in England.

Whatever diplomatic formula is adopted at Lambeth to appear to reconcile the irreconcilable—and the ingenuity of the Archbishop of Canterbury will be taxed to the utmost—it is in fact unlikely that any decision will be arrived at which the Catholic party could not accept; for equivocation on the vital matter of orders would drive countless men and women, priests, laity and members of the Religious Orders, to a branch of the Church which has never compromised on this issue—to Rome or to the Orthodox communion. It would be a secession even greater than that of Newman and his friends a century ago—an action taken for not dissimilar reasons and one from which the Church of England has not even yet fully recovered.

It is—to return at the end to the beginning—quite true that, as Lambeth has no authority, such a step, even if any number of heretical decisions were taken, might be logically indefensible. But this issue goes far deeper than logic. The bishops are, after all, bishops. And this very fact may, in the end, falsify all predictions and frustrate all fears. For, odd as it may seem, the Holy Spirit may take control.

TURGENEV

BY LORD DAVID CECIL

SOME time toward the second half of the last century there appeared in the bookshops of western Europe the translation of a novel of Ivan Turgenev. It was the first work by an important Russian author so to be translated; and the impression made was tremendous. In Paris—then the centre of all that was most alive in the world of art and letters—fastidious and intelligent critics vied with one another in praise. Flaubert, the most fastidious and intelligent of the lot, even went so far as to say: "This gigantic Scythian has surpassed us all." Turgenev, however, proved no isolated phenomenon. During the years that followed his entry on to the stage of western Europe he was succeeded by that of other Scythians not less gigantic. And the impression made by two of them in particular, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, was so dazzling as to dim for a time that made by the first star; so that, in general, the reputation of Turgenev has been overshadowed by that of his two tremendous compatriots.

It is natural that it should be. In some important respects they are more impressive. Turgenev is not built on the same scale, he is not so gigantic a giant. He lacks Tolstoy's sheer breadth of vision, embracing as it does equally in its view peasants and princes, duck-shooting and religious doubt. Nor has he Dostoevsky's power to illuminate with the same intensity of spiritual insight, the depths of criminal degradation and the heights of religious ecstasy. Beside *War and Peace* or *The Possessed*, Turgenev's novels look a little pale. Yet if we give him time, if we let our eyes grow accustomed to his lower scale of tone, his spell begins to work on us; and we shut the book not at all so sure that Turgenev is inferior to his majestic brother authors. For, as might be expected, Flaubert had ground for his sweeping statement. Turgenev has his own merits—merits denied to Tolstoy and Dostoevsky—that give him a secure place among the world's supreme novelists.

Nor is he so wholly different from other Russians as might appear. He is more like them than he is like Fielding or Balzac. Common nationality, common civilization, imposes on its children a common outlook. Turgenev's imagination works on the world of human beings and their relationships, which is always the novelist's subject matter, in what is to a western eye a distinctively Russian way. It combines, that is to say, as that of other novelists do not, an extreme realism with an extreme spiri-

tuality. Russian novels are both more realistic and more religious than other novels. There is no doubt about their realism. From Lermontov to Chekov, the Russian genius is out to describe experience exactly as it is. Apparently they never feel any temptation to reject or modify any aspect of the reality they are describing for artistic reasons. They do not tamper with the facts in order to make their story more shapely or more pleasing or more dramatic. Nor do they intensify their effect by steeping the sober facts of life in a glow of fantasy. Dostoevsky writes novels about religious experience, like Shorthouse: unlike Shorthouse, however, he does not actually bring the supernatural on the stage. *War and Peace* is a historical novel like *Waverley*, but Tolstoy does not explore the picturesque and the romantic aspects of the past as Scott does. Russian literature, like other literatures, has given us lovable heroines, but they are never idealized pictures of femininity. The heroines are described as unsentimentally and with as careful regard for realistic truth as everybody else. Indeed, it is a little disconcerting at first to find their creators carefully pointing out that some charming girl has "a thick nose" or "a muddy complexion" or "a small wart on the chin". Equally their plots are true to fact. Chekov's stories, compared to the short stories of his western contemporaries, have no plot in the conventional sense of the word. Beginning in the middle of a situation, they stop as often as not abruptly and indeterminately, like an episode in real life.

Yet though the Russians are realistic they are not materialistic. Here again they differ from the writers of the west. Western realists, Maupassant and Zola, represent human beings as ruled and conditioned by economic and physical circumstances. Not so the Russians: for the Christian religion had soaked itself so deeply into every fibre of Russian society, that to Russians, the soul was as unquestioned a fact as the body. Any true picture of reality must include it. Indeed the soul—as must inevitably be the case for a genuine believer—is the picture's most important feature. These realistic stories about generals and civil servants are, first of all, stories about the progress of their souls: these realistically-drawn heroines have always an intense and active spiritual life. No doubt the characters in Russian novels do many of the same things that they do in western novels; marry, make money, pursue worldly advantage. But these activities are shown always in relation to the central action, the progress of the soul; and their interest lies in how far they affect it. "Will my spirit be satisfied if I marry X?" the Russian heroine asks herself. "Will it help me to lead a good life?" And finally: "What do I mean by good?" It is their preoccupation with these matters which led so many of their first English readers—virtuous, healthy, confident Philistines—to condemn the Russians as introspective. They are introspective as much as anyone is, who is conscious of having a soul, and a duty to it.

This mixture of realism and spirituality is as characteristic of Turgenev

as of Tolstoy or Dostoievsky. His books are varied in subject; sketches of peasant life, love stories, one semi-political novel, *Virgin Soil*, two straight studies of character, *Fathers and Children* and *Rudin*. But all are treated from the Russian angle of vision. Turgenev is vigilantly realistic. If he has a plot in the western sense, as in *The House of Gentlefolk*, it is a strictly probable one, arising logically from character and situation. And his most characteristic books, like *Fathers and Children* and *Rudin* have no such regular plot, but are just a series of apparently insignificant incidents. The characters too are realistically described. They are good and bad, comic and serious, but never artificially divided into heroes and villains, serious parts and comic relief. Nor are they types or symbols; each is carefully individualized, all are described with the same detailed realism.

On the other hand all are related to a spiritual standard. *The House of Gentlefolk*, for example, is the story of a man who, thinking his wife dead, engages himself to a virtuous young girl. The wife returns, and the lovers have to part. This is a more conventional plot than is usual with Turgenev, and could have been treated as a straight love story, passionate and pathetic. For Turgenev, however, the significance of the action lies in its relation to the spiritual health of the hero and heroine. Lavretzky the hero, hopes that love will redeem his hitherto wasted life. The heroine, Lisa, takes its unhappy end as a sign that it was a love not blessed by God, whose very rapture was a danger, since it led the soul to set itself on things of this world. In expiation she becomes a nun. Turgenev's other stories have a similar sort of significance. Always the characters are in search of spiritual satisfaction, always they are regarded as successful in so far as they attain it.

So far Turgenev's books are like those of the other Russians. After this we find a difference. The Russian point of view rests upon an acceptance of the Christian interpretation of the human predicament. Human life, that is to say, is unsatisfactory in so far as it is out of touch with God. With Tolstoy and Dostoievsky this Christian point of view means an actual profession of Christianity, according to their respective and highly individual interpretations of that faith. With Turgenev not: intellectually he was an agnostic. There might be a God, on the other hand there might not. There might be an after life, he tended to think there was, but he could not say for certain. Human life was a mystery, a brief, inexplicable flash of light between darkness and darkness. Yet Turgenev was not hostile to Christianity. He had been soaked in its tradition too early. Indeed, his reactions to life are more essentially Christian than those of many officially orthodox persons. He describes religious characters with an exquisite sympathy, and his own moral standards are Christian standards. As with Thomas Hardy, another reluctant agnostic, the specific Christian virtues, charity, humility, resignation, are the most beautiful to him. He blesses the meek and pure of heart, those that hunger and thirst after righteousness. Love to him is the

fulfilling of the law. Further he has the Christian sense of the congenital frailty and imperfection of human beings. "There was no reproach in her heart; she did not dare to question God's will"; so he says of Elena at that final catastrophe of her life, when the lover for whom she has sacrificed everything, lies dead before her eyes. "She did not ask why He had punished her beyond her gift, if she were guilty. Each of us is guilty, by the fact that he lives; and there is no one so great a benefactor to mankind that he might hope to have a right to live for the service he has done." Once more like Hardy, Turgenev casts a longing, lingering look behind him to that pure bright faith which he had lost. His profoundest book *Fathers and Children* ends with a desperate cry of uncertain defiant belief in the possibility of some after-life in which wrong shall be righted and suffering relieved. Bazarof dies; his broken hearted old parents, who had hoped so much for him, come to mourn over his grave.

Can it be that their prayers, their tears are hopeless? Can it be that love, holy, devoted love is not all-powerful? Ah, no! however passionate, sinning and rebellious is the heart that lies in the grave, yet the flowers growing over it gaze at us serenely and with innocent eyes; telling us of peace—not merely the great peace of indifferent nature—but also of eternal reconciliation, of life without end.

Christian feelings without Christian faith—this about sums up Turgenev's condition of mind. Inevitably it makes his picture of life a sad one. Not disagreeably sad; for there is nothing ugly or mean about it. On the contrary, Turgenev's picture shows he was peculiarly responsive to the noble and the beautiful. Unfortunately, however, he was not sure whether they corresponded to anything permanent in the universe; whether in fact human beings were not the creatures of some ruthless, mechanical, unknown force. Lisa may become a nun in order to find salvation for her soul—who knows if salvation, as she means it, exists? Elena may accept her tragedy as a just chastisement for the sins of mankind; but perhaps the beauty of her resignation will be her only reward. When all is said, the significance of human life remains clouded in sad, insoluble mystery. But this does not make Turgenev love life less. Indeed, his rapture at its beauty is all the more poignant because he feels that beauty to be so elusive, so fleeting. Here we come to the second strain in his prevailing mood which differentiates it from that of the other Russian classics. He is much more specifically and consciously aesthetic in his response to experience. He looks to beauty for his chief satisfaction in life. Natural temperament was primarily responsible for this; but his philosophy or lack of philosophy encouraged him still further. Beauty was a consolation. When all else is uncertain, beauty could still make life worth living. For Turgenev beauty included moral beauty. Here he separates himself from the professional aesthete of the west, and reveals the congenital Christianity of his outlook. Flowers and trees, music and poetry are lovely, but even lovelier is human virtue. But it is a difference of degree, not kind. Virtue appealed to Turgenev in the same way as

flowers and music did. His standard of value was fundamentally aesthetic.

So also was his attitude to his work. Unlike most novelists he approaches both his subject-matter and his treatment of it from as aesthetic a point of view as a musician's. It is his aesthetic impulse that makes him write at all. He doesn't want to give us facts, still less to preach a gospel: he simply wants to create something beautiful. Perhaps this accounts for his relative lack of intensity; for it does imply a certain detachment. But it also gives his achievement its unique quality. The fact that he is far more continuously inspired by his sensibility to the beautiful than are most novelists makes the novel in his hands far more consistently a work of art, a work of art in the sense that a sonata of Mozart is. Incidentally, he is one of the few writers who can describe the effect of a work of art convincingly. He succeeds in making us feel that Lemm's sonata in the *House of Gentlefolk*, and the victorious song in the singing match in *The Sportsman's Sketches* were as beautiful as their hearers thought them to be. But Turgenev's aesthetic sensibility shows itself everywhere in his work. In his settings, for example, the landscape plays an enormous part in his picture. It is impossible to recall a Turgenev story without evoking in our imagination the Russian scene in which it is set—the birch trees and far horizons and sweeping cornfields, shimmering in the sunshine or shadowy in the pale light of the moon. For a parallel in English literature we have to go to Hardy. But Hardy's use of landscape is different. For him it is a symbol; black Egdon Heath stands for the inhuman forces of nature against which frail mortality struggles in vain. Turgenev's use of landscape is purely aesthetic. The birch tree and the cornfield are just birch tree and cornfield. As much as to Peter Bell, the primrose by the river's brim was, to Turgenev, a simple primrose. But he saw it with so exquisite a precision, such a feeling for its individual quality—that it stirs in us the same sentiment that a real primrose would.

Equally discriminating is Turgenev's appreciation of moral virtue. This appears above all in his heroines. Though subtly different in detail, they are alike in type. Lisa, Marianna, Elena—all are of the same family, simple and single-minded, pure and passionate. Turgenev does not idealize them. They are also uncompromising, angular and capable of impulses of fierce indignation. But this does not make us love them less. On the contrary, the fact that they have weaknesses makes them more convincingly human. Further, their defects are those of their characteristic virtues. They have the angularity of a still untarnished youthful idealism: their fire burns with a beautiful white virginal flame. After all heroic virtue is uncompromising. And theirs is a heroic virtue, not the mere gentle sweetness of the typical "good woman" of fiction. It is not that they are hard. Indeed the sterner strain in them gives them an extraordinary pathos, mingled as it is with a spirit tender, child-like and inexperienced, innocent of evil, vulnerable to suffering.

Turgenev's range is not confined to the beauty of virtue. He is also a master at conveying the complex charm of less reputable types of women: the brilliant, cold, honest Madame Odintsov of *Fathers and Children*, for example. Or Zinaida in *First Love*, passionate and ironical, melting and enigmatic. His portraits of the thoroughly bad reveal the same talent: Irina in *Smoke* is one of the few evil sirens of literature who convince us of their power to charm. The charm is not a wholly pleasing one; that is one of the most brilliant strokes in Turgenev's description. As the book proceeds and we get to know Irina better, she begins to jar on our moral taste just as she would have done in life. Her arts reveal themselves as contrived and meretricious; beside the pure, true note sounded by the heroines, her personality rings false. Yet, her animal seductiveness, her subtle indolent accomplishment, are given their alluring force; so that we do not think it strange that the hero should have been subjugated by her. Well might a fine spirit succumb to something so dazzling and so civilized. Irina is an artist of the flesh; and an artist of a high order.

It is to Turgenev's female characters that we find ourselves recurring. This was natural, seeing that he was such an aesthete. The heroines are the objects of the hero's love. And love is the emotion most inextricably intertwined with the feeling for beauty; only when it is irradiated by the transfiguring light of love, is life to most people as beautiful as the artist longs for it to be. More than any other novelist, Turgenev describes it from the artist's point of view, discriminates with delicate accuracy the differing and characteristic aesthetic quality of its various moods and modes—rapture, jealousy, desire, romantic reverie—the boyish ardour of first love, the mature man's sentiment that Lavretsky feels for Lisa, the throbbing, sensual obsession of *The Torrents of Spring*, the lyrical ideal passion of *On the Eve*. Yet, as always, Turgenev's preoccupation with aesthetic considerations never weakens his hold on reality. His rendering of love is as true to sober experience, as it is melodious.

Turgenev's aesthetic impulse is of the very substance of his conceptions. It shows itself just as much, however, in the form he imposes on his material. No one has ever succeeded better in solving the central formal problem which faces the novelist; to give a picture of life which gives a convincing illusion of every-day reality but which also has the shapeliness and continuous significance that are the characteristic beauty of a work of art. Turgenev's Russian sense of reality make his illusion perfect. Incident and character are photographically true to objective fact; yet each has its part to play in illustrating those underlying themes which give the story significance. Lisa visits Lavretsky, who is falling in love with her, at his country home. She is wearing a straw hat with long ribbons. Turgenev does not imply that there was anything unusual about it. No doubt it was a pretty hat, but no masterpiece of the milliner's art. Yet once we have read the story, we never forget it. For to Lavretsky it seemed to incarnate that girlish grace which draws him to Lisa; so that

the hat shines out from the page, glorified by the glow of his dawning love. Turgenev's special art shows itself first of all in his eye for the significant detail and secondly in the self-discipline which leads him to limit his account only to those details that are significant. Nor does he make his effects obvious by too much comment or explanation. However complex the state of mind may be which he is describing, he never analyses; but just picks out the features in it that illustrate his point, and then leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The boyish hero of *First Love* passionately loves Zinaida. From a fourteen-foot wall he watches her walking in the garden. She looks up at him, and says teasingly: "Jump down into the road to me, if you really do love me." Turgenev tells us nothing of the effect of her words on the boy's mind. He simply says that they acted on him literally like a push in the back; before he knows what he is doing he has made the fourteen-foot jump. No elaborate analysis could have conveyed so forcibly the obsessive, dominating quality of his passion. To take another instance from *Fathers and Children*. Madame Odintsov's feeling for Bazarof is extremely complex. He attracts her as no man has attracted her before. But the very strength of her sentiment rouses to combat that strong self-protective spirit of independence which has up to then been the ruling force in her life. Torn between the two she knows not whether she loves him or not. Suddenly she gets a message to say that he is dying. She feels impelled to go to him at once; but, as she enters the sick room and sees his altered deathly countenance, she is conscious only of a chill dismay; and the thought flashes through her: "If I had really loved him I should not have felt like this." One stroke: but no amount of explanation could have so vividly revealed her ultimate coldness; and also that honesty of mind which made her recognize it.

It is this economical certainty of touch which gives Turgenev's picture the continuous significance of art. His sense of shapeliness is equally sure. In an author so rigidly realistic this is even more remarkable. After all, life as we know it is the opposite of shapely; incorrigibly untidy, indeterminate, and heterogeneous. How is the artist, without distorting it, to compose it into a pleasing pattern? Indeed, few have done so more than once in their career. In England, Jane Austen; on the continent, Turgenev. His books do every justice to the claims of art. Every incident, every character contributes to the development of the central theme. Yet he never seems artful. The people have such independent reality, their relations to each other seem so much the spontaneous expression of their natures, that they appear to have organized themselves into a unity by happy chance, and just for the moment that we happen to be looking at them.

For the moment only. It is Turgenev's special achievement always to keep us aware of time and space beyond the story. The little group of

people we see are part of the world outside which they have lived in before we meet them and to which they will return afterwards. The art by which he achieves this effect is as original as it is consummate. He has his own special formula which he uses again and again; but always with a new variation, so that no book is a repetition of another. Generally the scene is set in a country district where a group of people find themselves settled for a month or two. For Turgenev introduces us to them. As soon as they are clearly established in our imagination he goes back and gives us brief biographies; so we realize exactly who they are and what stage in their lives they have reached.

One of them—Rudin, Bazarof, Insarof, Lavretsky—is new to the others. His effect on the lives of the others is the theme of the story, the impact of his personality on them is the mainspring of the action. This action often slight in itself, but deeply important, because of the issues it involves, occupies the main portion of the book. After it has drawn to its end, in a last short section, Turgenev briefly relates the subsequent fate of his characters, so that the ultimate consequence of the central action is disclosed for us. Thus, in a brief three hundred pages he is able to survey several lives, indicate their relation to the greater world outside and to those general laws of human fate of which even this greater world is but an illustration, while contriving to preserve the concentration, the lucid economical beauty of the highest classical art.

Indeed Turgenev was rewarded for his undeviating devotion to aesthetic standards. He may not be the most powerful novelist, but who among the powerful novelists is so faultless a master of his craft? No one else of the same emotional scope has so satisfactorily solved the central problems that confront the writer of fiction. And the result has the serene special beauty of something done perfectly. In his pages we see life reflected as in the still waters of a lake, with every nuance of sky and cloud and pendant willow-tree reproduced with meticulous accuracy; and yet touched with an added enchantment that comes from the fact that they are mirrored in the transparent and gleaming element of Turgenev's art.

NOON

By G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

IN star and bell and spire
 Unnumbered flowers held the noonday fire.
 No petal stirred. No shadow fell.
 No change of audible music broke the spell,
 The interval where song had found perfection.
 No breath to a ripple blew.
 Even the sunlit specks that criss-cross flew
 Were caught in hovering suspense,
 Prisoned, it seemed, in crystal permanence,
 Moments escaped from Time. I looked and listened.
 Then one I had not seen,
 Whom first I thought the gardener, between
 Those ranks of flame and colour stood,
 Clusters of lily, columbine, monk's hood,
 And like a friend who knew my mind addressed me :
 "This peace, this height of noon,
 Trembles to fall, and fall it shall soon :
 The grey wind blow and lengthening shade
 Press a cold finger, and the roses fade,
 And light in the moonless dark be unremembered.
 "And yet not vain this show.
 A peace there is your turning heart may know,
 Before first vibrancy of light
 And in, and after, storm and blackest night,
 The conscious noon and concord of all passion :
 "Concord that is of all
 This fretting world the strange original—
 Oh ! that lost earth, lost man, would come
 The difficult way to their forgotten home,
 Lovely and prodigal, their birthright wasted !
 "Yet still they seek their good
 By fluctuant hour and by transient mood.
 In their brief noon they will not stay,
 But labour to add swiftness to their day,
 Conceive, prepare, pursue, press on to darkness."

THE MAGIC OF YUCATAN

By LILO LINKE

I ARRIVED in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, by air from La Habana. It is only a frog's jump across the water ; Cuba and Mexico almost touch here to complete the circle around the Gulf. But what a difference from the noisy surface world of the Cuban Negro Merida offers, the perfect symbiosis of Spaniards and Maya Indians, the most truly *mestizo* (mixed-breed) town I have ever seen. It was Sunday morning, and along the straight white streets in the shade of the low box-like houses, people walked towards the Central Square. In front of the colonial Cathedral, underneath the giant Indian laurels, the musicians took their seats on a wooden platform. Everybody was dressed in white : the players of violins and guitars, the girl singers, the benevolent conductor, and the crowd pressing around them. The men wore white cotton suits so stiffly starched and ironed that they crackled at each movement ; their sleek black hair covered by wide-brimmed honey-coloured straw hats. The women, *mestizas* as well as Indians, wore the sleeveless shift-like *buipil*, the square-cut neck and the hem circled by a cross-stitched wreath of roses and carnations. At the nape of the neck large coloured silk ribbons sat like jungle butterflies, precariously resting on the knot of black hair tightly drawn back from the low, rounded forehead ; and flowers—jasmine, carnations, orange blossoms—were pinned to hair or dress more for their perfume than for any further need of adornment. And as the men's approach was audible by the swish of their clothes, so the women could be heard by the clinking of golden coins hung on a thick golden chain around their necks. Linking arms, the couples swayed softly to the music of the orchestra. Yucatan has two popular rhythms : a slow, haunting waltz accompanying perhaps some verses by a well-known Latin American poet, and the fast *jarana*, to be danced with a change of brief jumps and short shuffles. The crowd listened with rapt attention. Always the song was love, and the men and women sang it under their breath, each couple as if it were written for them alone. What is it a Yucatecan needs ? A little white-washed house with a swinging hammock inside, a table and a few chairs, some hooks on the wall to hang up clothes and utensils, a broom to sweep the earthen floor, a charcoal brazier to toast *tortillas* (maize pancakes), and a place to wash, if possible twice a day. A man coming home from work has his arms laden with fruit for his family : oranges, papayas, mameys, pomegranates,

bananas and guanabanas, while a woman's love for her man is measured by the whiteness of his clothes.

Merida was once a rich man's town, but now it belongs to the people. For the last hundred years, henequen, the spiky agave plant which from the air looks like a huge star, has produced enormous wealth because a simple process extracts from it the valuable sisal fibre. In the beginning the plantations belonged to members of the white upper class who drove the *peones* like slaves. But the revolution came, in painful gushes breaking out irregularly throughout the years since 1910, and the land became the property of the State.

The former millionaire landlords had to turn their luxurious Merida mansions into boarding houses for smart U.S. tourists, while their country houses were turned into schools, co-operative storerooms, village halls, or simply left to decay. Ex-*peones* now Government tenants cultivated the plantations and in 1940 began to reap the benefit of the war boom when sisal, chiefly used for binder twine by U.S. farmers, became worth its weight in gold.

Part of the profits the henequen growers, under government control, spent on the erection of an enormous hospital. It was just ready for the solemn inauguration when I arrived in Merida in 1946, and the caretaker was only too anxious to show me round, his square chest swollen with pride. "This is one of the most modern hospitals in the world. There will be forty doctors working here, eleven of them for out-patients alone. We have three operating theatres, departments for blood transfusion, urology, ophthalmic, dental, orthopaedic treatment, X-ray rooms, laboratories, maternity wards, hairdressers, plumbers, carpenters, three hundred beds, five thousand sheets, two thousand striped dressing gowns, and twenty-four electric clocks. You must write this down and tell everybody that this is for working people who forty years ago were little better than slaves. Now, only the best is good enough for them." But the first to whom I passed on the joyous news, a former landowner, said contemptuously: "Come back in a year's time, and you'll discover that they have forgotten to set aside funds for the upkeep of that vast palace which will quickly crumble into ruins; that the shelves in the pharmacy are empty again; and that neither doctors nor nurses are to be found at their posts; in fact, that chaos reigns, and that the people's hopes have once more been deceived."

I did not go back, and so I do not know whether envy or experience spoke with such bitter tongue. I have seen enough of Latin America to realize that often such warnings are justified, but I cannot help feeling that in Yucatan things are different. The whole revolution, so confused, so haphazard in many parts of Mexico, had a firm core and direction here almost from the beginning. This was perhaps because everything is simplified into clear-cut opposites. Just as the 50,000 square miles of the peninsula stretch like a table under the simmering tropical sky, cut off by

the horizon nearly everywhere in a full circle. As three distinct zones can be easily defined according to the amount of rainfall, increasing with the distance from the sea (the dry henequen zone, the maize zone, and the jungle which cuts off the peninsula at its base from the rest of Mexico, from British Honduras and Guatemala); as dry and rainy season confront each other without intermediary; as man struggles against nature with nothing but a bushknife in his hands—so nearly 200,000 *peones* stood face to face with a few arrogant landlords.

There was enough of the Maya Indian in the *mestizo* to turn the revolution into a continuation of the War of the Castes. Already the Spanish conquerors who landed early on the coast of Yucatan (A.D. 1517) found it easier to push on towards other parts of Mexico than to establish themselves among the Mayas. Never were the Spaniards able to throw their net over the entire peninsula: in the heart of the jungle, the Indians lived on as if Columbus, as if Cortes had never been born. Then, in the 'forties of last century these isolated Indians were seized by the same unrest which at that time held Europe in its grip, and started the most important of their rebellions. For nearly fifty years they waged war on the whites, destroyed towns and villages, plundered, slaughtered, until the greater part of the peninsula was under their control. And when, early this century, from general exhaustion peace might have resulted, the great Mexican revolution was already dawning.

Yet, while the fighting was still in full swing, henequen became the big export crop in the northern zone. And since the Mayas refused to bend in sufficient numbers under the landlords' whip, thousands of Yaqui Indians were brought by force from the north-west of Mexico, thousands of Chinese from Korea. But from the revolution onward, it was the *mestizo* who assumed the lead. 1911 saw the first big strike of industrial workers in Yucatan, 1915 the first students' strike (in which here as everywhere in Latin America the older high school boys participated). In 1916, the cathedral of Merida was sacked by anti-clerical crowds who also destroyed hundreds of churches and estate-chapels on the peninsula. Finally, in 1930, the first local Communist organization was set up.

But the party to which the loyal love of the Yucatecans belongs above all is the "Socialist Party of the South East". Preceding the Communist Party by almost two decades, it still dominates the political scene, though the period of its greatest brilliance is linked with the brief years of manhood of Felipe Carrillo Puerto. Already in his lifetime the aura of legend surrounded him. He came from the people, and for many years he earned his living as a mule driver conducting waggons with merchandise towards the eastern hinterland. The region was one of the principal seats of the ancient Maya civilization, but the Mayas as Felipe found them were people ignorant of their past, unaware of their future. Felipe became a revolutionary by gathering the people around him to translate the new

Mexican Constitution into their own idiom. In 1915, he formed the first Workers' and Peasants' Union in his native village, and thus prepared the foundation of the Socialist Party whose leader he became a year afterwards. He was then forty-one, a good-looking man of medium height dressed in the typical white clothes of the *mestizo*, frank, smiling, optimistic, and without bitterness. In 1922, he became Governor of the Federal State of Yucatan, and because of its isolation, practically an independent ruler over some 400,000 people. He built schools and roads, speeded up the distribution of land, and spent much time travelling from hamlet to hamlet to continue his teaching and listen to the people's wishes and complaints. He was their father, their trusted judge, their great instructor. Even the Indians hidden in the jungle heard that someone was in power now who was on their side. Still he found time to read a lot, with the concentration of one searching for the wisdom of the ages to help him in his task. Oddly enough, Nietzsche was one of his favourite authors.

The idyll ended on Christmas Eve 1923. Yucatan could no longer live apart from the storms that swept over Mexico in restless gusts. A rebellion in Veracruz was followed by that of the Merida garrison. Felipe was arrested. Unwilling to have his followers confront with bushknives the machine guns of the army, he advised calm. With three of his brothers and several intimate friends he was flung into prison; ten days later they were executed at dawn. "Don't abandon my Indians" were Felipe's last words.

People in all parts of Yucatan told me of those years, of the wave of fraternal enthusiasm that for the first time embraced the three zones in a common hope. His opponents call him either a mere demagogue or the Great Tempter who led the people along the road to damnation. But in the jungle I met simple Indians who spoke no Spanish, but whose brown eyes lit up in joy when they heard me pronounce his name, and who accepted me as their friend because of him, "the Apostle of Kindness and Love."

It is difficult today to believe in this background of centuries of violence and sanguinary struggle. Anywhere else in Mexico the bullfight could stand as an expression of the popular spirit. But in Yucatan it is not death with which people play, but life. Even love contains little of the dark consuming passion into which Mexicans generally like to precipitate themselves; it is a gay affair nourished by fruit and playful kisses. There is also a special cordiality in the relationship between man and man, a gentle trust such as I have never found elsewhere.

When the Merida bus drivers discovered that I was interested in their conditions, they invited me to their headquarters. There they told me that of the 430 men who formed the Union of Busmen, every three own a small bus between them: one man drives, the other collects the fares, the third is off duty. The collector pays the other two a weekly salary and keeps the rest of the takings for himself. After a week, the three

change places. Out of their daily contributions to the union, they built their modern headquarters, with offices, lecture halls, a small modern clinic, a library, a kindergarten, and a school, all under the same roof. They formed a building, a funeral, an emergency fund, though it seems difficult to imagine an emergency with so much fore-thought.

The President, an elderly *mestizo* who had served them for twenty years, received no salary, but merely the income from his share in the bus which the others ran for him. He showed me their books and accounts, the cradles in the maternity ward, the big mural painting in the library. At last he led me into the courtyard, and pointing at the upper stories of two wings, he said simply: "Our school". His pale face shone with unearthly content. "For our children", he added. "We wanted them to get as good an education as the children of the rich." He took me from classroom to classroom. About three hundred boys and girls were brought up in six grades co-educationally, all dressed in white uniforms, the boys with caps like those their fathers wore as part of their smart outfit. But the boys would have nothing to do with buses; more than half of them would go on to government secondary schools, later to the university, to become doctors, engineers, chartered accountants; they would make enough money to travel in smart automobiles of their own.

"All the teachers", the President said when I shook hands with the staff, "hold normal school diplomas." "Are they all Yucatecans?", I asked as I looked at the twelve women, drawn up rigidly in their grey-haired respectability—no flighty youngsters to bring up the busmen's sons! "Yucatecans?", he asked surprised. "What else could they be?" The school was ten years old, but the kindergarten had only been opened two years ago. No Hollywood nursery could be brighter, gayer, have more toys. "We wanted our children to grow up without ever having to envy anyone," the President explained.

Every morning, in the courtyard, tables were set up to serve the children an ample breakfast of buns, milk and fruit. The milk came from fourteen well-fed cows (their health supervised by a veterinarian) bought by the careful busmen who took turns in fetching the milk, and in helping serve and supervise the breakfast. Thus unity was maintained between the generations. How conscious the men were of their purpose I realized when I read the words on a marble plaque in the hall: "The members of the Union of Busmen of Yucatan erected this school in the hope that their children, emulating this social effort, will surpass it, to testify to the spirit of construction and moral elevation of the people of Yucatan."

This desire for progress, for education, might be called the overriding passion of the Yucatecans. One afternoon, after a two-day journey by rail, lorry, and on horseback, I came to a hamlet erected among the ruins of one of the jungle-outposts destroyed in the War of the Castes. Some twenty families of nearly pure Maya origin were humbly living there, the men working in the bush during the rainy season as gatherers of chicle,

the raw material bought by U.S. manufacturers of chewing gum. They had petitioned the Government for a school and had been promised a teacher if they would provide the building. Together the men erected a primitive hut in the Yucatecan style: oval walls of wooden poles stuck into the ground, with four large upright poles supporting the thatched roof. The half of the building that was to serve as classroom had walls only waist-high; nobody could complain of lack of air here.

The teacher came, a *mestizo* of twenty-one, full of missionary fervour. With the patience of a saint—though he confessed to religious indifference—he set to work with about thirty children of different ages who knew no Spanish and had no idea what a school was like. José struggled to make them understand, but they fidgeted and giggled and pushed each other off the benches (never had they sat so high), and literally ate their pencils. On this pandemonium the parents, standing in silent awe around the hut, looked on with the same pride in their eyes which I had observed in those of the busmen's president.

If there is one desire greater than that for education, it is that for water. Incessantly in Merida the metal wheels of the stilted windmills turn in the slightest breeze to pump the precious liquid up from underground, often from big rain-water tanks. The surface of Yucatan consists of porous limestone through which the rain of the wet season (in Merida itself even in good years no more than thirty-five inches) runs as through a sieve. The water collects, often at a depth of seventy-five feet and more and, when the surface limestone caves in, natural wells called *cerotes* are formed. The life of Yucatan villages depends on these wells. All day long there is a coming and going of girls in their white *huipils* carrying their brown water-jugs on their hips. It may take a girl two hours each day to carry enough water for the whole family; cleanliness can also be a curse.

For Yucatan, the big irrigation schemes of the Mexican Government are therefore of vital importance. While I was travelling there, a thin tall engineer of Spanish descent was in charge of the work in the state of Yucatan. In looks and ardour a close relation to Don Quixote, he had elaborated special schemes to suit the region, with motor pumps working to fill concrete tanks, the bigger ones to serve a whole neighbourhood, the smaller ones, individual families. "Now that the war is over," he said as we drove along the dust-covered roads to inspect tank after tank, "the henequen boom will end, and the peasants must gradually turn to other crops. With small vegetable-gardening they can make a living and at the same time improve their own deficient diet. But, Lord, they are so slow to learn! The government builds the tanks for them, sets up and presents them with the pumps, teaches them how to run the motors, advises them on the best use of their plots, and even gives them certain seeds. Besides, we are going to open a school to give their sons a year's practical instruction in intense agriculture adapted to the needs of the region. What more could they ask for?"

But the peasants cultivating the state-owned land as well as the small proprietors are holding back. Hundreds of years of cautious husbandry have taught them to use water for man alone and even to dispense as far as possible with cattle and draft animals. And now the Government wants to pour water on the land—surely the wrath of the gods would be provoked by such reckless waste.

Day after day the engineer went all over the countryside as Felipe Carrillo had done twenty-five years ago, to talk, to teach, to encourage. "What a battle!", he said and turned his face away from me, tanned and as if sucked dry by the heat, with an expression of sad anger in his burning eyes. Yet a moment afterwards he smiled again as he presented me to Remigio Nic, an Indian who had been one of the first to let himself be persuaded. Nic's four-acre plot carried vegetables, papayas, orange-trees, and already the profits had allowed him to buy another acre. He was sixty-seven, a year older than the Chinese who worked with him and who was one of those brought over early this century. When the revolution freed him from his debt-slavery, he drifted around until Nic took him in. "Sing a song for the Señorita," Nic now coaxed him in Maya. And the wizened Chinaman straightened his back, pushed the large straw hat off his forehead, and broke into a nasal singsong, and beside him the three of us stood motionless under the cruel sun, a Maya Indian, a Spanish-Mexican engineer, and a European woman, each lost in a private dream and yet all bound together in a hope for tomorrow. The water in the foot-wide canals gurgled at our feet. Remigio Nic seemed unafraid of the ancient gods.

That evening, the engineer played his gramophone records for me. Accompanied by a million cicadas, Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A minor* rang out through the black tropical night. "I could not live without music," the engineer murmured, his slender fingers drumming a rhythm as alien to this land as the Chinaman's song in the morning.

But there was yet another memorable night for me before I left Yucatan. A young sculptor accompanied me to Chichen Itza, once the holy city of the Mayas and now overgrown by jungle. It was a moonlit night, such as it must have been when Felipe Carrillo walked about here, and the columns, the plumed serpents, the carved gods and warriors held an almost demoniac power. The sculptor took my hand and made it move along the outline of a god's profile. "Feel how smooth it is," he said. "A thousand years ago, living hands cut this image out of cold stone to give it warmth and life. Maya art was dedicated to the power and joy of existence. Come over here—they say this tiger holds the hearts of sacrificed men in his claws. I tell you these are not hearts, they are fruits." But what if the sculptor were wrong, if the tiger were eating hearts, after all? There is magic in Yucatan, but whether it is good or evil, how could a stranger tell?

THE MAGIC OF YUCATAN

Albania and Yugoslavia will be completed in 1951; Poland's and Hungary's three-year plans expire in 1949; Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria will accomplish their two-year plans before the end of 1949. Rumania's three-year plan will be launched this year. All of these plans indicate the volume and composition of capital investment to be undertaken during the period of each. They establish production targets for individual industries, indicate raw material and manpower needs, the prospective level of national output and the allocation of this output between capital expenditure, public and private consumption.

With the exception of Czechoslovakia all the eastern European countries suffered from severe rural over-population resulting in a low level of productivity. No wonder, therefore, if the remedies proposed in the plans are to a large extent analogous. Industrialization is the basic principle. The utilization in industrial development of their surplus labour with particular emphasis on those industries which process domestic raw materials, is the second. Thirdly, there is a tendency to reduce dependence on a few principal crops which in the past exposed the eastern European countries to the instability of world grain markets. In agricultural plans emphasis is placed on the improvement of techniques of cultivation—through irrigation, mechanization and education—while in the industrial plans the development of basic industries—electric power, coal and steel—is in the foreground.* The mutual aim of all is to restore industrial and agricultural output to their pre-war level and then to increase this progressively to new heights. To achieve this second part of the programme new plans are already in preparation.

The tempo of industrialization is most marked in the Yugoslav five-year plan. Manufacturing mining and transport investments in that country amount to nearly seventy per cent. of all investments planned. During the five years Yugoslavia wants to increase her industrial production by 223 per cent. and agricultural output to fifty-two per cent. compared to output in 1939. This includes a 7.5-fold increase in siderurgical, metallurgical and engineering production, eight-fold increase in the building industry, nine-fold in the chemical and four-fold in the power industries.† The Polish three-year plan intends to raise manufacturing production by fifty-two per cent., capital goods industries by 150 per cent. and consumer goods industries by twenty-five per cent. above the 1938 level. The Hungarian three-year plan hopes to raise industrial production by twenty-seven per cent. over the 1938 level while agricultural production has to attain ninety-one per cent. of that in 1938. This involves an increase of fifty-four per cent. in the output of the iron, metal and engineering

*In the field of electric power total output of the region by 1951 will be more than double the pre-war figure. The production of aluminium in Hungary in 1949 is planned at 12,000 tons compared with the pre-war output of only 1,300 tons. Here, as in Yugoslavia, the object is to process a much larger proportion of the metals inside the country.

†In Yugoslavia the participation of industrial production in national income will amount to sixty-four per cent. as against forty-five per cent. in 1939.

THE MAGIC OF YUCATAN

industries; forty per cent. in the chemical industry; forty-three per cent. in electric power output and twenty-five per cent. in the production of textiles over the 1938 figures. Czechoslovakia in her two-year plan provides for an increase of ten per cent. in industrial output over 1937 while the level of agricultural production would remain unchanged. The Bulgarian two-year plan prescribes a thirty-four per cent. increase in industrial output and an equal expansion in agriculture. Ore mining is to increase nine times while coal mining and power generation have to double.

By 1949 all these countries hope to have reached or exceeded their pre-war national income. Yugoslavia's target for 1951 is nearly twice as large as in 1939. Bulgaria wishes to attain a national income level in 1948 fifty per cent. higher than in 1939. Poland expects by 1949 a national income one-sixth more than that produced by a far larger population in 1938. Czechoslovakia and Hungary both plan a national income ten to fifteen per cent. higher by the end of their first post-war economic plans than they had in 1938. Similarly, by the time these various reconstruction and development plans are completed, the countries hope to have reached a higher standard of living than they enjoyed before 1939.

To accomplish all this Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland plan capital expenditure amounting in the aggregate to eleven billion dollars or an annual expenditure of some three billion dollars, primarily for the development of manufacturing industry, mining and transportation. Against the £68 share of each of the 250 million recipients of the seventeen billion dollar Marshall-plan aid, the capital investment share of the sixty-five million eastern Europeans amounts to \$169. (Rumania, whose plan is not yet published, is not included). While the former will be provided in the form of grants and loans with specified conditions, the latter will be extracted from each country's own national income. Poland is the only one of the six planning countries which proposes to carry out part of the investments—twenty per cent. or \$400 million—by means of foreign loans. Though they did not provide for it in their calculations, all the others admit that such help would greatly assist and accelerate the execution of their plans. The considerable sacrifices involved would tax the endurance even of communities with much higher standards of living. Without such sacrifices in the immediate standard of living Poland would be unable to yield a fifth of her national income for direct investment in three successive years after a war that caused such terrible destruction. The required savings are even higher in the case of Yugoslavia where, in the fifth year of the plan, it reaches twenty-seven per cent. of the national income. In the Czechoslovak plan the yearly rate of investments is sixteen, in Hungary nine and for Bulgaria seven per cent. of the national income.* The

*Reparation obligations explain the low percentage of investments in the Hungarian plan. Investments together with reparations and other international obligations represent an aggregate savings ratio of sixteen to twenty per cent. of her national income.

The curious attractiveness of modern primitives like Rousseau and Bombois, with their naïve lyrical charm, has seldom been comprehensively studied; this has now been superlatively well done for five of them by the late Wilhelm Uhde in *Fünf Primitive Meister* (Atlantis, Zürich).

Apart from art books, perhaps the most valuable contributions of Swiss publishers to the reconstruction of the European cultural heritage are their excellent editions of the classics. Among those recently again made available by them are the works of the nineteenth century north-German lyric poet and story writer *Theodor Storm* (Bühl Verlag, Herrliberg), of the arch-romantic mystic *Novalis* (Bühl), of the graceful and humorous Swabian poet *Edward Mörike* (Atlantis), and of the pungent *Aphorisms* of Georg Christian Lichtenberg (Manesse, Zurich). The excellent "Manesse Bibliothek der Weltliteratur" has extended its scope to include *Mozarts Briefe*, an attractive selection of the composer's exuberant and sometimes poignant letters; Carl Schurz's *Lebenserinnerungen*, the autobiography of an unaccountably neglected German-American liberal statesman; and *Schön ist die Jugend*, an anthology of youthful memories of great and near-great German writers. A complete and exemplary edition of Goethe's works is in preparation by Artemis-Verlag, of which the *Conversations with Eckermann* are already out. Curiously, it has been left to a London publisher (Phaidon Press) to re-edit that modern classic, the late Egon Friedell's magnificent panorama of European history, *Kulturgeschichte der Neuzeit*, a conspectus of majestic sweep of outlook that is still too little known. Another valuable addition to historical literature is Werner Richter's crisp, lively and well-balanced history of modern France, *Frankreich von Gambetta zu Clemenceau* (Eugen Rentsch, Erlenbach). A brief but useful history of German literature, compiled by a number of Swiss scholars under the editorship of Bruno Boesch, *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte in Grundzügen* (A. Francke, Berne), helps to fill an appreciable gap in the text books now available to students.

The remarkable cultural activity of the Swiss is undoubtedly due to a large extent to their sound methods of education, about which *L'Instruction publique en Suisse*, by Louis Jaccard (Payot, Lausanne) gives comprehensive information. It is one of the subjects in which Great Britain might with advantage learn from little Switzerland.

Another is the clean, graceful and well-planned design of their new buildings, of which we get an excellent sampling in Paul Artaria's *Weekend and Country Houses* (Verlag für Architektur, Erlenbach). The author, himself a well-known Swiss architect, has covered the subject by the approved comparative method and clearly displays the characteristic features of modern trends in building as interpreted in various countries. It should provide a highly serviceable handbook for both students and lovers of architecture, all the more useful for having an English as well as a German text.

Finally, and perhaps not least in importance, five massive volumes are now being published under the title *Ein Jahrhundert Schweizer Bahnen* (Huber, Frauenfeld) to celebrate the centenary of the Swiss railways that evidence both the engineering skill of the Swiss and their love of beauty in architecture and books.

THE LAST DAYS OF EUROPE, by Grigore Gafencu. Muller. 21s.

Until the archives of the Foreign Offices disgorge all the communications that passed between the statesmen and the chancelleries in the crucial years 1938-1939 Professor Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude* holds the field as the indispensable source-book. Beside that massive

volume M. Gafencu's reconstruction of the European scene on the eve of Armageddon is small beer indeed. But, even though the issue depended essentially on the exchanges between the great powers (as all major questions do), it is instructive to follow the repercussions on that group of smaller States between Germany and Russia inevitably affected by a power-contest of which the stake

was Europe. M. Gafencu, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Rumania from December 23, 1938, up to the outbreak of war, tells here the story of his journey to the various capitals in the spring of 1939 in order to size up the situation.

He begins, appropriately enough, with a conversation in a train with Colonel Beck who was on his way to Berlin to "talk turkey" (as he fondly imagined) with the Germans after the occupation of Prague and Memel and following Hitler's recall of his Ambassador from Warsaw and refusal to see M. Lipski. With pathetic faith in his "independent" policy for Poland Colonel Beck explained his rejection of any network of multi-lateral and mutual assistance pacts and his intention of abiding by Pilsudski's "policy of equilibrium"—non-aggression pacts with Poland's eastern neighbours and the traditional pacts with France and Rumania, now reinforced, however, by Mr. Chamberlain's guarantee declaration of March 31, the herald of another bilateral pact. By this diplomatic jugglery (signifying re-insurance) the Polish Foreign Minister was sure he had safeguarded Danzig. "In reality he delivered himself to Hitler, bound hand and foot." His obstinacy was—as Hitler appreciated—to compromise not only the relations between Poland and Russia but even more the whole Allied policy of security. Then M. Gafencu himself made tracks for Berlin for talks with Ribbentrop, Göring and Hitler himself. Hitler at that time was still loudly professing his desire to come to a working agreement with Great Britain. The factors governing British policy are the subject of two subsequent chapters, after a brief interlude in Brussels at which King Leopold voiced his fears of collective security engagements. Thence to Paris and Rome and the return journey *via* Belgrade. Later M. Gafencu visited Ankara and Athens. In England M. Gafencu was "the traveller who had just seen Hitler" and as such had the privilege of a talk with the King and Queen, and with Mr. Churchill as well as Lord Halifax. As (temporary)

president of the Balkan Entente he was able to assure Mr. Churchill that the "great military coalition" which he was sponsoring—an active military association not just another integer of collective security—was entirely in accordance with their views. But the link with Russia was all-important. On that side Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax continued to falter, whereas the French, according to M. Gafencu—even the slippery M. Georges Bonnet—were clear-sighted and realistic. France was hamstrung, however, by her internal crisis. The author gives high marks to the architects of Soviet policy for doing what was clearly to Russia's best advantage in the circumstances. There is an interesting account of the mission of M. Potemkin to Bucharest and the other Balkan capitals early in May 1939 with its timely reassurances. But everything depended on "a happy outcome of the negotiations between Moscow and the West. . . . These negotiations were to be the framework into which we all would enter." The author refrains from directly imputing blame, but it is perfectly clear that this country, under the amateurish direction of Mr. Chamberlain, bears a heavy responsibility for what actually happened.

M. Gafencu's book is not exciting—the translation by Mr. Fletcher Allen is undistinguished—but it is useful contributory evidence.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, by William Diamond. Stevens & Sons (for The London Institute of World Affairs). 12s. 6d.

Recent events have made this brilliant book a mere historical record. But it is history which has significance for wider circles than those interested in eastern Europe. For it projects with great clarity and detail the writing on the wall for all "sick and uncertain societies looking for something new and not being able to find it," a rubric which surely

covers all States in the world outside the Soviet Union. Dr. Benes believed that a mature industrialized State can bring about the necessary change from one economic and social system to another without violence or jumping to a dialectical antithesis, and prescribed a "socializing democracy". The Benes experiment is over, and Masaryk is dead. The Czechs could not do it—despite their political maturity, their western humanism and their centuries of experience in the art of political compromise.

It is impossible to assess the meaning of events in Czechoslovakia since February from the press alone. This book gives the full rich background of political material which alone can explain what has happened. The path of Czechoslovakia was determined when in 1943 Dr. Benes signed up with Russia for twenty years. At Moscow, and later at Teheran and Yalta, the great powers decided her rôle was to be a "good neighbour" of the Soviet Union. Subsequent developments have but reflected the increasing lack of neighbourliness between the great powers themselves.

Here can be read the full and carefully checked facts about those amazingly rapid post-liberation developments, the political parties, their agreed initial Kosice programme and its extension under the Gottwald Government after the 1946 elections, the Two Year Plan and its early enthusiasms and successes, and then the approaching impasse and the break-up of the National Front over fundamental issues. The final explosion came after the writer finished his work; but anyone who wants to know why it came will find most of the answers given or suggested. Granted peace a "free Czechoslovakia in a free Europe" could have worked out her destiny in conformity with her true interests and traditions. Most Czechs, even Communists, know that the isolation from the west which will now descend upon them is a manifestation of political neurosis rather than a reflection of

economic reality and interest. Pan-Slav pipedreams and the inebriating prospect of taking (with the Poles) the industrial place of Germany cannot disguise the miserable drudgery of the chosen path of a Soviet satellite. But the world is in two camps—and in such a world no small country can live a normal, sane life. Can any country?

EWAN WALLIS-JONES.

ITALY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, by Pietro Badoglio. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, by B. H. Liddell Hart. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

What would have happened if Mussolini's Italy had stayed out of the war or come in on the side of the Allies? What would have been the course of events if the German armies had attempted to force the passage of the Channel a few weeks after our withdrawal from Dunkirk? Such questions must remain for all time a matter of historical conjecture. But now, in making our guess among so many unknowns and imponderables, there are beginning to be available a number of facts and certainties from the enemy side. In judging Marshal Badoglio's account of his own conduct and that of his country, it is important to remember that though the book is now published in England for the first time, it was finished in the original in July 1944.

Several of his comments, notably those on the relationship between Russia and the western powers, make quaint reading in a work that comes fresh from the press. But for the greater part there is little that Marshal Badoglio would have been likely to phrase differently had he been writing last week. All that he says is interesting; much of it is illuminating. Some of it will stand as a vital source of evidence when the historians of to-morrow come to analyse Europe's second attempt at suicide.

It is natural that the former Chief of the Italian General Staff, who must have

given much of his life to the study of strategy from within the Italian peninsula, should have watched with critical interest the Allied conduct of the Mediterranean campaign. He questions in particular our decision to attack through Sicily and fight our way laboriously up the whole length of Italy. Marshal Badoglio's contention is that we should have bypassed Sicily, and made our original landing on Sardinia.

The occupation of Sardinia would not have presented greater naval and military difficulties to the Allies than that of Sicily, while their information services ought to have told them that there were fewer enemy forces in Sardinia than in Sicily. A landing between Civitavecchia and Leghorn would have seriously menaced the German lines of communication with southern Italy. And in Sardinia there were good aerodromes for use as bases for fighter aircraft.

But even if the Sicilian plan is accepted as having been the sounder, Marshal Badoglio would still criticize the timing of the Salerno landing. The operation at Salerno was planned for September 8, 1943, to coincide with the announcement of the Italian surrender. Marshal Badoglio considers that the date should have been September 12 or even September 15.

In the first place, he points out, the Eighth Army was still too far from Salerno to give support during the critical phase of the Salerno landing. Neither could Montgomery draw off many German troops because "the Germans were not so unwise as to send troops into a country so mountainous and so roadless as Calabria." In the second place Marshal Badoglio claims that on September 8 he himself had not completed his arrangements to meet the inevitable German reaction to Italian surrender, and that he therefore urgently requested that the announcement should be delayed by at least four days. His request was not accepted. Both the landing and the announcement were made on September 8-9—which in Marshal Badoglio's words "entirely upset our plans and brought us to the brink of

ruin." After the event the reasons for the requested delay were explained to General Eisenhower in greater detail. Marshal Badoglio reports him as saying: "I am inclined to believe that I have made a mistake."

The German generals in Captain Liddell Hart's account are at a disadvantage compared with Marshal Badoglio in that they do not speak for themselves. For the most part the book is based on reported conversations between the author and captured German commanders and chiefs of staff. Sometimes the author quotes them direct. Sometimes he quotes their own accounts of conversations with Hitler. Inevitably the information is at second or at third hand—and inevitably one is left remembering that "what the soldier said isn't evidence." Nevertheless, Captain Liddell Hart has a remarkable gift for presenting military problems to the lay reader, and he has written a fascinating narrative. Sometimes one may smile at the unanimity with which the defeated German commanders explain away their reverses. Always they were on the point of winning, or at worst of extricating their forces from disaster, when a personal order from Hitler intervened and they were forced, against their own wishes, to make the false move that ruined them. This may be true or it may not. Certainly it is a theory which will prove of the utmost convenience next time somebody wants to revive the legend about the infallibility of the German General Staff.

GORDON WINTER.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY EMPIRE by H. V. Hodson. *Faber and Faber.* 15s.

Few people can have Mr. Hodson's qualifications for undertaking a survey of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Trained as an economist, his peacetime career as a journalist, his wartime duties as an administrator, have taken him to most of the Dominions and Colonies; and his work as head of the Empire Division of the Ministry of Information

has made him familiar with the problems which affect them all. He thus writes with authority on the Empire as it is and passes on naturally to discuss its chances of survival. He begins by discarding Mercator as a lie and showing—on Mollweide's projection—that the Empire "is not far-flung, but relatively compact". It is grouped, he argues, round the North Atlantic and the Indian Ocean. It is, moreover, a geographical necessity which, did it not exist, would have to be invented. He comments fairly on past neglect and on the dangers of bureaucracy, concluding that "the end of the British-Indian Empire seems to have been encompassed just in time." He sees that migration within the Commonwealth is no substitute for a needed increase in the total white population. He holds, nevertheless, that the Empire remains a great power and should be maintained as such.

In discussing ways and means Mr. Hodson is emphatic that "the old Empire . . . which we knew and were brought up to admire, is past and finished." Constitutional progress of the familiar kind is now but a cause of disunity and weakness, and the nationalism of many colonial populations is undermined in turn by the nationalism of their component races. Mr. Hodson sees the "Twentieth-Century Commonwealth" as a federation with a federal assembly and a central government under the Crown. And he sees its major contribution to the world as its example of tolerance and its living demonstration that "democracy is not moving inexorably towards either Fascism or Communism, but is a lively, durable and excellent order of society." This theme is ably developed in the final chapters of a work which deserves to be widely read, both for its informed analysis and its suggested policy.

Books proposing a remedy for present ills are liable, however, to be outmoded while still in proof. Despite last-minute additions, Mr. Hodson's book has not wholly escaped this danger. For a Federation of Western Europe is

now strongly urged; and if Britain's European leadership is compatible (as it may be) with Empire, we need at least to see how the two ideas will merge. On this Mr. Hodson has little to say. Nor, surprisingly, does he seem to regard Scotland and Wales as probable member states in the federation he would advocate. A more fundamental criticism of his proposed political structure is that it centres upon a Council which is, in effect, a Commonwealth Parliament and one with a head-counting basis for its membership. This is to add one more to the many elected representative bodies with which, by precept and example, we have covered the world. Are we so satisfied with them that we have to repeat their defects on this larger scale?

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS, by Henry Adams. Condensed and edited by Herbert Agar. Collins. 2 Vols. 42s.

The gloomy, introspective and penetrating author of *The Education of Henry Adams* has for some time been a rising star in the literary firmament of the United States. His analysis of the plight of the intellectual "D.P." in a world which prefers the dynamo to the Virgin, stupidity to intelligence and power to peace has steadily gained in appeal for the present generation of Americans. On this side of the Atlantic his reputation for treating a New World theme with a more-than-Old-World allusiveness and obliquity has kept him from winning as wide a circle of readers as he deserves. Those who would like so dry a vintage are liable to shy at its American label. Perhaps, in reducing the great nine-volume *History of the United States* to a manageable compass, Herbert Agar has found the passport which will introduce this most remarkable mind to a wider English public.

Mr. Agar's condensation has been effected by leaving out all the footnotes (there are not many of these) and many

of the quotations from source material. These constitute the principal cuts; there are others, and those who know the original will sigh at some of them, but once the concept of a "potted Adams" has been admitted, they were almost certainly inevitable. Those who want the full text can still take it down from the library shelves where it has been accumulating learned dust; the justification of these two volumes will surely be that they will attract many readers who would never have braved the original nine. And when one considers what insight, what breadth of interpretation, what pungency of expression have lain virtually buried in the *History* for so long, one must be strangely wedded to the dogma of non-abbreviation to regret this exercise in literary rejuvenation.

In form a history merely of the administration of Jefferson and Madison, this is in fact a narrative of the truly "formative years" of a new nation, a philosophical assessment of the whole course and direction of American history and a most penetrating study of Anglo-American relations at one of their most significant (and in England most neglected) periods. As the narrative unfolds, its chronological limits, which at first sight appear arbitrarily selected, reveal themselves as the frame which encloses a genuine and significant unity—the theme of a young republic, founded on an experiment in democratic and "non-power" politics, facing alike the challenge of a militant Old World and the problems, no less ponderous, presented by its own development into a continental nation-state in the New.

So viewed, these years are not a mere slice from the chronological sequence of American history, but a significant moment in the embryo's development, when it reveals to the practised eye of the historian both its momentary appearance and its potentialities for the future. What makes the *History* a truly great achievement is Henry Adams's success at both tasks—at the vivid reproduction

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have been the next two countries to follow Russia's lead.

Great Britain, as we have seen, after a five-year experimental period, started a regular short-wave service to the Empire as early as 1932. But it was not until 1938 that the constant stream of abuse poured out from Italian stations finally stung this country into entering the field of foreign-language broadcasting. January 3, 1938, saw the opening of the B.B.C.'s service in Arabic. On March 15 were begun broadcasts to Latin-America in Spanish and Portuguese. And on September 27, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain broadcast to the nation on his return from Munich, his speech was translated and rebroadcast in French, German and Italian. From that date, ten years ago, the B.B.C.'s services in foreign languages grew steadily until, by the end of the war, Great Britain was broadcasting in twenty-four languages to Europe alone. It is noteworthy that whereas the Empire service was started by the B.B.C. on its own initiative, the foreign-language broadcasts were begun at the Government's request.

There is a widespread misconception that the present development of international broadcasting is solely a by-product of the war. This is far from true. It is interesting to look through a list of countries, in alphabetical order, who were broadcasting for the benefit of their neighbours, in languages other than their own, in August 1939 :

Albania (Radio Tirana under Italian occupation) transmitted in Italian, Greek, Turkish and Bulgarian. Bulgaria broadcast once a week in French. China broadcast daily in English, French and German. France (from a number of stations including Paris Mondial) broadcast daily in English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic and Serbo-croat. Germany (that is to say Grossdeutschland) broadcast daily in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Ukrainian and Afrikaans. The omission of Italian is understandable. The absence of French at that time is more remarkable.

Great Britain was sending out programmes daily in Spanish and Portuguese (for South America) and in French, German, Italian and Arabic. Hungary had daily programmes in English, German, Italian, French, Slovakian and Ruthenian.

Italy was, of course, a wide and early user. Mussolini, himself a journalist and professional propagandist, was deeply interested. His stations, (including Imperial and Galla, Japanese, Albanian, Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian, Turkish, German and Greek.

Japan, Rumania and Spain all broadcast daily in English, French and German ; so did Slovakia, adding Hungarian, Italian, Polish and Serbo-croat. Spain added Italian and Portuguese.

The United States needs to be considered separately because, unlike most other countries, her foreign-language services were not always run directly by the Government. But from the United States, in August 1939, stations were broadcasting outwards in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German and French.

As would be expected, Russia played a leading rôle in the world of short waves. She had programmes directed to Europe in English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Czech and Hungarian.

Finally the Vatican City, much to the annoyance of Mussolini at certain times, broadcast in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Polish.*

* Based on *The Political Use of Radio* by Thomas Grandin. Geneva Research Centre. August 1939.

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A foreign-language service should not be confined to plain news and comment about current affairs. That, however well done, will always be suspect as propaganda if it is part of an external and not a metropolitan service. But the giving of a general impression about a country through wireless programmes—the "projection" of that country, to use a fashionable phrase—will be effective if it is carefully and skilfully controlled.

Now it is clear that such a general impression can be gained from two sources—the country's metropolitan service to which the foreigner eavesdrops, and the external service designed for the foreigner in his own tongue. Listeners drawn from the upper level, the highly educated and thoughtful minority, will prefer the metropolitan programme if they hold the key to it—a knowledge of the language. Now the opinions of that minority are of great importance. And yet it looks as though, if they are to be influenced at all by radio, it will be, in part at least, by the national service which is not expressly designed for them. It follows then that a country's home service may be a powerful weapon for furthering its opinions abroad—sometimes a better weapon in times of peace than the external service, which aims at a less educated multitude who must be addressed in their own tongue because they know no other. This takes no account of questions of the relative range of metropolitan and external programmes, which may leave the listener with no choice. He may have to take the external service or nothing. But that is a separate issue.

In considering the capacity of educated audiences in Europe to "eavesdrop" on each other's metropolitan services, we come upon an interesting and unexpected bias. It is undisputed that the main languages of western Europe are widely understood among the educated classes of eastern Europe. It is equally certain that among the educated classes of western Europe the eastern languages are hardly known at all. Among normal well-educated Englishmen and Frenchmen, a knowledge of Czech, Polish, Russian or Modern Greek is so rare as to be almost suspect. But among Czechs, Poles and Greeks of the equivalent social level a knowledge of either English or French is widespread. We of the west study and speak western tongues only. They of the east speak their own languages and usually at least one of ours. The effect of this bias, among potential listeners of the educated classes, needs no underlining. The man of culture in central and eastern Europe can—and often does—listen to the metropolitan programmes of England, France, Germany and Italy. How many western Europeans can listen to a broadcast in Russian, or in any other language of the Slavonic group? Only musical programmes can transcend the difficulty, and even here the language problem is a barrier. The Frenchman or Englishman, touring Europe on his radio, may stumble on a programme of Russian opera, recognize the work, and decide to stay and listen. The chances of his going to that wavelength deliberately, because he has heard the programme previously announced or "trailed", are extremely small.

country our freedom has of late received considerable curtailment in the name of justice and that situation is reflected in more countries than our own. It is likely indeed to be a world situation in the near future.

Nor does Mr. Northcott sufficiently face the problem of the emergence of our totalitarian States and which derives from the rise of the German historical school of law in the early part of the nineteenth century. That school completely dissolved the idea of natural law and set the custom of the community, afterwards developed into the conception of the State, as the fountain of all law. Mr. Northcott's suggestion of an International Bill of Rights is admirable, but the guess may be hazarded that unless the idea of natural law can be revived, as happily there are some signs that it is being, the Bill of Rights would be of no lasting value. This is an admirable book for its careful statements of facts; not quite so trustworthy on matters of deeper principle.

Dr. van Dusen writes with the forthcoming inauguration of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam in mind and he starts with the thesis that the war has proved that the Church is "the one indomitable, invincible champion of human rights . . . the omnipresent, dauntless ministrant to human need . . . the one invulnerable, indestructible world community" and claims that there is now in fact a world church. He then proceeds to examine the way in which that world church has come into being and describes the method of its functioning in the modern world.

It is his discussion of the world church of tomorrow, however, which shows him at his best and most pertinent. A global task calls for a global church, but corporate re-union must be preceded by the stage of co-operation. Then follows a really brilliant analysis of the problems that have to be solved if that co-operation is to be really effective. This analysis is bound up with the forthright declaration that none of the great classic theologies can provide the basis for the

faith and life of the Church to-day, and that the Church, as well as the world, has come to one of those great periodic crises of rebirth. The volume is wise, welcome and well-informed, and no better handbook to the great movements which are stirring in Protestantism has been written.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

YOUNG MR. NEWMAN, by Maisie Ward. *Sheed & Ward.* 21s.

The conversion to Rome of J. H. Newman was the most notable event in his life, and the commentary upon it his most notable book, but his creative historical achievement lies almost entirely within the Church of England. If surface matters alone are considered, there is hardly an Anglican altar left that does not owe much of its appearance to the influence of the Tractarian movement which Newman, with Keble and Pusey, led. In doctrine, by seeking to demonstrate the foundations of Anglicanism in "that old system which the Apostles founded", the Tractarians gained a victory less wide but nevertheless remarkable and enduring. That Newman himself could not content himself with the *via media*, "eschewing both the meretricious gaudiness of the church of Rome and the squalid sluttiness of the fanatical conventicles" (as a seventeenth century preacher put it), was owed to a mind more logical than is possessed or even trusted by most Englishmen.

Keble was great in character, Pusey in scholarship and holiness, Newman in intellect. The movement of Newman's mind is the most exciting thing about him, and this book fails to do it justice. Its strength lies in a great number of hitherto unpublished letters, mainly between Newman and his family. It is pleasant, for instance, to have Newman, the controversialist for all the domestic occasion, rebuking his brother who had said their mother's wish for servants

sprang from pride :

She does with as few servants as possible—and perhaps your own experience abroad will show you that to dispense with servants altogether and keep one's own house in order oneself is not the way to improve one's talents or do most good. . . . When I engage servants, it is a mutual engagement, for the good of all. They do what they are fitted to do and which I for want of training cannot do—and I in turn do good, first to them, then to others, or at least ought to do.

We profit, too, from the letters from the Mediterranean, written home during that momentous and solitary piece of travel which gave to the world "Lead, kindly, light" and increased for Newman his emotional veneration of antiquity. Many of these new letters, however, are on themes he handled more finely in his published writings, and, in spite of his deep affections, Newman's family correspondence lacks charm.

A valuable side of the book is its picture of Oxford in the 1830's and 1840's. University teachers took sides vigorously and declared their intellectual positions. Dr. Hampden, appointed Regius Professor of Divinity by Lord Melbourne, was a noted Liberal and anti-dogmatist, and the campaign waged against him by the orthodox ended in Convocation's forbidding him any share in choosing university preachers, because "the University had no confidence in him in theological matters." It was a fine shindy. Blanco White wrote that "the grossest spirit of Mysticism and Popery has revived at Oxford." There was a harshness in the pamphleteering and the lobbying of this time. But at least men's beliefs mattered to other men. Young men were drawn to Newman because he did not hide where he stood on the deepest matters; *cor ad cor loquitur*. So always should it be in universities.

WALTER JAMES.



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DENT

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

No part of the old order looks like putting up a more successful fight for their continued existence than the public schools. Yet, did circumstances permit, the cry for equality might already have sounded their knell. For too long the public schools have been aloof. They have not seen themselves in the rôle of big brothers to the State system but as something apart. Such an attitude is no longer tenable and the reprieve granted should be better used. How, the Rev. Spencer Leeson outlines in one of four essays in his book *THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS QUESTION* (Longmans, Green, 8s. 6d.). Of the value of the public schools Canon Leeson has no doubt. He avows that: "It is a great educational experience to belong for five years to so close-knit a community as a school house" and argues that what "we hope to see is a large extension of boarding accommodation, the public schools operating as it were on the flank of this movement, providing a certain number of places themselves and offering their long experience in this field to assist the growth of the new State boarding schools." This experiment has already started. One or two local authorities are about to establish their own boarding schools and many public schools are accepting a few pupils from the counties and county boroughs.

A big subject

Canon Leeson deserves thanks for presenting four educational problems against their background of fact. The facts of State educational administration and development are little known. Until recently only a tiny body of enthusiasts were aware of them and

books about them had a minute sale. Since 1944, the year of the great Education Act, interest has quickened, and to meet this late awakening *THE SILENT SOCIAL REVOLUTION*, by G. A. N. Lowndes (Oxford University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege, 10s.) has been re-issued. The book gives an account of the expansion of public education in England and Wales and for the interested citizen it is the best there is. It is a pity perhaps that the narrative still ends at 1935 but the ten years that have past since it was first published have not impaired its value.—But education is a big subject. So big that few attempt to encompass all its sub-sections within their knowledge. One of these, further education, has had for a year a magazine of its own. In June, *FURTHER EDUCATION* (Turnstile Press, 5s.) became a quarterly. In its new format, which allows articles of several thousand words, and with Hunter Diack as editor, it promises well to make its own special contribution to educational knowledge.

Tradition's place

One other educational problem, now often debated: its aim and how to achieve it. There are those, knowing nothing of tradition, who delight in spurning it; others perhaps give it too high a place. Yet before the reader casts his vote, to influence the educational system in one direction or another, he would do well to take up from the table *TRADITIONS OF CIVILITY*, by Sir Ernest Barker (Cambridge University Press, 21s.). This is a book of eight essays and five of them, as Sir Ernest tells, are united by the common theme of the legacy of Greece. The volume is

important. Sir Ernest's reminder that he is harvesting from seeds sown long ago warns us that here thought must be savoured. Harvesting, he says, is a benefit of retirement and the autumn of life; gratefully it is one, at any age, we are privileged to share.

Past faces the future

The autumn of life, alas, was not long enough for Elie Halévy to complete his great history of the English people during the nineteenth century. The volume we have just been given *THE AGE OF PEEL AND COBDEN* (Ernest Benn, 25s.) was left unfinished and it is due to his friend, Paul Vaucher, that it appears to add distinction to a remarkable series. Of all periods, the one between 1841 and 1852 saw in one of its most personalized forms the tug-of-war between the future and the past. As M. Vaucher writes, Halévy chose 1852 as the climax of the volume (after considering the claims of 1860) because the revolution effected by the adoption of free trade might be considered as complete by that date.—Within the dates of Halévy's volume were working two men, whose influence was to outstrip that of Peel and Cobden. Their names, Engels and Marx. In 1848 was published *MANIFESTO OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY* (George Allen and Unwin, Cloth, 7s. 6d.; paper, 3s. 6d.). This new edition, with a long explanatory introduction by Professor Harold J. Laski, is the outcome of a decision of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party to celebrate the manifesto's centenary.

Bentham's influence

Jeremy Bentham's long life ended nearly ten years before the start of Halévy's volume but his influence or that of his school is apparent throughout and long afterwards. As Mr. Wilfrid Harrison writes in his scholarly introduction to a new edition of *A FRAGMENT ON GOVERNMENT AND AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS AND LEGISLATION* (Basil Blackwell, 9s. 6d.):

it would be difficult to over-state the impor-

tance of the achievements of Benthamism in England. They include two fundamental alterations in the methods of government—the establishment of legislation as the primary means of reform, and of central control and inspection as means for the direction of administration. Benthamism further gave shape to the equally fundamental reforms of the Poor Law and of Local Government; to the inception of a Public Health Service; to far-reaching reforms of legal procedure and of the provisions for access to the Courts; to extensive humanitarian reforms of penal laws, and to laws for the protection of children and animals.

—Chadwick was a Benthamite and it was he who was as responsible as anyone for the 1833 Act to regulate the Labour of Children and Young Persons in the Mills and Factories of the United Kingdom, the Act which appointed factory inspectors. The tale is told again in *THE EARLY FACTORY LEGISLATION*, by Maurice W. Thomas (The Thames Bank Publishing Co. 35s.), a finely documented work in which the narrative relates the facts gracefully and without exaggeration.

Penal reform

Bentham's *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation* was intended as the introduction to his penal code. In *THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT* (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.) Sir Leo Page argues a case needing one would have thought, in ignorance, no advocate. He is pleading for a better preparation of judges (used here for all those who sentence offenders) for their task. "I do not regard it as an extravagant proposal," he writes, "that no public servant should be allowed to order punishment if he is ignorant of what the punishment consists." Yet he assures us that there are judges who have sat for eight or ten years who have never seen the inside of a prison or Borstal institution.—Yet wise and sympathetic understanding is not lacking in our London courts if *MY COURT CASEBOOK* (Sylvan Press, 10s. 6d.) is a faithful guide. Maurice Wiggin, whose court sketches appear night by night in the London *Evening Standard*, detects unerringly the point where minds meet and recoil according to the point of view. A true humanitarian, but not a senti-

mentalist, each of his stories has its hallmark.

To sea

But courts are stuffy places from which it is good to get away to renew acquaintance with Captain Joshua Slocum. Slocum was a man after every boy's heart whose adventures can now be read again in *SAILING AROUND THE WORLD* (Rupert Hart-Davis. 8s. 6d.). This welcome reprint, generously produced and illustrated, appears with Slocum's *VOYAGE OF THE LIBERDADE*, less well known but with the same keen breeze blowing through its pages. Arthur Ransome—and who could do the job better?—writes an introduction. —How welcome these reprints are!

Another is *TREASURE ISLAND* (Camden Classics: Paul Elek. 10s. 6d.). Old Pew can still send a thrill of horror down the spine and Jim Hawkins is still—me. The drawings in this edition are by John Minton. They may do for a new reader for whom Robert Louis Stevenson's characters are not yet etched on the mind. I can't tell.

Holiday times

It is a softer air and a less adventurous ocean that most of us expect to meet these holiday months. For those who anticipate long days on the sands and searching with children in pools *SEA-SHORE LIFE OF BRITAIN*, by L. R. Brightwell (Batsford. 12s. 6d.) is likely to suit. As most Batsford books this one is splendidly illustrated and from the text and drawings one may hope reasonably to add one more rung to reputation's ladder for being a fascinating fellow when on leave.—Tastes differ on how a holiday should be spent and with petrol back not a few may prefer

to examine the *COUNTRY OF THE THAMES* (Chaterson. 8s. 6d.). Annan Dickson's book is handy for the pocket and plentifully illustrated with photographs which will determine the wayfarer's road and path. Possets of history add the flavour of knowledge.—And to take with you perhaps? Homer's *ODYSSEY* (Dent. 10s. 6d.) in a new translation by S. O. Andrews, whose work in this *métier* has justly earned much praise, or *A BOOK OF GYPSY FOLK TALES*, selected by Dora E. Yates (Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.)? These gypsy tales take one back to childhood; mostly they are unfamiliar stories in a familiar mould. They come from all over the world.

Cricket again

For many *GONE TO THE CRICKET* (Longmans. 9s. 6d.) will be the right kind of holiday this year, particularly if the Australians are anywhere by. John Arlott's book is about the 1947 season and the visit of the South Africans. He is as much concerned with personalities as with matches and his sketches of players including Compton of Middlesex, Wright of Kent and Washbrook of Lancashire make pleasant reading. His other book *FROM HAMBLEDON TO LORD'S* (Christopher Johnson. 10s. 6d.) introduces a number of famous pieces of cricketana; Nyren's *Cricketers of my Time* and the Rev. James Pycroft's *The Cricket Field* are there. The new generation will welcome them.

But not everyone goes to the seaside, motoring or walking by the Thames, or watching cricket. Grace Banyard went to Eire, the chief attraction the Abbey Theatre. She will be back next month.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1948

THE RELATION OF EDUCATION TO WAR AND PEACE

BY WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

HOW to avert war is the world's top problem. It faces the United Nations. It frustrates the foreign ministers. It drives man to despair. Coming elections will be decided on this issue. Social institutions are being studied and assessed in relation to their contribution to war and peace.

What can the schools or other means of education do to prevent war? Teachers cannot keep the subject off their minds, because they cannot keep it off their consciences. Somehow or other, they cannot but believe that schools have something to do with war. In the preamble to UNESCO are the words: "Wars begin in the minds of men." The minds of men are what they are because of the impact of heredity and environment. Much of mental change is caused by environment. Much of environment is education. A good part of education is conscious, the work of schools and other agencies of education such as the cinema and radio.

We know that a pair of identical twins, with nearly identical heredity, will vary according to their environment. Place both in Russia, and they will support Communism. Place both in the U.S.A. and they will support free enterprise. Place one in one country and one in the other, and one will become loyal to America and the other to the Soviets; and in these two the seeds of distrust would already have been planted.

That is why in educational meetings there is so much interest in education for peace. Each of us wonders what his part is, what he can do, and how best to do it. So many suggestions are made. Societies are formed, and we are urged to join. Meetings are called, and we attend. But no single road is pointed out to us. No one map charts the way. There is no course of action upon which all agree. There are several schools of thought and here, put in a general way, are four programmes commonly accepted as central and important contributions of education to avoiding war and keeping peace.

First, there are the advocates of educational reconstruction. They believe that, in a world in shambles, with schools destroyed, teachers dispersed, equipment lacking, children hungry, homeless and vagrant, you have the situation most favourable for war. War comes from ignorance and hopelessness, when people are desperate because they are ignorant, unproductive, improvident, diseased, and gullible. Feed the people first, then clothe them, shelter them, teach and enlighten them; and then

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they will become self-supporting, self-respecting, and self-governing. Collect the money, books and equipment. Help to re-staff and re-activate the schools. Then you will have a base upon which peaceful attitudes may develop.

Within the last twelve months, I have seen some of these ruined communities with their ruined schools. I know the conditions of Houffalize, Bastogne, and Caen. The teachers there deserve our highest admiration. The drives of TICER and the NEA deserve our full support. But efforts of this type have little relation to the work of the school for either peace or war. All that reconstruction does is to open a school and get an educational programme under way. Such a programme may work either towards peace or war. When the educational reconstructors assume that the mere rebuilding of an education system is a necessary step towards peace, they make the same mistake that the Fathers of the American Constitution or the leaders of the French Revolution made when they thought that mere extension of education to all would provide a bulwark for democracy. Jefferson thought that if the people were "enlightened"—that is, schooled—all would be well. But Hitler and Hirohito have demonstrated in recent years that widespread compulsory popular education may be just as effective a bulwark for despotism.

Secondly, there are those who advocate the interchange of persons. Their theory is that war comes from isolation, from ignorance of others: do not introduce me to my neighbour, because if I met him I might like him, and I hate him. Break down barriers. Interchange pupils, students, research workers, and professors. Scandinavian boys and girls have recently visited the Metropolitan School Study Council in New York; Latin-Americans came last year. Reflect upon the extraordinary results of the educational use of the Boxer Indemnity Fund, which sent thousands of Chinese students to the U.S.A., and the Rhodes Scholarships. Write letters back and forth; interchange teachers; send thousands under the Fulbright Act. Note the work of the Guggenheim Fellows.

The fact that most American scholars from 1880 to 1900 studied in Germany did not prevent war. Recall that some of the German *alumni* of the Elsinore International School returned to Denmark as conquerors; and many of the good-will pupils sent by Germany to Norway used their knowledge to betray their benefactors. Even Otto Abetz, Gauleiter of Paris during the occupation, had previously been a student in Paris. I consider, nevertheless, that interchange of persons has great value. Surely it will make for mutual understanding, and frequently, although not always, for good will; but absence of interchange does not cause war, nor will full interchange prevent it.

Then there are those who urge free flow of communication, the share-the-ideas-school, the work-together advocates, to which UNESCO is devoting so large a share of its money. In the belief that a free flow of ideas is basic to peace, UNESCO has embarked on such projects as the

one designed "to preserve the fauna and flora of the Galapagos Islands," the establishment of an institute to study the Hylean Amazon, and the development of "fundamental education in Haiti". Of \$231,319 appropriated under formal agreement with the International Council of Scientific Societies to aid various scientific societies, \$10,936 was appropriated to foster "International Zoological Nomenclature" and \$11,740 to bring the astronomers together. Plans are being made to send parties of survey experts into various countries upon their invitation.

I am not an opponent of the share-the-ideas school. In fact, in Columbia University this is exactly the task that we have been working at for many years. Last autumn we had 451 students from foreign lands, 129 from Latin America and sixty-eight from China. We are committed to the stimulation of the free flow of ideas. I grant that such a flow is valuable for social betterment, for health, for productivity, but is it, in any sense, a guarantee against war or insurance for peace? Certainly it is unfortunately true that some former Teachers College students were active enemies of the United States before and during the 1914-1918 war.

Lastly, there is the direct teaching of international good will school. Prepare books and other curricular materials dealing with peace and international understanding; educate the teachers to carry out work of this sort; and the result will be the international mind and peace on earth. The logic of this position is easily understood. Hitler bent the German schools to war. He taught ideas of world dominance, master race, Aryan superiority, and the beauty and nobility of war. Why not reverse the process? Teach peace, interdependence of mankind, good will. The result is a lot of talk about peace. How many such talks have I heard! In fact, how many such talks have I given! I remember one in Mainz, to a typical German audience, which was most enthusiastically received. The textbooks in Bavaria and Baden in the 1920's oozed with international good will.

This school of thought is hard at work again. I am a member of the Committee on International Co-operation of the National Education Association of the United States. We have been preparing for two years a major work on teaching for peace. The World Organization of the Teaching Profession, with members all over the world, has assigned one-fifth of its appointed task for this year to a similar project. UNESCO devoted a seminar to the problem in Paris and another at Lake Success. In Mexico, I attended several meetings of the "working party" which was patiently struggling with this problem. I gathered that most of those who participated in these studies had hopes that thereby a real contribution might be made to the direction of education toward peace.

But teachers should know better. They know that such an educational programme can contribute to culture, to general education, to learning, and to the dissemination of superior practices and ideas; but to peace, that is something else again. Students of philosophy know that moral teaching

results, not so much in moral conduct as in ideas about morality ; that health teaching is apt to yield ideas about health, rather than healthy habits. So it is with the direct teaching of international good will. Some good will may be achieved ; but much more likely to ensue are ideas about good will.

These four lines of work are all good ; they are worthy of our support ; but not because of their possible contribution to peace, but rather to other desirable social goals. Not one of the four—nor all the four put together—chart the course that educators can follow or that schools and other educational institutions can follow in order to avoid war or to keep the peace. They miss the vital point.

What is the vital point ? What is the way, if any, in which education can serve the cause of war and peace ? To discover this, we should analyse again the situation in Germany and Japan in the period before the last war.

In both countries, there were flourishing school systems. Nearly everybody went to school. Nearly everybody could read and write. Book sales were high, far higher *per capita* than in the U.S.A. In Japan, you could not stop your ricksha for two minutes without the ricksha boy's picking up his book. Even the handkerchief which he wrapped around his head had a story printed on it. School opportunities were at a maximum. No educational reconstruction was needed. Both countries interchanged educational personnel. Japan used to send abroad great numbers of students, professors, scientists, and engineers. Germany sent many and received many more. Both countries were assiduous in attending international conferences, in importing ideas, and even in assisting at astronomical conventions and helping to standardize international zoological nomenclature. Nevertheless, both were geared to war.

So far as the direct teaching of international ill will was concerned, it is difficult to learn the truth. Hitler certainly forced the teaching of war and hate in the schools, but there is some difference of opinion as to the full effect. So far as Japan up to 1932 is concerned, later visitors agree with my observations in 1918 and 1921 (at a time when Japan was already anti-American and pro-German) that there was no warlike air about the schools, except possibly on the school playground. The schools had an air of kindliness and friendliness, little discipline, with very little martial spirit in a uniform-ridden society.

Nevertheless, both school systems were perfect instruments for war, despite the fact that they were universal, that there was international exchange of persons, international exchange of ideas and, in the case of Japan, not too warlike appearing a programme. In each case the educational system did just what the war lords wanted because (1) it turned out the great mass of the people with basic schooling, able to earn a living, and at the same time obedient subjects of the State, looking for orders, ready

and willing to do as told, and eager for someone to tell them. In Germany they were disciplined to be subservient members of the Master State. In Japan, on the other hand, they were trained to be members of a religious sect, artificially stimulated by the Government, of which the emperor was God and Japan the chosen land. (2) In Germany, the mass of the people went to one kind of school and the potential leaders to another. They were kept apart from the common people and educated out of sympathy with them. Generally from favoured classes, they looked down on the slaves ; and the few cases of emergence from the ranks, the leaders like army sergeants become lieutenants, were even harder on the ranks. In Japan, there was less social distinction in the schools ; many leaders came from the ranks of the peasants ; but they were educated so far out of touch with the people, that they lost all sympathy. (3) Schools were purely a function of the State, and the parents had to keep out.

Here, then, are the important ways in which schools and an educational system work for the war mongers. If you want to bend the schools to war, you do not need to worry much about an iron curtain, or teacher training in patriotism, or revision of textbooks. See that every child goes to school ; keep the parents out ; make the child obey all the time. Never let him ask a question. Prohibit initiative. Permit no variation. Then train a set of leaders for this mass to obey. Pick them carefully, educate them for invention and initiative, keep them ruthless and cruel and completely devoted. You can do this more easily if you have an artificially created State Church as in Japan, or a synthetic religion of Hitler-worship as in Germany. Then you will have a perfect instrument for war.

In the words of the Ordinance of 1787 : " Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and other means of education shall forever be encouraged." But certain kinds of so-called religions, and certain codes of morality basic thereto, and certain kinds of knowledge, taught in a certain way, and certain kinds of schools and other means of education will lead to war. What is needed is the counter-active influence of the free mind, and with this, free religion and the free school. Nations are thought to be dangerous when they have huge standing armies and great military potential ; but they are only truly dangerous when either by ignorance the people are naturally subservient to political and religious fanatics, or by the prostitution of their schools they develop a manufactured subservience to cruel leaders. Stanley Baldwin once said to me : " A democracy is that kind of government in which you can have a crazy man at the head and not ruin the people." Jefferson and others of the American Founding Fathers thought that you would have good government only if you had a free mind.

If we schoolmen are highly resolved to bend our energies to keeping peace and to averting war, our task is plain. We must keep our school free, our children free, our leaders free and close to the people, and our

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parents responsible; and we must use our full efforts to guard these liberties in our own country and in every country on earth.

That is what UNESCO ought to do; but that is precisely what I fear it cannot do, organized as it is. It started in the minds of some teachers; the idea was nurtured during the war by the Council of Allied Ministers of Education. But now it is an agency of governments; and the delegates to UNESCO are government agents. In many nations the schools (and other means of education) have become instruments of national policy, or more precisely put, instruments of the policy of a political party, or of a coalition of political parties. These parties determine policy, which the Ministry of Education puts into action.

Most of the delegates to UNESCO in Mexico City had been briefed by their foreign office. Frequently the head of a delegation was a Minister or high official of a foreign office. So far as I could tell, there was only one teacher—a full delegate; and not more than a half-dozen among the alternate delegates primarily interested in teaching below the university level. What most delegates did at Mexico City had to be approved by some politician at home. For among these delegates were distinguished scholars, scientists, writers and publicists, men and women of world-wide experience; and yet collectively they seemed so often to miss the point. Why, to add to the illustrations cited before, allot \$31,200 to the International Society of Micro-biology, including the International Centre of Type-culture Collections? Why create an inter-secretarial translation bureau to translate the classics? Why organize a youth service camp at Caunterets? Why set up a service to facilitate a “widespread understanding of painting” or “an anthology of creative writing under Axis occupation”? After having supported projects like these, a delegate could face the politicians at home without fear of unhappy consequences. No political repercussions can arise from the preservation of the fauna and flora of a remote island, nor from teaching the ABC’s in Africa, nor from the study of textbooks, particularly when it is only in the U.S.A. that they are much relied-on. Foreign offices will subscribe to big principles and big words; but when it comes to a fight against political domination of the schools, don’t call on the politicians.

You have to call upon the teachers and parents. Teachers with free minds who are resolved to keep free; teachers who insist on free schools to turn out free men to keep the minds of children free; such teachers cannot be controlled. No ministry, no inspector, no tyrant can prevail against them. Neither inspectors, nor Gestapos, nor Quislings, nor Buchenwalds can stay them from their appointed fight. For centuries, teachers in occupied countries have taught contrary to the high command. The classroom is a good place for an underground. If teachers want schools to be free they must have support.

That is why I have such great hopes for the World Organization of the Teaching Profession. Given the initial start by the National Education

Association of the United States, now composed of the leading teachers’ organizations of some twenty-five countries, at present hard at work, it is an agency of great promise and enormous potential power. It can stimulate the ideas and mobilize the support of the teachers of the world. Plans must be made, tactics must be devised to fan the flame of freedom everywhere. It can learn from its own members where the flame burns bright and why; from the intimate and accurate knowledge of teachers alone, it can tell where it flickers and burns low.

Just as teachers’ associations have given powerful support to individual teachers and administrators, just as teachers’ associations have walked into disgraceful school situations and have brought the full force of the indignation of our profession and friends of our profession to bear upon recalcitrant and venal school authorities, so the teachers of the world in world association, from the intimate knowledge within their own membership, can reveal facts, can point out dangerous practices by politicians, and “submit the facts to a candid world.”* If by the process of joining together in national associations and showing our indignation, we teachers can check politicians within our own land, why cannot similar pressure from teachers internationally organized check war-mongering politicians anywhere in the world? That is why we need a Teachers’ Charter, as considered by UNESCO. But far more importantly we need an Education Charter.

It is the duty of all people who love liberty to make sure that schools serve the cause of peace. Reconstruction is not enough. Interchange of persons, valuable as it is, is beside the point. Free flow of ideas, generally good, can work either toward war or peace. Direct teaching is likely to disappoint. We have a different task; it is to work to prevent nations from developing educational programmes, under political control, to make slaves of the people. We must work to preserve the responsibility of the parent. We must keep our potential leaders close to and in sympathy with the people. We must keep the schools free.

This task is not likely to be done by politicians or financiers or cabinet ministers. It is a job for teachers and parents, individually and as they organize, and with most promise, I think, in one world organization of teachers and parents, if that can ever be attained. So it is at this precise point that we must exert our full effort, now and for the rest of our lives, if our schools are to make their greatest contribution to peace.

(The author is Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University.)

*Declaration of Independence, 1776.

THE MIDDLE WAY

I. THE INADEQUACY OF LIBERALISM

THE history of the nineteenth century in Europe is that of a revolt which failed owing to its own success. From the French Revolution onwards the dominant philosophy was that of Liberalism. It was freedom for which the spirit of man craved. In the denial of liberty, poets and politicians saw the prime menace to the future development of our race. Liberty, however, is most elusive and it might almost seem as if in the pursuit of illusion man found his chief delight for the space of a hundred years or more. Let us therefore ask three questions. What did the Liberals want? What did they do? What did they get?

In England the Liberals began by an attack upon the exclusive privileges of an aristocratic society. They were against any attempt to re-establish a powerful monarchy. Equally were they opposed to the political control which had been in the hands of a few wealthy families for several generations. They believed in a qualified democracy. What they wanted was a society in which the upper strata were elected by the lower to occupy the chief positions. In that way, so they believed, everyone would be satisfied. The people would exercise political responsibility by voting, the higher orders by governing. In its origin the Liberal movement was essentially political. It did not seek to change the social order—that was accepted. As for the economic framework in which society moved, it was a dogma with the early Liberals that economics was as much beyond the scope of any government as is the English weather.

Underlying this desire was a belief. The Liberal had faith in his fellow human beings. He believed them to be valuable provided they were men and not women and provided they were sensible and had property. The vast mass of individuals, however, had been crushed by tyrannical governments. They were incapable of achieving their true destiny. Man was everywhere enslaved. Clearly the remedy was to remove the chains. There must be less interference from above. Governments must allow full scope to the amazing potentialities of those they ruled. Left to himself man would quickly ascend. The shackles of his environment once removed, the slave would reveal his real worth as a free man.

The philosophic radicals went further. A free man, so they argued, would automatically follow his own true interest. If all men were free all would be following their own good and the happy result would be the final establishment of "the greatest good of the greatest number."

Theoretical Liberalism was greatly encouraged by the widespread acceptance of evolutionary ideas in the second half of the nineteenth century. The human race, it seemed, was advancing towards perfection. Such was nature's plain intention. Man, in his political development, was following nature's plan—he was evolving in the direction of an ideal State.

We may say then that what the Liberals wanted was a State whose perfection consisted in the freedom enjoyed by its subjects to live in accordance with their own desires. The individuals would not be forced to live nobly by legislation, they would create a fine society by their exemplary conduct. While there was no suggestion that the State should "wither away", its weapon, the law, was regarded as a regulation for emergency rather than a rule to be studiously obeyed. The less the headmaster was about, the better would the boys behave. Such was the implicit trust of the idealist.

Nevertheless, the Liberals found that theory needed to be supported by practice. They were called upon to form administrations of their own. They had to handle difficult situations. Human beings, particularly when they happened to be Irish, did not appear as amenable to reason and as willing to contribute to the common good as the official theory asserted. Moreover, situations did not always remain the same. Every government was forced to legislate, and as the century wore on, more and more extensively. Liberal reforms themselves had indirect consequences which had not been foreseen. To escape from the State was found to be impossible. Instead the State had become the umpire between contending factions—often the only umpire the conflicting parties were prepared to accept. Boldly the Liberals tried to turn this situation to their own account. They sought to use the State to promote social justice. But it was a strange ending to a century of effort. They had defeated privilege but had themselves succumbed to the seductive charms of the secular sovereign State.

The nineteenth century in England is especially noted for a series of reform bills. No object was dearer to the heart of the Liberal than to extend the franchise. Without a vote how could man be free? It is in the exercise of choice that the secret of all responsibility lies. Let Parliament represent the people and then the wishes of those people would be reflected in the acts of Parliament. Nothing could be simpler. Accordingly, the Liberals pushed on their plans apace. They agitated inside and outside the House of Commons with the result that millions were eventually enfranchised who had been far beyond the pale in 1832.

But to exercise a vote, particularly when bribery has become illegal and the ballot is a secret one, requires intelligence, if the vote is to be worth anything at all. At least it necessitates the ability to read. In their anxiety to improve the political power of the masses the Liberals had advanced too quickly for the educational attainments of their countrymen.

It was soon realized that a free man is in fact a slave if he cannot read. How can he seek even his own limited welfare if he is unable to take advantage of the stored knowledge of the human mind? Yet how were the eyes of the blind to be opened that they might perceive and know, save by the instrumentality of the State? Compulsory education might be the royal road to freedom but the sound was anomalous and would it not lead before long to other compulsory orders by the State? If the way to freedom lay through slavery, might not the attempt be made in other spheres to bind the human spirit under the pretence of benevolence? The Liberal, however, accepted what seemed to him to be inevitable, in the fond hope that he was creating an intelligent electorate. Actually he was creating a public for the *Daily Mail* and adding to the burden of a powerful State the new tyranny of the penny press. The quest for liberty thus presents us with new masters, and each victory won, new battles face us on the morrow. Time and again had man been freed throughout the nineteenth century but still was he not free.

Thus we may say that the Liberal sought an ideal society. Actually he made legislation his instrument and thereby created a better regulated but still an unfree social organism. While he had not lost sight of the value of the individual, the Liberal by the year 1900 hoped to emancipate the masses by means of a well-intentioned State. The object was still the same but the method had been reversed. The employee had to be protected against the heartless selfishness of the employer. The employer had to be guarded against illegal action by the employees. You could not add up the various goods of the capitalist section of the community together with the goods of the working class and produce one gigantic common good as the result of such arithmetic. Social good lay in between the extremes and the State was alone able to decide precisely where.

To many contemporary observers political Liberalism never seemed in so impregnable a position in England as after the general election of 1906. There was, however, a fatal weakness in the Liberal position which the 1914-1918 war finally revealed. Despite the large admixture of idealism in its composition the success of the Liberal movement was everywhere bound up with the similar success of nationalism. The Liberal movement in this country was essentially British. If a conflict arose between British Liberalism and German, French or Italian Liberalism the dividing factor of nationality would be stronger than the unifying factor of a common Liberal policy. In the iron cradle of the sovereign nation State the infant Liberal was to meet its doom.

For the Liberal ever refused to face the reality of conflict in all human affairs. Just as he imagined that the nobility of men would cause them to pursue fine ideals in their daily conduct and discovered with surprise that instead men sought after selfish interests for which they were prepared to fight against the equally selfish interests of others, so in wider matters

the Liberal maintained a wholly unwarranted optimism in the kindly intentions of the human race. Man had become richer, he had become wiser, surely his conflicts must be temporary since in collective gain was to be found the universal good.

What the European Liberal failed to realize was that there had been raised up during the nineteenth century a new corporate personality whose name was the nation. Within the borders of the nation there might be room for some degree of Liberalism, but beyond those borders all was chaos. For its own ends the nation State was prepared to be quite as unscrupulous, as selfish and as malicious as any member of the criminal type within its boundaries. The criminal, however, had the law to contend with, he had the power of the State at work to crush his activities, his worst deeds were modified by the workings of his own conscience, he knew that he was condemned by the universal protest of public opinion. Between nations, however, there was no arbiter, and though there were a few conventions there was nothing which could properly speaking be regarded as law. In any case there was no-one to administer the law. Public opinion within each nation so far from checking acts of injustice in international affairs positively encouraged them. As for conscience—nations allowed their feelings to be outraged only by the actions of their neighbours.

This limitation of the field for reform to the boundaries of each nation State proved the undoing of the Liberal cause. For it was obviously the height of inconsistency to pursue a progressive policy in domestic affairs and an autocratic policy in foreign affairs. The Liberals were blowing hot and cold at the same time. So long as the unstable equilibrium continued the danger was not perceived. International anarchy, however, produced its inevitable sequel. Many illusions were shattered by war and the stability of the Liberal hegemony in England was among the chief. What had seemed a harmless sentiment, the worship of the nation, had helped to bring disaster to Europe and destruction to the principles for which the Liberals had stood.

As has been said the Liberal movement in England began as a purely political concern. It began as such—but it could not remain so. Chamberlain and Dilke forced upon the attention of a reluctant party the existence of a social question. During the thirty years which preceded the outbreak of war in 1914, social matters absorbed more and more of the time of Parliament. There was thus a subtle change of interest from the individual to the group, indicative of further changes yet to come. This indirectly led to something else—the interference of the State in the concerns of industry. The tentative encroachments of the State in the economic sphere were the beginnings of a movement which was to revolutionize the whole concept of the function of government. Almost unheeded at the time, these two innovations, concern for social and for economic matters, were the real harbingers of a new age.

The war "to make the world safe for democracy" was fought and, on the face of it, won by the forces of democracy. Yet in England Liberalism soon ceased to exist as a major political power. In Italy and Germany the whole ideal of the Liberal State was obliterated. There emerged on the Continent that new and terrifying machine, the totalitarian State. Once again the nation State had been captured, this time for a political philosophy which despised the individual and glorified the group. The initial success of Fascism was due to the fact that it supplied an answer to a need. Man was distrustful of his own powers and failed to find purpose in his puny endeavours. By identifying himself with the State, by living for a cause greater than his personal ends, self-confidence and serenity were restored. Liberalism had learnt to look askance at the nation and thus between the forces of Fascism with the feeling of nationalism to draw upon and the rising power of Socialism with a large working-class populace at its back, the political power which had dominated Europe for a hundred years was now everywhere upon the decline. The western world was the better for her mentor. England at least would never forget some of the lessons she had been taught. But with success went lack of vigilance and then with lack of vigilance, success went. For Liberalism had been superseded.

GEOFFREY PARRISH.

II. ITS INADEQUACY DENIED

Liberalism is not a static set of ideas, but a constantly growing view of human relations. Society itself is a growing, not a static, thing, and any philosophy which seeks to supply an agenda for practical statesmanship must be ready to live and learn. Such rigidity of dogma as characterizes Marxism, such set forms of thinking as are congenial to Conservatism, are utterly alien to Liberalism, which holds that there is always "more light and truth to break forth" from the study of mankind. Nevertheless a guiding principle is clearly discernible throughout Liberal philosophy and policy. This principle has been well defined by William Aylott Orton as: "Liberty-within-community; expanding liberty within expanding community."*

It is true, as Mr. Parrish emphasizes, that the Liberal movement was primarily political in origin and that it represented a revolt against the oligarchy of the privileged classes. But this political revolt involved an economic rebellion, which adopted the battle-cry of *laissez faire*. This battle-cry was a protest against the restrictions of the paternalist State, which cramped all initiative and enterprise. Such a protest was very necessary, and it produced many beneficial results. The vast increase in the production of wealth which took place during the nineteenth century and the great rise in the standard of living which accompanied it would

* *The Liberal Tradition*. P. 3.

never have been possible had this country remained in the swaddling-bands of paternalism.

Laissez faire, however, was pushed too far. Its champions failed to realize that the wholly unregulated play of economic forces must produce gross abuses, and that there could be no real freedom of contract unless the status of the parties was more equal.

It should be emphasized, however, that the Liberal Party was never a *laissez faire* party. In fact the pioneering work in social legislation was done by Liberal governments. What the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* calls "the first really important Factory Act" (that of 1833); the Trade Unions Act of 1871; the Coal Mines Act of 1872, and the Education Act of the same year are examples. The turn of the century saw *laissez faire* virtually discarded and the Liberal Party launched on a crusade for social justice which issued in that amazing chapter of social legislation for which the Liberal governments of 1906-1914 were responsible. Liberal philosophy, based on the principle of liberty, had adapted itself to the facts of an industrial civilization.

Mr. Parrish describes this by saying that the Liberals began by wanting a State whose perfection consisted in the freedom enjoyed by its subjects to live in accordance with their own desires, but that, finding that human beings were not so amenable to reason and so willing to contribute to the common good as the official theory asserted, they were driven to legislate more and more extensively. This is scarcely fair to the Liberal philosophers, such as John Stuart Mill, T. H. Green and L. T. Hobhouse, who sought to evolve a theory of social action which would reconcile the need for State control with individual freedom; or to Liberal statesmen such as Asquith, Lloyd George and the last survivor of the great Liberal administrations of 1906-1914, Lord Samuel, who endeavoured to put this theory into practice. The development of Liberal thought and policy was not haphazard, nor was it an unreasoned (nor unwilling) reaction to the pressure of political necessity. It was a deliberate, and so far as it went a highly successful, attempt to establish "a framework of freedom."

Mr. Parrish says that the Liberal sought an ideal society but actually made legislation his instrument and thereby created a better regulated but still unfree social organism. This shows a misunderstanding both of the attitude of Liberalism and of the problem which it sought to solve. Over-legislation may be a plague, as we have cause to appreciate to-day but more laws do not necessarily mean less freedom. On the contrary wise laws, though limiting the freedom of some to do just as they like, can greatly extend the area of effective freedom for the many. They have in fact done so*. But a "framework" of law and institutions within which

* "Liberalism and State intervention are not opposed to each other. On the contrary any kind of freedom is clearly impossible unless it is guaranteed by the State." K. R. Popper, *The Open Society and its Enemies*. Volume 1, p. 97.

all citizens are free to model their own lives so long as they obey the rules, is a totally different thing from a "planned society", in the totalitarian sense, with which we are now unfortunately familiar.

It is true that this "framework" is as yet far from perfect and that our social organism is still "unfree" in important respects, but that is because the march of Liberalism was brought to a full stop in 1914. Since then Britain has never had a Liberal government and for the time being Liberalism has ceased to be an effective political force. What a calamity this has been historians will testify. As Lady Violet Bonham Carter said four years ago: "It was no mere accident that the eclipse of Liberalism coincided with a period of social stagnation at home, and of tyranny, barbarism and aggression abroad"; to which it may now be added that it is no mere accident that during these last three years, when the voice of Liberalism has been impotent, we have been drifting steadily towards national bankruptcy and the "Servile State".

Mr. Parrish attributes the eclipse of Liberalism to two factors—the growth of collectivism and the anarchy of militant nationalism. In this he is right—but right in the wrong way. It is certainly true that the international anarchy, with the two world wars to which it led, was largely responsible for the Liberal decline. War is always adverse to Liberalism. The passions which it evokes and the regulation of national life which it imposes are fatal to the spirit of tolerance and freedom. The more widespread and total the war, the more destructive are its effects on Liberalism and the Liberal Party. Liberals have always recognized this; it is one of the reasons why the abolition of war has been their supreme aim.

As in the domestic sphere Liberalism sought to work out a "framework of freedom", so in the international sphere it strove to build up an institutional and legal system within which all nations, submitting to common rules and guaranteed by collective force, would be able to enjoy security and liberty. Before the 1914-1918 war Liberals were groping after such an organization and Grey made strenuous efforts to establish a 'concert' of powers which would render peace secure; unhappily he failed. After Germany's aggressive nationalism had been defeated a more ambitious attempt to outlaw war was made, and the League of Nations, which embodied the Liberal idea of the "framework", was established. Members of all parties joined in supporting this organization, but Toryism, with its nationalistic and imperialistic traditions, was never wholly sympathetic towards it, while Labour, with its pacifist streak, shrank from providing the "teeth" that were necessary to make it effective. The 'khaki' election of 1918 split the Liberal Party from top to bottom and established the Conservatives (under Mr. Lloyd George) in power.

From this blow the Liberal Party never recovered, and during the inter-war years it continued to lose ground. A further split took Lord Simon and his followers into the Tory camp, where they are now com-

pletely at home, and merely confuse the position by continuing to call themselves Liberals. With Liberalism almost powerless, successive governments paid lip-service to the League of Nations, but failed to uphold it effectively and after the shameful chapter of appeasement, Britain slid into the 1939-1945 war. The Liberal Party emerged from this second cataclysm as a mere remnant. The Tory Party was utterly discredited and the Labour Party, which appeared to present the only alternative, was swept into power and set to work to carry out its programme of "Socialism in our time."

But although the two wars, resulting from the failure to bridle militant nationalism, played so great a part in the weakening of the Liberal Party, even more serious was the effect of the first factor which Mr. Parrish mentions—the erosion of the Liberal movement by the growth of collectivism. The Labour Party arose as a protest on behalf of "the left out millions", a re-action against *laissez faire*. For this protest there was abundant cause, as Liberals fully recognized. Liberalism was, indeed, working along the same lines in so far as it was seeking to employ the powers of the State to establish social justice. But to Labour enthusiasts the pace of Liberal reform seemed too slow and, having found in State action a means of remedying the abuses of capitalism, they rushed to the conclusion that all-round public ownership was the key to Utopia. Thus in its turn the re-action against *laissez faire* went too far and, "falling down on the other side", led to the tyrant State.

This collectivist trend, which set in during the later part of last century, and gathered increasing momentum during the first three decades of the present century, sapped the Liberal Party both from without and within. It attracted the bulk of the working-class and radical vote away from Liberalism to Labour, and weakened the Liberal defences by infecting Liberals with the idea that Socialism was a more "advanced" form of their own creed. Liberals, hesitant to attack collectivism lest they should be accused of being "reactionaries", speeded their own undoing.

The Bolshevik Revolution was hailed as "light from the East" and Russia became the Mecca of many progressives. It was not until the fascists in Italy and the nazis in Germany began to copy the communist model that the real menace of the new totalitarianism became apparent. Liberalism came to be regarded as *demodé*, and the "old-fashioned liberties" associated with it seemed of minor importance compared with the "economic freedom" promised by the socialists. The collectivist tide rose higher and higher, and swept away all but the most stubborn Liberal strong-posts.

Facts, however, are forceful—and sometimes brutal—teachers, and there is growing evidence that this tide has begun to turn. It has been demonstrated that Leopold Schwartzchild was right when he wrote: "There is hardly a surer way to lose all freedom than to make the State monopolistic owner, employer and feeder," and even in the ranks of Labour the

realization is growing that nationalization is not a cure-all. Labour leaders, recoiling from the logic of their own doctrines, are calling on their followers to rally against the communist assault in defence of what they call "democratic Socialism". But "democratic Socialism" is a contradiction in terms. When Mr. Attlee complains of the growth of "a spurious thing called Socialism, which is not Socialism but a bureaucratic collectivism," Frankenstein is frightened by his own monster. During the Italian elections Signor Saragat, the leader of the socialist group that broke away from the pro-communist group led by Signor Nenni, declared that he had abandoned his belief in the nationalization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange because it had been shown that this led to totalitarianism, and as a democrat he could not support it.

Under the impulse of this anti-collectivist re-action Liberalism has risen again in this country, while on the Continent groups have been springing up making 'personalism' their watchword, and proclaiming the ideal of "expanding liberty within expanding community" as their goal. The demand for federation expresses this idea in international terms. In domestic terms it means carrying on the Liberal effort to reconcile control and freedom. Socialism obviously cannot achieve this task without ceasing to be Socialism. Its key principle is the concentration of all power in the hands of the State. Conservatism, however, offers an unattractive alternative. "Entangled," as Lord Acton put it, "in traditions, interests, expedients" it is damned by its record and however vigorously it may protest that it has undergone a change of heart it will find great difficulty in persuading the electorate that it is the champion of the common man. If it represented the only alternative to Labour, it seems probable that the socialists would remain in office indefinitely. Nor would a pact between Liberals and Tories aid in getting them out. If Liberal candidates stood aside for Conservatives (as it is obvious they would have to do in the great majority of constituencies) it is likely that a larger proportion of the votes which they might have got would go to Labour. Thus, besides being wholly unacceptable on grounds of principle, such a pact would defeat its own object.

Liberals realize these facts and are determined to maintain their independence. They are striving to "rebuild the Liberal Party as an effective political force, capable of assuming the government of this country."* They are fully aware of the Herculean nature of this task, but they are not daunted, and, although they have suffered (and are likely to continue to suffer) losses on the right, they have been enlisting a growing number of new recruits from among the young and progressive.

The Liberal Party to-day is, indeed, a new party—new, to a great extent, in its personnel; new in its organization; and new above all in the freshness and audacity of its outlook. It confronts Socialism fearlessly,

* Resolution ("The Liberal Pledge") adopted by the Liberal Party Assembly, May 1946.

not with the selfish, negative "anti-ism" of the Tories, but with a consuming concern for the common man, whom Socialism would enslave, and with a burning passion for justice. Its old individualism has been transmuted into 'personalism', and its "Ownership for All" policy, which Mr. Walter James described in the April 1948 issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, is arousing great enthusiasm.

If the Liberal Party be regarded as a new party striving to establish itself, rather than as an old party struggling for survival, its prospects will not appear discouraging, and the by-election reverses it has sustained will be seen in their proper perspective. Its position is comparable with that of the Labour Party when it was fighting for recognition, and it has the crusading fervour which the Labour Party then possessed but has since lost. It is capable of presenting (as the Conservatives never can do) a positive, radical alternative to the Labour Party, which should attract increasing support from the "toiling masses", since it offers what they thought they would get from Socialism but are now finding Socialism will never give—"vested rights in their own living" and a just share in profits and control. Its reasonable attitude to controls, its proposals for the readjustment of taxation, and its demand for "fair play for the small man" should appeal to the middle classes, while its call to "free trade" puts an old slogan in a new setting where it is of paramount importance.

By coming out clearly in support of federation as the goal for Europe, it has set the pace in the movement for world government, towards which forward-looking men and women in all countries are turning as the one hope of establishing lasting peace. At once realistic and idealistic, it recognizes that progress towards the achievement of its aims must be limited by present conditions, but never ceases to challenge these conditions. It does not ignore the importance of material factors, but its dynamic is moral and spiritual, and everywhere and all the time it seeks to assert the rights of men as persons.

There is thus substantial ground for believing that the eclipse of Liberalism will not be permanent, but that this new Liberal movement will provide the nucleus of a middle party round which progressives and democrats can gather, and which will constitute the third force we so sorely need. Such a party would not represent a mere compromise between extremes—"middlingness" in that sense is a most uninspiring quality—but with its own positive policy of "liberty-within-community" would make its marching orders "not right, not left, but forward." For such a party millions of citizens are (consciously or unconsciously) looking. Mr. Parrish's title "The Inadequacy of Liberalism", is a strange one. It is not Liberalism, but its supplanters that have been weighed and found wanting, and unless men return to it, frustration, fear, wretchedness and servitude will be their lot.

ELLIOTT DODDS.

DEFENCE AND THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

By W. T. WELLS, M.P.

THE difficulties that have beset our country ever since the end of Lend-Lease, and in particular the shortage of man-power for our essential industries, have accentuated the urgency of the tasks of economic reconstruction almost to the exclusion of all else; and since 1945, without remission, the tendency has been for economic difficulties to grow more, and not less, acute. It was thus natural that, whilst the professional staffs of the three Services conducted a survey of the lessons of the war, little interest should be shown by the public and the politicians in the affairs of the Services, except in pruning the estimates and in supervising the welfare of those who either remained in the forces as war veterans or were conscripted or recruited during the years of peace.

In 1948, because the international clouds are darker without the economic clouds being lighter, the emphasis in all Parliamentary debates on defence matters has been on the question whether our defences are effective rather than on welfare, and on the question whether money spent on the Services is being used by them to the best purpose, rather than on arguing that it should not be given to them to spend at all. Indeed, the Opposition, which formerly used to berate the Government for demobilizing too slowly—a diversion in which many of the Government's supporters took part with enthusiasm—became vehemently critical when it was admitted that, because of the speed with which this process had, in fact, been carried out, our naval strength stood this spring at its nadir. Somewhat belatedly, perhaps, Parliament came to acknowledge that it was not possible to demobilize most of the trained and experienced men from the forces and at the same time to maintain these forces in a high state of efficiency. The Minister of Defence, nothing daunted, retorted, in effect, that demobilization was a disease that it was best to contract and cure early and quickly, like measles. His critics rejoined that it would have been better had he demobilized more completely and earlier.

It is manifest that a general, and fairly profound, disquiet lay behind these political manoeuvres, and that there is a widespread uneasiness about the future of peace and war. While such a state of mind is more likely to conduce to a sound policy than is mere complacent optimism, it is not, of itself, sufficient; in order to avoid a risk, a man or a nation must be aware not only of danger in general, but of the specific danger or dangers that lie ahead: which for a pacific nation, without any intent of aggression,

is exceptionally difficult. It is not enough to be willing to prepare; it is necessary to know for what the preparations are to be made.

In our military preparations it is necessary to reconcile, so far as possible, three conflicting claims. There is, first, the need of promoting economic recovery as far and as fast as possible. Our strength in war always has been, and always must be, founded on the industrial capacity and the commercial wealth of the country. As a result of the war, our industrial development has been distorted and our financial reserves dissipated. Thus, it may be argued, and often is, the first essential for building up military strength in the future is to neglect it for the present, to concentrate all our efforts on rectifying the balance of payments and on modernizing our industrial equipment, a process which must needs involve our cutting to the bone both the money and the manpower to be allotted to the fighting Services.

There is, secondly, the claim of our technical efficiency in the future. The charge that our defence ministries always prepare for the last war (or the last but one), whatever may be its justification, is very familiar. The rapidity with which new developments are taking place in the spheres of invention and technique is common knowledge; and among the other dangers and disadvantages inherent in devoting much effort at the present time to the maintenance of a great war potential, is the virtual certainty that in a few years' time the equipment and material now produced will be outmoded and obsolete, and that by producing it we shall certainly have added to our financial burdens without, perhaps, increasing our military security. This argument, like the first, leads to the reduction of current military expenditure to the minimum, but involves, no doubt, a higher degree of expenditure both of money and, even more important in this connection, of scientific manpower, upon insuring against the risks not so much of 1948 as of 1958.

But when both these very important claims have been taken into account the fact yet remains that the perils of 1948 have to be reckoned with. Military policy is but part of the whole, a means of giving effect to the international policy of the Government of the time; but when the world is disturbed, confidence shaken, and nerves on edge, it is a particularly important part. In addition to the age-old demands of Imperial security, sea communications, and home defence, there are commitments in Germany and Austria and increasing obligations towards France and the Benelux countries. Unless we are ready to face whatever may befall this year or next, our plans for a more distant future may be futile, and it is virtually certain that our hopes of building a strong and prosperous western Europe would have no foundation. That is conjecture; but what is certain is that unless we appear to be strong and capable of fulfilling all obligations, the countries of western Europe will not have the faith to stand firm against the perils with which they see themselves confronted and the temptations to which these give rise.

In order to fulfil these purposes we must have strong forces, so far as our limited resources allow, of a more or less conventional pattern. As Mr. Arthur Henderson said in the debate on the Air Estimates, in words that refer directly to Air Force problems, but relate to the general problem* :

It is sometimes suggested that it is a waste of money continuing to build new types of man-carrying aircraft when the scientists have brought push-button equipment within our view. The answer to that suggestion is two-fold. Press-button warfare as the major factor is not yet a practical reality. Even if and when the technical problems which it involves have been solved, there will still remain many air force functions which can only be carried out by manned aircraft.

While research and development are being pushed on unmanned weapons, it is clear that, concurrently with that, we must continue research and development towards the production of the aircraft, armament, and other equipment, upon which our security must depend for a number of years. . . . At the present time, when we are still exploring fields opened up by the discoveries of the war . . . it would be unwise to go into expensive large-scale production of types which would soon be out of date.

Our objective becomes fairly clear. It must be to make our present strength of respectable proportions without either destroying our prospects of economic recovery or losing sight of the absolute necessity of maintaining and staffing research establishments that are of the highest order of efficiency. To what extent are we attaining it? Or is it impossible of attainment?

Inevitably, the run-down of our forces from their wartime strength is being continued, and by March 1949, the numbers of men in the forces will have fallen still further to a total sum of 700,000 men; but of these, as Mr. Alexander pointed out in the debate on the Defence White Paper,† “only some 400,000 will be trained Regulars . . . Upon them will fall the brunt of the task of maintaining our essential commitments, and of training the intakes of men called up under the National Service Act.”‡ As the Minister of Defence rightly admitted, this constitutes “a state of unbalance” which inevitably militates against the present efficiency of the forces and raises in acute form the old problem, never satisfactorily solved before 1939, or after, of the extent to which it is reasonable and proper to call upon the hard-pressed regular forces to contribute to and take part in the training of the citizen soldier. “The essential difficulty,” as Mr. Alexander said, “is to find enough highly trained men to deal with recruits and National Service men.”

Speaking on behalf of the Opposition in the debate on the White Paper, Mr. Eden emphasized these lines of criticism. He carried the Minister of Defence's admissions about the unbalance of the Services a little farther by quoting an article published in *The New Statesman and Nation* which stated that the Army, as an effective fighting force, consisted of “two

Infantry Divisions, one Armoured Brigade, one Parachute Brigade, and one Armoured Regiment,” and he inquired whether this analysis of its active units were correct. He further stated, with reference to the *New Statesman's* figures* : “They mean that the 534,000 men we see as our armed strength at the end of next month, the overall figure, costing us more than £300 million to maintain, represent nearly all tail and that teeth are almost non-existent.”

He then developed the argument that the fact that the Government had had to reduce the number of National Service trainees by twenty-five per cent. in relation to the figure estimated in 1947 was one of several “alarming examples of the lack of a co-ordinated plan.” This was, no doubt, a perfectly legitimate line of Opposition criticism, but it can be used for precisely the opposite purpose to that to which Mr. Eden applied it. It can equally well be said that it is an example of a quick adaptation to circumstances that have changed and deteriorated, circumstances that demand the maintenance of efficient forces in being as compared with concentrating a very great proportion of our active military strength on the training of recruits. The facts would yet remain that that strength was still deplorably low in relation to the numbers of men employed, but that the latter were deplorably high in relation to the total manpower of the nation and the tasks to be exacted of it.

A solution propounded by Brigadier Head, the member for Carshalton, and one of the leading spokesmen of the Opposition on defence questions, made in a debate on the adjournment of the House before Christmas, to which he reverted in the debate on the Army Estimates, was that the whole of the National Service Scheme should be recast. His suggestion was, in effect, that the period of full-time training under the National Service Act should be reduced from one year to six months, and that instead of training, or seeking to train, the National Serviceman to take his part in the regular forces, no more should be attempted than to give him a basic military training and to make him a useful member of the “military mobile columns” which it is intended to constitute as part of our Civil Defence organization; a proposal which would have the merit both of reducing the strain of our present National Service scheme on the national economy and its interference with individual lives, and of reducing the demands on the regular forces to supply officers and N.C.O's for training, but would also involve a shortage of trained reserves in a few years' time, when many of the experienced men of 1939-1945 will have passed the age for active service. The argument put forward to counter this risk is that a future war will be short and sharp in character and that neither time nor the strategy employed will admit of the use of large armies. It is evident that quite a strong case can be made out on these lines, but there is too strong an element of speculation in it for it to be wholly convincing:

*Parl. Deb. House of Commons. March 4, 1948. Col. 540.

† *Statement Relating to Defence*, 1948. H.M. Stationery Office.

‡ Parl. Deb. House of Commons. March 1, 1948. Col. 42.

* Op. cit. at Col. 64. March 1, 1948.

other than purely military considerations may determine the mode in which an enemy conducts war; and clearly nothing would influence him more to pursue a particular line of action than the knowledge that his opponents relied on his not doing so. The decisive argument against Brigadier Head's suggestion is not, however, military, so much as psychological in its nature. Armed forces do not exist solely to fight: in peace, the object of their existence is, largely, to deter potential enemies and to encourage friends. The knowledge that we were about to take action that would reduce the number and the quality of our trained reserves would, on the contrary, hearten our enemies and discourage our friends. The criticism that the Minister of Defence has at his disposal "too many men, too little money" is not likely to find, amongst our friends overseas, much support for its first part.

Indeed, one of the aspects of the military policy of the Government that seems most difficult to understand is the precise proposal that gives rise to Brigadier Head's suggestion, namely the relationship of the Army to Civil Defence, and in particular "the mobile military columns to reinforce the local Civil Defence services" to which the Minister of Defence alluded * in the debate on the Defence White Paper for this year. Neither that debate, nor the subsequent debate on Civil Defence, did much to elucidate the precise rôle of these columns, beyond that they were to be available in localities where the weight of enemy air attack had been too great for local Civil Defence resources. The great question must be, is the provision of these columns to be a major commitment for the Army, or not? If not, the matter is hardly worth bothering about, and certainly does not justify compulsory military training for a period of six months. If it is to be so, it is an extremely serious matter indeed, since it would involve committing the most active part of the population to a purely passive rôle in the event of war, and thereby giving the enemy an outstanding victory quite irrespective of whether or not he employed weapons of mass destruction against this island. If it were decided to commit a large part of the Army to such a rôle, it would be a matter of the greatest gravity, and it is a question that should be thoroughly probed when the time comes round to discuss Service Estimates once more.

In the course of this year's debates, it was left to Captain Stephen Swingle, the Labour M.P. for Stafford, to make what was perhaps the most pungent criticism of the Government's Defence policy:

The Government have to my mind fallen between the two stools of the fulfilment of overseas commitments which they cannot really afford to fulfil, and of responding to the economic requirements of the country and its industrial recovery." †

And he continued, in words that were echoed on both sides of the House: When we look at the White Paper I do not feel we can say that we have in it the explanation of the overall strategic plan or of a unifying policy for the Services.

* Parl. Deb. House of Commons. March 1, 1948. Col. 53.
† Op. cit., at Col. 85.

Mr. Crossman elaborated this line of argument, for, after stating that cuts in the forces had been made "suddenly in response to an economic emergency and not in response to the necessities of a scientifically graded run-down of the armed forces themselves," he commented: "When the size of our armed forces starts being determined by economic necessity and economic crisis, then the country is in a very dangerous situation." And of the White Paper on Defence he said, in words almost the same as Captain Swingle's: "One cannot find in it a governing principle, or a policy on which strategy is to depend."*

Are these criticisms justified, and to what conclusions do they lead? It is always wise, even in dealing with such a subject as defence, which tends to fall outside the normal category of Party controversy, to discount to some extent criticisms of any government made by members of any opposition; but Captain Swingle and Mr. Crossman are supporters of the Government, not opponents of it, though they certainly are Members who have often taken an extremely independent line, and it is perhaps arguable that their approach to defence problems is a little doctrinaire. The common thread of criticism that ran through so many speeches is yet remarkable. There was great force in the Prime Minister's reply† that:

We must have something which is general and flexible. We must have a general scheme but we must have flexibility, looking ahead to the balance of the forces. The right hon. Gentleman‡ was right when he said we did not want something which was absolutely rigid.

But it is not a complete answer.

The truth is that, in the sphere of defence as in other departments of activity, this country has been compelled—and there was no choice but the abdication of our place as one of the world's great powers, which in its turn would involve, among many consequences that are unpredictable, the acceptance of a permanent lowering of our standards of living—to undertake commitments that were beyond our power, by ourselves alone, to meet. In the economic sphere the Marshall Plan will help to meet the deficiency; and the Marshall Plan, it is plain, has important consequences in the sphere of defence, as has the Benelux agreement. But neither the U.S.A. nor the countries of western Europe can give us all the help that is required to make our defence resources equal our defence commitments. For this purpose there must be a growing acceptance by the Dominions of military burdens in peacetime. Our hopes of framing a defence policy that is adequate to our needs and those of the world hinge on the prospects of the Imperial Conference in the autumn being able to reach effective agreement on policy in international relations, in economics, and in strategy; and it is above all to be hoped that the Dominions will realize that our great and growing commitments in western Europe are not, for them, added risks, but, rather, the best guarantee of their own security.

* Op. cit., at Col. 85.
† Op. cit., at Col. 156.
‡ Mr. Churchill.

INDIA AND WORLD POLITICS

BY SIR WILLIAM P. BARTON

FOR nearly three centuries the British Navy has been unchallenged in the Indian Ocean. It has protected the coasts of India and kept the seaways open; but for British seapower there is little doubt that Russia would have overrun India in the middle of last century. Because of it India was able to play an outstanding part in the two world wars; still more to develop politically till she was in a position to claim her freedom.

Who will control the Indian Ocean now that Britain has given India her independence? That is the main element in the problem of the defence of India. India herself could not build up the requisite naval power in fifty years. "The essential fact in the new situation," to quote Sirdar Pannikar, a well known Indian administrator, now India's Ambassador to China, "is that India is a maritime power with a predominance of interests in the sea. Without an alliance with Britain, India must inevitably fall into the orbit of Russia." Many Indian politicians support this view. "Russia is knocking at our door," Dr. Pattabhai Sitaramayya, a leading Congressman, told his audience recently. Another Congress leader in an address to newspaper men remarked that they had got independence without a navy to maintain it. Apart from the danger of invasion from the sea, carrier-based aircraft could work frightful devastation. "We must ally ourselves with Burma, Ceylon, Pakistan, the British Commonwealth, and France with her naval base in Madagascar. Mauritius must be brought under Indian control."

No-one can deny that India starts on her new career with very inadequate resources, in an unhappy and dangerous world. War clouds hang heavily over the western horizon. In a third world war India could not maintain neutrality. Without the support of the western powers she would almost inevitably fall a prey to Soviet Russia. Even without war there might be, if India stands alone, a danger of Russian intrusion. There is a possibility of civil war from the clash of interests of the two Dominions over Kashmir. The North West frontier in Afghanistan would naturally be involved. There would be a risk of the disturbances spreading to the Muslim Soviet republics in Central Asia. This would be Russia's opportunity.

Defence is closely allied to foreign policy. So far the India Government has not committed itself to anything definite in this sphere, despite manifest signs of impatience in some political quarters. There was indeed a full

dress debate on the question a couple of months ago in the Constituent Assembly, but it did little to clear the position. An Indian writer in an Indian newspaper described the proceedings as nugatory and depressing, not often rising above the level of a political kindergarten. Pandit Nehru was singularly indefinite. At Lake Success India, he observed, by her sympathetic attitude to oppressed nations, Indonesia, Viet-Nam, for example, had given offence to some of the great powers interested in colonial exploitation. That did not disturb his equanimity. "We are not citizens of a weak or mean country," he exclaimed, "and I think it is foolish to get frightened of the greatest powers to-day. I want to tell the world on behalf of this country that we are not frightened of the military might of this power or that." He went on to say that despite being Minister of External Affairs he was more interested in internal affairs because external affairs will follow internal affairs. For some abstruse reason he thought it necessary to stress that India stood for democracy and would, he said, resent anything opposed to the democratic concept. What he aspires to achieve is to give India the leadership of Asia, based on alliances which would include Pakistan, China, Siam, Indonesia, Malaya, Afghanistan and Persia. Australia might be admitted.

The Pandit's handling of internal affairs affords a striking illustration of the aptness of the theory of the close association of home administration with foreign policy. His intervention in Kashmir, for instance, has reacted unfavourably on the relations of India not only with Pakistan but with the Muslim States. His endeavour to absorb the historic Muslim State of the Deccan, Hyderabad, has had similar consequences, besides embittering the feelings of the forty millions of Muslims in India against their Hindu rulers. All this has weakened the military position of India. Two divisions of India's Army are, it may be noted, involved in Kashmir; the cost has already run into several millions sterling.

In the country generally the framework of administration built up by the British still holds, though creaking here and there. The Princes have been more or less absorbed, not entirely to the satisfaction of many of them and of their people. The Sikh danger has apparently been exorcised for the time being. The growth of Communism is causing alarm, particularly in the South and in West Bengal.

Political circles in Delhi can hardly regard without anxiety the situation in the South East Pacific and the Indian Ocean areas. The Kuomintang Government in China may be friendly to Pandit Nehru and the Congress, but with China torn asunder by civil war that may last for a decade such friendship means little. Burma is riddled with Communism; communist armies in South China might find the temptation to absorb the country too difficult to resist, especially if Russia sponsored such a movement. A port like Rangoon on the Bay of Bengal would greatly strengthen the communist position in China against the Kuomintang. Communism is rife in Malaya. With Burma in the hands of Russia and her communist

allies, India, if she stands alone, would have short shrift.

Trouble on the North West Frontier from militant Islam cannot be ruled out. For one thing the Afghan Government, disavowals notwithstanding, still casts envious eyes on Afghanistan *irridenta*—the country between the Durand line and the Indus—and might, if opportunity offered, seek to enforce its claim. It is more than likely that the Pathan tribesmen, if expelled from Kashmir and held back in the mountain hinterland by Pakistan forces, might turn and rend their co-religionists; Pathan and Panjabi Musalman have never valued each other's friendship. The result might be that tribal *lashkars*, with support from Afghanistan, would sweep the weak Pakistan forces across the Indus. That would be the end of Pakistan. But the Hindus would not rejoice. The existence of a powerful Muslim neighbour on the Indus eager for the spoils of India would be a perpetual nightmare.

Most Indian politicians would agree that the starting point for considering their foreign policy is whether India will stay in the Commonwealth or not. It is believed that some of the Cabinet Ministers in Delhi are now inclined to the view that she should do so, at any rate for several years, till she has found her feet. In any event a military alliance with Britain is proposed but its effectiveness would be greatly diminished if India should secede. On the other hand Pakistan, if Muslims can get rid of the feeling that his Majesty's Government is inclined to favour India to Pakistan's detriment, will almost certainly stay with the British. This would give the western navies bases both in the Bay of Bengal and in the Indian Ocean. If India moved in the opposite direction, the complications that would ensue, even with an alliance, would operate unfavourably on the military position.

Anglo-American sea and air power still commands the Indian and Pacific Oceans. India is the strategic centre of that vast ocean area. Bases on the Indian mainland are a pre-requisite of effective support by the western powers.

There is another equally essential element in ensuring the military security of India—complete Hindu-Muslim accord. This is not practical politics so long as India adopts a policy of aggression against Kashmir and Hyderabad. Both sides should work for a compromise acceptable to all concerned. India must realize that friendship with Pakistan will be impossible if India insists on retaining the whole of Kashmir. As to Hyderabad, there is no doubt that a square deal could be effected between India and the Nizam which would guarantee the well-being of the Hindu majority and at the same time safeguard the traditions and culture built up in seven centuries of Muslim association with the Deccan and its peoples. A settlement of the kind would be more easily brought about if India decides, at least for a term of years, to remain in the Commonwealth.

YUGOSLAV REALITIES

By ANNE DACIE

AT the end of the war in Yugoslavia there was only one railway line in working order: that running from Belgrade to Nish, a town in Central Serbia about 230 kilometres away. Of the pre-war 14,200 kms. of railway lines, 6,871 were destroyed, large sections of the tracks being torn up, sleepers removed and bridges and tunnels down. In 1948 not only are the old railways in use and restored, but 522 kms. of new lines have been constructed to link remote villages to their nearest market towns which hitherto lay within reach only by mountain paths, or rough stone-made roads. Moreover, in addition to the 3,573 bridges destroyed in the war nearly all have been rebuilt, including the railway suspension bridges at Belgrade and Brod across the broad Sava river, and at Belgrade and Novi Sad across the Danube; with new ones constantly being constructed all over the country where the only previous connection across the rivers had been by ferry. Such work of rebuilding and construction in any mountainous country would be considered an achievement in so short a time.

Whatever the trend of politics in Yugoslavia after the 1939-1945 war, no plan for the reconstruction of the country was possible without first this restoration and extension of communications in a land two-thirds of which consists of mountains, a rocky limestone plateau, and forests separating the fertile plains by the Sava and the Danube from the sea. Thus, it was not until nearly two years after the war that Marshal Tito introduced his Five-Year Plan for the industrialization of a country in which seventy-five per cent. of the pre-war population had been peasants, and 800,000 only engaged as workers in mines and industries. And of these some were employed only on a part-time basis in small industrial enterprises.

I paid my first visit to Yugoslavia at the beginning of October 1945. I remained in the country until the end of June 1946, except for a five-weeks' visit to Trieste in the spring of that year at the time when the Four-Power Boundary Commission met to examine the ethnic-economic problems involved in new Italo-Yugoslav frontiers. During my stay in Yugoslavia I travelled several thousand miles, mostly in open jeeps in the winter with only a Yugoslav driver as companion or red-starred soldiers to whom we gave lifts on the way. On other occasions I went on newly-opened railways, in sleeping compartments with clean sheets and towels;

in UNRRA lorries and staff cars; and once in an official limousine lent for my use by the Slovene Government for a week's tour of the Yugoslav military zone near Trieste before paying my first visit to that city. Except in Macedonia, which I intended to visit later, I travelled extensively in a country of six federal units all calling themselves a Republic after the General Election of November 1945, and united in a new Yugoslav "federal democracy" working feverishly for unity and peace.

I made my journeys as a "non-political" journalist openly collecting information on economic and social problems with full approval of the Yugoslav Government. The Government helped me by translations and the loan of interpreters, and arranged for military permits which were stamped without delay. Officially I was attached to UNRRA in so far as I was commissioned by the London European Office to write reports on the reconstruction work I had seen for myself on my travels, and the country's needs. I made my journeys as I wished, though they were discussed openly with Yugoslav authorities to whom I also reported voluntarily on specific needs in areas where Yugoslav official visitors were few owing to the general lack of transport, the appalling state of the roads, and the length of time it took to cover long distances in these areas where there were as yet no telecommunications. Moreover, this was at a period when it was constantly being asserted in western circles that foreign correspondents with a British or an American passport were being denied entry and travel permits by the Yugoslav authorities and that UNRRA officials of western nationality attached to the Yugoslav UNRRA mission in Belgrade were handicapped in their work by Yugoslav officials and prevented from seeing over factories using UNRRA goods. But until May 1946—and at that time statistics were difficult to obtain even about the Yugoslavs, more of which later—I cannot recall single instances when any information on economic matters I requested was withheld, nor when I was refused admittance to hospitals, schools, universities, military messes and barracks, or the prisons, mines, and factories I asked permission to see. And I am not a member of the Communist Party, nor even a left-wing Socialist; and neither have I any interest in politics beyond an intense curiosity in people and how they work and live. I could not even speak the languages of the new federal Yugoslavia beyond explaining in simple sentences that I was English, a journalist, and *not* a Communist; but that I was interested as a person in the story of Yugoslav suffering, and what Yugoslavia was trying to achieve. Nowhere did I find the door shut, even in areas where I was warned by the Central Government that they might be anti-west.

How then were my travels and the welcome I received as a curious foreigner possible, in a country reported to be ruled by a ruthless dictator, grandiose and bitterly anti-west, who was a puppet of Russia? My only introduction to Yugoslavia had been in meeting Yugoslav refugees when they first came to Italy in 1944. They came from a country of

sixteen millions pre-war of whom 1,700,000 had died during the war of liberation—in battle, through disease, because of the appalling atrocities committed by Croat Ustashi against the Serbs, with retaliation of Serbs against Croats, and in German and Italian concentration camps. My entry visa was granted in just four days. On arrival in Belgrade I was given the first private interview that Eduard Kardelj, the Vice-Premier, was said to have granted to any foreign correspondent. A known Marxist, he was reputed to be the chief political brains behind the National Front, composed it was thought of several political parties. With the aid of an interpreter I spoke with him for over two hours, and openly in front of him wrote down his answers, an action which seemed impolite at the time but which was the only way to make quite sure I remembered what he said.

Yugoslavia, he declared, was intensely proud and independent. Yugoslavs had fought for liberation, and they would fight for peace. It was a country of smallholders, many of them backward and illiterate, without improvement in their mode of life for over a thousand years. During their liberation struggle they had evolved their own form of Communism, though actual members of the Communist Party were comparatively few. Their Communism meant a communal life, arising from the necessities of war and the necessities of peace. In such a country work must be shared by all if progress was to be made in districts which to western eyes might recall the Middle Ages. "Think back," he said, "to your own history in Britain, and imagine what it was like in England, Scotland, and Wales when they first became united; and ask yourself if border incidents were always sponsored by the first united Parliament. Then you might understand Yugoslavia; as you, also, belong to a race known to be proud and independent. And can you imagine," he asked, "your country brooking any interference as to whether you received outside help in your work of reconstruction?"

M. Kardelj was emphatic that Yugoslavia was not dictated to by Russia within its National Front, though many of its new reforms were patterned on the Russian model, and Yugoslavs had natural ties with the Russians in the fact that they were Slav. But Yugoslavia equally wanted friendship and trade relations with Britain and America, as with Italy, and to be at peace with its neighbours in order to achieve that stability which alone could bring prosperity to the country, to the Balkans and to Central Europe. Yugoslavia, he went on, had many difficulties and had not yet decided to what extent it would nationalize industry though it was obvious it must nationalize communications, mines, springs and forestry. The restoration of industry was of primary importance to make needed commodities and to resume foreign trade; and as Yugoslavia's natural wealth lay largely in minerals and timber, the country needed technical schools for the young to encourage study in mining as well as forestry and engineering. Yugoslavia did not want collectivization of its farming

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lands ; Yugoslavia was fiercely individualistic, and collectivization was not appropriate to its needs. It had its own system of "co-operatives" known as the "*zadruga*", which had worked successfully for many years, only needing to be extended. Land reform was necessary for a redistribution of land to give opportunity to peasants in the devastated and poorer districts to farm now, if they wished, on fertile soil ; though many preferred their native surroundings, cultivating crops in small pockets of soil to be found in the rocky mountains of Montenegro, Hercegovina, and the Lika district of Croatia, where anything more than a hand-drawn plough would scrape the soil away. Choice lay with the individual ; but opportunity for choice should be given to all, plus the loan of tools, and education including model farms for instruction. Unity was the watchword and "the land to those who till it" the slogan for Yugoslavia's own form of democracy.

Yugoslavia wanted peace with its neighbours ; it had suffered so much from war. "But suspicion dies hard in a country so torn and devastated as we are ; and self-control takes time to learn where passions are easily expressed. War might best be compared to an illness in which the convalescence is the hardest part." There was deep appreciation of UNRRA ; but from experience Yugoslavia had learnt to fear the perils of exploitation.

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During my travels in Yugoslavia I spoke to many priests, teachers, doctors, lawyers, miners, soldiers, industrial workers, and peasants working with their hand-drawn ploughs on poor *poljes*. Comparatively few acknowledged themselves as members of the Communist Party, though nearly all favoured the reforms being introduced by the National Front provided they did not infringe too sternly on private independence. But all expressed confidence in Marshal Tito, and spoke of him in the same way that British people speak of Winston Churchill. He was their great war leader : a man who gave them courage once, and would give them courage again. With a pass to attend all the Parliamentary sessions whenever I was in Belgrade—except in June 1946—I had ample opportunity to study the Marshal of Yugoslavia ; and I can only say that even on the days when the New Republic and the New Constitution were proclaimed he appeared singularly indisposed in public to encourage personal applause, play to the gallery, or waste too much time. Tito, the peasants told me in Bosnia as well as in the Slovene Littoral, where I was invited as the guest of honour at the first Hunters' Supper to be held "in freedom after twenty-five years of Fascism" stands not only for the man who with personal courage brought liberation from invaders, but also as the symbol of encouragement to eradicate ignorance and illiteracy and establish independence "for the unity of all South Slavs." Simple peasants are as a rule honest when they tell you these things ; as they are quick to notice guile in a stranger.

I have to-day a moderate-sized suit-case full of information of an economic-social character which I collected and took out of Yugoslavia. In that depressing summer in Belgrade of 1946, when one felt that an iron hand was clamping down on liberty, my papers were certainly "borrowed" ; but they were always returned, and not one page is missing. And looking through that suit-case I see that the Yugoslav work of reconstruction must have been prodigious ; it was the genius of sheer determination defeating laws of logic. But then I had been down a mine shaft at Idria and had seen the difficulties of mining mercury in a half-demolished mine of which all the maps had been lost ; I had crossed safely a hand-built wooden suspension bridge over a deep ravine not far from Mt. Durmitor in Hercegovina, to the cheers of the Yugoslavs for the Austrian prisoners-of-war who had built it ; and I had met a Serb woman feeding three babies as well as her own, black-eyed Hungarian twins and a fat German child on the flat Yugoslav-Hungarian frontier in a Children's Home scrubbed clean with cold water in the winter at a time when fuel consisted of maize-stalks—and it is only honest to say I was impressed.

It is small wonder that the Yugoslavs are keen on the Five-Year Plan which is going to electrify the whole country, drain marshlands, improve rice yield, plant fruit trees to prevent soil erosion, and encourage potatoes, wheat, sheep, and pigs to multiply to three times the pre-war levels, though keeping the cattle and the coarse-grained crops as they were. They have plenty of iron ore in the country to manufacture steel for locomotives, machine tools, and tractors, if they can rebuild the furnaces of the steel-works and procure the necessary coke which at present they get from Poland. Oil they must have, and their late friends, the Albanians, are not at present sending the oil for which they have already paid two milliard dinars in credit, as well as giving a large loan to assist Albania in her troubles. Money they need, in a country which three years ago had seven foreign "soft" currencies in circulation. The job then was to stabilize the "dinar".

On June 4, 1948, Yugoslavia signed the first contract by which it is selling Britain £3,750,000 worth of timber, more than one-third of which is in hard wood. It is expected that Yugoslavia will use its sterling on engines and engineering tools. There is talk of a loan from America and the unfreezing of Yugoslav gold ; but it is to be hoped that if this is so the loans will be made unconditionally, for pride works best when trusted.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY

BY WILLI HOMMEN

VERY much has already been written and told by foreign and German observers about Germany, and yet there always exists wrong opinions in other countries on the actual situation. This is felt by the Germans when they get foreign newspapers or when receiving mail from friends abroad.

The published articles are from foreign observers and from the Germans themselves. Regarding the former, it should be pointed out that the foreigner always observes the German situation through the lenses of his own national glasses, thus taking the measure by comparing his country with Germany. Each correspondent will come to Germany for a limited time, touring various places that are of special interest to him and speaking to authoritative people. He will hereby have a one-sided picture impressed in his mind though he may sometimes talk with parts of the population. To obtain a better impression, the correspondent ought to have been living for a long period, perhaps years, in the country and so to get a personal experience on the life in Germany before, during, and after the war in the different stages. It would seem natural that the members of the occupation power should have made a better look into the people's life since they are to live in Germany for rather a long time. They have in no way the personal contact with the population which is required to acquire this knowledge, the more as they chiefly deal with the responsible men which have partly been given their office by the occupation authorities.

Finally, there are the reports of the Germans themselves. You will find them in the editorials of the dailies and in other publications. Very often you will find the situation put down clearly although it may have been pressed through a party-political filter. But these publications very seldom find the way into the foreign press, and if so, chiefly in extracts only. If these extracts are torn out of the context, they have a misrepresentative effect.

How does the man in the street in Germany take the news of the day and what does he think about it? I will try to explain how the average German of to-day regards the economical and political situation of his country. To jump into the present-day life: "Will there be a war?" is anxiously asked by everybody. There are first the great pessimists who count on its outbreak every hour and who have nearly no mind to under-

take anything as they fear that all they can do will be in vain. They are very often those who have lost all their belongings and beloved by the war and its aftermath. In this category belong the huge masses of expellees now pouring into the western zones, having lost their kinsfolk not knowing whether and where to find them.

These people soon pass into another category: those with a completely indifferent mind, nothing can bother them at all. What can they lose now? Their bit of life? This had long enough hung on a thin thread which they don't care if it breaks.

The next category are the curious sort who, one might say, are longing for the war. If possible they would take up arms at once and go fighting, and every day that no shooting starts yet, they think lost. "Alas, militarism", every foreigner now thinks, "it's always deeply rooted in the Germans!" No, you cannot place them on the same level. Almost all of them are Germans who were forcibly driven off their homes and shifted into the western zones under most cruel circumstances. Long after the end of hostilities the civilian population was maltreated and discriminated against, and they saw what powers were hidden behind the acting individuals. To these people it became evident they would not be likely to return to their homeland in which generation after generation had grown up. And so they became willing to conquer their land by force if necessary. Don't tell these people what cruelties the Germans committed during the war for they have felt on their own bodies the same sufferings if not worse and they point out that the present victors had always announced they would shrink from such cruelties.

The last group does not think of war, leastways not in the near future. They mostly are the people with a clear and calm thinking which has not yet been so strongly affected by the recent developments that they have lost their commonsense. They weigh the relations between the east and the west and they conclude that none of those powers is yet able to wage a chaotic war. In this connection the question is often heard how the western powers could be so short-sighted as to come so far with the Soviets who are slinging more and more obstacles on the former's path. It is true that the news on armament in the countries of the western democracies, reorganization of the general compulsory service in the forces in the U.S.A., etc., has contributed to this opinion of the Germans.

The chief problem of the Germans is the trouble of their everyday life and what they will eat tomorrow and no other thoughts can come up besides this one. That the German people have not been driven into the arms of Communism is due first to the war. There is hardly anybody who holds the Soviet Union the paradise of man. Too many had been in that country during the war as soldiers and they could compare conditions there with their own. Still more, the German population are kept away from communist tendencies by thinking of the prisoners of war still living in Russia. Why are no more P.O.W's discharged, asks the German

and why is there no postal connection with our prisoners there? And when the Germans hear the cynicism with which the leading men of the Soviet Union speak about that problem, even the last will lose his spirit to join a party that approves of a régime like that, the more as the Germans had felt themselves what the methods of dictatorship are like.

Nobody in Germany is speaking of a food crisis any longer since a crisis is normally regarded as a temporary state, but no end can yet be seen in the shortage of food that is below the subsistence level. The man in the street blamed the occupation powers for carrying on a starvation policy, and the good will, very often broadcast by press and radio, was termed hypocrisy, for nearly none of the promises given was kept. Just one example: every year since 1946 the Netherlands offered surplus vegetables and fruits to Germany which amounted to many thousands of tons, and which are very badly needed by the German population. Negotiations between the occupation officers and the Dutch authorities were started each time and the offer was rejected because the costs were too high, and so about half of Holland's vegetable produce had to go rotten. Last year, many Dutch vegetable producers crossed the border on the Lower Rhine and sold off the vegetables at a loss to the local German population in order to avoid its perishing. Early this year, fresh negotiations were entered on the same subject and after several contradictory statements the papers announced officially that an arrangement for import of Dutch vegetables had been made and the Germans in the towns felt a little easier remembering the recent years with hardly any vegetables on their tables. In the first weeks of May the Germans in the western zones got to know that General Clay had forbidden, without further explanation, the delivery of German industrial goods and chemicals in return for Dutch vegetables and the Dutch supplies that had meanwhile started, were stopped at once. Even those who, after the armistice, believed in the constructive policy of occupation powers and kept on to convince their countrymen of it, started doubting themselves.

Last, but not least, the dismantling programme was announced in Germany and hundreds of thousands feared to lose their jobs. As a complete contradiction to the dismantlings there were the plans for the reconstruction of the German economy the victor powers aimed at, and nearly nobody in Germany believed in its realization. The German standard of living sank steadily. Nobody will hear anything about calories which, by the mysterious calculations of the powers-to-be, are always said to stay on the same level in spite of constant reductions of the rations. The less goods and food there are to distribute, the more bureaucratism is prospering.

The next stage was that the Marshall Plan was announced and western Germany was to be included in this aid from the United States. Strong voices were loud against the ERP from the communist-controlled east

zone and the unity of Germany and the efforts that should be made to achieve it were the nucleus of their arguments. Of course, the communists in the western zones made the same argument their mouthpiece. The population accepted the Marshall Plan with very mixed feelings and most of the people had not the right confidence in it. The masses had been too often disappointed to believe in real help once again. They said: "If they give us more to eat and we need not hunger any longer, it will be all right. But why send us machines and other industrial goods out of this credit? The masses cannot comprehend that these things should help to bring the devastated German economy on its own feet again. "For," they say, "if we can keep our own industrial capacity and the dismantlings will not be undertaken, we shall soon be capable of making those things all by ourselves. But now we shall always be debtors to America and for centuries we shall have to pay for our debts beside the reparations."

All these thoughts are expressed by a people which grew more and more embittered in the post-war years and hunger is certainly not the remedy to reduce the consequences of that bitterness. Even at first thought nobody had the opinion that the Marshall Plan was to be introduced in Germany for the sake of humanity and everybody was well conscious of its political significance. As little as Communism enjoys the favours of the German people, many voices favoured the consideration that a larger share of communist votes in the elections would have made the occupation powers think, compelling them to grant a better food situation to prevent a further spreading of Communism.

In April of this year the fat ration was a little increased (the meat ration was reduced to one quarter) and more increases were suggested for the months to come. These promises have actually been fulfilled and instantly, the confidence in the promises grew. Step by step the opinion gets space that the Marshall Plan might mean an aid to our economy. It is now up to the policy of the occupation powers to do their best that this little spark of hope will not be extinguished. Many Germans think that their country has been chosen for the outlet of non-marketable goods and they have some proof of this. There were, for instance, more than twenty million yards of textiles released by Military Government for sale to the population. Textiles are very very short in this country and people do not care so much what kind they wear, if only they can get them. Those twenty-odd million yards are a light cotton fabric and designed for Congo Negroes, with lion heads and the like. The Negroes did not accept them and, since they cannot be sold anywhere else, they were shipped to Germany, where the fabrics had to be manufactured by order of the occupying powers. This and other things are items the German looks at resentfully.

But still other problems are in store for the Germans. The currency reform has been discussed for years. On Friday, June 18, at night,

Military Government announced the Currency Reform Law to come into force on the 20th. Long queues were lined up before the banks on Saturday to pay in their cash or to draw the money necessary for exchange of the "per capita quota" of sixty marks for Sunday.

On Sunday every German was as poor as his neighbour and he possessed forty marks of the new currency and did not know how long they were supposed to pay for his living. Although it had been made known that wages and prices would be kept unaltered, nobody knew when the employers and enterprises would get money to pay their employees. Still on the same Sunday night the new black market prices noted 1 mark for an American cigarette; a pound of butter ten to twenty marks, then 240 old marks, etc. On Monday one could read from the papers that the rationing of household goods, motor cars, bicycles, bicycle tyres, sewing machines, wireless sets, was suspended. At first nobody could grasp the idea but the prices and the little money at hand clearly showed the relation. Suddenly the shops were full of goods and despite the little money, many things were bought and the shops had a relatively good turnover. Chiefly china and similar things were purchased and many people thought that, once they got their first wages they would actually be in a position to buy the most necessary things. The great question, however, is whether the production can keep pace and whether the full shops with the long-stocked goods are not perhaps a bluff. On the other hand, there will be so little money in circulation that not many things can be bought that offer and want may possibly find a certain normal way.

But what about the savings deposits of the individual? A corresponding devaluation will still be considered and it is not yet certain whether a part of the accounts will be issued at all. At any rate, the head-quota, which will be sixty marks soon, will be deducted from the account in proportion; for instance, a family of four persons gave 240 old marks (RM) and received in exchange 160 new marks (DM), the remaining 80 DM later. If that family has a banking account of 3,000 RM, 2,400 RM will be deducted at once because of the head-money given. A person who had no money at all on the exchange day could get the old money from a relief organization without binding himself to repay anything and, practically, he gets his head quota presented.

When the currency reform came into force the economic enterprises were bare of any cash and nothing has yet been decided what will happen to the old money stock of the firms. First of all they are dependent on banking credits to comply with their liabilities at all. Many a firm can no longer keep open under these circumstances and an unemployment figure of about one million was indicated which is said to be temporary only.

In conformity with the currency reform the tax reform is an urgent presupposition if the former is to succeed. In effect the tax will be cut by a third on average in a medium income group. By the end of the year

1948 a *Lastenausgleich*, balancing of charges, is scheduled which is intended to benefit those parts of the population who have lost everything by the war at the expense of those who could keep their goods, and the opinion is put in the foreground that possession of valuable goods in the present times is a grace. Details about the *Lastenausgleich* have still to be worked out.

Directly after the announcement of the currency reform in the German west zones, communist voices were loud. The system introduced is fresh water to the communists' mills and posters announce that the little man has again been fooled and that by this coup the capitalists have saved their share. As a direct measure the communists demand a twenty per cent. increase of wages and protection from dismissal for six months and that the property of the trade unions will not be affected by the money reform.

As the Russians did not accept the currency reform for their zone too, the zones are foreign countries as to their exchange and the inter-zonal traffic was stopped as soon as the western German currency was introduced to avoid a flooding of the Soviet zone with the old money. But some days later Marshal Sokolovsky issued an order for a money reform in his zone. But no new bank notes are issued and the Germans can exchange certain amounts of their money to other notes having a special coupon applied to them. The exchange rates are higher than in the western zones and also the savings will not be so affected. The Soviet currency reform was not introduced in the Soviet zone alone but was intended for the whole of Berlin too in opposition to the fact that Berlin is governed by four powers. The Russians insist that Berlin is practically a part of their zone. The natural consequence was that the western powers introduced the western currency also in their Berlin sectors and now there exist two different currencies in one and the same city. Can anybody imagine what that means to the population, their supply of goods and the working of the economy?

And as a result what will the future fate of Germany be in the political and the economic field and can international diplomacy ever untangle this knot that has been so intricately made?

PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION

By F. N. KEEN

THE leading characteristic of the Private Bill system is its combined use of legislative and judicial processes in the attainment of its objects and the solution of the problems with which it deals. A Private Bill*, after passing through the allotted procedure in each House of Parliament, emerges as a Private Act which has just the same dominating force in our body of laws as a General or Public Act. The meaning of any of its provisions, if disputed, may have to be interpreted by a court of law, but the validity of any provision of the Act cannot be challenged in a court any more than that of a provision of a Public Statute. The function of a Private Bill, however, is to deal with the interests and concerns not of the people generally throughout the whole country but with those of particular bodies or persons or particular localities, and for that reason it is subjected by Parliament, at one stage in its passage, to a procedure of a semi-judicial character which ensures that the evidence and contentions of parties specially affected shall have an opportunity of being heard, and an endeavour shall be made to protect private or particular interests against risk of injustice before the Bill becomes an Act and is thus part of the law of the land.

Private Bills are not introduced, like Public Bills, on the motion of Members of Parliament in the House of Commons or Peers in the House of Lords, but on petition by the parties outside Parliament desiring their enactment, and those parties act throughout the proceedings as promoters of the Bills. The procedure to be complied with is laid down in Standing Orders of each House of Parliament and ensures that soon after the Private Bill and the petition for it are deposited in Parliament due notice of the objects of the Bill shall be given by public advertisement and also by individual notices to certain Government departments and other bodies and to owners, lessees and occupiers of properties specially affected. Officers and a committee in each House are appointed for the purpose of ensuring that the Bills are duly examined and certified as complying with the Standing Orders or as meriting a special dispensation by the House from such compliance.

A Private Bill goes through the same stages in each House as a Public

A Private Bill must not be confused with a Public Bill introduced by a private Member of Parliament (as distinguished from members of the Government). Such Bills (the practice of introducing which has been suspended since the beginning of the war owing to pressure of Government business) are sometimes loosely and inaccurately referred to as Private Bills.

Bill : first reading, second reading, committee stage, report stage and third reading ; but all except the committee stage are generally only formal.

The committee stage is quite different in character from that of a Public Bill. Instead of being taken in the House itself or a large Standing Committee, it is taken before a small committee which is specially enjoined to act impartially. Parties claiming to be injuriously affected by the Bill are allowed to deposit petitions in opposition, and parties desiring that the Bill shall not be altered as a result of opposition may deposit petitions against alterations. If there are no petitions against a Bill it goes to a Committee on Unopposed Bills for hearing. If there are petitions against it the hearing is before a committee of four Members in the House of Commons or five Peers in the House of Lords. The committee hear evidence and arguments on behalf of the promoters and the petitioners in much the same way as the parties to a cause are heard in a court of law. The committee first deal with the case for the Bill as a whole and its broad objects as disclosed in the preamble. If they decide that the preamble is proved, they go on to consider the clauses of the Bill and hear any opposition that is directed specially against particular clauses or in favour of the insertion of new clauses or amendments or protective provisions, the promoters of course being also heard. When the committee have completed their task and decided whether the preamble is or is not proved and whether or not any amendments should be made or new clauses inserted, the chairman of the committee reports the Bill to the House with a statement of what the committee have decided about it.

A Private Bill must be distinguished from a quasi-private type known as a Hybrid Bill. This is a Bill which is introduced as a Public Bill, generally on behalf of the Government, but to which, because it affects the private rights of particular parties or a particular section of the community, the Standing Orders relative to Private Bills are applicable. After second reading it is referred to a select committee, where its merits are inquired into and discussed in the same way as if it were a Private Bill. Justice is thus done between the State and the particular subjects affected by the measure.

With its procedure for full and impartial consideration of controversial issues raised by the proposals of the Bill, and with the character of unchallengeable validity attaching to the resulting Act, it is obvious that a Private Bill is an instrument by means of which the carrying out of many activities of public service or control may usefully be provided for and local problems and controversies of many types may conveniently and advantageously be thrashed out and brought to a definite and final solution.

Here are some of the main objects for which the procedure of Private Bill Legislation has been used in the past :

1. The alteration of the areas for exercise of the powers or jurisdic-

tions of local authorities or local tribunals or other bodies.

2. The conferring upon local authorities of powers of local government, control and administration in excess of those conferred by the general law.

3. The authorization of joint or co-operative action by different local authorities, statutory companies or other bodies, or by local authorities in conjunction with other bodies.

4. The setting up and carrying on of undertakings such, for example, as railways, harbours, gas-works or water-works, for which special powers or privileges are needed, such as powers for the compulsory purchase of private lands, the compulsory levy of rates or tolls, or interference with public highways.

5. The creation of statutory companies or special corporate bodies (such, for example, as a Sea Defence Commission, the Taf Fechan Water Board or the Railway Clearing House) or other authorities, and their equipment with special powers necessary for carrying on public undertakings or exercising other public functions.

6. The granting to individuals or corporate bodies of power to carry on activities which might be liable to restraint as nuisances under the general law, or to exercise other privileges which, in the absence of special authorization, would contravene or go beyond the general law.

7. The authorization of the construction and maintenance of works that have been constructed without necessary authority.

8. The sanctioning of agreements for purposes which would not be valid under the general law, or the giving of legal effect to promises agreed to between parties whose legal rights or obligations are in dispute in cases where legal force cannot be given to such promises without special legislation.

9. The compulsory revision of the terms and conditions of agreements, or arrangements, rights or obligations, which have become out of date or inequitable through lapse of time or change of circumstances.

10. The alteration of the legal rights and interests of holders of shares or stock or debentures, or other parties concerned in a company or other corporate or jointly owned undertaking or fund.

11. The re-organization of the constitutions or financial arrangements of local public bodies or undertakings.

12. The change or adjustment of conditions or situations involving injustice to particular individuals, corporate bodies or localities.

The Private Bill system has been in operation for centuries; but in modern times, and particularly in the years that have elapsed since the outbreak of the 1914-1918 war, the extent of its activities has been greatly contracted through the conferring upon government departments of authority to grant, by Orders, many powers which previously would have been granted by Private Bill, and through the development of a

tendency to amalgamation of the undertakings of companies and the areas of local authorities, with consequent reduction of the number of bodies wanting to promote or oppose or seek protection against Private Bills.

Those who have had much experience of the working of the system will probably agree that the proceedings of Private Bill committees have commanded very general satisfaction on the part of promoters and petitioners with whose cases they have dealt. This is due partly to the fact that their decisions have been generally recognized as based on justice and commonsense. It is also partly due to the fact that the proceedings are conducted in public. The publicity inspires confidence that justice is being done. The parties realize that the issues submitted to the committee are being fully examined and fairly decided by a tribunal whose decision, openly and promptly given, spells finality. Even defeated parties will often go away feeling and saying that they have had a fair run for their money.

A legislative instrument which has proved so satisfactory in actual practice ought not to be allowed to fall into disuse, and it seems desirable therefore to consider whether any opportunities present themselves for an extension of its sphere of usefulness to new fields.

The schemes of nationalization which have recently been passed through Parliament must surely give rise to many difficulties, injustices and uncertainties in the application of their provisions to the varieties of circumstances upon which they will have to operate. One can imagine that many cases will arise where difficulties due to local circumstances can only be cleared away by special enactments, for which Private Bill legislation will be the appropriate procedure.

There are likely also to be local difficulties needing to be smoothed out in a similar way in relation to works constructed or operations carried out under wartime emergency orders which have ceased to be in force.

One consequence of the extension of the powers of bureaucratic inquiry and decision has been that dissatisfaction has arisen in many quarters both with decisions arrived at and with methods of procedure adopted by Departments or their officers. Some remedy seems clearly needed for meeting this situation. There have been suggestions put forward at one time or another in favour of the creation of an independent administrative tribunal to which contentious cases of this kind would be referred, or to which there could be an appeal from a departmental decision. Some solution of this kind may ultimately emerge, but, as matters now stand, in cases where large interests are at stake and there are grounds for serious dissatisfaction a remedy might well be sought by means of a Private Bill.

In the grave times of economic crisis through which we are passing there is need to take advantage of all possibilities of providing improved facilities for helping farmers to secure increased home production of food on an economic basis, and thus to reduce the need for import of food. It

may well be that some local authorities might be able to help in the provision of such facilities, and that the obtaining of special powers by Private Bill procedure would be necessary in order to enable such help to be given. For example, where a market is carried on by the local authority in a provincial town surrounded by an agricultural area, the local authority might be empowered to organize and run a service of motor vehicles which would systematically collect from the farms and villages in the surrounding area agricultural produce, and convey it to the market for sale, or to the town railway station for re-conveyance elsewhere by rail, and also convey to the surrounding farms and villages goods purchased at the market and agricultural machinery and materials needing to be drawn in from the town or through the town railway station.

A market authority might also be empowered to provide premises, apparatus, services and other facilities for assisting the surrounding agricultural community in regard to the storing, preservation, grading and packing of agricultural produce, the testing of the quality of agricultural materials and products, and kindred matters.

The existence of railway level crossings in many localities up and down the country has long been a subject of public complaint and an obstruction to business and economic interests. Attempts have often been made without success to secure the substitution of bridges or tunnels through sharing of the cost between railway companies and local authorities. As traffic has increased, the necessity for removal of these obstructions has become more pressing, and now the great need of the country for speeding up the production and movement of goods makes the matter more urgent. It may also not unreasonably be thought that the substitution of the British Transport Commission for the railway companies should facilitate the successful conclusion of arrangements for the sharing of the cost of the abolition of many level crossings. Private Bill legislation would probably prove the appropriate means for confirming arrangements of this kind and meeting any difficulties involved.

In the various trading estates that have been established in different localities the production and distribution of goods has been facilitated by the provision of special apparatus and arrangements for communications and conveyance of traffic between factories and roads, railways and canals, and for loading and unloading of goods, and otherwise serving industrial needs. Cases may well arise in some towns where such arrangements for affording assistance to industry could be provided in particular localities by local authorities, if the local authorities could be equipped with the necessary powers. The Jarrow Corporation Act 1939 is an example of the way in which a sympathetic local authority was able, by a Private Act, to get itself into a position to give exceptional assistance to local industry at a time of great trade depression and unemployment. The Act gave special powers to the corporation, subject in most cases to the consent of the Minister of Health, to promote much needed industrial development

in the borough by the provision of sites and premises for the establishment or extension of industries, trades and businesses, the laying out and development of lands thus acquired, and the grant of easements, rights and privileges in, under or over such lands. The corporation was also empowered to advance money to purchasers or lessees of lands for enabling or assisting them to erect buildings or to adapt, alter, extend or improve existing buildings. Special powers were also included for extinguishment of public rights of way over lands acquired for industrial development purposes; for reinstatement of owners of property acquired; for payment of allowances to persons displaced; for establishment of information bureaux, and for advertisement of the commercial advantages of the borough. Valuable help in the preparation and passage of the Bill was given by the late Miss Ellen Wilkinson, who was then the Member of Parliament for Jarrow and very sympathetic with the difficulties and distresses into which the town had fallen.

We are told that one of the troubles from which this country, and not this country alone, is going to suffer for some years to come is a great shortage of capital. If that is correct investors are likely to be especially critical of the credentials of companies whose capital they are asked to subscribe, and there may be some extension of the use of the statutory company as the body to be entrusted with the ownership and control of a large and important undertaking. The statutory company, with its incorporation by special Act of Parliament and its regulation under the familiar provisions of the Companies Clauses Acts, has always held a high place in the hierarchy of joint stock companies.

Education is another matter for consideration. There have been problems arising in recent years in connection with the position and powers of universities and colleges and the objects of charitable trusts for educational purposes. Special arrangements about such matters have in some cases been sanctioned by Private Bill.

At the time of the passing of the Education Act 1944 through Parliament there were many expressions of doubt, especially among the non-county boroughs and the larger urban districts, as to whether the arrangements for confining the status of local education authorities to the county councils and county borough councils and the provisions regulating the delegation of functions by county councils were the wisest possible in the interests of educational efficiency. Now that there has been some actual experience of the working of the Act, it may well be that in particular cases it may appear that better arrangements could be organized.

The 1947 Report of the Local Government Boundary Commission, issued in March, shows that that Commission had received much criticism from the "divisional executives" and in some cases from county councils, of the working of the system of delegation under the 1944 Act.

The Private Bill system affords a suitable method for meeting exceptional circumstances in particular cases in education, as it has long done in the

past in public health and building regulation and other branches of local government administration. Thus, if a case should arise where a particular local authority or a group of local authorities are satisfied, and feel able to prove by evidence, that their area or combined areas, as the case may be, ought, in the interests of educational efficiency, to be administered in a different way or with larger powers or discretions than are available to them under the general law and the established system of delegation, there is no technical reason or consideration of principle to interfere with their seeking authority from Parliament by Private Bill for the setting up of a special régime or the grant of powers for satisfying the local need. In all these possible new fields of operation, which have been cited for purposes of illustration, Private Bill legislation is a convenient instrument because it is highly flexible and provides a direct, complete and effective means of doing just the thing that is needed to meet the special circumstances of a particular case.

GOLDEN ORIOLE

BY RUTH TOMALIN

Over the Golden Falls
an oriole whistled down the tender wind.
The copper oak-leaves rippled to his calls ;
the listener lay still,
drinking the arrant sunlight, honey-skinned
already with the hot suns of April,
and dreamed an oriole like a daffodil.

The golden water fell
in a soft prelude to the perfect note,
when, peal on peal, a burning villanelle,
extravagant as a flamingo, shy,
touching the mandolin of his sweet throat,
the legendary oriole went by
winging to love under a delicate sky.

The quiet woods remember and they quiver . . .
as winds awaken whispers in a well
the haunted forest hears a low flute cry,
most glorious and pitiful, the knell
rung in that high noon for a passing-bell
by the last oriole, to the Golden River.

THE WRITER AND THE GUN

BY ROLAND MATHIAS

IN 1914 the last stanchions of Victorian existence snapped off short. An England which had not really recognized that its industrial potential had been outstripped since 1880 by Germany and the United States had to face the fact of war. But the crash was not mainly economic. The moral fervour of Gladstone's radicalism had been replaced, in any case, by the Fabian Society's belief in an economic solution. The non-conformist conscience, in retreat since Queen Victoria's death, was lost among new terms which it had not time to comprehend. Lies and diplomacy rose up like a wave and the middle class, already swimming desperately in a tide of sentimental materialism, went down. The body, when recovered, was unrecognizable. Only a litter of habits and conventions on the beach reminded the curious of a former civilization.

In 1939, on the other hand, no one was lost who had not been torpedoed once already. Idealists had learned at Geneva and Guernica that the accepted international values were those of might. Pacifists were less sneered at, but more from nerves and uncertainty than goodwill. England had never really settled down since 1920, and the alternative values were ready long before the air-raid shelters were up.

1914, then, was a direct break: 1939 was not. The writer may, in rare cases, create his own environment; usually he reflects it. In 1918 it was for him to complete, if he could, the broken arcs; if not, to shape his writing towards their overwhelming question-mark. In 1945 the fact of war, to an Englishman, had not been worse than his apprehensions of it. He had had twenty-five years' experience of doubt and self-examination, only dimly remembering, if at all, settled social and moral values. Here and there, perhaps, a young writer came out of the wood in which his parents had taken refuge and scanned the ideological distances. But he was advancing over essentially the same ground, expecting the same battle, ready.

Post-war literature has only significance as a class of writing if the impact of war is specifically considered. Plainly, then, one must leave on one side developments in technique. War may affect a writer's whole view of life and therefore the material about which he chooses to write. In turn, of course, he may feel that new material demands a new technique. But this is more than one step and in a primary consideration of the impact of the two wars on English writing only one step can be made.

What moved a man to write his hopes, his fears, his teachings, his omens in 1918? And what in 1945? Why did he really want to write at all?

The first answer one may give for poets is shock. The horror of the trench-fighting in 1917 and 1918 both loosened new tongues and stopped many mouths for ever. To Wilfred Owen the poetry was "in the pity": to Siegfried Sassoon it lay, bitter and caustic and uncompromising, in the appalling sacrifice of the common man and the complacency of "brass-hats": Rosenberg and Robert Nichols were aware, for the first time, of unity between man and man: Edward Thomas and Julian Grenfell were probably happier than they had ever been, their responsibilities lost in the general risk. But the impetus died. The poets of war perished in battle or lived on in silence. Those who went on writing, like Robert Bridges, tried to create a philosophy of beauty which might make picturesque the ruins of a broken society. Or else, like James Elroy Flecker, dying of tuberculosis, they mingled east and west, bringing Greece into Gloucestershire. Beauty was timeless, of Painswick and Damascus, Dover and Parnassus, of saint and statue, but rarely of a recognizable England of field and hedgerow, much less of slump and General Strike. The last unreal glow was dying on the world of Kipling and Hilaire Belloc: it was useless to be strident with a tub in the shadows. England was not the same and even poets knew it. Society was unhealthy, breaking in boils and tumours. One literary tradition and consciousness was at an end; there was no means of telling if the travail were of death only, or of birth as well.

T. S. Eliot was the poet most aptly to describe this bared society:

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of Man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock)
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

This was *The Waste Land*. Outside of a man there was nothing axiomatic, nothing to be counted on. No principles, few conventions even, only the degradation of what had once been great.

Thus far into the desert with the serious. Some, however, never travelled at all, but sat playing with sticks in the dust, taking occasional swigs from bottles of fizz they had with them, laughing and remembering the oases. Somerset Maugham was there, drawing *The Circle*, and Noel Coward, drinking grenadine and writing, writing. For some it had all happened so long ago. E. M. Forster's novel, *A Passage to*

India, written in 1912, shows clearly the shock English society was to receive. This was not England after war, but India, India suffering under caste and snobbery, India with its teeming millions and many religions. But the blow it administered to Christianity and humanism was identical; not in this case concentrated evil, but concentrated suffering, needless and irremovable. Mrs. Moore, an elderly well-meaning Englishwoman and a practising Christian, pays a visit to the Marabar caves:

The echo in a Marabar cave is . . . entirely void of distinction. Whatever is said the same monotonous noise replies and quivers up and down the walls until it is absorbed into the roof. 'Boum' is the sound, as far as the human alphabet can express it or 'ou-boum' or 'bou-oum',—utterly dull. Hope, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeak of a boot, all produce 'boum' . . . The more she thought over it, the more disagreeable and frightening it became. . . . If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same 'ou-boum'. Suddenly, at the edge of her mind, Religion appeared, poor little talkative Christianity, and she knew that all its divine words from "Let there be light" to "It is finished" only amounted to 'boum'.

Man has, perhaps, fled into caves and grown out of them several times in his history. But Englishmen, living on an island, had been rather long out of theirs and they had to live with their echo for a while before they knew that caves are very much alike, whether in India, Europe or America. In the 'twenties their bits and tatters looked very little different from the bits and tatters of France or Belgium or any western European nation. God's Englishman had been killed. Boum. It was no use evolving a type who could be broken in bits from outside. England was no more an island. Whether moral, religious, philosophical or merely conventional, English writing must have a certain universal validity. The world was to be the new society.

Particularly was this important for the novelist, whose art is so much more dependent upon the shape of society than that of the poet. A novelist must have, in order to create more than a chance kaleidoscopic success, a conception of society and persons outside himself moving and thinking according to some commonly accepted pattern. Only so can realism become classical and objective. V. S. Pritchett wrote of George Eliot that "people do not appear haphazard in her books. They are not eccentrics. They are all planned and placed. She is orderly in her ethics, she is orderly in her social observation. . . . It's a sense of life which has been learned from the English village where every man and woman has his definition and place." What she taught, in effect, was "the interest of massive writing, of placing people, of showing how even the minds of characters must be placed among other minds." For the new writer this was an almost impossible path to follow unaided. How to place the minds of others when the common principles of even the English village had disintegrated? He must be a Romantic, beginning with himself and projecting his long shadow over the whole book.

Ultimately, however, he wanted to build, to construct. There were

perhaps some universal principles, not necessarily obvious in English society, which might be valid. In two camps universal claims were made and among writers moves were made towards both; the Collectivists and the Catholics earned notable recruits. It must be said that the years 1939 and 1945 seem in this connection to have no particular significance. The drift began before the 'thirties, and the second war, while creating a number of eddies, has not checked it. Nothing new appeared except a concentration of evil sufficient to crush humanistic beliefs altogether, unless they took refuge in the stark autocracy of Communism, risking the falsification of the end. On the whole Catholicism, with its acceptance of the fact of suffering, gained ground.

At first, however, despite the conversion of Chesterton, the honours in the field went to the other side. English perhaps in its insistence on the spirit of community rather than on international economic dogma, it grew and flourished, a group of poets under the banner of W. H. Auden. England of the crisis, of complacent Baldwinism, of starving Jarrow and South Wales—to him, Stephen Spender and Cecil Day Lewis it was a living lesson of the need for constructive writing as a national, rather than a personal, function. In an over-populated country there could be no aesthetes living singly in ivory towers, nor even a watcher idling beside a useless fortification. They would write for the people, bringing the intelligence of internationalism to help a national need.

There were two things wrong with this: first, that all these men were *bourgeois* intellectuals, schoolmasters, whose writing was neither read by the workers (this was a matter of English tradition, as perhaps Wordsworth could have told them) nor, if it had been, would have been intelligible to them and, secondly, the shifting of the focus of poetic inspiration from the individual to the group proved disastrous to their art. They were in the wrong medium. Poetry is essentially personal. It is not mass-produced in sing-songs nor dutifully chanted on Party-days. So W. H. Auden, from being a brilliant young man who won the King's Medal for Poetry with his first book, went up F6 with Christopher Isherwood and came down the other side weak and repetitive, finally tottering into an American professorship and comparative silence. C. Day Lewis, always over-estimated, petered out. Stephen Spender, the least facile of them, found the Spanish war a dull blot on his anti-fascist dream and painfully slewed round into criticism and prose.

The dogs are barking, the crops are growing,
But nobody knows how the wind is blowing:
Gosh, to look at we're no great catch;
History seems to have struck a bad patch.

Political idealism had run up against one of the laws of literature and barked its shins.

Meanwhile two young men who were to be numbered among the most refreshing and significant novelists of modern England had become

Catholics. One of them, Graham Greene, was drawn to Catholicism perhaps partly in an attempt to rationalize the fascination of violence, plain in all his books, and partly because the novelist has greater need than the poet to measure the span of his society, his world, and understand its motives. In *The Lawless Roads*, a study of the state of religion in Mexico, published in 1939, he describes the end of a cheerless day in San Luis Potosi:

I went into the Templo del Carmen, as the dark dropped, for benediction. To a stranger like myself it was like going home—a language I could understand—'Ora pro nobis'. The Virgin sat on an extraordinary silver cloud like a cabbage with the Infant in her arms above the altar; all along the walls horrifying statues with musty purple robes stood in glass coffins; and yet it was home. One knew what was going on.

Understanding which alone would enable him to project and place other minds without making them pale shadows of his own; a world, in fact, a workable world, whether desirable or not. How much more use to a novelist was this common spiritual core than would be a regimented uniformity of economic circumstances! The one opened the road to the imagination of the classical realist, the other only to the inductive method of the psychiatrist. And for the other Catholic novelist, Evelyn Waugh, some such feeling must have operated too. *Brideshead Revisited*, published in 1946, made use of the social placings afforded by a constructive faith.

Most of this division happened, as I have said, before the late war. But it would be, at worst a falsehood, at best a simplification, to suggest that the majority of writers have ever been, either before 1939 or now, attached to the Catholic and Collectivist camps. The Auden school was challenged in the 'thirties, not only by an intensely individual poet like Dylan Thomas, but by a more organized group calling themselves 'apocalyptic' and advocating, albeit not in the plainest of terms, a return to a mystical religion and the old moral values. Their 'personalism' as set out by Henry Treece and J. F. Hendry in the anthology *Transformation*, was a demand for re-emphasis on the individual soul. It was perhaps English Protestantism combining with the natural artistic ego to protest against collectivism.

Obviously, however, the more intermediate and individual the position, the more likely it is to be shaken. Or perhaps one should say, the less likely it is to postulate absolutes and therefore the more likely to be changed by or adapted to circumstances. It would be well, then, at this point to consider whether the impact of the second war had any marked effect on this body of English writing.

A first reaction would be to deny any effect whatsoever. The physical experience of war need add nothing to an emotional development in which fear of it and preparation for it had occupied the whole of adult life; only the unready need a *volte-face*. But if not the war itself, the fact of Naziism was a shock to some who had walked blindfold. Before that gigantic confluence of evil struggling beliefs in humanism and rationalism

were carried away. Nothing but a faith, a mystique (if only on the lowest level) could survive this and be stronger. Alun Lewis and Sidney Keyes, both killed, had an air of detached fatalism about them but no more. The young Christian poets, however, increase in number, untroubled by the bewilderment of 1918. Norman Nicholson, W. R. Rodgers, Ronald Duncan, Kathleen Raine and Anne Ridler are all notable examples of the recapture of confidence. The continuing power of T. S. Eliot, whose Anglo-Catholicism is perhaps a mystique of the Church rather than of the individual, but with an entirely English basis despite his reliance on the ancient world, is for these younger writers as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The Collectivist tide runs rather lower. The land-marks of individual faiths are reappearing. That is true at least of poets. But the young novelist is in much worse plight. Unable to accept a spiritual core such as that offered by the Catholic Church or unaware of it, and scorning a rule-of-thumb method of creating character based on externals (as might be offered by the acceptance of an all-demanding political or economic faith), he continues the limitation under which the English novel has suffered—by way of Samuel Butler, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf—in beginning with the certain 'I'. The approach to other characters is by way of externals but, for fear the result should seem stereotyped, excesses of one sort and another are still in favour.

Nevertheless, the approach through externals produces patches of brilliant writing. In the second novel of Denton Welch, a young artist born in China, the autobiographical boy of fifteen appears by way of his linked sensations, his reactions to castle puddings, cowpats and saucers of Chinese ware. *In Youth is Pleasure* is a startling book; one has the impression that the whole atmosphere is clinical and the criteria those which the clever psychologist would use. In this and similar writing the crudescence of sex continues, because sex, resulting in identifiable physical action, can the more easily be set down in the clinical card-index. Common to almost everybody, it may be elevated to the level of a human principle.

Individualist writing of this sort would be more at home in the short story. Significantly, interest in this form has grown apace and many young writers use it deliberately to avoid dimensions they feel they cannot master or to hide the absence of large-scale placings they cannot make. One way of merging the short story into the novel is, of course, to write about children and the minds of children, whose placings are unthinking and incomplete, unchecked against those of the adult world. Denton Welch's startling boy of fifteen is unaware of fixed relationships with any of his family. Even the Bethnal Green schoolmaster whom he comes closest to liking loses him in the end: the boy confesses to him and then kicks him in the face. Overwhelmingly effective in the short story, this method in the novel becomes a game of hide-and-seek, in which the reader

gets tired first.

Deliberate limitations of this sort could be multiplied. In the absence of a settled society, whose principles are well understood and can be released at will, romantic writing must twist and turn to catch the constant ego in a new light. But constructively the emphasis must lie on the builders, those who are actively trying to influence the shape of society. Allegory is again popular; so are abstractions. These are signs of the builders. Inexperienced, they leave curiously-shaped tools about. Karl Shapiro, an American, in his *Essay on Rime*, says that history, meaning an indifferent or malignant God, has become a key-word with certain writers; history, the universal after-comment, the wisdom too late. But at least an abstraction is a recognition of the need for universality. It is an attempt to construct a philosophy of a whole life. J. B. Priestley is still providing and exploiting the emotional urge to build a new world, though his ground-plan, as in *They Came to a City*, is vague. Aldous Huxley again, fore—rather than after—armed, is looking for the universal faith. Driven out of rationalism by world evil and into pacifism by war, he postulates in his 1945 novel *Time Must Have a Stop* his new belief in The Divine Ground. "A shared theology," he says, "is one of the indispensable conditions of peace. For obvious and odious historical reasons, the Asiatic majority will not accept Christianity. Nor can it be expected that Europeans and Americans will swallow the whole of Brahmanism, say, or Buddhism. But the Minimum Working Hypothesis is also the Highest Common Factor." It is significant, too, that Somerset Maugham, who always excelled in the creation of a central materialist observer taking a detached view of the foibles and weaknesses of the remaining characters, is allowing this criticism, probably an impetus out of the last century, to be superseded by the urge to build. Now well over seventy, he shows a surprising affinity for semi-Asiatic immolation in *The Divine Ground*. His post-war novel *The Razor's Edge* picks an American as the exponent of careful walking towards this lost horizon.

Universal claims of this sort are aids at least to the general direction of a novel, if not to many of the landmarks. But to Catholics or Collectivists they savour too much of an individual peep-hole on the world, and too little of the practical. They use neither the apostolic succession nor the fundamental economic urge of man. Like all individualist standpoints, they will fail in a crisis, when the inevitable violence comes. Rex Warner, the outstanding novelist on the Collectivist side of the balance, set out in his wartime novel *The Professor* an allegory of the powerlessness of liberal humanism, with its tolerance of evil in the State, against the tide of Fascism. "I hate because I love" was the slogan the Professor failed to accept. Because of that failure he must give way to the organized force of the people, to the revolution, to the power of brotherhood based on a common belief. Possibly that was not Rex Warner's last word. His later work, *The Aerodrome*, again an allegory, shows an uncertainty of the

final virtues of efficiency as against those of tolerance. But at least he has been impressed by the power of collectivism in time of danger. Humanism, he would say, must shed liberalism and cease to appeal only to the rational. Only by liberating the emotional in man and by stark ruthlessness to selfish opposition, can suffering be eliminated from the world.

Preaching killed H. G. Wells as a novelist and would have finished Bernard Shaw as a dramatist if his dogmas did not run both ways at once and make the audience dizzy. Participation in the struggle kills the detachment, the ability to be of the people and yet not with the people, which a novelist must have. For Aldous Huxley is right; beauty is either dangerous or irrelevant to God and to the efficient eliminators of human suffering. Aesthetics are treated harshly by both. One cannot love art and not be changed. If, then, some English novelists are using the placings afforded by Catholicism or Collectivism as an aid to writing, they are far from *terra firma*. They are not really looking for God or for a painless world, either of which would be their defeat, but for a set of human principles which they could release at will and have understood of all.

Marxists and Catholics are, in any case, dominated by crisis, by the doctrine of progress, by the contemporary world-picture. They still know where they are going. But their very movement, their preparation for the death-struggle, belittles them as writers. They have discarded the Protestant ego and the moral laws against which that ego often rebounded. The interplay of character, indeed the creation of character (which made the nineteenth century novel great) is abandoned. And many writers who own no label have slipped after them into the rôle of unofficial historian.

"This strange new personage," as V. S. Pritchett writes, "has taken possession of the novel as a mist takes possession of the streets and all who breathe it are transformed and, I think, are also diminished." In brief, the novelist, on the defensive, believes in his ego only as a private sensibility commenting on history. Elbowed by a critical world situation—or perhaps by popular education and the pressure of war and crisis towards collectivism—the individual is on the way out.

Henry Reed was partly aware of this transition during the war. Ironically he wrote:

Today we have naming of parts. Yesterday
We had daily cleaning. And tomorrow morning
We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,
Today we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens
And today we have naming of parts.

The firing is not yet. We are still at the naming of parts. But when the whole ideological gun is assembled, the writer, one of the last to wish away his ego, has a shrewd suspicion that he himself may be at the end of it: the wrong end.

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JOINT ADVENTURE

By JOHN ARMITAGE

THE climax reached last month when so much social service legislation came into force on July 5, gave many opportunities for looking back over the domestic history of the last 150 years. In a review of those years many names press for acknowledgment but none more justly than that of the Webbs. *Our Partnership* is thus published at an auspicious time.* Covering the first twenty years of the Webbs' married life it continues the story begun so brilliantly by Beatrice in her first volume of autobiography *My Apprenticeship*. Like that book, the second is composed largely of extracts from Beatrice's diary, a method so revealing of personal as well of public fortunes that it is difficult to determine which gives the reader the greater pleasure.

As far as this book is concerned it matters little that the final assessment of the Webbs' work cannot yet be made. Plain as their wish was to divert the stream of social thought, Mrs. Webb was never absolutely certain herself what that assessment would be. Her book is the flesh and blood of history not its bones. So she doubts:

Public administration is the alternative to private enterprise, and since private enterprise is corrupt and selfish we propose to supersede it by democratic control. But it is, on the face of it, as unlikely that the collectivist principle will apply all round as that the individualist principle would solve all the social problems of fifty years ago. . . . But of one thing I feel certain. The controversy which seems to us now so full of significance and import will seem barren and useless to our great-grandchildren; they will be amazed that we fought so hard to establish one metaphysical position and to destroy another.

And she makes spot judgments, some of them shrewd though cruel, like this on John Morley: ". . . a pitiable person as a politician; all the more so because he is conscientious and upright. It makes one groan to think of that moral force absolutely useless"; others wide of the mark, though all penetrating and most, amusing. Love, too, and the desire to protect the "other one" can make it difficult for her to know her own mind:

I do not feel confident that he would be a big success in the House; I do not think the finest part of his mind and character would be called out by the manipulation and intrigues of the lobby. And then a parliamentary career would destroy our united life; would cut at the root of a good deal of our joint effort. Perhaps that is why I distrust my dislike of his going into Parliament; it would take so much away from me, personally, would add so many ties and inconveniences. Sooner or later I suppose he will have to make the sacrifice—but better later than sooner.

It is curious how well this book suits the needs of the social historian. The facts he knows, or can know, by the study of documents; and it is on these that the book is sometimes obscure. The rambling chapter entitled "The Unification of London Education" must surely fail to give a reader, ignorant of the subject, a clear picture of what took place; but what it so triumphantly succeeds in doing is in permitting the historian to take his facts and to relive them in the atmosphere of the time. Perhaps this obscurity is symptomatic of a frustration in Beatrice's attitude towards the workings of the London County Council; she understood it but was not of it. Sidney was cleverer, I think, than she at sharing experiences that were not his own—except religious ones—so the joint adventure was not so manifest in tasks that she did not personally share. One senses that Sidney was at times less conscious of Beatrice behind as well as beside him, than she was of him—at the hostile meetings of the Royal Commission on

**Our Partnership*, by Beatrice Webb. Edited by Barbara Drake and Margaret I. Cole. Longmans, Green. 25s.

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the Poor Law, for example. Perhaps that is merely to point a difference between man and woman in any successful marriage partnership. Sidney to Beatrice was a possession, "my boy"; Beatrice to Sidney a much beloved helpmate. But it is difficult, if intriguing, to judge. Undoubtedly their gifts were complementary and if Beatrice's mind was finer, Sidney's was ruthless.

One of the astonishing features of the Webbs' joint life was its discipline. Beginning with a private income which placed indulgence well within their grasp they not only rejected such a use of money but did so knowing well that they were missing much that made life full in the best sense. Music, art, literature and the theatre were practically closed to them; they had no time for it. Sidney—again one suspects—had no need of it. But Beatrice, whose solace in prayer the Haldanes found impossible to credit, must resolutely have closed a door which was opened only on rare visits to St. Paul's.

Looking back it seems probable that the worst fault of the Webbs was lack of appreciation of the value of the work of others. It was their approach or none. So the insurance schemes which are now the lynch pin of our social service State received scant attention:

... we are wrong, and likely to become wronger with Lloyd George and Winston Churchill over immediate issues. We do not see our way to support their insurance schemes. We shall not go against them directly, but we shall not withdraw our criticisms in the Minority Report. If their schemes can be carried out we should not much object. Both have good consequences. But we still doubt their practicability, and some of the necessary conditions strike us as very unsatisfactory. The unconditionality of all payments under insurance schemes constitutes a grave defect. The State gets nothing for its money in the way of conduct, it may even encourage malingerers. However, we shall honestly try not to crab the Government schemes: they are thoroughly well-intentioned.

So were the Webbs thoroughly well-intentioned: certainly their methods of investigation determined that they took things as they found them, even if led to false deductions, such as the overwhelming desirability of making the L.C.C. the education authority for the whole area. But the years of this book see them at their happiest. For almost the whole of the time they were working at self-selected tasks as investigators, using their dinner parties regardless of party politics to further their beliefs. So they had friends on both sides of the House and their home was the melting pot of ideas. In 1909 there is a change. At that date began the fight for the legislative and administrative proposals of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission and the plunge into propaganda. Beatrice saw the danger. She wrote: "you cannot at one and the same time exercise behind-the-scenes influence over statesmen, civil servants and newspaper editors, while you yourself engage in public propaganda of projects which these eminent ones may view with hostility or suspicion." Beatrice, wise after the event she says, sometimes regretted this turning point in the history of the Webbs. Others may regret it also.

THE END OF AN AGE, by W. R. Inge. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

There are writers, Dr. Inge is one, who have not thought fit to reduce their principles to one co-ordinated system, but rather have declared their opinions in a series of essays, from which the reader is left, if he be of the mind to do so, to extract a coherent doctrine. The former Dean of St. Paul's reveals in his latest book a breadth of religious and philosophic mind coupled with those personal and characteristic idiosyncrasies for which he has prepared us in his

earlier articles and volumes, so that, at the end, we are in some bewilderment how to connect his profound generalities with his local and vehement prejudices in favour of euthanasia and on control of birth. The Doctor, however, with all his dislikes and affections, is a profound thinker and prophet and his opinions deserve the most serious consideration.

Basically, of course, Dr. Inge is a Platonist and an admirer of the neo-Platonic school, of Plotinus in particular; his translation of whose works and commentary thereon is of lasting value. Now, in his new book *The End of an*

Age, he writes: "Ultimate values are the most real things in the world—it is in our power to live resolutely in the Good, The Whole and the Beautiful." This, he declares, following Plotinus, is the last word in philosophy. Nevertheless he justifies a relative pessimism: "The brighter the sunshine, the darker are the shadows. To ascend beyond good and evil is not for man in this life." Shallow optimism is to be reprobated. And again: "The world of space and time is sacramental. It is linked to eternal reality through love, for in love the divine is incarnated to win deliverance though suffering; life though death."

So far the Doctor reveals himself as a Christian Platonist. The proof of God through the observation of nature, a method employed by St. Thomas, following Aristotle, and commended by the Catholic church is not utilized. "The Universal is the only reality" and our world at best but a reflection of it—so far Dr. Inge rejects the Aristotelian denial of universals and places himself with St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Augustine and St. Bonaventura in his acceptance of Eternal Norms. Yet, despite his repudiation of Catholic philosophy as now officially accepted and taught, and the Catholic Church as the sole divine institution on earth, he is no uncritical Protestant; he condemns Luther for his separation of faith and works, and sees in the "reformer's" acceptance of final sovereign secular power the beginnings of the modern glorification of the State, a tendency which the author abhors. He concedes that medieval papalism, in insisting on the supremacy of the spiritual over the secular, as exemplified by Hildebrand (he might have added Innocent III), upheld a more Christian principle.

National qualities are not to him absolute; he points out how once the Scandinavians were the terror of Europe and the invading Tartars quiet agriculturists. Rather does he favour the views of Christopher Dawson in his *Progress and Religion* (a book which

Dr. Inge once commended to me and to many others as of permanent value in cultural science and history). "The Curse of War" is a moving essay and the author again denounces the medieval Church for its toleration of chivalry and the religious orders of knighthood; he declares that it was the heretics, the Catheri and the Albigenses who protested against fighting, though the later Protestants, Luther and Zwingli, with their Erastian leanings, did and could not. Hegel, Moltke and Treitschke are their successors. It is significant that the limitation of battle to "just" war in the Catholic Church has no such qualification in the thirty-nine articles.

Yet in the chapter headed the "Sickness of Christendom", Dr. Inge gives us little that is constructive. The notion of an over-riding ecclesiastical authority, binding upon the consciences of Christians, he repudiates: "There will be an end of the insolent arrogance of exclusive ecclesiasticism" he writes. "There will even be friendly intercourse with the religions of Asia." Nor is the Bible in his view any more infallible than the Church. An inner light alone will carry us forward, a reliance, that is, upon personal experience and practice in love coupled with the metaphysic of the eternity of God. Here he quotes with approval St. Thomas of Aquin: "There is no possibility of real Being to pass out of existence."

To some it may seem that Dr. Inge has confused the admitted failure of the Catholic Church with its divine mission, but that is to enter into polemics unsuited for a review of this work.

Politically, Dr. Inge is a Victorian individualist and deplors the encroachments of authority, secular as well as religious, but when it comes to questions of eugenics, which of all matters would appear to most people to be radically personal, he appears as a full blooded Platonist, willing to accept much control in the interest of "good births"; such an attitude is difficult of reconciliation with his general liberalism.

HENRY SLESSER.

THE FEDERALIST—OR THE NEW CONSTITUTION, by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Max Beloff. *Basil Blackwell, Oxford.* 9s. 6d.

This scholarly production by the new Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions in the University of Oxford is most useful for two quite different reasons. It throws a searchlight on the background of the political institutions of the United States, and never was it more necessary for us in England to understand the American Constitution. But it also underlines the complete fatuity of seeking in the political processes of the transatlantic giant any useful analogy with the conditions of a possible supra-national government in Europe. In his Introduction Mr. Beloff first of all makes the point that, while it certainly deserves a place among the great texts of political science, this series of essays by "Publius" published in serial form in the New York press between October 1787 and August 1788, is not to be regarded as a fount of economic wisdom; for, whatever its intrinsic merit in that respect at the time, "it is the economic interpretation of the politics of a pre-industrial society." He then examines the circumstances surrounding its composition, supplies an analytical guide to the text, showing the underlying structure of general political ideas, and essays an evaluation of its place in the history of political theory. The essential content of this tract for the times, which for all its great merits reveals the characteristic American "unawareness of history as a continuing process," is indicated at the end of Publius' first essay (by Alexander Hamilton):

The utility of the Union to your political prosperity . . . The insufficiency of the present confederation to preserve that Union. . . . The necessity of a government, at least equally energetic with the one proposed to the attainment of this object. . . . The conformity of the proposed constitution to the true principles of republican government. . . . Its analogy to your own State constitution. . . . and lastly, the additional security which

its adoption will afford to the preservation of that species of government, to liberty and to property.

The last sentence is significant of the interests upholding the Constitution; merchants and planters against a motley collection of urban radicals and insurgent farmers.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

THE ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF GERMANY, by W. Friedmann. *Stevens.* 25s.

Whether we are concerned with the future of the Ruhr or with the general problems of Germany's development, the key to the problem is always the same: no solution is possible until and unless the capacities and needs of Germany are treated as part of a wider international plan.

The international situation to-day changes so quickly that a book of this kind, written as a contribution to politics, becomes in the space of a few months a work of history. In 1948 the Allied differences that in 1947 seemed to Professor Friedmann, as to many others "not yet unbridgeable", have become so much more clearly defined that the separation of Germany into east and west is generally accepted as an inevitable feature of the present political landscape. Professor Friedmann's "wider international plan" is indeed taking shape, but it is a plan that is as sharp in what it excludes as it is wide in what it embraces. Thus while it is still true that as between Great Britain, the U.S.A. and France, and particularly as between France and the other two western powers, there may be "conflicting policies insufficiently adjusted to one another," as between the three western powers on the one hand and Russia on the other, it is no longer a question so much of a failure to adjust conflicting policies as of a conflict in policy that is openly and plainly insusceptible to adjustment. Hence, inevitably, arises a certain appearance of unreality in much of the book.

None the less, this is probably the calmest and the most comprehensive account of the German problem that has appeared since the war. The historian will probably consider the Allied

occupation of Germany as essays in international co-operation, in national reconstruction, and in international leadership; from the points of view, first, of the extent to which the Allies succeeded in subjecting their individual aims and methods in achieving what at one time, at any rate, appeared a common purpose; secondly, of their success in bringing physical order out of chaos, and, thirdly, of their success in persuading the Germans to follow their own examples in the fields of government and social life and so of abandoning the ways that reduced them, in 1945, to the status of international outcasts. In each of these respects Professor Friedmann makes a critical and well-balanced contribution.

There is little that needs to be said here of the co-operation, or lack of it, between the Allies, of the differences of purpose that are dividing the west from the east and are checking, and to some extent reducing the efficacy of, the work that the three western powers are doing to achieve a united western Germany. Of the work of reconstruction, Professor Friedmann has much to say that is just and illuminating, of the conflict between the desire to prevent Germany from being a menace through her misery, so urgent in 1945, and the desire to prevent her from being a menace through her strength, so potent a factor during the war years whilst the military government of Germany was being planned. He is outspokenly critical of the extent to which the latter trend has influenced post-war policy, notably in the dismantling of German industry, but he does not seem quite to appreciate that it may be difficult to guide Germany into the paths of peace whilst any substantial part of her war industry remains intact. He is equally critical of our policy towards trade unions and trade associations, and he asserts roundly that in treating the former as existing solely for the purpose of collective bargaining the British have missed their great opportunity. On the other hand, he criticizes our introduction of local government on the English model as

going too far in the direction of imposing on the Germans ideas and institutions that are alien to them.

These two problems, of trade unions and local government, raise in an acute form the question of the nature of the leadership it is wise and practicable for their conquerors to give the Germans. Should they teach or should they hold the ring while the Germans learn for themselves? This is the crucial question of the occupation, and the value of Professor Friedmann's book is limited by the extent to which he fails to make clear what his own answer would be.

W. T. WELLS.

FROM CHARLEMAGNE TO HITLER. A short political history of Germany, by J. S. Davies. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

THE COMING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Georges Lefebvre. Translated by R. R. Palmer. *Princeton University Press*; *Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press.* 16s.

In his early chapters, Mr. Davies makes some useful contrasts between situations in England, France and Germany. He shows that "in other circumstances" various beginnings of nationhood in Germany might well have grown into something comparable with those institutions which have survived across the centuries in England and France as recognizable elements of the national fabric. In Germany, however, they remained inchoate and fragmentary, and history there was long to be a record of confusion and disintegration prevailing over attempts towards unity.

He gives a good account of these conflicts, but does not always establish the broader background. He tells us little of the religious significance of the Reformation, and its effects upon the minds of men; and he says little about Luther's personality. Similarly, a closer study of Frederick the Great is needed if we are to see why he became a pattern to be followed by other leaders of Prussia and Germany.

The estimate of the achievements of Metternich and Bismarck, and of the methods they used to enforce their policies, is concise. There is no reference however, to Bismarck's proclamation in 1862 of the policy of "blood and iron". Mr. Davies considers that Bismarck's *Reichstag* has been unduly criticized; he surmises that French reactions might have been almost as sharp if Bismarck had not edited the Ems telegram before releasing the communiqué that precipitated the Franco-Prussian War.

In the much disputed question of the extent to which the Allies assented to the Fourteen Points put forward by President Wilson as a basis for peace negotiations, the author simplifies the situation unduly by stating that the Allies "agreed to the proposal", subject to a German undertaking to pay compensation for all damage. He thus omits the specific qualification about the freedom of the seas, and he does not make it clear that what the Allies really accepted, with some reservations, was the interpretation given to the President's proposals by Colonel House, although this commentary was not communicated to the Germans.

Mr. Davies is successful in describing the forces which brought Hitler and the Nazis to power, and their manoeuvres and stratagems. He would have made his narrative more complete if he had explained the importance of all those theories of the State, and of German national objectives, which had been adumbrated by German historians and political philosophers from the nineteenth century onwards. In a political history of Germany, it is surprising to find no reference to Clausewitz, with his axiom that "war is a continuation of policy by other means," nor to such latter-day 'prophets' as Houston Chamberlain and Rosenberg. To omit a full discussion of these ideas, so often disregarded by the outside world as metaphysical and incomprehensible absurdities, is to overlook one of the main dynamics of German action.

M. Georges Lefebvre's volume was intended for a wider public, and written

in 1939 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Revolution. The Vichy Government subsequently tried to suppress the book entirely, and ordered eight thousand copies to be destroyed. It is difficult to do justice to its high quality, with its substantial content, its quiet authority, and its clarity of exposition. M. Lefebvre shows an equity of judgment not always possessed by the specialist in a field that has provoked endless and bitter controversy. He provides an admirably reasoned discussion of the complex circumstances—political, social and economic—which culminated in the Revolution, and made it a nation-wide movement.

Unlike some historians, M. Lefebvre does not attempt to impose retrospectively a fierce consistency of purpose upon the events that marked its course. He explains how much was due to accident or the pressure of the moment, how much was provoked by sudden emotions or long-standing grievances, in that year of 1789 when the French were fighting, not for personal advantage alone, but for their faith in the essential rights of man.

This is the first work of M. Lefebvre to be translated into English, and Mr. R. R. Palmer has served him well: he not merely provides an excellent translation, but he adds an admirable preface and some illuminating notes.

CHARLES GOULD.

THE TRADE OF NATIONS, by Michael A. Heilperin. *Longmans*. 195. 6d.

Mr. Heilperin's book was first published in America in 1946. Today the work is mainly of historical interest, namely in so far as it shows what general ideas, theories, preconceptions and, alas, prejudices inspired in the first post-war period an American economist—or one, at least, who identifies himself with the American viewpoint. As such, the author possesses an unusually good knowledge of European problems. He is therefore in

a position to take a more detached view of U.S. foreign economic policy than most of his American *confrères*.

In 1948, the only chapter of *The Trade of Nations* that has not been overtaken by events is the last, entitled "The United States and the World Economy". In this, the author pleads the overwhelmingly strong case for a "nearly free-trade" economy in the U.S.A. (p. 232); he also calls for the institution of a Commission on the Tariff which would have the task of securing a major reduction of the U.S. tariff. Mr. Heilperin argues that "the working out of a new and *low* (the italics are in the text) American tariff is a 'must' on our national agenda for the future" (p. 232). Thus, he is one of the still not numerous American economists who are prepared to take themselves the medicine which they so liberally prescribe to others. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that "if we (the U.S.A.) are to be repaid (for credits granted), we must accept eventually a *net* inflow of foreign goods and services" (p. 233). This is another way of saying that the U.S. must, in its balance of payments, develop an import surplus on current account, instead of persistently maintaining an export surplus. In Europe at least this thesis has long ceased to be new.

Nor is it surprising to find the author defending the merits of a free-enterprise economy: free markets, the price mechanism, the advantages of a freely operating international division of labour, all these are extolled; national (*versus* international) full employment policies, buffer stocks, commodity agreements, cartels are correspondingly condemned. The logic of the argument is unexceptionable even if it is far from new. Professors Rappard and Röpke of the Institut des Hautes Etudes Internationales, Geneva, among whose pupils Mr. Heilperin at one time counted, or Professors von Mises and von Hayek have, each in his field, defended similar views and will no doubt continue to do so. Nor is it doubtful that in a rational world peopled exclusively by *homines*

oeconomici of different tongues, but of one mind—a mind dominated by the search for the greatest economic advantage—the realization of the optimum division of international labour would indeed be the perfect solution. Unfortunately this world is not rational. And no condemnation of economic (and political) nationalism is of any avail, any more than is the invocation of a happy "nearly free-trade" past.

There is, incidentally, no doubt that national full employment policies taken singly—against which Mr. Heilperin pleads—are insufficient to remove the danger of economic crises, that indeed the solution must be sought in an *international* full employment policy. But first, such a policy hinges on the U.S. taking the medicine prescribed to it by, among others, Mr. Heilperin; and, secondly, such a policy is impossible without a considerable degree of planning—against which the author sets forth the usual unconvincing arguments current among American economists.

Having developed the free-enterpriser's usual arguments, Mr. Heilperin is compelled to write:

In a world subject to more or less violent fluctuations of economic activity, international trade alone cannot assure continued employment and prosperity. It is necessary to achieve a considerable degree of co-ordination among the national business-cycle policies and to supplement them by appropriate international measures. And, as part of the program, all national policies that interfere with the international division of labour must be ruled out outright, or be subjected to the supervision of (sic) an international body (p. 132).

What is the difference between such a policy and *international planning*? And how can such a policy be applied without a large measure of *domestic planning*?

R. P. SCHWARZ.

CHINA CHANGED MY MIND, by David Morris. *Cassell*. 8s. 6d.
GUEST OF AN EMPEROR, by Martin Weedon. *Arthur Barker*. 10s. 6d.

There are two distinct sides to Mr. Morris's book. One is the vivid descrip-

tion, not so much of the war in China where for two and a half years he drove a lorry in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, as of what happened behind it; the other, his intense interest in his own emotions as a pacifist at school and college and a 'conchy' in the war, until China changed him and he came home to join the Army. Obviously Mr. Morris was no coward. He played rugger for Oxford and proved his courage to himself through much fearful night-work in the London blitz. And a mere egotist would scarcely have gone to China. His book is thus important as a revelation of what is probably going on in the minds of most of the younger generation, and which may yet, one prays, save the world. Meanwhile it is pleasing to note that no one ever threw Mr. Morris's 'conchydom' in his teeth; rather they seemed to admire his courage in standing up for his principles.

Of the shocking mismanagement of the war in China after the first year's heroic resistance and when the Government had retreated to Chungking, Mr. Morris has nothing very novel to say, but the intense interest and pathos of his book are none the less absorbing. Dirt and disease; "the general misery of millions of half-starved soldiers always diseased and sometimes wounded" for whom the Chinese doctors and nurses strove bravely but ineffectually; the gangs of wretched coolies roped together and herded off to the front: such were the daily surroundings of Mr. Morris. Kuomintang spies were everywhere and those who incautiously showed distaste for the pure milk of Kuomintangism quickly vanished away. Thus were the seeds of China's present misfortunes sown. There is no essential difference between Kuomintang and communists. Both alike, sanctimoniously mouthing "the teachings of Dr. Sun Yat-sen," labour to enforce a totalitarianism as hard (and as alien to China) as that of the Legalists 2,000 years ago. Ultimately China's real good feeling and common sense, to which Mr. Morris pays full tribute, will prevail. But one fears that

she has hard years still to go through, not impossibly complete disruption as after the downfall of the Hans.

The Japanese Army's brutal treatment of prisoners is now a commonplace, but the reality of it is doubly brought home to one by the daily diary which Captain Weedon contrived to keep during his three and a half years as a prisoner in Japan and which is now published exactly as written. The toughness of the human frame was frequently shown during the bombing of London when great buildings were riven in pieces while the men in them survived. But it seems almost incredible that any of the prisoners survived (in fact many did not) the starvation diet, the daily slappings and torturings, the hateful neglect in hospital when even Japanese officers had to realize that they were too ill to work. And yet the prisoners never lost their spirit. Somehow they put up theatrical entertainments at Christmas, smuggled food into the camp (for the Japanese were unblushingly corruptible), and their unquenched sense of fun is shown by the story of the officer who, when ordered to send home a eulogy of Japan's military strength, wrote: "The offensiveness of the Nips must be seen to be believed." It got past the censor.

Captain Weedon notes that civilians for whom the prisoners had to work often showed sympathy for them and gave them little presents. This is to be remembered, with much else that might be told of Japanese loyalty to friends even though with risk to themselves. Japanese character is emphatically not summed up by the misconduct of Japanese officers in the late war.

O. M. GREEN.

RICHER BY ASIA, by Edmond Taylor. *Secker and Warburg*. 16s.
NEW PATHS FOR JAPAN, by Harold Wakefield. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*. 15s.

Despite its verbosity (it runs to more than four hundred closely-printed pages),

its repetitions and the clumsy style of much of the writing, *Richer by Asia* merits the attention of all those who believe that only with the formation of some kind of world government can we hope for lasting peace. Mr. Taylor, who was an officer in the United States Navy and served during the war with secret intelligence organizations in India and various countries of South East Asia, feels that although many political solutions to this problem have been proposed the psychological and cultural aspects of it have been largely ignored, and it is these with which he is here mainly concerned. Most of us, he says, when we think of the possibilities of forming a world State, think of it as a world organized largely for the benefit of Americans and British, and that if we continue to think along these lines there is not even a remote possibility of success. In his opinion, this can only come when we take into consideration the social customs, the culture, the hopes and aspirations of the so-called "backward" peoples who, it so happens, form the majority of the world's population. Mr. Taylor suggests that the peoples of India and the Far East should adopt the rôle of a "cultural opposition" to the western way of life since only in this way can the necessary compromise between east and west be brought about.

The greater part of the book deals with India, and scattered among its pages are some excellent pieces of descriptive reporting. But when it comes to philosophy (and there is a great deal of it in this book) Mr. Taylor's writing is not on the same high level, largely, one feels, because he is not sufficiently disciplined in philosophic method, and has had therefore to grope his way. It was probably for him the only possible method, but the result does not make for easy reading.

New Paths for Japan is a revised, amended and expanded version of *Japan in Defeat*, a report prepared by a Chatham House Study Group and published originally in 1945. The first half of the book consists of factual material con-

cerning the evolution of modern Japan, and, while it does not add anything to what is already available in numerous other treatises, is at least a useful condensation which omits none of the relevant facts. Part 2 deals with events since the end of the war up to the middle of 1947 and is a summary of political, economic and social happenings during the period. It has been compiled, for the most part, from the monthly reports issued by General MacArthur's headquarters and information obtained from various American newspapers.

Mr. Wakefield's book was written at a time when a peace treaty with Japan seemed to be imminent. Conditions have, however, since changed so much that some of his recommendations are now, unfortunately, of only academic interest. He refers, for instance, to the desirability of other nations following the American example of establishing

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libraries in Tokyo and other cities. All those who know the keenness of Japanese desire for the acquisition of western knowledge will agree with him; the difficulty is that the American authorities have hitherto refused to allow this, presumably because it would create a precedent for the establishment of a Russian library.

On the subject of education his views are sound and practical. He feels, however, that it was a mistake to forbid the schools to retain their portrait of the Emperor. Its removal, he says, "will cause great resentment, which will be quickened every time the Japanese look at the empty alcove"; but when I returned to Japan in 1946 I did not find this to be at all the case, probably because the Emperor had already begun to be seen in public and there was no longer any mystery about him.

JOHN MORRIS.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE, edited by Hector Bolitho. *Batsford*. 21s.
A PRINCE OF ARABIA, by George Stitt. *Allen and Unwin*. 21s.

The various writers in this interesting volume dealing with the British Empire have been well chosen and the illustrations, as always with a Batsford book, extremely so. Among the most fascinating are those which depict scenes in bygone days, such as "Main Street, Port Elizabeth" in 1864 and one showing cottages in Princes Street, Sydney, at about the same period. Very beautiful is the river scene in the Solomon Islands, this part of the world being described by Sir Harry Luke, who is a never-failing guide to what is attractive in matters of human and other spheres. Here he is handicapped by reason of space, but he manages to give us a quart full of good things in a pint pot. On Malta, where he served for years as Lieutenant Governor, he is excellent; he gives full marks to the gallant, cultivated French dynasty of Lusignan which reigned in Cyprus for several centuries and it will interest him to hear that the last descendant of that

famous family, a doctor, is now working at a British hospital in the Greek island of Rhodes.

One naturally looks in such a book for information on the more out-of-the-way parts of the Empire and I was sorry that I could find nothing about the Seychelles, although they figure in the index. And there is a pleasant illustration of Mahé, the capital, where I believe it is always afternoon. General Gordon held that the Seychelles is the site of the Garden of Eden. It would have been agreeable to have this confirmed or denied. There are only a very few words concerning British Honduras, which is so much desired by Guatemala. This question might with advantage have been explained, with the reason for our neglect to build a road giving Guatemala access, as was arranged, to the Atlantic from her northern provinces, so that she would not have to rely upon air traffic at such expense that her propaganda against us flourishes. No doubt there is good cause why this road has not yet been constructed. But it is not the aim of the writers to touch more than they can help on controversial matters. Rather do they endeavour, and quite successfully, to lay before us what has been achieved.

In the section devoted to Ceylon some allusion might have been made to Mr. Freeman, who for so long was the sole Briton to be elected to the Legislative Council, his popularity being such that his native opponents invariably lost their deposits, and of course the electors were overwhelmingly natives. It was their custom whenever they met Freeman to jump down from their ox-waggons and prostrate themselves in the dust, much to Freeman's distaste. One may hope that with Ceylon embarked on a new era there will be Britons half as popular as he was to take part in the administration.

In the turmoil which has engulfed the Arab world a very faint figure is that of the Emir Shereef Ali Haider, whose ancestors, direct descendants of the Prophet, held the Emirate of Mecca for 700 years. However the grandfather of the gentleman celebrated in *A Prince*

of Arabia was deposed in favour of a rival family in the middle of the last century and not until 1916 did the Turks recognize Ali Haider, who proceeded to Medina in a vain effort to establish Arab unity. One gains the impression that he was a most amiable, but somewhat weak personage, unequal to the task that faced him, which might indeed have been even too much for such a man as Kemal Atatürk.

We have had a previous book, *Arabesque*, by the Princess Musbah Haider, in which the Emir's English marriage is recounted with adequate details and it may be doubted whether the part he played in politics warrants another volume devoted to his activities and the lack of them. With British officers the Shereef's relationship was always most cordial and there is a story, here described, of a certain junior naval officer whose enthusiasm for the cause of the Shereef carried him to the verge of indiscretion. As Mr. Stitt remarks, it is a tribute to the sense of humour of those in high places that the Admiralty replied to him that "they would like to point out that there are many opportunities in H.M. Service for the exercise of originality without taking amateur excursions into the realm of International Politics."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

RETURN JOURNEY, by A. S. B. Arkwright. *Seeley Service*. 12s. 6d.
SONS OF THE EAGLE, by Julian Amery. *Macmillan*. 21s.

No publisher is likely to accept a 'war-book' to-day unless he has strong reason to believe that it will be a success. A high standard has therefore been set, which these two books honourably maintain. Both Major Arkwright and Mr. Julian Amery show themselves as competent at writing fluent prose as ever they were at soldiering and they have succeeded in recapturing the spirit of the events through which they lived. Each has an eye for detail, a respect for the facts and commendable modesty.

Return Journey is the tale of an escape

from a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany in 1942. The plan is laid with care and executed with daring; these early pages are the best of the book. Less satisfying is its portrayal of those faithful friends in the underground movement in Holland, Belgium and France who risked their lives to speed escaping prisoners along the road to freedom. It is a pity that these deserving people never fully come to life; but since the author spent so few days with each of his helpers, it is perhaps excusable. This is a simple, unpretentious book; Major Arkwright makes no claim to have rivalled the exploits of A. J. Evans in the 1914-1918 war.

Nor does Mr. Julian Amery imagine himself as a second T. E. Lawrence. In *Sons of the Eagle* he tells the story of a brave mission which failed. He was one of a small party of British officers who were dropped from the skies to join the rebel factions in northern Albania and who remained long enough to see them overrun by the communist rebels from the south. The scene is laid in a distant mountainous area, whose influence on the great events of the war was negligible. But here on this small stage is enacted a sketch which contains in simplified form the essential components of the drama of Europe as a whole. Thus, while the story is told of Abas Kupa and the other chieftains who supported the exiled King Zog discussing amongst themselves the right moment to attack the German occupation troops, or the best method of obtaining British arms, or the dangers inherent in British aid to the communists of the south, fresh light is thrown on the problems which faced the resistance movements of all occupied Europe.

For the British reader there is another point of historical interest. Was it right to send arms to the communist rebels, on the ground that they were engaged openly against the Germans, while withholding them from the non-communists, who, being more vulnerable to reprisals, were compelled to be more cautious? It was the non-communists

who would to-day have been the friends of Britain, had they survived the internal conflict which followed the retreat of the Germans. Here is a portrait in miniature of what C. M. Woodhouse in his recent book on contemporary Greece calls "the unresolved conflict of policy between short-term strategy and long-term diplomacy."

The non-communists could muster in all some twenty thousand rifles. But they could never be a mobile force; they could never afford to leave their farms and villages unprotected. This led Mr. Amery to think in terms of a "general revolt", as a more practicable alternative to recognized guerrilla tactics.

If the Germans had been the only enemies, such tactics would no doubt have succeeded. But before the experiment could be made the communists began their hostile movement northward. In vain did the British party appeal to their headquarters in Cairo to intervene in time to prevent a civil war. For political as well as military reasons, the decision had been taken at a high level that the spread of Communism in the Balkans should not be opposed except in Greece. The British officers in the north then had the humiliating experience of watching their friends defeated by a rival faction using British arms. It was indeed greatly to the credit of the disappointed Albanians that Mr. Amery and his friends were allowed to depart in peace.

Similar hardships and humiliations were borne by most of the brave band of British officers who carried out hazardous operations in enemy-held territory. The name of England is respected in Europe wherever such men worked and fought. Mr. Amery is a worthy spokesman of them all.

NIGEL BRUCE.

SHALL I EMIGRATE? by Roy Lewis, with the assistance of Arthur Frazer. *Phoenix House*. 15s.

During the last two years, despite a most austere lack of transport, British migrants to the Dominions numbered

150,000, and that was but a fraction of the number of applicants for passages registered at the London offices of the Dominion Governments. Shipping, however, is rapidly increasing; before the end of the year 23,000 berths will be available on the Australian route, and a similar expansion on the Canadian route is being supplemented by a service of air-borne emigration. There have been times when migration on the scale now developing would have been unwelcome in the Dominions. The position is now very different; there is a keen demand for workers from this country.

But not for any kind of worker. A century ago, would-be migrants to the Dominions were advised to take Robinson Crusoe as the type of man most likely to succeed in a new country—a general handyman. Now, though there are still places for such men, the chief need is for workers with special skill in secondary or tertiary occupations. The war has much stimulated the industrialization of the Dominions. Skilled men are needed in the new factories, and, most urgently, in all branches of the building trade, for the lack of houses in the Dominions is more stringent even than in Britain. There are many openings in other occupations, but it is important that those who contemplate emigrating should first ascertain whether the services they are qualified to render are in demand where they wish to go.

Such persons cannot do better than study this valuable and very readable book. The authors have taken great pains to collect the latest particulars of the conditions in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and in Southern Rhodesia and Kenya, that are of chief importance to newcomers from Britain, and they present the information in a book which, lucid and well written, grips the reader's attention from beginning to end. For each country described we are told, with surprisingly complete detail, what kinds of workers are needed, what incomes they may expect to earn, what it will cost them to live, in what

respects life in the Dominions differs from life in this country, and what are the prospects of advancement for those with or without capital. Full information is also given of the various agencies established for the assistance of migrants. The authors advise those who have to wait a considerable time for a passage to subscribe to a daily or weekly Dominion newspaper, and read each number through carefully "even to the advertisements".

The book is, however, much more than a most helpful guide for persons considering whether to emigrate. It is also a well informed and thoughtful contribution to one of the most important of contemporary problems: how may the population of the British Commonwealth be distributed to promote the best interests of the individual countries and of the Commonwealth as a whole?

G. F. McCLEARY.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF RICHARD CHURCH. *Dent*. 15s.

Although from these first *Collected Poems, Twentieth Century Psalter and The Lamp* are excluded, this book contains a major part of Mr. Church's life's work in poetry and is therefore difficult to review both briefly and adequately. But it must, I think, be conceded that Mr. Church is among the best poets of his generation still writing, a rival of Robert Graves, Edmund Blunden, V. Sackville-West, T. S. Eliot and Edith Sitwell. My general impression of his work is that it represents a dual triumph, over words and spirit; or rather that the author's slow, patient, gradual victory over words has enabled him to reveal, in a lovely late-flowering beauty, the affirmations of a soothing, modest and noble spirit. Here everywhere are evidences of much-to-be-prized qualities, grace of mind, love of nature, and above all deep compassion for the agonies of our time expressed through the singleness of a warm heart. He writes of another as he could have written of himself:

I shall come again and find
Your old simplicity of heart

And the deep wisdom of your mind . . .

He is a quiet poet—perhaps a poets' poet in his care for his craft, as also in the careful attention his work demands—and if his work lacks something it is the final exuberance, the brilliant line that has surprised the mind, the "fine excess", the unforgettable phrase.

What is impressive is the integrity of his vision of the modern scene working cumulatively, together with his sympathy for "the whole creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain together." The earlier poems, some of them imagist and excellent, are more objectively conceived and have not the heart-warmth of the later ones. His appreciation of nature, often conversational as Edward Thomas, sometimes direct as Davies, at times subtly thoughtful as Andrew Young, is nearly always in the shorter poems admirably compact; though in the longer poems there is a tendency to meander. Quotation must be invidious from such a volume; yet what a successful salute to Fancy is this:

A PROCESSION

Marvellous wings filled the morning:
The bourdon bee from grass
To grass heaved his brown sacks;
The butterfly battled with air,
Adorning her wings with light.
Beetles with armoured backs
Flashed steel and bronze so bright
That a king, it seemed, must pass
For the hordes of the orchard to stare,
Raise huzzah and buzz
With rustic gossamer wing,
Their acclamation thus
Catching sunshine, noon-sound,
Hay-height above the ground,
Though none quite glimpsed the king.

"A man without faith grows old before his years," writes Mr. Church, and it would seem that through nature his faith in beauty and goodness, the old verities, is now absolute. And here to conclude in "These Words" is his poet's faith:

But all of them, long-lived or quickly gone,
Are active powers, the radium of thought,
The close-packed atoms of our human story.
Here then is need for caution. Be admonished
To use these daily words as though God-
wrought,
Magical master-keys to light and glory.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Out of the millions who start a diary only one or two keep on. This truism smote its perpetrator like an apocalypse after finishing *THE SEVEN THUNDERS* (Faber & Faber, 21s.), the sixth and last volume of Sarah Gertrude Millin's record of the war. The industry which has produced a book for each of those years seems matter enough for praise and if the author ever groaned beneath the burden it is inaudible as she moves on to the climax of Nuremberg. Furthermore, first hailed on this page in June 1947, the objectiveness still distinguishes Mrs. Millin's work and her comment is sparse and shrewd as ever. All these factors, from perseverance to pertinence, make the ideal diary of world events; surely too they make the ideal history.—*THE YEAR BOOK OF WORLD AFFAIRS* 1948 (Stevens & Sons, 20s.) provides the student of this dire decade with a series of essays from various authorities which, skittishly speaking of so sober a volume, could be grouped under a sub-heading: "How to clear up the mess". Among others, there are E. Ker's "Moral Standards in International Relations", "The Future of British Foreign Policy" by G. W. Keeton, Sir Frederick Whyte's "Japan", "The Security Council in Action" by L. C. Green and G. E. Stent's "Colour Problems of South Africa", all pointers for present and future behaviour. The London Institute of World Affairs does well to publish these annual findings in sociological, economic and legal questions for the guidance of those who find the daily newspaper insufficient or superficial.

Born out of their time

Why should I strive to set the crooked straight? sang William Morris—and never stopped trying. He is one of Holbrook Jackson's *DREAMERS OF DREAMS* (Faber & Faber, 16s.), the others being Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, each in his way as much a striver. Unhappily, death has ended Mr. Jackson's

studies on "The Rise and Fall of 19th Century Idealism" whereby his reader is made stingingly aware of the intellectual vigour of the dreamers. Carlyle, the scolding moralist with his belief in a superman; Ruskin, who had faith in good living by lesser men; Morris, practising what Ruskin preached; their American kinsmen helping to mould their own brand of democracy—all of them bound by fundamental sympathy, being influenced by their times and in turn influencing each other. This is a book that one would like to have written.

All God's chillun

One of the by-products of the American brand of democracy is picked out mercilessly by the searchlight of *TWELVE MILLION BLACK VOICES* (Lindsay Drummond, 15s.). The author, Richard Wright, with the many graphic photographs secured and arranged by Edwin Rosskam and not made especially for this beautifully produced book, tells the folk history of the ordinary Negro in the United States and a sordid tale it is of exploitation—by bosses, kitchenettes, black belts, cotton picking machinery, shacks, disease and hopelessness. The illustrations have been dexterously fitted to the text, which has been pruned of all redundancy. A reasonable wish, one would think, "to share in the upward march of American life, the only life we remember or have ever known." This should be the next President's bedside book—guaranteed to give him insomnia, a complaint from which all good presidents ought to suffer.

Irish Heritage

When, however, Richard Wright compares the Negroes with the Irish he confuses oppressors; Eire's tyrant, plainly to be seen on a recent visit, is not England. *THE IRISH* by Sean O'Faolain (Pelican Books, 1s. 6d.) is recommended as indispensable to the

intending visitor, whether to the wilds of Kerry or the sophistications around Wicklow. Coming from a native who actually lives in his country, this book is valued for the detachment, the fairness of its judgments, and for the restraint it imposes on the prejudices of the English holiday maker who certainly gets no hint that she is one of the "hated".—And walking tirelessly about the Dublin streets to look for those radiant landmarks of the imagination that spring from literary associations, she, also, is oblivious of political stains. Leaving Westland Row is not just emerging from the typical dreary railway station; it is being near the birthplace of one of Ireland's most brilliant sons. *THE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE*, edited with an Introduction by H. Montgomery Hyde (William Hodge, 15s.) is likely to be the best book, ever, about that spendthrift genius. The twentieth century has had his qualities of art and of living—his wit, his inversions either verbal or pathological, his unfailing kindheartedness, his gifts of scholarship—whipped up by various interpretations into a legendary concoction that titillates or nauseates, or does both. Execrations of Victorian hypocrisy invariably pounce on the trials and verdict, and moralists still frown at his name. So it is a wholesome exercise to read the verbatim reports of what was said and done at the Old Bailey in those dreadful months of 1895. Paradoxically enough, if only the master of paradox had been able to answer simply "Guilty" to his accusers, it is conceivable that by virtue of his attainments he would have been spared the unspeakable ignominy that hounded him in the remaining five years of his life. Rueful speculation!

Play books

In *A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMA* (Pelican Books, 1s. 6d.) B. Ifor Evans is more specific:

... the tragedy of Wilde's life is that it removed him from the theatre when his contribution might have been so much more ample and varied.

There are bound to be brevities and blanks in a small book on a large theme,

and there is the same tiresome omission of an index, noted elsewhere by this reviewer of Dr. Evans's last "short history". But the scolding ends here and undiluted pleasure in the acuteness of his 'potted' assessments steps in. The giants receive their meed and, more important, the shaping and direction they derived from their predecessors and their own effect on lesser playwrights, are given due credit. The book is grist to the mill of this ever enchanting subject.—So is *THE RIGHT WAY TO RADIO PLAYWRITING* by Val Gielgud (Rolls House Publishing Co. 5s.) for those who seek a market for their wares. Though one may quarrel with the omniscience of the claim (Is Bernard Shaw's the "right way" to theatre playwriting? It is, for Bernard Shaw.) it must be conceded that the author should know how it is done after nineteen years as the B.B.C's Head of Drama. The listener too may profit from this guide, for it will help him to formulate the irritation that sometimes attacks him after a spell of wireless drama and so to discern coherently what is wrong.

Eternal youth

A playwright in the making was Sidney Keyes and in *MINOS OF CRETE* (Routledge, 10s. 6d.) we are given his first fruits, *Hosea* and the *Minos* of the title. These emphasize his preoccupation with classical and Biblical themes, so apparent in his poetry, but do nothing to amplify that first tremendous impact. On the other hand, there are five short stories that confirm the impression left by a previous reading of one of them in a magazine, that here was a master of that difficult art. There is the essay that every young poet is impelled to write called "The Artist in Society"; there is his Notebook kept during his year's active service, and there are extracts from his letters. Finally, there are four poems, not included in the collected edition of 1945, written between the ages of twelve and eighteen. And that is all; inevitably *juvenilia* from a writer killed at twenty, yet sure indication of the maturity that belongs to his *Collected*

Poems and potent enough to justify what Keyes put into the mouth of Minos: "It is not death that kills. . . ."—It is not their fault that the power in the work of Sidney Keyes makes most other modern poets look fragile. Presumably IN THE LIGHT, a little group of little verses by Emma Tollemache and illustrated by Francis Rose (*Marlowe Galleries*, 40 Elizabeth Street, W.1. 15s.), was published for the author's private pleasure. Poetry mostly does not sell even when it is cheap; only our most distinguished exponents dare charge fifteen shillings a time. The author sings prettily enough:

Come words,
Show me visions bright,
Fill me with delight.

Unfortunately, words are not enough.

Against oblivion

Wondering what has become of William Gerhardt was less and less indulged in during the twenty-odd years since *Futility* and *The Polyglots* first proclaimed an excitingly important recruit to literature, and fitful publication in the 'thirties hardly caused a stir. Obviously this was no showman of letters. To those who know him not, THE MEMOIRS OF SATAN, RESURRECTION and PENDING HEAVEN (*Macdonald*, 7s. 6d. each) provide opportunities for filling the gap. All his work has a strong autobiographical flavour and depends on the slow building up of personality and situation. This is not the popular recipe, but old and trusty enough to deserve a trial.

Fiction harvest

The batch of novels on the table have all given enjoyment in their different ways—a phenomenon in these arid times—and all are worthy of long and detailed reviews. There is SHE HAD TO BE QUEEN (*John Lane The Bodley Head*, 12s. 6d.) by Alice Harwood, who will be known to FORTNIGHTLY readers. Set in violent times, hers is the story, tenderly told, of the gentle Lady Jane Grey. The research, implicit in every

page, never obtrudes nor do merely imaginary thoughts do duty for historical facts. Another violent period is depicted in Nigel Balchin's THE BORGIA TESTAMENT (*Collins*, 9s. 6d.). Told by Cesare, Machiavelli's superman, the first person method and colloquial style yet avoid incongruity. Whitewashing the Borgias would be a futile task but the author has succeeded in giving some of the bloodstains a paler tint—and in richly demonstrating his widening scope. No SON OF MINE by G. B. Stern (*Cassell*, 10s. 6d.) deals with the "spurious son" of Robert Louis Stevenson. R.L.S. himself shines out from Miss Stern's reverently painted canvas with no fictional trimmings, and the growing belief of the younger Robert that he may indeed have inherited the great man's characteristics is, step by step, cleverly traced. Saul Bellow in THE VICTIM (*John Lehmann*, 9s. 6d.) infects his reader with Leventhal's fear in a New York nightmare. His sister-in-law's peasant superstition, Mary his wife, talked of but only met for a moment at the end, Philip, Nunez, are all seen clearly through the gathering terror. And there is a discussion about Victorian England—"A German queen, a British Empire, and an Italian Jew for Prime Minister"—in a cafeteria, so rare in an American novel of contemporary urban life as to engender effusive English thanks. Then, all that poetry of John Pudney has had a disciplinary effect on his prose. ESTUARY (*John Lane The Bodley Head*, 7s. 6d.) is a little gem, even though the drawing of Lord Telant is so distorted by the split personality craze as to suggest yet another film on the subject. But no camera outside France could catch the delicate overtones of the book, however assiduously it might photograph the landscape. Miss Perch, Trigger, Van, Jessie, Peter, Rosemary, Mrs. Marble, are sketched so truly that a life size oil in bold colours, with red tabs on, could not tell the reader more. A film could only tell us less.

GRACE BANYARD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1948

GERMANY'S SECOND REVOLUTION

By M. J. BONN

I

WHILE the western Allies and Russia are fighting over Berlin, Germany is passing through her second social revolution. The collapse of November 1918, which forced a republic on a country without republicans, was not a social revolution, but the great inflation was. It violently wrenched the social structure of Germany which the constitutional changes of 1918-1919 had barely touched. Inflation, if carried far enough, expropriates as ruthlessly as Bolshevism. It despoils only particular strata, yet it may well be the real world revolution; it upsets capitalist society to such a degree that its equilibrium may have to be re-established by additional confiscatory measures.

Germany's first social revolution ended through currency reform in the last month of 1923, when the old mark was replaced by the rentenmark. Inflation had begun in the war as a result of unbalanced budgets. It had become irretrievable through the invasion of the Ruhr. The Reichs government had organized passive resistance, and finally had had to keep almost the entire local population on the dole. The dollar had been worth 8,000 marks before the invasion; it immediately jumped to 50,000 marks. When the struggle was over, it fetched 1,000,000,000,000 and the price index had risen to 1,261,600,000,000 of its 1913 stand. Note circulation had expanded from twenty-four milliards RM on January 1, 1919, to 496,507,525 trillions at the end of 1923. The issue of Rentenmarks had been limited to 2.4 milliard marks; it was secured by mortgage bonds registered on German agricultural property. Its value was maintained when the budget had been balanced and when commercial credits had been severely restricted by the Reichsbank. The so-called "miracle of the rentenmark" resulted in the exchange of one billion old marks for one rentenmark or reichsmark. It implied a gigantic expropriation: 100 milliards mark war loans and nineteen milliards of Saving Bank deposits were wiped out; so was the value of mortgages, industrial bonds and of annuities payable by public or private insurance institutions. The distribution of the national income was greatly changed. Measured in stable purchasing power, income from investment (including dividends) fell from 8.7 milliard marks (1913) to 1.3 milliards (1925). Owners of tangible property, land or plants, had got rid of their debts and had been greatly enriched. An effort to correct this huge transfer of wealth from one class to another was made later on. The several creditor groups

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received between $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to fifteen per cent. compensation of the nominal value of their former holdings. "They were", in the words of an American scholar, "precisely the group most exposed to the evil consequences of currency depreciation, while they lacked both the knowledge and the opportunity to combat it. Their savings disappeared, their pensions and annuities melted away, and their sons who might have supported them had all too commonly been killed in the war. Hundreds and thousands of educated men and women, too old or feeble or untrained to earn their own living, were abruptly faced with starvation. Many died. The others, passing from day to day without hope, survived only by the sacrifice of treasured books, furniture, jewelry, and all their saleable possessions, and at the end by domestic and foreign charity. Their history is one of the most genuinely pitiful chapters in post-war tragedy."

Yet Germany recovered apparently pretty rapidly. Her physical plants had been repaired in the early stages of inflation and were ready to work at full capacity. The soil had recovered. Business had hoarded six milliard gold marks in foreign currencies, which were being repatriated, and the Reichsbank had salvaged nearly half a milliard gold marks of its reserves. Yet all this would have been insufficient, but for the influx of twenty-four milliards marks foreign loans, almost twice as much as the reparation payments due during this period. They created a "borrowed prosperity".

II

At the end of the 1939-1945 war, the German note circulation was estimated at sixty-five milliards. It was swelled by Allied military notes. The United States had provided Russia with printing presses without limiting their output. She is supposed to have issued twelve milliard marks, which circulated before the reform in Berlin and in the eastern zone, in addition to twenty milliards of German notes. In the western zone, so far 34.5 milliard marks have been handed in; small notes, notes in the possession of German and Allied authorities, and notes which tax defrauding black-marketeers did not dare to divulge, are not included in this figure. Twenty-one milliards owned by banks were cancelled.

The total amount of cash and bank money available in the western zone, has been estimated at between 120-150 milliard marks; a trifling sum when compared to the trillions of the first inflation. Budgets were balanced by very severe taxation, and by disregarding payments like former Reichsloans. The price level had kept fairly steady. At the end of the war the index had risen by thirty per cent. Before the reforms, it had gone up by half. For the Allies had taken over the rigorous price controls of the Nazis and permitted but very few adjustments. As a result of this "price stop" inflation had been "introverted". Money had not only lost its value, it had forfeited its main function: the ability to purchase goods. It bought only rationed goods in conjunction with a coupon, when such goods were available. At least half of all transactions

were carried out by barter and compensations, and a percentage of the remainder by the black market. Farmers naturally refused to sell goods against money which did not buy anything. One could force an owner of a large estate to deliver its products, but not a multitude of small farmers in the western zones. If they could not sell their grain on the black market, they would feed it to their cattle and, if their surplus cattle were requisitioned, they would raise only enough for their own needs. When inflation has gone far enough, cows no longer give milk and hens refuse to lay eggs. Currency reform was long overdue.

III

The Allies had broken up the old Reichsbank as representing "excessive concentration of economic power." They had replaced it by a Central Bank in each of the eleven Länder of the western zones. These eleven Central Banks founded the Bank of the German Länder—a kind of successor to the Reichsbank. The Bank of the German Länder has been entrusted with the right to handle ten milliard new "Deutsche mark" notes. These notes are not signed by the Bank; they are a kind of paper money like the old British Bradburys, covered apart from foreign exchange and commercial paper by State credit.

All old notes were called in and converted at the rate of 1:10; each holder of a food card received immediately a personal quota of forty Deutsche marks and twenty more within the next two months. Employers moreover could ask for sixty marks advance for each employee. By July 3, 13.5 milliard notes had been handed in and 2.6 milliards Deutsche marks had been issued, 1.9 milliards as personal quota and 700 millions as wage advances.

A week later, all bank deposits, both cheque accounts and time deposits were converted at the same rate: 1:10. The deposits of all public bodies, of the railways and the post office were cancelled. In return government and municipal bodies received from their regional central banks a credit equal to a month's revenue. The cancellation of at least 400 milliards debts of the Reich had bankrupted the banks. Their regional central banks granted them credits of fifteen per cent. of their call and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their time liabilities. The Bank of the Länder extended to each regional central bank a credit of thirty per cent. of its new liabilities. The banks received, moreover, "compensations claims" bearing three per cent. interest, for which the Länder are liable. These claims can be mortgaged or sold within the banking system.

An individual can immediately dispose of 500 Deutsche marks, the equivalent of 5,000 old mark notes and bank deposits, after sixty D.M. personal quota have been deducted. Business or professional men may receive the equivalent of 10,000 old R.M.—less the personal quota. Of larger accounts half are set free and the other half are blocked for not more than ninety days. By July 3, 109.8 milliards old bank deposits had been registered, nineteen milliards had been cancelled; the total circulation

dealt with by conversion was 163 milliards, thirty-four milliards cash and 128 bank money. 3.1 milliard D.M. bank money had been set free; another nine to ten milliards will follow soon—five milliards of which will be blocked. When credit has begun to flow, a total circulation of fifteen to twenty milliards may be expected; cash circulation may amount to 3.4 milliard marks.

No attempt has been made to protect small depositors by granting them a larger percentage. The cut has been egalitarian, but hardly just. Wages, salaries, rents, contributions, social insurance and annuities remain unchanged. The workers and the very rich are favoured. This may stimulate loafers to go and do a spot of work, but a large proportion of the population, especially among the refugees, are physically disqualified. They have been living on the cash they carried along and their last resource has been destroyed. Farmers are privileged. They pay no house rent and buy little or no food, and can do a lot with 60 D.M.—twenty dollars—which may be all that the small man ever receives.

The reform cuts all debts, including mortgages at the same ratio. The cancellation of the Reich debts benefits taxpayers, at the expense of investors; the cancellation of private debts favours private debtors at the expense of private creditors. The latter are losing ninety per cent. of the ten milliard mortgage bonds, of the thirteen milliards Saving Bank deposits and of the twelve milliards Reich loans which they had invested in before the advent of Hitler, and which had been "good money". All creditors, depositors as well as holders of bonds, may receive another ten per cent. later on—if they are available: the Germans call them "the shadow quota." Yet while the reform has been ruthless it is less unjust than was its predecessor.

IV

Within half a year an equalization law must be passed to tax excess profits and to impose a capital levy on owners of lands, plants and houses, whom the reduction of debts has enriched. It is a pity that the Allies have left this highly controversial matter to the Germans. It implies a struggle between debtors and creditors and the various groups of creditors.

It is fairly easy to base a new mortgage on the eighty to ninety per cent. cancellation profits of rural property; this has not suffered too badly in the war. Urban real estate, however, the mainstay of the German middle-class after the 1914-1918 war, is badly damaged: 2.7 million homes have been destroyed and 1.3 million have been so badly damaged that they are hardly worth repairing. In the larger cities, where losses have gone up to a half, the physical substance, from which a capital levy could be raised, has gone. An owner whose house has been bombed, does not get much unearned increment from a ninety per cent. reduction of his mortgage. War damage to industrial property too has been heavy: twenty to twenty-two milliard marks for the entire country, at least half of which is in the western zone. This estimate may be exaggerated,

for Germans have not yet learnt the propaganda value of under-statement. Because of dismantling and removal of war potential, 4.7 milliard R.M. must be added; in respect of them the loss to a German concern is greater than the gain of an Allied receiver. The equipment of a steel plant owned by Krupp, in which 110 million R.M. marks had been invested, was valued at ten million marks, and the costs of dismantling amounted to twenty million. War damages and dismantlings reduce the equalization fund and constitute at the same time a claim for compensation.

German refugees from the regions taken over by Poles and Russians are justified in claiming compensation. They left property valued at twenty-four to twenty-six milliard dollars; deportees from Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary had to leave another fourteen to seventeen milliard dollars behind them. This figure of forty milliard dollars (100 milliard R.M.) is probably exaggerated; it works out at over 3,000 dollars a head for twelve million people. But even a fourth of it would be equal to the ten milliard dollar reparation share of the western Allies, which the British wisely refused to fix. The equalization fund, reduced by war destruction and physical reparations, will have to satisfy the claims of persons expropriated by currency reform, reparation creditors, and refugees and deportees, to mention only three main groups. The burden which will have to be imposed on tangible property must be heavy; it may easily press down hitherto fortunate debtors to the level of expropriated creditors.

Recent developments on the stock exchange indicate these fears very clearly. The shares of well known concerns whose tangible property had not suffered, and whose quotations had not been inflated—as had happened, in the first inflation—have fallen heavily after the reform, in some cases by eighty to ninety per cent.

In the Russian zone the social revolution started long ago. The large estates have been expropriated, generally without compensation—and the land has been cut up in uneconomic small holdings, as an introduction to collective farming later on. Forty-five per cent. of all enterprises have been dismantled and 200 concerns have been nationalized, 126 as Soviet property. By now about 3,000 enterprises are more or less in "public hands". Very little if any compensation has been paid. The Soviets have used the new eastern mark for doing a little more socialization. Workers were paid seventy marks personal quota, which are not to be deducted later on. Small saving accounts up to R.M. 100 were converted at 1:1, those up to 1,000 at 1:5 and insurance policies at 1:3. Governments, government owned concerns, the communist party and the co-operatives get one new mark for one old mark. The capitalists lose ninety per cent.

V

Currency reform, however radical, does not impoverish a nation; it merely reveals the degree of poverty to which it has sunk. If the body economic is to recover, it cannot be avoided, even though it pauperizes certain groups while others get off fairly easily. Its success may lessen

the havoc of the social revolution which it reveals. This happened in 1924.

The present reform has so far succeeded. Prices in Deutsche mark are "genuine prices". Goods are forthcoming from hoards and from production, especially as the harvest promises to be good. The black market is disappearing. Over a large field price controls have been abolished. A rise of prices—coal and steel for example in response to world market conditions—is no doubt unfortunate; it will however secure higher returns from exports. The purchasing power of the population has been so drastically reduced, that demand for home-made and imported goods must be near the physical minimum. Non-workers will be so badly off that they will seek jobs, unprofitable enterprises will have to shut down and release their man power for more productive uses. Budgets for the time being are being balanced. Credit restriction through high interest rates will force hoarded goods on the market. The low standard of living should make for low-cost production, more exports and fewer imports. In their present day condition the Germans are not frightened by the spectre of deflation; they know that deflation and even mass unemployment is better than starvation.

But the second revolution leaves far deeper imprints on the nation's social structure than its predecessor did. The influx of about ten million people from the lost regions, from Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary into "Rump Germany", has raised population density by ten per cent. In the British zone it is 228 to the square kilometer. Few refugees and deportees salvaged anything besides cash. They have been particularly hard hit by the reform. Women preponderate amongst them. In the British zone the excess of women over men has risen from three to nineteen per cent. and the percentage of males between twenty and sixty-five years has declined by 6.5 per cent. While the population of the western zones has increased by seven million, its potential productive labour force has declined. Yet those who cannot work must be fed somehow. The prospective yearly costs of assisting refugees are between 1.4 to 1.7 milliard marks; pessimists fear that a fifth of the population may be permanently on the dole.

A territory reduced by a quarter (thirty million acres or nearly twice the size of Eire) has to feed an additional seven million people. Yet only between twenty-eight and sixty per cent. of the fertilisers normally used were available. The industrial and the transport potential have greatly suffered. The resumption of removals which coincided with the currency reform is bound to hold up production. It is another instance of the psychological blindness of Allied statesmanship, for what matters now is to produce goods, not to distribute them. Willing workers must not be discouraged; the greater the production, the better the chances for those who have just claims to German reparations.

If the Germans cannot repair within reasonable time the main ravages

of the second social revolution, it is hardly worth while to keep Russia out of the western zones. A democratic constitution imposed on uprooted and hopelessly pauperized masses will merely create opportunities for a national communist movement, sponsored by Russia. It will hardly be morally superior to Naziism, and politically not less dangerous.

The devastations of the first social revolution could not have been repaired, not even partially, without larger scale international financial support. To-day, Germany's needs are much larger. She is far more dependent on foreign supplies than Great Britain. This being the case, Allied supervision of key imports could provide all essential controls for preventing the abuse of German plants for re-armament in the distant future. Without a regular inflow of raw materials and the building up, not the tearing down, of Germany's industrial structure, the impetus given by the currency reform will sooner or later be checked. The destruction of the physical-economic potential cannot be indulged in the hope that the money mechanism will rebuild it.

(Dr. Bonn was adviser on reparations and currency to German Governments and and the Reichsbank after the 1914-1918 war before becoming a British subject.)

SOUTH AFRICAN TRENDS

By W. R. GORDON

DURING the three months that elapsed between the General Election in South Africa and the first meeting of the new Parliament in August, a number of pronouncements were made by Ministers of the Nationalist Government. These heralded changes—in some cases amounting to upheavals—in the conditions to which the country had grown accustomed under the leadership of General Smuts. Some, of course, were of domestic concern and had little interest to anyone outside the Union, but others foreshadowed the intention of weakening the link that binds South Africa to Great Britain.

Such a tendency came as no surprise to those who lived in South Africa during the war, when the more ardent Nationalists took little pains to conceal their satisfaction when there were set-backs to the Allied forces and when the fall of Tobruk, for instance, was made the occasion for celebrations. There is no record of any member of the Nationalist Party ever expressing admiration for the gallant part played by the South Africans in the capture of Monte Sole or of sorrow for the brave men who lie so silently near Castiglione. For the Nationalists a South African defeat was a victory and a South African victory a defeat.

Such a line of thought may seem strange to those who know nothing of the political make-up of the country and who have heard little of the *Broederbond*, that unobtrusive but powerful body whose constitution calls for the complete 'Afrikanerizing' of South Africa. Sixty out of the ninety-three Nationalist candidates at the Election were members of the *Broederbond*, including the Prime Minister, Dr. D. F. Malan, and more than half the other members of the Cabinet.

A secret circular issued by Professor J. C. van Rooy, of Potchefstroom University, when he was chairman of the *Broederbond*, declared that the main goal for Afrikanerdom was to dominate South Africa. The solution for the country's troubles was the ruling of the Union by the *Broederbond*. Not only are all English-speaking South Africans excluded from membership but any co-operation with the English-speaking section of the United Party (led by General Smuts) is discouraged. Four years ago General Smuts described the *Broederbond* as a "small secret society, or oligarchy which is working itself into a position of power." There is ample evidence that now it plays a very big part in the political as well as the industrial life of the country. Extremely well organized, it has ramifica-

tions which include the *Reddingsdaadbond*, which specializes in the economic sphere, the *Die Federasie van Afrikaans Kultuurverenigings* (commonly known as F.A.K.), which deals with educational and cultural matters, and the Nationalist Party itself as its political mouthpiece.

It is estimated that, through interlocking directorates, the *Reddingsdaadbond* controls thirty organizations ranging from banks to hospitals and represents a membership of some 300,000 people. Trade unions are not favoured by the *Broederbond* and strenuous efforts, backed by considerable sums of money, are being made to put them out of action. The recently revealed secrets of the constitution urge the nationalization of the banking system and a ban on the entry of foreign capital.

There is another body, the *Ossewa-Brandwag*, which has influence and is still trying to play a part in the future of the country. It is a fascist organization and is frankly described by its leader, Dr. J. F. J. van Rensburg, as a national movement, "the herald of an authoritarian Republic, national in its approach to social problems and social in its approach to national questions." It aims at the overthrow of both imperialism and capitalism. It is opposed to Communism and claims to be neither anti-British nor anti-German but pro-Afrikaner. In view of the desire of the O.B. to eradicate the party system some astonishment was caused when, early in its career, the Government decided to repeal those sections of the war measures which forbade public servants to belong either to the *Broederbond* or to the O.B.

Soon after the Nationalists, under the leadership of Dr. D. F. Malan, had come into office General Smuts declared that, judged by their first moves, they intended to break down the Union Defence force and return to an anti-war policy. His view was based, mainly, on the transfer of the Deputy Chief of the General Staff, Major-General Evered Poole, to head the South African Mission in Berlin and the announcement by Mr. F. C. Erasmus, Minister of Defence, that he intended to build up a '*platteland*' (or burgher) army and enable farmers to obtain rifles. In declaring that the transfer of General Poole to what is practically a non-military post was "enough to make one's head shrink in shame" General Smuts probably had in mind the brilliant record of a soldier who rose from the rank of a private to lead the Sixth South African Armoured Division through its successful campaign in Italy. So many were the expressions of disapproval over the transfer that Mr. Erasmus thought it necessary to explain that the Military Mission in Berlin was the most important of such posts abroad and that it was necessary to appoint a full-time officer of the permanent force with a wide experience of military affairs to go to Berlin. The explanation, it may be added, did not carry complete conviction among his critics. Neither did the reason for raising a '*platteland*' army—that it was to combat Communism—even though it was supported by Mr. C. R. Swart, the Minister of Justice, who visualized trouble arising from underground communist activities. General Smuts thought the

explanation was a "spoof for children". Ex-servicemen believe that this force of commandos and farmers' rifle associations will be formed at the expense of the city regiments and that the real intention is to establish a strong *bushveld* force armed with guns, planes and artillery ready to put down by force any opposition to a republic as soon as it is decided to declare one. More point has been given to this theory since Mr. Erasmus declared his intention to discontinue the exchange of military instructors between the Union Defence forces and the British Army.

An even greater storm of dissent broke out when, very shortly after his appointment as Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart ordered the release of Robey Leibrandt and four others who had been convicted of high treason and sabotage during the war years. Many ex-soldiers were among the vast crowds that gathered at open-air meetings at Johannesburg, Pretoria and other places to protest against the freeing of these men. It has not been forgotten that Leibrandt, before his arrest, signed a statement addressed to the "Youth of my Fatherland" promising he would struggle and strive in such a way that they would be able to go to his grave with pride "and in the spirit of the ideal of Adolf Hitler." The Cape Provincial Council, by a majority of five votes, recorded its sense of profound shock and consternation at the releases which the House considered a grave insult to the memory of those South Africans who had given their lives in defence of their country's freedom and independence. The President of the South African League of Ex-Service Women told Mr. Swart that his action had demonstrated beyond doubt that the new Government favoured the Nazi doctrine. So little heed did Mr. Swart pay to these views that he promised to consider representations for reparation from people who had been interned for subversive activities during the war, while a colleague of Mr. Swart's, Dr. T. E. Donges, Minister of the Interior, withdrew deportation orders against 254 Germans and ordered an inquiry into the case of others.

It was Dr. Donges who was responsible for an announcement that, above all others, caused considerable uneasiness not only among those immigrants who had already arrived in the Union and were expecting their families to join them but also among those who were awaiting passages. He said there would be no further State-aided immigration and that the only exceptions would be made of those people who were vital to the development of the country and were fit to fill positions for which there were no suitable applicants already on hand. This statement, of course, is only in keeping with a policy of the domination of Africa by Afrikanerdom. But, in the generally accepted sense of the phrase, there has never been any State-aided immigration, for the State has not paid passage money. What has been done has been to provide prospective immigrants from Great Britain with all the information they needed, to help in the selection of the type of immigrant wanted and to arrange for accommodation in three specially equipped Union Castle liners.

The terms under which these passages were fixed expire, so far as one of these vessels is concerned, at the end of this month; another ship will be withdrawn at the end of the year and the third next March. So that, unless new arrangements are made between the Government and the shipping company there will be an automatic cessation of the comparatively free flow of immigrants to the Union from overseas. This does not mean, of course, that newcomers will not be able to make their own plans but, until the Government make quite clear the type of man or woman likely to pass the landing barrier, anyone looking for a new country in which to settle may well find his hope of making a home in South Africa somewhat forlorn.

Yet it is difficult to imagine Dr. Malan approving of any barrier being erected to exclude professional men such as doctors, dentists, architects and lawyers, or artisans such as building operatives, motor car mechanics and engineers, for all these types, so long as they are qualified, are in ready demand. It must be remembered, however, that any slowing down of the advent of fresh arrivals, will naturally mean a corresponding decrease in the demand for houses, motor cars and products of the engineer's handiwork. At present there is a considerable gap between the demand for houses and the supply while, judging from the number of complaints of high charges for inefficient work, there are plenty of jobs for good garage hands.

It is more than likely that if a ban is to be imposed, it will be upon the person who has had no special training and no qualification to justify his coming out independently, without any guarantee of employment and without any home to go to. It is this type of optimist who lacks the necessary backing of any special qualification who has provided the 1820 Memorial Settlers Association with the greatest difficulty in dealing with the 18,000 immigrants who have arrived in South Africa in each of the last few years. It may be that any new regulations governing the fresh arrival will be on the lines of testing his ability before he is permitted to stay. There have been instances of men who have been engaged solely on aircraft in Great Britain securing priority passages by describing themselves as motor mechanics and who have quickly found themselves out of a job. What is needed in this particular field is the man, for instance, who has been apprenticed to the trade and who thus knows a motor car from the front to the rear bumper.

The Ministry of the Interior is preparing for Dr. Donges details of the country's immigration needs. Possibly these compilers will also tell him what other countries are doing; that Australia, for instance, wants twenty million Australians within the next two generations and that the Australian Prime Minister's recent visit to England had for one of its objects shipping arrangements for the despatch of 70,000 immigrants every year. They might note, too, that nearer home the late Prime Minister of Rhodesia, Sir Godfrey Huggins, says that his country must

either stagnate or widen the entrance door to people from outside its borders. He did not think that it was good to have only two races, as in South Africa and Canada; it was an asset to have a good mixture.

And, to emphasize this point, there has been the view put forward by Professor C. G. W. Schumann, a leading member of the South African Akademie, who, stressing the need for a much greater rate of immigration so as to increase the ratio of Europeans to non-Europeans in the country, argued that new blood and energy was brought into the country by immigrants with the additional advantage that the cost of education had not been borne by the State. Moreover, a country with a climate like South Africa breeds an inclination to regard tomorrow as the proper day in which to start anything and does not consider eleven Bank Holidays (there was a twelfth last year to celebrate the Royal visit) as unusual. The need for an infusion of energetic newcomers should not be ignored.

This question of labour is bound up with the ever-present native question. What to do with, and the best way to treat, the native is a hardy annual in South Africa. There is a ratio of nearly four to one natives to the European population of the country. The problem is too complex to admit of a ready solution as Mr. J. B. Schoeman, the Minister of Labour (and, incidentally the youngest member of the Cabinet) discovered when he was obliged to modify a statement in which he objected to natives being trained as builders.

He was quickly reminded, notably by his predecessor Major Piet van der Byl, that European artisans could not build the houses required for the white population for many years and they were quite incapable of coping with the requirements of the non-Europeans. And, dealing with the psychological aspect, which, he said, was just as important to the future peace between white and black, Major van der Byl asked if the native was to understand that, although he was to receive some education, under no circumstances would he ever be allowed, even in his own area and serving only native interests, to rise above unskilled employment.

The South African Trades and Labour Council, anxious to clarify the position, sent a deputation to Mr. Schoeman, who told them that he did not propose to permit native trade unions, because of their varying degrees of advancement at the present stage, to have the right to mix with European trade unions or the unfettered right to organize. He thought it unfair to expect natives to have reached that stage of development which it had taken European countries 200 years to attain. At the same time, he recognized that machinery should be set up for natives to enable them to canalize their hopes, aspirations and difficulties.

Later Mr. Justice H. S. Fagan, chairman of the Native Laws Commission which bears his name, dwelt on the important part played by native labour in the running of industries in the Union. Many of these industries could not exist without native labour. At one time the native only worked to satisfy his requirements and had no incentive to rise above the sub-

sistence level. But since he had become a part of the country's industrial economy there had been a shifting of the native population and part of it had become an essential factor in the industrial machine. If the new Government can satisfy all the parties interested in native labour and living conditions it will have accomplished something which none of its predecessors has been able to do.

Still further complicating the issue are the hundreds of thousands of Indians in Natal and coloured people at the Cape who have, virtually, no political freedom at all.

Such is the background of a country whose new governors have yet to reveal the status they wish the Union to hold in relation to the British Empire. The out-and-out Nationalist is expected to press for severance of South Africa from the Commonwealth and it may be recalled that, when a London newspaper was told by Dr. Malan that he was not an enemy of Britain, he would not go any further than to say that severance had not been an issue at the General Election. He also had "nothing to say" when he was reminded of his anti-British speeches and his former advocacy of the Union leaving the Commonwealth.

Thus, while the day may only be distant when seventy-four-year-old Dr. Malan, his own inclinations more readily yielding to the strong pressure likely to be exerted upon him by his more extreme followers inside and outside the Cabinet, may try to cut the tie with Great Britain, it is not so likely that South Africa will adopt an isolationist policy. It will be remembered that when the Prime Minister was invited by Mr. Attlee to attend a conference of other Commonwealth Premiers he declined because of the pressing business connected with the formation of a new Cabinet. This was understandable and did not close the door to the acceptance of a similar invitation at a more convenient time. The Government has also decided to send a strong delegation to the United Nations Assembly in Paris which opens on September 25. This in itself does not suggest a preference to stand aloof from the rest of the world, even though UNO may criticize the handling of the natives in S.W. Africa—a point on which most South Africans are very "touchy".

And those supporters of General Smuts who regard the steps already taken and those likely to follow as certain to prove a set-back on the progress of South Africa have the consoling thought that the Nationalist majority is a very small one and that another General Election in the near future may be in time to repair all the damage done. Not only the British element but also all non-Europeans, who were most disturbed at the recent election results, must hope for a return of the United Party to power. Such a reversal of fortune is their only hope of a liberal progressive future in the land of their birth.

(Colonel Gordon has spent the last year studying the South African political scene at first hand.)

THE AMERICAN CONVENTIONS

By H. G. NICHOLAS

"THE next President of the United States will be nominated in this hall." Philadelphians are a cautious people, not given to rash prognostications, and this mayoral prophecy, emblazoned for all to see on the approaches to their enormous auditorium was no exception. Attracted by the city's munificence (\$250,000, it was said, was offered as a bid for their patronage), the two major parties agreed to overlook its notorious summer humidity and its inadequate hotel accommodation, while Mr. Wallace, for his part, trying to launch a nation-wide party on a miniature budget, was very glad to avail himself of a hall already wired for sound, sight and coca-cola. With these contestants *en scène*, even though Mr. Norman Thomas, the hardy perennial of American Socialism, Mr. John Scott of the Greenbackers, Dr. Watson of the Prohibitionists and Dr. John Maxwell of the American Vegetarian Party were raising their banners elsewhere, it is not extravagant to assume that Philadelphia's boast will be realized.

To the Republicans, of course, to come to Philadelphia was to come back to a citadel whose essential Republican loyalty had never faltered, whose Union League Club might indeed be in need of renovation (immediately on Mr. Dewey's nomination the decorators moved in) but whose membership roll was storied with names long sacred to the party. Nevertheless to the British visitor, travelling to the City Centre along a subway repulsively reminiscent of a converted sewer, and alighting at a City Hall still rocking from a sensational exposé of municipal corruption, the choice of Philadelphia as an advertisement for the virtues of Republican rule seemed, to say the least of it, audacious.

But then audacity, for those who would either hold—or attend—American political conventions, is always the path of safety. The small boy on the Convention floor whose breast bore the silk placard: "*God help to elect the best man*" had obviously got parted from his worldly twin who could have furnished the superfluous rider that God helps those who help themselves. Certainly Mr. Dewey and his team permeated Philadelphia with the conviction that they were leaving nothing to chance, that they knew where they were going and had the course charted for every inch of the way. Those who have doubts about the so-called "science of politics" should take heart from Mr. Dewey's success. Mr. Taft relied upon the empiricism of the old-

fashioned politician, only to prove once again that what was good enough for Ohio is not good enough for the Union. Mr. Stassen had the exuberance of youth, forgetting that Republican conventions hold always a majority of the middle-aged. Senator Vandenberg was a reminder that statesmanship is not enough: one must also have the will to will. But Mr. Dewey not only arrived at the Convention with his wings tipped by the successes of the Oregon primary; he also brought with him the filing cabinets and the punch cards, to tell him, with the lightning accuracy of an American scholar cross-indexing an eighteenth century memoir, which delegate dined with whom, what was this man's special interest, and that one's Achilles' heel. With this equipment, only one thing more was needed—Pennsylvania. The trusteeship of her seventy-three votes was divided between Senator Martin, on the one hand, "favourite son" not only of the State, but also of Mr. Grundy, that paterfamilias of Philadelphia Republicans, and on the other Governor Duff, whose strength lay in Pittsburgh and with organized labour. The delegates were pledged to vote on the first ballot for Senator Martin but would then, if Governor Duff had his way, go for Vandenberg. The sensation of the Convention came on Tuesday when, before the first ballot, Senator Martin withdrew his candidacy and urged his state to cast its vote for Mr. Dewey. The hotel lobbies resounded with the clamour of those who complained, protested, demurred and decried, but the "blitz" was on and from then on it never stopped until by the end of the second ballot Mr. Dewey's nomination was so clearly in the bag that he could even agree to a recess which would allow his troops to shave before the victory parade. Bitter and disappointed critics and rivals complained of deals and brokerage. Mr. Dewey might have appealed to history for his defence—to 1860, for example, when the first successful Republican aspirant won his nomination through the swing, at the decisive moment, of the Pennsylvania column. However, that would have violated one of the most sacred rules of Republican protocol—that the name of Lincoln may not be involved in any contest as sordid as that of "politics". Instead Mr. Dewey contented himself with a plain but emphatic denial.

The Vice-Presidency is traditionally awarded either as a reward for service, or as a solace for a defeated rival, or so as to "strengthen the ticket". For the discharge of his debts Mr. Dewey apparently looks to other currency, for consolation he invites his rivals to share vicariously in the victory of next November; what he cares about most is strengthening the ticket. That undoubtedly was why Mr. Halleck of Indiana, whose record as Republican leader in the House of Representatives has earned him the execration of all the "new guard" of Republicans, was passed over, despite his indubitable services in swinging Indiana into Mr. Dewey's column. (If Mr. Dewey gets to the White House in January he may well find that Mr. Halleck's bitterness has persisted throughout the mellowing autumn of Republican victory). Instead Governor Warren

of California was persuaded to accept—West to buttress East, warm to counter cold, the shaft of sunlight to supplement the evenly diffused fluorescence of success. It was also pointed out that Mr. Warren alone amongst Mr. Dewey's serious rivals had abstained from joining the "stop-Dewey" block, that pathetic earthwork thrown up by Messrs. Taft, Stassen and others in the very moment of their defeat.

Not the least remarkable phenomenon of an American Convention is the process by which, the candidature once sealed, the energies hitherto divided amongst the warring contestants combine along the line of force dictated by the victor—a phenomenon for which the term 'bandwaggon' represents so wholly inadequate a metaphor. The Republicans leaving Philadelphia perfectly demonstrated the continuing operation of this mechanical principle, by rallying behind Mr. Dewey in a fervour, not indeed of affection for their candidate, but of utter conviction in the invincibility of their ticket. Their conviction has spread to the country at large and there is hardly any dispassionate observer (certainly not your correspondent) who doubts Mr. Dewey's ability to win in November.

By contrast the Democrats took their place a fortnight later, divided and bitter with the foreknowledge of defeat. The rivalries in their ranks signified not the healthy competition of eager aspirants, but the animosity between those who accepted the President's traditional right to a renomination and those who, like stage carpenters, busied themselves with constructing a succession of dummy alternatives to him. Pathetic efforts were made to hold together by memories an alliance whose only *raison d'être* had been mutual interest. Portraits of Franklin Roosevelt, a Memorial Service for Franklin Roosevelt (with 'taps' played off key, amidst the flashing of photofloods), a Memorial Breakfast for Franklin Roosevelt, oratorical quotations and evocations of Franklin Roosevelt—this succession of efforts to resurrect Caesar as well as to praise him ignored the patent fact that this was prosperous, full employment '48, not depressed, panic-stricken '32. The strange bedfellows of sixteen years, the Southern Conservatives, the big city bosses and the Lib-Lab New Dealers, could no longer hide their boredom with each other's company and each indulged the illusion that it could dictate a new alliance entirely on its own terms. But for this purpose, to each of them a new leader seemed essential. The Truman *alliance des mediocres* had offended too many people too much of the time. The liberals would not forgive in the Pendergast graduate any of that playing at 'politics' which they had so readily overlooked in the Squire of Hyde Park; the conservatives would not trade further ideological rebuffs for majorities and jobs; the trouble in each case was that Truman could not 'deliver'. If only a magic 'deliverer' could be found! The energetic orator who toured up and down Philadelphia's Broad Street in a jeep with a loudspeaker thought he had found him—but then he had been General Eisenhower's mess sergeant and in an old soldier political day-dreaming is pardonable (as Genera

Macarthur had recently discovered). But in a body of serious politicians, bidding for the leadership of American liberalism, as were Leon Henderson, James Roosevelt and other stalwarts of "Americans for Democratic Action," the illusion was inexcusable—still less the persistent nourishment of it in the face of repeated denials from General Eisenhower himself. Then to follow this by the equally unrealistic and even more inelegant attempt to "draft" Mr. Justice Douglas was to pile panic on top of self-deception. Only one grotesquerie remained to be exploited—to switch from Justice Douglas of the Supreme Court to Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas of California; mercifully Mrs. Douglas's good sense (not to mention her actress's intuition of how much an audience will stand before the eggs start flying) made this the shortest turn of the show and the newspapers announcing her refusal were on the streets almost before the offer was made known.

These somersaults provided the only relief to the general monotony of the opening days of the Democratic gathering. But the liberals were not alone in their panicking. Numbers of Southerners poured into Philadelphia vowing that they would bolt the party rather than endure the renomination of the man who had endorsed the findings of the Civil Rights Commission. The situation irresistibly recalled that of the Democratic Convention at Charleston which immediately preceded the Civil War; then too the Southern "ultras" had come protesting an intended invasion of "states rights" and threatening to bolt if Douglas were nominated or his "popular sovereignty" written into the platform. A contemporary observer had remarked that this prospect was by no means unpleasing to the Northern Democrats; "They could go North and get two votes (electoral) for their nominee, for every Southern vote that would leave the Convention. Their game then was, to have three or four states, at most, go out. They wanted a little eruption, but not a great one." In 1860 these wise calculations had gone astray, and a veritable Vesuvius of Southern protest had overwhelmed the Union. In 1948 the volcano was better handled. The official administration tactic was to treat the South respectfully and to confine the civil rights plank to a few orotund generalities. A handful of audacious Northern liberals, however, led by Major Humphrey of Minneapolis (of whom it is safe to prophesy that more will be heard later) took the fight to the Convention floor and there demanded a more specific pledge on anti-Negro discrimination. Thanks largely to the support of the bosses in cities where the Negro vote may hold the balance, these forcing tactics proved successful and the liberal amendment went through by 651½ votes to 582½. We sat back and waited for the eruption. When it came it was small and astonishingly undramatic. Even Mr. Gromyko would find it hard to stage an impressive walk out down the corridor of a New York subway in the rush hour. *Mutatis mutandis* the Southerners found equivalent obstacles in the way of their demonstration. They had to inject themselves

into the milling mob that seems continuously to clog the aisles of Convention halls and elbow their way to the back of the auditorium. Moreover, when the moment came, only Mississippi and half of Alabama had the heart to do it. The North, more successful than in 1860, had secured its "little eruption". There would be no civil war. Instead there would be many more Democratic votes in marginal states. Cynics might argue that this was merely purchasing seats for Northern liberals at the expense of Southern liberals. But it was also true that it constituted a Democratic commitment which it would be hard ever to retract. It left the South bitter and unhappy, as their nomination of Senator Russell—on the principle of "anyone but Truman"—later evidenced. But when Mr. Truman romped home with an overwhelming majority it was with an expression of disappointment rather than of indignation that Southern delegates sat out the thirty minutes of ritual whoopee. They stayed uneasily in their seats, like new signatories of the pledge nostalgically watching their old playmates setting off on a bender.

Mr. Truman had won, in face of liberal sabotage and Southern grumbling. No one might want him very much, but by Wednesday night it was patently obvious that there was no-one else, not even the Mr. Paul McNutt that a long-winded Florida delegate tried to interest us in. True, our hearts warmed far more at the thought of having dear, deserving bumbling Alben Barkley for Vice-President and we chafed at Mr. Truman's delay in according him his endorsement. But at the end, to atone for his reticences and his fumbblings and his insufficiency, Mr. Truman appeared, to re-create in the small hours of Thursday morning the most effective—perhaps the only effective—one of his presidential illusions. He became once again the honest little man who was fighting mad at obstruction, indifference and arrogance in high places. At least for that brief moment, and at two-thirty in the morning, we all caught the infection of this crisp little man's complete confidence that November could see him elected, and as we went out of the hall together into the (relatively) cool night air we rejoiced to feel that there was life in the old party yet.

When Mr. Wallace's turn came to rouse the echoes of Convention Hall, his organizers, for all their emphasis on the "newness" of their party, saw to it that the traditional rites were not scamped at their hands. The lyric tenors intoning the Lord's Prayer, the sopranos shrilling through "God Bless America," the banners, the buttons, the oratorical cadences—all were in generous supply. But at these points resemblance ceased. The candidacies being sealed in advance, there was, of course, no mobbing of hotel lobbies and suites by those who knew or suspected that the real convention was being held there, and not in the open spaces of the auditorium. For Mr. Wallace's Convention the delegates all duly assembled where they were bid—and, what is more, stuck out each session to its pre-ordained end. And this was the more remarkable

because there was so little that could—or did—happen for which their presence was required. But of course in the temple the attendance of the faithful is the measure not of the necessities of the god-head but of the spiritual hunger of his worshippers. And Mr. Wallace's worshippers were indubitably hungry—some for security, as in the expectant faces of the old who had decided to join Mr. Wallace without deserting Dr. Townsend, some for the assurance of peace—and one saw again the same expression that one had seen in Peace Pledge Union meetings in England in the 'thirties—some for their long-deferred social and civil rights, distinguishable often by the colour of their skin or the contours of features which in becoming American had not ceased to be European or Asiatic, some for adventure and idealism, eager, young and ingenuous, and some for power and the service of the dialectic.

This was a young convention. It held fewer bald heads and more bare backs (which gave it almost the air of an American fiesta) than either of its predecessors. Indeed, at a guess, about one quarter of the attendance must have been below voting age. This endowed its movements with a liveliness and a spontaneity which were both engaging and pathetic. Whereas the cheering, singing, whistling, marching and arm-waving of the Republicans and Democrats had all the synthetic flavour of the antics of middle-aged alumni at a "class reunion" this had the authentic fervour and high spirits of undergraduate celebration. Such, at least, predominated on the floor. The platform presented a different picture. Here were the lean and hungry congressional demagogues, Messrs. Marcantonio and Isaacson, expert as actors in rousing audiences with the maximum of effect and the minimum of effort. Here was Professor Tugwell, the kidnapped liberal, trying to persuade himself and his audience that Mr. Wallace's New Party was the god-child of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal. Here was the sardonic Mr. Pressman, fired from the C.I.O. as a crypto-communist and now busy, like an impeccable suit-presser, in eliminating the last deviationist crease from the party's programme. Here was Mr. Fitzgerald, President of the Electrical Workers (the only notable union to be represented), wielding the chairman's gavel with the contemptuous imperturbability of a New York cop who has pulled up a motorist for speeding. And, finally—oh, after what pent-up expectation!—here was Mr. Wallace himself.

Fortunately, to understand the Progressive Party, it is not necessary to understand Mr. Wallace. The Party is, like all American parties, an alliance. In the case of the Republican and Democratic parties their alliances often add up to nothing more doctrinally significant than the old distinction between the "Ins" and the "Outs". The Progressives are a party of protest and utopia, of repentance and abundance, the white sheet and the patchwork quilt. They promise something to everybody—and most things to the communists. This does not mean that most of them are communists. It does mean that they don't mind the company

they keep, that they fear war with Russia more than they dislike the totalitarianism of the Kremlin, and lastly that, like every American party, they need an organization. This last is something which indubitably the communists can supply—at a price. It is already apparent to most people other than Mr. Wallace that the bargain was not as good as he thought.

Much useless debate revolves around the question of Mr. Wallace's "sincerity". Certainly when he says: "If I were President there would be no crisis in Berlin," he sincerely believes in both his intentions and his capacity. But when a politician's hold upon objective reality has become as weakened as his, when facts and opinions become as unrecognizably blurred as they do in every speech he makes, "sincerity" itself loses any objective content and becomes merely an interesting psychological condition.

In November the party may score some local successes—at the price, mainly, of liberal Democrats in marginal constituencies. But after that? No one at Philadelphia voiced the question. The communists, however, have their answer ready; in the rules and structure of the party, which are almost entirely of their own devising, they have all that is needed to enable them, as a disciplined minority, to move in and take over. And Mr. Wallace? To predict the course of a messiah is always risky; when his progress reaches the stage at which his only followers are heretics, one may surely plead that it passes the legitimate bounds of speculation.

ARGENTINE AMBITIONS

BY WILLARD PRICE

ARGENTINA now celebrates a "Day of the Race" on October 18, and on that date in 1947 Juan Perón declaimed:

For us, race is something purely spiritual. It constitutes a sum of the imponderables that make us what we are and impel us to be what we should be, through our origin and our destiny. It is that which dissuades us from falling into the imitation of other communities whose natures are foreign to ours. For us, race constitutes our personal seal, indefinable and irrefutable.

Examination of all school children is advocated by him with a view to selecting the fittest. These are to be encouraged to mate immediately after puberty so that they may produce as many children as possible and of the finest breed.

Despite the obvious Nazi inspiration of this plan, and the disrepute that has been brought upon eugenics by Hitler's abuse of it, a scientific better-children programme is one of mankind's greatest needs. But the credit Sr. Perón deserves is diluted by the objective he has in mind, the rearing of a master army. Catholics have opposed the plan, and it has for the present been held in abeyance. But there is another way to build "white supremacy", and an extensive immigration programme has been launched. "Inferior" races are barred; "nordics" are preferred. Rigid physical tests are imposed. The programme begins modestly with a quota of a half million immigrants to be brought in during the first three years. The migration is then to be stepped up until, Sr. Perón hopes, the inflow will equal that of the United States during peak migration years.

It is estimated that Argentina which now has 15,000,000 people could readily support 100,000,000. And how beautifully 100,000,000 could support its President's larger plans in the Western Hemisphere!

The ethnic elements that he expects to weld together into a self-conscious and militantly patriotic Argentine "race" are varied—and yet they have a certain affinity, for they are practically all North European. They regard Buenos Aires as a little Europe, which it is. Third largest city in the Americas, Buenos Aires is the most cosmopolitan. Said an American architect who practises in Buenos Aires:

New York is cosmopolitan in the lower levels, not so much in the upper. Here it goes right through. In the course of a day you may have need for three or four languages. That's not true in the ordinary day of the New York business man—nor of the Londoner. Seven nationalities are represented by the seven members of my staff.

Down the hall from our apartment lived a British naval officer and his family, upstairs was a voluble French couple, in a store below crackled the Italian language, on the next street, Cerrito, four Japanese brothers ran a *bomboneria* where they sold candy and Japanese art objects, there were Greek and Armenian churches not far away, and a large synagogue of orthodox stamp where hatted and shawled Jews listened to the chanting of the rabbi, distinguished by his high black hat, and the reader in derby and white shawl.

But the Jews are not to be a part of Sr. Perón's Argentine race, nor are the Japanese. His followers, copying from the Nazi book, have frequently stoned the synagogues, breaking windows and injuring worshippers. Late one evening on the street ironically called *Libertad* I saw the inscription "Death to the Jews! *Viva Perón!*" being chalked up on a wall while a policeman stood by, grinning. The pavement of Avenida de Mayo was a blackboard for such appeals as: "Kill a Jew and be a patriot." As for the Japanese, there are only some 10,000 of them in Argentina, and they strictly abstain from inter-racial marriage.

Germans will contribute much to the race, both in blood and spirit. Besides some 50,000 Germans who have arrived during the last few years, there are a quarter million Argentines of German blood. Perónist collaboration with the Nazis did not end with the defeat of Hitler. If Nazi ideology ever makes a comeback it is quite likely to use Argentine as its stage. But Sr. Perón expects that ideology to work for him, not for a new *Reich*.

Half of the Argentines have some Italian blood. Looking through the death notices in the papers, one observes that about thirty-five out of fifty are Italian names. Our own street was named for a famous Italian of Argentine history, Carlos Pellegrini. Because of this fact, Pellegrini is pronounced as it is spelled, with full value given to the *ls*—whereas if it were a Spanish name the Argentines, who habitually distort the Castilian *ya* sound of double-*l* into a *j* sound, would say "Caje Pejigrini." Calle Lavalle is "Caje Lavaje." Whereas the United States received millions of Italians of Mediterranean ethnic origin, Alpines came to Argentina. These northern Italians, racially different from the Italians of south Italy and Sicily, are bigger, taller, lighter in complexion, and temperamentally more active.

Having dinner in Professor Dawson's home in La Plata we were joined by a young man and his wife. Their fresh-cream complexions and pert noses made me take them for Irish. But no, they were both Italian, the man from Piedmont, the girl from Udine. Their small boy and girl in gaily coloured *ponchos* were as light in complexion as English children. The Italians make good immigrants because they go out to the farms. The Spaniards are inclined to remain in the cities. But both Italians and Spaniards seem better than their compatriots at home. Here in Argentina, as Professor Edward Alsworth Ross has said, "the Latins are blooming

again. Economic opportunity has called into being hope, and hope is the parent of that energy and that fecundity which make a great people."

The Irish dissolve smoothly in the Argentine crucible. A girl reporter from *The Standard* came for a story and when she was done with her questioning I questioned her. "What nationality are you?" "Argentine." "But your ancestors were not Spanish." "No, I have an Irish father, English mother, American stepfather, and Swiss grandmother!" Such is the Argentine melting pot.

Far south, Welshmen by the thousands raise sheep by the million. Farther south, Scotsmen enjoy a climate as raw as that of their own highlands.

Vying with the tremendous influence of the German population is that of the English. More than 100,000 Argentines are partly or wholly English. Great Britain has done more for Argentina than Mother Spain ever did or could do. Britons fathered the great cattle industry. They built the railroads that made the pampas accessible, brought in stock to improve the herds, built the first refrigeration plants, organized shipping lines to carry the meat abroad, became Argentina's best meat customers—and never complained about foot-and-mouth disease. Grains too go to Britain. More of Argentina's exports go to Britain than anywhere else, ordinarily four times the export to the United States. Of course there is a reason besides British good will. Britain, a great island factory without much in the way of farmland and cattle range, can use Argentina's agricultural products, as the agriculturally rich United States cannot.

Britain invested more in Argentina than in any other Latin American country. She grew to look upon Argentina with a paternal eye. She was not afraid of American competition. "You may take Canada away from us, but you will never get Argentina," said John Bull in effect to Uncle Sam. Canada is safe, but Argentina seems now to be in process of being taken away from both John Bull and Uncle Sam. Sr. Perón has bought the British out of the railroad business and eliminated Americans from Argentina's telephone business by the purchase of International Telephone and Telegraph interests for \$95,000,000. "By the end of my term," he declared in 1946, "not an inch of soil, not a breath of air, will be alien-owned." And he has embarked upon a policy of encouraging those Britons who marry Argentine women and become Argentine citizens, and discouraging those who show no inclination to help build the new race.

More than 5,000 American firms are now represented in Argentina according to a report of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Argentina. Argentines complain that Americans hold themselves aloof, consider themselves superior, come with a return ticket and count the days until they can get back to "God's country." That is a valid criticism, but it is becoming less true. With shortages at home and abundance in Argentina, fewer Americans are quite so positive as to which is "God's country."

More exporters send representatives down to stay. Business with Latin America is a life work, not something to be transacted between 'planes.

A famous American industrial architect, Lyman Dudley, who has put in permanent roots, says: "I'm for Argentina. Argentina is ahead of the U.S. in some respects in industrial architecture, especially in the use of reinforced concrete. It is very ingeniously and intricately employed for skeletons of buildings where the U.S. would use steel. Here there is little iron and few rolling mills—but they can turn out reinforcing steel. Visiting architects and engineers from the U.S. are astonished at what is accomplished here and in Brazil without the conventional heavy steel skeleton that you see in New York during the construction of a skyscraper. The highest reinforced concrete building in the world was the Kavanaugh Building here until a bank building in Sao Paulo, Brazil, surpassed it—it now holds world honours."

Do Americans marry Latins? They do, and like it. We visited an American professor of astronomy who, although ousted from the University of La Plata by Sr. Perón, thought enough of Argentina to become naturalized. His eldest son has married an Argentine girl of Spanish and Italian descent. His eldest daughter, just returned from the United States where she took a doctorate in botany, will marry an Argentine if he proves more interesting than botany.

Neighbours proved neighbourly in our neighbourhood. One evening we were invited to dinner at the home of Señor and Señora Gutierrez Salinas, a block away, on Cerrito. There we had new evidence of the tying together of the two ends of the hemisphere, to their mutual benefit. The handsome young señora worked as Passenger Service Supervisor at the Pan American airport where she went under her maiden name, Ann Carey. She was thoroughly Argentine, but her progenitors on both sides were Irish. "We want you to meet my sister and her boy," she said when she came to our apartment to invite us. She emphasized the word 'boy'. We speculated idly as to why she should consider it such a privilege for us to meet her sister's child. And how did her sister, who she had already said was unmarried, happen to have a son? We scented scandal. But Ann had merely made a slight mistake in the use of an English idiom. 'Boy' should have been 'boy friend'. He proved to be an expansive thirtyish American by the name of Doyle. He was engaged to Ann's sister, a challenging blonde with decisive ideas and a strong way of putting them. She disagreed frequently with her prospective husband. She was employed in the woman suffrage campaign. (It has this year been won—all Argentine women now have the vote.) "And where will you live when you are married?" "I'd like to live in the States," said the Argentine girl. "It's better to live here," said the American. And if they do as hundreds of other such couples have done, they will stay in Argentina and raise a bi-lingual family.

President Perón's race will be "pure" so far as colour is concerned.

There is no colour problem in Argentina. Blacks were brought in as slaves, but never in large numbers, and they were emancipated a decade before their brothers in the United States. Their descendants seem to have vanished. The sometimes raw climate was not congenial to a race accustomed to tropic warmth. Tuberculosis took a heavy toll. Some Negroes trekked north into tropical Brazil. Whatever the various reasons, the Negro has disappeared. In three months in Buenos Aires we did not see one black face.

If the Negro was allowed to die out, the Indian was hurried to the same conclusion. "The Argentine way with the Indian," says Hubert Herring in *Good Neighbours*, "was also the American way—out-right extermination, or exile to the dry lands where he could starve in peace. The device has worked. While the United States reduced its Indian population by one half in the nineteenth century, Argentina was even more successful: of the estimated 1,000,000 in 1825, some 20,000 to 30,000 pure Indians survive to-day. Argentina is a 'white man's country'."

Argentina is whiter than the United States. With less than one per cent. of the population black as against ten per cent. in the United States, fewer Indians and Orientals in proportion to population, and a smaller ratio of immigration from Mediterranean lands, Argentina ranks with Uruguay, Costa Rica and Canada so far as pigmentation is concerned. Argentina is too white for its own good. Even before President Perón it was inclined to make a fetish of whiteness and under his inspiration it now too willingly develops the master race complex that destroyed Germany and will destroy any people that practises it. What Argentine democrats bitterly call Nazi-Perónismo deliberately fosters the notion of Argentine racial superiority.

It is reasonable enough to be proud of the fine qualities that Argentines undoubtedly possess. "The Argentines impress one as a bigger breed than the people of the West Coast," sociologist Edward Alsworth Ross has said. They have greater stature, more massive bodies, bigger faces. "Is it that the bigger Latins have migrated hither? Or have we here the result of a more generous nourishment?" Also it is probably true that Argentina is ethnically advancing while many other nations stand still or decline. The original colonist stock in North America was perhaps as good as anything that came later. But the weakest element in Argentina was the Spanish stock, and it was the immigration from northern Europe, England and northern Italy that made the Argentine of to-day. To a great extent, Argentines of Spanish derivation have stood by and benefited from the achievements of others in building up their country.

For such good luck Argentines should be humbly thankful. Pride will invite a fall—the sort of fall experienced by a haughty Argentine whom Edward Tomlinson heard say at Rio airport during customs inspection: "Look how these black, unclean fingers handle my clothes." The Negro customs inspector gave no sign of having heard. He continued

removing the Argentine's effects from his suitcase and placing them on the counter. Then he checked the suitcase as cleared, and turned away. "Why don't you replace my things in the suitcase?" stormed the Argentine. The Negro replied politely, "Sir, you would not wish these black, unclean hands to soil your clothing twice."

The Argentines are a splendid people but they have not been without a sense of superiority over all other inhabitants of the hemisphere. This foundation of pride makes it easier for Sr. Perón to build his pernicious racialism. His chief tool is the educational system. The schools are in his hands. They are manufacturing Nazi-tinctured militarists who believe in the Argentine super-race and its manifest destiny, hold with their President's maxim: "War is an inevitable social phenomenon," despise democracy as effete and outdated, are trained to regard even American food shipments to Europe as "Yankee imperialism" and British occupation of the Falklands and Antarctic islands as an "intolerable infringement upon Argentine sovereignty."

The older generation is inclined to be democratic. But when these youngsters grow up—there will be no getting along with them. We shall not have long to wait. Many of them have already grown up. Thousands of young men who entered the universities in 1943 at the beginning of Perónism have been or are now being graduated into positions of leadership. Large numbers of them are in the army or government departments, others in law and others are instructors of still another generation of Peróns.

In place of 1,200 professors ousted from Argentine universities, army officers and government hangers-on have been installed. The universities have become little better than government bureaus. Some of the professors are younger and greener than some of the students. A beginner in law who had been graduated only a year from the University of Buenos Aires was appointed to a full professorship in law in the same institution. His credentials were that he had been a vigorous rooster for Sr. Perón. A world-famous historian, Dr. Ricardo Rojas, was replaced by a young man with no degree; but he could claim a distinction that weighed more heavily with the Perónistas. He had been cited in the U.S. Blue Book as a Nazi agent. The army men are most inadequate, their own education having been meagre, narrow and nationalistic. The Argentines, by the way, do not think much of their militarists. They call them "inverted centaurs"—the horse on top.

The noose was tightened on January 1, 1948, when a new law took effect. It gives the president the power to name a Council of Education which will appoint all teachers and lay out the curriculum of every school and university. Thus the authority to determine exactly what may be taught and who shall teach it heads up in the president himself. The Council of Education will do as he pleases, and any member who displeases may expect dismissal.

Another law requires the military training of all males and females of from twelve to fifty. Perónist deputy Benítez calls it the "heroic preparation of our youth" and is not ashamed to cite the example of Hitler Youth "which gave Germany a great advantage over the unprepared Allies."

Over what unprepared Allies do Perónists seek a great advantage? Sr. Perón's determination to weld South American nations together into a bloc in opposition to the United States and Great Britain is well known; it has been frankly and frequently avowed by the president himself. Moreover he has stated plainly his readiness to use military means if necessary to accomplish his purpose. Nothing could be clearer than his own words:

If diplomacy cannot obtain the political objectives aimed at, then it must prepare conditions that these may be obtained through force.

Friends of the Argentine people will hope that wiser counsels will prevail in time to avoid the same self-ruin that arrogance and pride of "race" brought upon Germany, Italy and Japan.

AIR WARFARE

BY AIR-MARSHAL DOUGLAS COLYER

DESPITE the experiences of the war of 1914-1918, which, for our purposes, may perhaps be called Air War I, the war of 1939-1945—Air War II—began with the vast majority of opinion, both military and lay, British and foreign, holding the vaguest possible ideas as to the nature, value or correct use of air power. The views held varied from those of the totally ignorant who, on that account, were the more ready to be dogmatic about it, to the narrowly partisan and professionally jealous, who saw in the new arm a possible competitor with the longer established services. Midway between the two were those who, including as they did military thinkers and serious students of war, were anxious to evolve a theory of air warfare based on the lessons of the only example available and on the theoretical principles emerging from Staff College discussions and the comparatively insignificant volume of literature which the subject had called into being.

Among the latter, opinion ranged from the school of Douhet, an Italian general who saw future warfare as an affair of super-bombers imposing terms of surrender on a stricken enemy in no time at all, to that of the militarists, in the narrow sense of sea and land strategists, who looked on the air arm merely as a handmaid of the traditional forms of warfare, useful for reconnaissance and capable of performing the work of the torpedo or the long-range gun in a rather more extended, though less accurate, manner than the weapons whose place it was attempting to take.

Midway again, between the Douhetists and the ancillarists, were a handful of thinkers, and it is interesting to note that they were to be found mainly among British students of the subject—perhaps because it was in this country that the idea of an independent air arm was first conceived and allowed to grow to fruition—who began to think out the problem of the correct use of air power as a possibly decisive means of imposing one's will upon an enemy.

During the last months of the First Air War, the value of an independent air force had been vaguely grasped and such a force put into tentative action in the form of Trenchard's Independent Air Force for the bombing of Germany. Peace came too soon for its value as a separate force to be proved, but its potentialities were not lost upon those whose business it was to think out the problems of a future war, least of all upon its commander, who became the first post-war Chief of Air Staff. The careful reading of

the R.A.F. War Manual of the years between the wars would be a rewarding study for the student of to-day anxious to trace the evolution of the theory of air war which was put into operation in successive stages of the Second Air War. There is there an appreciation of the basic features of the correct use of air power which does honour to the foresight of the anonymous authors who worked unobtrusively in the back rooms of the pre-Whitehall Air Ministry.

Even granted the fact that the potentialities of the air arm were theoretically understood by a portion of the British Air Staff—but by very few other people—when the Second Air War broke out in 1939, the practical application of air power was but dimly seen by anyone. To the Germans, the *Luftwaffe* was an arm whose *raison d'être* was to assist the army to victory in a whirlwind *blitzkrieg*. To those of her opponents whose armed forces and territories were rapidly overrun, the air arm had never been more than an ancillary and was to prove merely a small mouthful to be swallowed in one gulp by the *Luftwaffe* as a step towards the smoothing of the path for the victorious *Wehrmacht*. To ourselves, the independence of the rôle of the air force was recognized, but the long years of neglect had been only very partially atoned for when the test came and the R.A.F. was no more than just able to profit from the enemy's misunderstanding and misuse of his air power and so gain for us the time to develop our air arm in sufficient strength to pave the way to victory.

Looking back on the development of air warfare from the Battle of Britain to the final obliterating attacks of the Japanese war, and leaving out of consideration the two atomic bombs which really altered nothing in the winning of Air War II, one of the most striking facts is the failure of the German leaders to profit by experience to learn the correct use of the air arm. (The Japanese, having failed in their initial attempt at a knockout, could, at the best, hope by the reckless use of their air force to postpone the day of defeat.) Though, indeed, by the time of the Battle of Britain, the Germans were probably too deeply committed to make any significant change in the basic pattern of the *Luftwaffe*, there does not appear to have been any real appreciation of the fundamental unsoundness of the doctrine on which it had been conceived. In Russia, we see it being used again in the rôle of co-operation with the army: thereafter, more and more, it undertook a mere defensive part in a vain attempt to ward off the bomber offensive by our own and the U.S. Air Forces, which ultimately brought about the collapse of Germany herself.

In this country, once the air arm had proved just sufficiently strong to halt the enemy in his attempted knockout, the comparative slenderness of our existing production resources, coupled with a sounder appreciation of the true rôle of the air arm, worked to our advantage in enabling us to build up the kind of air force we needed to do the job, free from the dead weight of ponderous production plans difficult to upset. Thus, throughout the war, we were able to produce successive types of aircraft, each

fitted to make the best use of the armament and equipment which was being simultaneously brought into production, whereas the Germans finished the war with virtually the same types of aircraft with which they began it, improvements being confined to modifications of the same basic designs. It would be quite unjustifiable to pretend to see in the above the result of a Machiavellian policy which, gauging the exact strength needed to parry the initial blow and so win us the time we needed, enabled us to create the requisite weapons at the proper moment. No such policy existed. The plain fact is that we began to arm in the air too late, but just scrambled through our great test thanks to the superior design of our aircraft, superlatively courageous and well-trained airmen and the fundamentally obtuse handling of the problem by the German Air Staff.

Thereafter, for four years, we were able to build up our strength and use our air power as best we knew how, learning as we went, but making many mistakes and being frequently led up blind alleys. Our experience was able to prevent our American Allies from making all our initial mistakes; the solutions of other problems we found together, the hard way. The world-wide nature of the war in which we were involved necessitated a dispersal of air effort—the needs of the armies in North Africa, in Italy and in the Far East, the needs of the Navy for help in protecting the vital convoys, the continuing need of the bomber offensive over the enemy homeland and occupied countries, the needs of defence of our own country, fluctuating as it did with the intensity of the enemy bombing, dying away and then flaring up again with the advent of the V weapons—all complicated the problem. But, in every stage, one fact became more and more clear, that the influence of air power on the conduct of the war would be decisive, that in every operation and in every condition of warfare, the result would be dependent upon the degree to which air power, properly handled, could be brought to bear upon it by one side or the other.

Von Rundstedt's summing up of the failure of the Ardennes offensive: "The root of the whole trouble was air power, air power" could be applied to the whole course and outcome of the war; the tardy recognition of its true significance by our enemies, the clearer understanding of its implications by ourselves and our Allies, coupled at last with overwhelming material resources, brought about a result as inevitable as its meaning is inescapable for those whose work it is to prepare against the danger of a future war.

Two books have appeared during the last few months which are worthy of close study in this connection, one written by one of the deepest students of the nature of air power since its earliest emergence, Mr. J. M. Spaight,* the other by one who played a major part in bringing victory through air power in Air War II, Lord Tedder,† who was General

* *Air Power can Disarm*, by J. M. Spaight. (Air League of the British Empire.) Pitman 10s. 6d.
† *Air Power in War*, by Lord Tedder. (The Lees Knowles Lectures, Cambridge University, 1947.) Hodder and Stoughton, 9s. 6d.

Eisenhower's air commander in North Africa, Deputy Supreme Commander in the invasion of Europe and is now Chief of Air Staff. After following the course of the war in the air in some detail, both writers arrive at the conclusion which has been set out above, that it was air power which won it for Britain and her Allies. As Lord Tedder says in the last paragraph of his final lecture: "I am utterly convinced that the outstanding and vital lesson of the last war is that air power is the dominant factor in this modern world and that, though the methods of exercising it will change, it will remain the dominant factor so long as power determines the fate of nations."

There will be few, after the experience of the six years from 1939-1945, who will dispute this conclusion. Even a cursory study of the main events of the war will show us how the power which possessed incomparably the greatest air force in the world in 1939, by failure to comprehend its possibilities and exploit them, ended with it pinned immobile upon the ground by Allied air forces which had won mastery of the air space above it, even though until nearly the very end its own productive capacity was never severely strained. It will show us how, during the course of the war, we often concentrated our efforts on the wrong types of objectives and suffered grievous losses in attacks upon targets which earned no dividends. We shall see finally that it was not until we possessed overwhelming air power, adequate for every possible task we could think of giving it to do and free from any risk of serious opposition, that we were able to impose our will upon two enemies battered beneath a hail of bombs such as even the pre-war Douhetists had never thought of in their wildest dreams, because it had never struck them that any people would be able to endure it and survive. Lord Tedder strikes a very necessary note of warning in the first of his Lees Knowles lectures when he says that we have a tendency to draw our lessons too much from the final stages of war. "In the latter stages of a war, after some years of lavish expenditure . . . military problems have a way of becoming relatively easy of solution . . . Surely it is the problems of the early stages of the war which we should study . . . There were no big battalions and blank cheques then. Here is the real and vital test of our defence policies. It is at the outset of war that time is the supreme factor."

This is the precise problem which our planners and our politicians have got to face. It is impossible and unthinkable that we can maintain armaments in time of peace on the scale to which they had to be built up to bring about the defeat of Germany and Japan in 1945. It is a problem which severely tries the capacity of any Committee of Defence to get government and people to face up to even modest military expenditure when no black clouds are actually visible on the horizon, even though the forecast may be "stormy". The most that can be hoped for is enough cloth to cut a very skimpy coat and the manner in which the cloth is to be used to the best advantage must be the subject of the most careful planning.

Mr. Spaight, in his last chapter sees the way out of the difficulty for individual nations in the creation of an "international fire brigade" in the form of a United Nations security force, whose first echelon will be air contingents ready for instant action against an aggressor. But the Charter of the United Nations is now over three years old and there is still no sign of a "security force in being", nor do events in New York augur well for its creation in the foreseeable future. The powers are thus thrown back on their own resources. How to use our small remnant of cloth to give us the forces to buy the vital time we must have if war comes again? Let us go back to Lord Tedder once more:

We simply must get the whole business of warfare and national defence back on to a sound and economical basis, and we must clear our minds as to what would be our aim in any future war. I believe that, in future, war will inevitably be total and world-wide; but that does not necessarily imply that we should conduct our share of such a war on similar lines to those we followed in World Wars I and II. Personally, I do not see how we could survive winning a third victory like the two previous ones. What shall it profit us if we win the victory and lose our civilization? I am sure we must be far more selective in the allocation of our national effort to military defence. We must pay far more attention to the principle of economy of force—and when I say "economy" I do not mean the false economy got by doing things on the cheap, but the economy which comes from keeping every part of the national war machine properly balanced in relation to the rest of the machine—the economy, moreover, which organizes the armed forces for speed and quick decision. . . . We are shackled by the past, and never has the future been more difficult to divine. What we must do is to discard quite ruthlessly ideas, traditions, and methods which have not stood the test of economy. Each of the fighting services must discard old shibboleths and outworn traditions, go to the scientists and technicians for all they can possibly give in the way of speed, mobility and economy, and then develop the whole time with an eye on the other two members of the team in co-operation, *not* in competition.

One hopes that the example of co-operation and mutual give and take between the Services which was shown by the Chiefs of Staff under the guidance of Mr. Churchill during Air War II has not been forgotten with the coming of peace. Lord Tedder's words give one confidence that they have not and that the problem is being faced in "co-operation, *not* competition". In this confidence we must leave the solution to those whose business it is.

It is, however, impossible to avoid the reflection that the emergence of air power as the dominant factor in warfare has fundamentally changed the nature of war and put into the hands of an aggressor the power to wipe out civilization from whole continents, if he be ruthless and strong enough. In the absence of some universally accepted international union, is it possible for individual nations or associations of nations, even with the greatest "economy" in Lord Tedder's sense of the word to make adequate preparation against the danger of a new war forced on by an irresponsible or conscienceless enemy?

No categorical answer can be given, but it is possible to suggest some steps upon the way. The first is to get into clear perspective the military problem, seeing warfare as a whole and not as an affair of separated

services, recognizing the predominant part that air power will play and ensuring that it is so used that the essential rôles of the sea and the land forces are facilitated by its means, for it remains true as ever that the freedom of the seas is vital to our existence, however that freedom may be guaranteed and it is equally true that the provision of air borne land forces is vital if the imposition of one's will upon an enemy is to be implemented. Only when defence can be regarded as a whole can we hope to be successful in these air-ridden days; it can no longer be divided into spheres of influence for the navy, army and air force, for since the coming of air power, geography has lost much of its significance.

Secondly, we must turn to the scientists and designers to keep us the equal of any other nation in every branch of military equipment, in aircraft and power-plants, in radar and air armament of all kinds, as well as in the special equipment for the navy and army which the coming of the air age has imposed upon those services. In this field, provided we see that our technical establishments are adequately equipped and staffed, we may rest confident in the skill of our technicians to keep abreast of developments in competition with those of any other nation. Of atomic warfare, this is not the place to speak. The problem is one which depends on many factors, some of which are outside our control. Suffice it to say that we must never find ourselves in the position in which such weapons may be used against us without the possibility of retaliation on our part.

Thirdly, as a corollary of the second point, we must ensure that the *quality* of our services, in material and training, shall be first rate, for it is essential that we possess a spearhead ready for immediate use and, as we saw in the Battle of Britain, quality can on occasion outweigh quantity.

Fourthly, we must ensure that our potential war industries are planned, both in location and layout, so as to be capable of rapid expansion and turnover to warlike production.

And, finally, that in the Commonwealth and among the nations who are bound to us by treaty or agreement, doctrine, armament and planning are as far as possible common to all.

These are some of the lines on which our "economy" planning might be done. The problem is so vital that we must leave nothing undone which lies within our power. We must never be content to rest upon our oars, either in the material or the moral field, for upon us lies a major responsibility to prevent the crowning folly of Air War III, which could result in nothing less than the twilight of civilization, the prelude to a new dark age.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

I

THE Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace appointed in June 1946 published its Report in July of the present year. An interesting document it recalls fragrant memories of an older world, of Horace, of Charles Dickens, of W. S. Gilbert and one memory not quite so fragrant, that of the curate's breakfast egg. Horace tells us that you cannot drive nature out with a pitchfork; some of the Commissioners disagree with this dictum. But it ill becomes an elderly justice, who may say with his contemporaries "sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," to indulge in flippancy. The Commission's Report constitutes a brave attempt to remove anomalies and improve conditions that notoriously stand in need of improvement.

The Commissioners are of opinion that local advisory committees should be retained but it has done something useful to lift the protective veil of secrecy that surrounds them. In future, it considers, the name and address of the secretary of the committee should be publicly known. The Commissioners feel that members of these committees should seek to find the man or woman best qualified for appointment to the bench and that the proportion of members appointed because of their affiliation with political parties should be restricted, so that room may be found for members and associations not politically minded. This, if one may say so with due respect, is a counsel of perfection. It is unlikely that we can get a body of men and women without political bias unless politics be excluded altogether, and indeed this opinion is expressed strongly in a Memorandum of Dissent signed by Lord Merthyr, Mr. Stapleton Cotton and Mr. John Watson. This memorandum quotes Lord Haldane, who said: "What I want of a magistrate is a God-fearing decent person of just mind and fair outlook who does not care what are the politics or social position of the people before him, but will try to come to a just conclusion." This is the ideal; it has not been reached and it may be doubted whether the Commissions' Report will bring it much nearer, even though it should give advisory committees a keener sense of what is required of them and thus reduce the pressure exercised by political interests.

An innovation of great significance is the suggestion that justices should

receive instruction in their duties and that every justice be required on appointment to give an undertaking that he will submit to the local scheme of instruction and not adjudicate until he has qualified. The question that at once arises is as to how this qualification is to be assessed. If a magistrate says "I have now learned my job" is he to be examined or is his word to be taken? In other walks of life if people enter for an examination they must satisfy examiners. It is suggested further that magistrates should accept a probationary period in which to sit without adjudicating, but this seems open to objection on several grounds. In the first place an intelligent magistrate, who lacks all legal knowledge, should be able to form a correct opinion on questions of fact. In matters of law he must always rely upon the clerk of the court unless there is a qualified lawyer on the bench; the law is constantly changing and knowledge even of procedure cannot be gleaned in a hurry. How long will a newcomer be content to stay silent when the facts of a case are obvious?

It is proposed by the Commissioners that ministers, publicans and members of the Order of Rechabites should be eligible to serve on the Commission of the Peace. Can any minister of religion administer justice in accordance with his oath and at the same time obey the Sermon on the Mount which bids him not to resist evil and to give up his cloak to the man who has taken away his coat? On the bench he has to defer to the law of the land and in some matters this appears to be opposed to Christian teaching, so that it is hard to resist the thought that the bench is no place for a minister of religion. With regard to publicans and Rechabites, can two men sit together except they be agreed? What will happen when applicants for an extension of licensing hours come before the bench, as they do so often? The publican will be disposed to grant, the Rechabite to refuse. Here again Horace points the moral.

A suggestion is made that the travelling expenses of justices should be met and that this should include lodging allowances where absence from home is unavoidable. This is a very reasonable measure of reform because, apart from attendances at the petty sessional court, the question of quarter sessions has to be considered; some justices live thirty miles and more from a county town and nowadays quarter sessions may last three days or even four. The expense attendant upon these visits is one that cannot be met by all those whose work may be of real value to the court.

The Commissioners have found very sensible things to say about the size of benches and the maximum number of justices required for the trial of prisoners and licensing meetings. It is suggested that the cost of travel to prisons by members of a visiting committee should be defrayed and that all justices should make themselves acquainted with prison administration. Benches should elect their chairmen by secret ballot and this is reasonable enough because though a bench is dominated by a

very old or arbitrary chairman justices may hesitate to vote openly against his retention. The question of referring the ultimate choice to quarter sessions for approval does not seem so sound because quarter sessions cannot be in a position to assess the merits of any man or woman so well as those who are fellow workers.

It goes without saying that the Lord Chancellor has an extremely difficult task in appointing over 1,000 magistrates a year, that a certain number of mistakes inevitably occur and, that the question of the age limit must present further difficulties. While you get men and women who stay on after their capacity to render effective service is passing or has passed, you find on the other hand that the most regular attendants at petty sessional courts are the people who have retired from active work; the younger generation is not constant in its attendance nor quite so ready to accept responsibilities. It might help if every man before his appointment to the bench would satisfy the advisory committee that he is prepared to take his work seriously, that he can and will attend the court with sufficient regularity and will remember that he is appointed to administer the law not to make or mend it. The question of instruction should also be settled before appointment rather than after.

Truth to tell the reform of our petty sessional courts must needs be a slow process. The difficulties are many but all things considered the present system works well and there will be few who know it to agree with Lord Merthyr that the best way to deal with lay justices is to remove and replace them by stipendiaries. No stipendiary could possibly understand a district so well as a number of men who live in it and meet all sorts and conditions of their fellow citizens. A petty sessional bench can do much to win respect for the law while convincing offenders that those who sit in judgment upon them are kindly disposed and desire to be as helpful as they may. A busy stipendiary is hardly likely to have the time and sympathy required to enable him to replace lay justices.

This Report is in brief a valuable signpost pointing to a goal that remains to be reached.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

II

IN his minority Report of the Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace, Lord Merthyr expresses the opinion that "it is merely a question of time before lay justices disappear." He adds:

It is to me not absolutely clear that our terms of reference include consideration of the question whether the present system of stipendiary magistrates should be extended either to cover the whole country or portions of it much greater than it serves at present. It is however hardly possible to consider the other matters relating to stipendiary magistrates without at the same time thinking of the major question which must be in the minds of many people, and in particular of those who will read

this report, namely whether our system of lay justices should be indefinitely continued or whether it should be restricted or terminated.

The majority of the evidence given to us favours the retention of the system of lay justices, which is, so far as I know, peculiar to this country. At the same time there is some evidence in favour of the appointment of professional justices throughout the country, and in case it is considered material I should like to state my opinion, formed after giving I hope proper attention to the evidence.

I think that it is merely a question of time before lay justices disappear. It is a question not of whether but of when they should be replaced by professionals. Obviously such a change could not be effected in one operation, or in a short time. It will be carried out over a period of years. It was said with emphasis by some distinguished witnesses that there would not be a sufficient number of members of the legal profession available for appointment as full time stipendiary justices to cover the whole country at once. That is clearly true; but it is also true that given a reasonable period of time, say five or ten years, a sufficient number of professional lawyers could be found who would be suitable.

I therefore contemplate not a sudden but a gradual replacement of lay justices by stipendiaries. I admit that this change when first instituted will on the whole be unpopular; but the hostility will be temporary and partly caused by personal prejudices. I am convinced that the administration of justice in our petty sessional courts would on the whole be more efficient if it was conducted by trained lawyers, possibly with the assistance of two laymen sitting with each professional, a system for which there is much to be said. I do not believe that a system which apparently works well in Scotland and Ireland, to say nothing of many other countries, cannot be made to work effectively in England and Wales. Under the Summary Jurisdiction and Criminal Justice Act of the Northern Ireland Parliament passed in 1935, that country is, like Eire, covered entirely by stipendiary magistrates. I have no reason to think that administration of justice there is less efficient than in England, and I have not heard of any difficulty in recruiting sufficient magistrates. It is true that in Scotland a small proportion of the work remains in the hands of lay justices. The bulk of it however is done by the Sheriffs and Sheriffs Substitute, who are professionals comparable to metropolitan or stipendiary magistrates in England. I think that the Irish system could profitably be extended to England.

I quote these conclusions *in extenso* because they precisely represent my own views and, indeed, although the Commission as a whole would favour the continuance of the present system, outside areas where stipendiaries sit, their own statements are the strongest argument in favour of the conclusion that the present haphazard system, in these days when nearly all crime is dealt with summarily, is no longer defensible. Thus it is said:

A certain number of persons appointed justices are lawyers or in some other capacity have had much experience of the administration of justice, but the bulk of new justices at the time of their appointment know very little about the duties they are to perform. The law that justices have to administer is extensive and complex and any attempt to give lay justices an adequate knowledge of it would not usually succeed. What we think is possible and should be done is to train justices to understand the nature of their own duties rather than the substantive law that they administer. In the forefront we should put the meaning of "acting judicially." The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Goddard, in his evidence points out that justices do not get reproved for being wrong in law, but that a failure to act judicially is a reason for censure. In the course of court proceedings a justice must be sufficiently instructed

to perform his duties without constant reference to the clerk. Thus he must know the procedure in ordinary cases; it is for instance not unknown for a bench to misunderstand the nature of a submission that there is no case to answer. He should know something of the law of evidence, at least enough to enable him to avoid mistakes in any questions that he may ask. When justices know and understand their duties they and the clerk can work satisfactorily together; if they are ignorant the clerk must either watch them make mistakes that may be serious to the parties and to the justices, or intervene and take too much part in the proceedings.

The remedy proposed, that the justices should undertake to receive instruction, seems to me entirely impracticable and inadequate. Years of training in law are necessary to fit a man to understand the law of evidence and to construe acts and regulations. "Short Manuals" and visits to quarter sessions are recommended, but it is conceded that "local conditions do not allow of any rigid national scheme." While it is admitted that "judicial conduct is a specialized discipline or technique" it is apparently considered that an undefined "instruction" will meet the case.

Meanwhile the anomalous relation of the clerk, who at present in greater or less degree instructs the court, and the justices, who alone have ultimate responsibility, is not adequately considered. Nevertheless it is recommended that "the system by which justice is administered in courts of summary jurisdiction mainly by lay justices should be continued" and all that is proposed is that the Crown should have power (as well as a local authority on request) to appoint stipendiaries, so that an increase in their number is not ruled out as impracticable, nor is any limit placed to their number, save the discretion of the executive ministerial authority.

A further disappointment to the reformer in this very cautious Report is the failure to recommend any drastic revision of the present method of appointing chairmen. The Commission points out how all-important it is that the chairman should be competent and agrees with the Departmental Committee of Justices' Clerks that "the practice still common of the senior magistrate present taking the chair is highly unsatisfactory." The advice of the Home Office against this practice has produced little effect. What is now suggested is that there shall be a secret ballot for chairman, which in itself does not guarantee any technical efficiency for the office, and that the appointment should be confirmed by quarter sessions—again no indication is given on what grounds it might be refused. Such a power exercised would probably lead only to local strife within the county, in which contention the main purpose of the objection an appointment would be ignored. Yet, says the Commission, "good chairmanship of a court is essential to the proper conduct of its business. The efficiency of the court, and the repute in which it is held, depend perhaps more upon the chairman than any other factor." The Commission think that the method of appointment (the secret ballot and confirmation) may be reviewed when there is "experience of the working of the system." Can so slight a change really affect the present, very

unsatisfactory position?

The exclusion of political considerations in the appointments, so far as it can be effected, is wholly good, so also the removal of local justices appointed *ex officio* as chairmen or mayors, but as a whole it must regretfully be conceded that the Commission—appointed it will be remembered after several recent examples of utter incompetency on the part of local benches—is quite unconstructive. The lives and fortunes of thousands of the humblest will continue to depend upon the vagaries of an uninstructed and unqualified tribunal, saved only by uncertain interventions of the clerk. It is a system suited to an age more primitive than our own; it does not obtain in its crude form in any part of the United Kingdom except England, not even present there in the larger urban areas. There are times when tradition and sentimental adherence to the past may be bought too dearly; it is suggested that the continuance of our present amateurish summary jurisdiction has reached the limits of its usefulness and that this Commission will not be the last word we shall hear on the matter.

HENRY SLESSER.

INDIA'S T.V.A.

By V. S. SWAMINATHAN

TO India 1947 was a banner year for two excellent reasons: the Dominions of India and Pakistan and, even more significant for economic and social reasons, the adoption of the draft constitution for the Damodar Valley Corporation (D.V.C.). This was modelled on the Tennessee Valley Authority by representatives of the Government of India, Bengal and Bihar at the Inter-Provincial Conference held at New Delhi.

Only by transferring arduous labour from the aching shoulders of men, women and juveniles on to the iron backs of power-driven machinery is it possible to conquer poverty, secure freedom from want, and raise the admittedly low living standards of India's millions. Water and waterways form India's basic sources of wealth and national well-being. Their control, conservation and regulation for beneficial use must be the country's first concern in any scheme of national planning. It is significant that the authors of the Bombay Plan placed the production of power first in the list of basic enterprises, because the development of the nation's industries, large and small, as well as farming and transport, will be determined to a large degree by the development of electricity.

The amount of electricity consumed in India annually is just about equal to that generated in the United States in a week. Moreover, the better half of this power is accounted for by four cities, while ninety per cent. of the Indian population has none. *Per capita* consumption of electric energy in the United States and the United Kingdom is respectively 180 and 100 times as great as in India. India not only specially lends herself to hydro-electric projects but peremptorily demands them. Her coal and oil supplies are inadequate and have, moreover, a restricted geographical distribution. They are thus costly except in a few favoured localities. Water-power and its transmission, on the other hand, offer great possibilities both in the quantity available and the relative cheapness with which electric energy can be supplied to most parts of this vast sub-continent. In the light of local topographical conditions and incidence of rainfall hydro-electric schemes can, and must frequently, be linked with irrigation projects, the water being first used to drive the turbines at the generating stations and then distributed for irrigating crops. Professor M. N. Saha is emphatic that multi-purpose development, the benefits of which have been strikingly demonstrated by the Tennessee Valley Authority, is applicable to quite a number of major Indian rivers.

Flood control, irrigation, power generation and navigation all entail a scheme of conservation, impounding, release, control and utilization of water which must be balanced and co-ordinated throughout a river basin, as projects undertaken independently can effectively defeat one another. Such a multi-purpose development will not only help in protecting the countryside from flood damage and soil erosion, in growing more food, in generating cheap electricity for industrial, agricultural and domestic uses and in affording cheap transport, but will also yield substantial revenues—direct and indirect—to the State. The productivity of a project should not in any case be measured merely by direct revenue and net returns, but by the resulting rise in living standards of the people affected, of the general improvement in their health and well-being and in the indirect returns to the State.

What are the water supplies, irrigation and hydro-electric power generation of India to-day and what are her plans for the immediate future? The mean annual supply of water in Indian rivers is 2,300,000 cft. per second. By far the bulk of it is concentrated in the monsoon months, and except for the snow-fed Himalayan rivers most of the other water courses are practically dry during the hot months. At the present time less than six per cent. of the available water wealth in Indian rivers is utilized. The remainder is running to waste and in the process doing much damage to life and property through uncontrolled floods and their aftermath of blocked drainages and stagnant pools breeding malaria-carrying mosquitoes. If the utilizable, but so far unused, water potential is even only one-third of the total it will amount to five times the quantity now being beneficently employed throughout India.

About 400 millions of India's total of 1,000 million acres of land are under cultivation, and nearly 250 million acres either lie fallow or are uncultivated wastelands. The main reasons for such a huge area lying unproductive are liability to floods and lack of irrigation facilities. That irrigation adds to productivity goes without saying. The output of rice from irrigated areas is better by thirty per cent. in the United Provinces, forty per cent. in Madras and sixty per cent. in the Punjab. Wheat has the same story, the corresponding figures, being fifty per cent., for Sind and the United Provinces, sixty per cent. for the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province and 150 per cent. for Bombay.

India leads the world in the amount of land under irrigation, over seventy million acres being watered annually from canals, tanks and wells. In the past irrigation projects, particularly in Northern India, were mainly confined to diversion of available supplies in the rivers, and proved particularly remunerative. Such applications have by now been mostly used up, and the main hope of extending irrigation in the future lies in the surplus supplies capable of storage during the monsoon months and of release as required during months of water scarcity. Fortunately, these projects lend themselves to multi-purpose development.

Cheap power is India's primary need for domestic purposes, manufacturing fertilizers, agriculture, industry and conservation of her meagre coal reserves. The amount of electricity used by a people is the measure of their prosperity and power in economic, social and political spheres. India's power consumption at 9.2 per head* is absurdly low compared with America's 1,470 and Britain's 906 units, and she must go a long way to catch up with the more advanced countries of the west, and even with Japan. According to Mr. A. N. Khosla, the chairman of Central Waterways, Irrigation and Navigation Commission, on a rough approximation the water power potential of India is likely to be between thirty to forty million kw. Against this, existing hydro-electric development of only half-a-million kw. indicates the immensity of scope for power development. Projects under way, or being considered, include Bakra and Nangal in the Punjab, Nayar and Rihand in United Province, Kosi in Nepal, Damodar in Bihar, Tista in Bengal, Mahanadi in Orissa and Machkund, Godavari and Tungabhadra in Madras. They will provide power aggregating 4,500,000 kw.

The D.V.C. marks the first step in the promotion of a project with immense potentialities for the economic betterment of millions of people in Bengal and Bihar. It is a pioneer venture of prime significance to India with many other major river basins awaiting a similar treatment. It was decided upon after an American Technical Mission had reported upon it late in 1946. Three years ago the Damodar River Flood Inquiry Committee recommended that the forests and rivers of India should be central rather than provincial or State concerns, and that the Damodar Dam Project should aim not merely at flood prevention but include power generation and provision for irrigation. Sir Ardeshir Dalal, India's planning and development Member, stated in October 1944 that the Government was considering establishing by agreement between the centre and the provinces and States concerned an authority to whom the necessary powers for the execution of the Damodar River, and other similar projects, could be delegated.

The decision to go ahead with surveys and preliminary investigations on the Damodar project, for the unified, multi-purpose development of the basin in the Bihar and Bengal provinces, was made at Calcutta in August 1945. The constitution of the D.V.C. provides for the greatest flexibility and autonomy. Under the agreement of April 1947 the three parties would share equally the expenditure involved, and the money spent on irrigation would be shared by Bihar and Bengal in proportion to the benefit they are likely to derive under this head; capital expenditure on flood control would be shared by the three, but the centre would not undertake further liability; and recurring expenditure on account of maintenance operations, etc., is to be borne wholly by Bengal. The D.V.C. is to have three members

* Electrical units in this article represent kwh. per capita per year.

including a chairman to be appointed by the centre in consultation with the two provinces concerned.

The total catchment area of the Damodar River at its mouth is 8,500 square miles. In the valley torrential waters in their wayward rush to the sea have periodically wrought havoc. The provision, in the past, of flood embankments, while hardly mitigating this recurring danger, resulted in the cutting off of flood spills and the consequent loss of silt to fertilize the land; the loss of natural drainage channels accentuated, if it did not introduce, malaria and endangered the health of the people of the valley. Fertility of the soil also suffered from the washing away of top soil by heavy rains. Agriculture was unsafe without irrigation, and irrigation proved precarious in the absence of storage reservoirs. Facilities for impounding waters exist in the upper reaches of the river in the hilly Chota Nagpur and Santhal Parganas in Bihar.

Computed to cost Rs. 55 crores, the Damodar Valley project calls for the construction of a number of dams, and when completed will provide perennial irrigation to 750,000 acres, and generate 300,000 kw. of electricity. By improving navigation facilities it will transform the river into an arterial waterway linking the Raniganj coalfield with the port of Calcutta, and by making cheap power available it will help in the establishment of new industries, facilitate industrial decentralization (to be welcomed for strategic and social reasons) throughout the basin and add to the prosperity of five million rural inhabitants and two million town dwellers. The Damodar valley contains the bulk of India's coal resources, and is in other ways eminently suited to industrial development.

Another conference of the representatives of the central Government, Orissa, Central Provinces and the Eastern States recently decided on a preliminary survey of the Orissa rivers to prepare multi-purpose conservation schemes. Enough water is known to flow yearly through the rivers of this poverty-stricken, backward province to fill the great U.S. Boulder Dam three times, and the entire run-off of Mahanadi, if it could be stored, would irrigate close on 1,000,000 acres. A navigable canal could be dredged some 350 miles long from the sea to Cuttack, Sambalpur and beyond into the Central Provinces. Lastly, this "combined operation" on the Orissa rivers could be made to furnish cheap power to that province, as well as parts of the Central Provinces and the Eastern States.

The Mahanadi Valley Project involves the erection of three dams on the river with provision for power generation, and the construction of three canal systems taking off from these dams for irrigation. The entire project is estimated to cost Rs. 47 crores, and the essential part, which is capable of execution in six or seven years, alone, Rs. 30 crores. Except for the expenditure of Rs. 6 crores on flood control the project is envisaged to be self-supporting. The total area that will eventually come under irrigation is about 2,500,000 acres.

Each of the three Mahanadi dams is independent in itself, and singly

can play an important part in the economic development of the basin. It is proposed to start work on the Hirakud dam first. The reservoir area to be submerged lies wholly in Orissa. Construction materials are to be found on the spot. Good road and rail communications are within easy distance of the site, which is also close to valuable deposits of iron ore, bauxite and other useful mineral deposits. The reservoir will submerge 70,000 acres of irrigated land; as against this it is planned to irrigate 1,100,000 acres by gravity canals and by canals at a higher level than the reservoir into which water will be pumped by electricity generated at the dam. This will give the province an extra 340,000 tons of cereals. Also, 300,000 kw. of power will be obtained from the eighty-five feet head at the dam and from another adjacent point on the river, and transmission lines will carry it to Cuttack and Jamshedpur.

Further south the great Godavari is to be developed along T.V.A. lines. A dam is to be thrown across the river where it drains a catchment area of 35,740 square miles. The canal system will be the largest in the world, the main one having a carrying capacity of 30,000 cft. per second. The entire canal network will command 3,750,000 acres and bring half that area under irrigation. Enough paddy could be grown on these new wet lands to wipe out half the rice deficit of the Madras Presidency. Falls in the canal are to be harnessed for a power generation of 750 million kwh. Also, a large thermal station is planned at the pithead of coal mines to act as a balancing appliance when the hydro power scheme comes into operation. In the meanwhile it will provide electric energy to newly developed iron and steel works, paper mills, cement, fertilizer and plastics undertakings in the area. In due course, a model industrial town will arise on the river banks, and a housing estate for war veterans. Cheap water power will facilitate the economic development of the basin's mineral riches—manganese ore, iron ore, graphite, mica, kyanite and limestone.

The waters of the Tungabhadra River in the arid Deccan are also to be conserved, and utilized to the best advantage. One of the world's major irrigation undertakings, entailing an outlay of over Rs. 18 crores, this project will also furnish over 100,000 kw. of electricity. The storage reservoir will hold 800 million gallons of water which will be diverted to irrigate one of the most arid and precarious regions in the whole of South India with an average annual rainfall of only eighteen inches. The canal system will command 1,500,000 acres, and irrigate half that acreage, hitherto the victim of famine or food scarcity every other year. Over 500 million kwh. of electricity could be developed from the canal falls which will benefit a host of industries—gold mines, sugar cane and oil mills. Rural areas and cottage industries should also derive considerable advantage from this development.

Up in Nepal the Kosi River project is taking practical shape. It consists of the construction of a dam across the river in this mountain kingdom to control floods and gradually release the impounded water

for irrigation, power generation and navigation; the erection of two barrages and ancillary canal systems, one in Nepal and the other in Bihar, to stabilize the river channel and providing means for diverting Kosi's waters for irrigation; the installation of power plants at the site of the dam to furnish electric energy for farming, industry and domestic uses, and the construction of navigation locks and adoption of other conservancy measures to render the channel navigable throughout the year and resuscitate the dead and dying channels of the Kosi flood plain to improve drainage and eliminate malaria. The Kosi dam will rise 750 feet above the bedrock, making it the highest in the world. Irrigation will extend to 1,000,000 acres in Nepal and 2,000,000 in Bihar, thus providing an additional 1,000,000 tons of cereals to the area, while the power station capacity will equal 1,800,000 kw. This colossal conservation enterprise will stabilize the erratic channel of the river, and render navigable that stretch from the dam to the junction of Kosi with the Ganges and further down to Calcutta.

The most far-reaching scheme to provide irrigation, inland water transport and power was unfolded by Mr. Casey, the retiring Governor of Bengal, in December 1945. The object is to equalize the flow of the "Big Three"—Ganges, Tista and Brahmaputra—so that they will feed regularly and adequately the smaller rivers of Bengal subject to extraordinary seasonal fluctuations. To this end, as a first step, a great dam is to be thrown across the Tista in its narrow Himalayan gorge, impounding water hundreds of feet deep for forty miles upstream. It is to be utilized for generating power to take care of the industries—present and prospective—of Bengal. A barrage across the Ganges is also envisaged for raising the water level to feed the channels flowing into the moribund, dying and dead rivers of South Bengal and so rejuvenate them. Water taken from the latter will enable farmers to grow two and a half instead of as at present one and a half crops annually, and help solve the biggest unemployment problem in the world—tens of millions of farmers who for half their time are idle.

Progress is being made in exploring the possibility of the Tista Dam project. The work contemplated entails construction of either a dam 650 to 700 feet high above the rock bottom capable of impounding 3,500,000 to 3,800,000 acre feet of water, or a series of dams in the Tista gorge or in the tributary streams of the river. If a single dam is feasible a promising site has been found near Guelle-Khola in the thirtieth mile of the Siliguri-Kalimpong road. To secure 15,000 cusecs throughout the year two main storage branches each forty miles inland would have to be constructed in the reservoir area. When completed the Tista Dam project will irrigate 4,000,000 acres of rice and 2,000,000 of *rabi* crops, improve the rail traffic of Duars and generate over 500,000 kw. of electricity. The problem is how much the withholding or diversion of the substantial volume of water from the Tista will affect the hydraulic balance of the Ganges

and Brahmaputra rivers. This will call for control of the Brahmaputra by diverting some of its flood waters through the old Mymensingh course.

In the extreme south of the Peninsula hydro plants on the Cauvery are being supplemented by the completion of the Jog scheme in Mysore. The United Provinces in the north has six main electrification schemes in hand, many of them linked with irrigation and pumping projects. To encourage rural electrification a number of "nursery power schemes" making use of small mobile power stations of about 500 kw. capacity to supply rural blocks of 225 square miles each have been mooted.

It is not easy to apportion the value of these several projects as between the two Dominions of India and Pakistan. The former will naturally benefit most by their execution. In any case, allocation of the waters of North Indian rivers for various uses presupposes, in not a few cases, co-operation between the sister Dominions of the sub-continent.

The India Government were indeed fortunate in securing the services of Mr. M. L. Vorduin, formerly attached to the T.V.A. power projects division. And the Madras Government have procured the services of Mr. Sinclair Harper, associated with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation for thirty-five years. The achievements of the T.V.A. have galvanized India into action. At the same time the extension of irrigation has brought several formidable problems—waterlogging, soil deterioration with alkali salts, closed drainages and malarial mosquitoes. Research work on all these problems is in active progress. Schemes outlined here when completed will add to the nation's food supplies, productive capacity and transport facilities, and go far towards solving its three formidable problems of population, food and health.

(The author is a trained geologist, geographer, economist and statistician and lately investigated industrial and other developments in the United States of America.)

VIRTUOUS LADY QUEEN CATHERINE PARR

BY ALICE HARWOOD

"YE shall one day wear a crown and not a cap, and wield a sceptre, not a distaff," was the proverbial gipsy's warning to a child named Catherine Parr, who had been born at Kendal Castle in 1512, the year before England's military victories at the Battle of Spurs and at Flodden. At that time Henry the Eighth reigned in apparent harmony with Katharine of Aragon, there was no serious talk of a breach with the Pope or even an English Bible, and the prospect of any mere noblewoman wielding the sceptre seemed remote. How Henry came to woo his sixth and last wife across the headless corpses of Anne Boleyn and Katheryn Howard, the pathetic wraith of Jane Seymour and the living shadow of Anne of Cleves, is a saga that would seem legendary if told in an age less well-documented than that of the Tudors.

With all her defects Catherine Parr, who died on September 7, 1548, was the wisest personal choice which Henry made. Gracious rather than beautiful, *petite*, broad-browed, auburn-haired, she had a mind well abreast of the current religious problems, understood French, Latin and Greek, and was among the first women in England to become an author. How far ambition dictated her course we cannot tell, for she seems, at times, curiously enigmatic about her own affairs. Her letters to the king and his children are about themselves, not about her, and only to Thomas Seymour, Protector Somerset's younger brother, who brought romance into her life when she was past thirty, did she unburden her real self. One thing is certain, that her early life prepared her most peculiarly for the position to which Henry elevated her. The daughter of a north-country knight, she was descended from the Anglo-Saxon kings and from Alice Neville, related by marriage with the House of York, and her childhood was passed in the lovely Westmorland hill country, far from Court intrigues. When about fourteen she was married to Lord Borough, an elderly widower with a grown-up family, and when after two years he died, she was "passed on" to Lord Latimer, another twice-married widower, thus acquiring for herself several distinct sets of step-children and considerable experience in dealing with men older than herself.

News that King Henry had divorced the Spanish queen to marry Anne Boleyn must have aroused in her mixed feelings. Too kindly to be glad at the older woman's downfall, she yet approved whole-heartedly of Henry's breach with the Pope, seeing it in imagination as the victory of Moses over Pharaoh. Probably the sudden retirement of Lord Latimer

from the first Pilgrimage of Grace, whose leaders had elected him their spokesman against the suppression of the monasteries, was due to his wife's intervention. Latimer was at that time Comptroller of the King's Household, and it may be that Henry had appealed to Catherine to use her influence with him. At all events, there is reason to think that Henry met and respected his future wife long before any question of marriage arose. From her town mansion, the Charterhouse, Catherine watched the tide of events go by, shuddered perhaps at the execution of Anne Boleyn, rejoiced at the birth of a son to Jane Seymour, and smiled understandingly when Anne of Cleves resigned her wifedom to become "the King's good sister". Perhaps, also, she remembered the gipsy's prophecy.

Two momentous events for her, the death of Lord Latimer and the disgrace of Katheryn Howard, befell within twelve months of each other. From henceforth the Charterhouse changed its atmosphere. There was something creative in Catherine's mentality, fostered perhaps by her early life close to the mountains, an element which could never wholly be satisfied by marriage but which found partial expression in her book: *The Lamentations of a Sinner*. The discussion circles which now formed themselves about her included such leaders of the Reformed Faith as Miles Coverdale and John Parkhurst, besides notable Court ladies of "advanced" views, her sister, Lady Herbert, the Dowager Duchess of Suffolk (stepgrandmother to Lady Jane Grey) and Anne Seymour, wife of the future Protector Somerset. Into this 'highbrow' existence penetrated the man destined to become her fourth husband—Thomas Seymour, a handsome intriguer, but well suited to Catherine in age and social status. When he proposed marriage, the widow answered as if jesting: "Someone higher than you has asked me." We need not suppose that the words were heartless, or that Lady Latimer was dazzled, as Katheryn Howard had been, by the prospect of a crown. The "someone higher's" offer sounded as a knell to her hopes and Thomas's; indeed, when King Henry first made known his wishes to her she, the staid matron, is said to have cried in alarm: "Better your mistress than your wife!"

But there were many factors which made it impossible for her to rebuff Henry. Not least was the danger to Thomas Seymour himself if she did so. He was at that time Lord High Admiral, and an admission from the widow Latimer that she preferred him to the King's Grace would have been sufficient to lose him that post as well as the hope of any other. Then, one would think, the religious motive must have been predominant in her mind, for it was vitally important to the Reformed Faith that the queen and her *entourage* should be of that persuasion and not, like Katheryn Howard, a Catholic. Lastly, there was her inevitable pity for the lonely King and his motherless children, whose peculiar relationship to each other called for a tactful presiding influence. Henry, since the abrupt shattering of his infatuation for Katheryn Howard, had never been more in need of comfort and never less attractive to women. As

Protector Somerset's wife said later, "he had brought himself low by his lust and cruelty." Catherine, looking into her own soul, must have realized that she, of all people, had the power to raise him. Was she not ideally fitted to make life easy for a difficult man—she, who had nursed two elderly husbands, mothered innumerable stepchildren, and acquired of her own free will those accomplishments which royal-born ladies had to learn by compulsion?

What Catherine felt at the time we may partly glimpse from a letter which she wrote four years later, when King Henry's death set her free to accept Thomas Seymour: "I would not have you think this, mine honest goodwill towards you, to proceed from any sudden motion of passion, for as truly as God is God, my mind was fully bent the other time I was at liberty, to marry you before any man I knew. Howbeit, God withstood my will therein most vehemently for a time, and through His Grace and goodness made that possible which seemed to me most impossible; that was, made me renounce utterly mine own will and follow His most willingly." With open eyes, then, and none of the elation felt by other noblewomen of Henry's choice, Catherine let Seymour go on a diplomatic mission to Vienna, and herself took the State barge for Hampton Court where, on a June day in 1543, she was married to Henry in the chapel "without issue of banns."

Across four centuries one can almost hear the universal sigh of relief when Catherine's expert hands took the domestic reins at Westminster. After ten years of scandal and tragedy there was a stable queen again, a middle-aged, tactful housewife. The King "never had such a wife more agreeable to his heart than she." Mary joined the royal progresses, and helped with a Paraphrase of the Gospels, to "be committed to the Press . . . for the great good of the public." Elizabeth had her rightful place at Court, though a precarious one in her father's goodwill; Edward had a *carissima mater* to whom he wrote affectionately in Latin. When Henry went to war with France, Catherine was made regent in his absence, and no dissentient voices were raised. Only Anne of Cleves, in retirement at Richmond, said caustically of the marriage: "A fine burden hath Madame Catherine taken on herself!" This was true, and whatever joke subsequent ages may make about the queen who kept her head, and the wife who nagged Henry, it is very certain that she cajoled rather than nagged, and that the sole matter in which she surreptitiously took her own way nearly cost her her life.

The interest she had long felt in Calvinistic doctrine was a thing neither to be shared with Henry nor wholly given up for him. When the unfortunate Anne Askew came to London and preached against the Mass, Catherine granted her an interview, even accepted from her a copy of Tyndale's New Testament, which was at that time banned in favour of Coverdale's. The visit was noted by such Catholic reactionaries as Dr. Gardiner and Chancellor Wriothesley, who saw in the new queen a

figurehead of the Reformed party that was already solidifying into Protestantism, and was bidding fair to assume power should Henry die during his son's minority. If Catherine could be discredited her disgrace would reflect on Cranmer and Edward Seymour, her most influential supporters at court. The terrible story of how Anne Askew was hunted down and burned at Smithfield, mainly for refuting the Real Presence in the Sacrament, is relieved only by the fact that she "saved her side" in refusing to implicate Queen Catherine.

But when placed on the rack, the martyred woman let fall a brief confession, that two of the queen's ladies had sent her money to purchase food with during her imprisonment. Gardiner and Wriothesley reported this to the king, and so convinced him of his wife's heretical tendencies that, according to rumour, "he purposed to burn her also." By accident or design a Court physician, Dr. Wendy, heard of her impending arrest, and warned her in time for her to break down hysterically within her own apartments. It was the most diplomatic thing she could have done. Ailing himself, the king felt his blind rage diminish, and then followed the (to us) amusing scene in which they again became "perfect friends". Henry tried to draw out his wife's heresies with leading questions. "You are become a doctor Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us." "Indeed, sire," replied the queen hurriedly, "I have always held it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord, and if I have occasionally ventured to differ from Your Highness on religious matters, it was to obtain information, and to pass away the pain and weariness of your present infirmity." Henry forgave her at once, but forgot to countermand the warrant for arrest. An even stranger scene followed, when Wriothesley tried to take the queen from Henry's side as they walked by the river, and was summarily dismissed; "Avaunt from our presence, beast, arrant knave, cur!" The queen's escape assured the stability of the Reformed party at court, to the discomfiture of the Catholics, and paved the way for those far-reaching religious reforms brought in by Cranmer and Protector Somerset after Henry's death, which occurred the following winter.

It is a sad fact that when, after a lifetime of consideration for others, Catherine was "at liberty" to please herself, her behaviour seems more open to criticism. She had saved Thomas Seymour once by her circum-spection; now, when he suggested that they be married, long before her period of mourning was over, at her dowerhouse of Chelsea Manor, she agreed; and although Mary, at least, was given some inkling of her stepmother's intention, the wedding was sufficiently clandestine to offend Protector Somerset, who knew and feared his brother's ambition. Small Edward ratified the marriage, gravely bidding the Queen Dowager: "Continue to love my father, to show the same kindness to me . . . and to read the Scriptures." What Elizabeth thought she expressed pungently in a letter to Mary: "Our interests being common, the just grief we feel

at seeing the ashes of the King our father so shamefully dishonoured by the Queen our step-mother, ought to be common to us also. Neither you nor I, dearest sister, are in such condition as to offer any obstacle . . . I think, then, the best course we can take is that of dissimulation."

Fourteen-year-old Elizabeth had another reason for her wrath and "dissimulation". Before approaching Catherine, Seymour had made the young princess an offer of marriage, and she, being subject to the Regency Council and devoted to her father's memory, had temporarily declined. By becoming her stepfather, Seymour created a most delicate state of affairs, for Elizabeth had been sent to Catherine to finish her education, and thus began the "eternal triangle" which ended in disaster for all three. Blind in her new-found happiness, Catherine at first encouraged the rather indecent romps at Hanworth Palace, then, when the truth flashed upon her, broke out into jealous tirades; and although she was wise enough to send Elizabeth away quietly, it was too late to stop the backstair gossip filtering through London as far as Protector Somerset's horrified ears.

Fortunately, Catherine did not live to see her husband beheaded for treason, and Elizabeth prostrated under the burden of nerves and scandal. But she lived long enough to know that Thomas would have married higher than herself if he could, and that he had plotted to gain control of little King Edward. Perhaps, unconsciously, she had struck a prophetic note in her *Lamentations of a Sinner*, published in 1547 with a foreword by William Cecil and still to be seen in a tiny, gilt-edged edition among the treasures of the Bodleian Library. "I had a blind guide," she wrote, "called Ignorance, who dimmed so mine eyes that I could never perfectly get any sight of the fair, goodly, straight and right ways of His doctrine. I forgot the spiritual honouring of the true living God and worshipped visible idols."

During the last months of her life, however, Catherine enjoyed some of the spiritual peace which had been among her aspirations. Her "visible idol" Thomas agreed to retire with her for the summer to Sudeley Castle near Winchcombe. It is a dreamlike spot even to-day, the walls of yellow Cotswold stone contrasting with creepers and dark yew hedges, and the green hills girdling them round. Coverdale preached to Catherine in the chapel, Mary and Elizabeth, who could not be angry with her for long, wrote her solicitous letters, Lady Jane Grey visited her and found in her a mother's tenderness; the local people for centuries held a tradition that their forbears were visited in sickness by "the most virtuous lady Queen Katheryn" as the printers called her.

An elaborate nursery was fitted up at Sudeley in expectation of a son and heir, whose advent had been forecast by the customary palmist. There was a bed hung with "counterpoints of imagery to please the babe," a tapestry representing the months of the year, and a chair-of-state hung with cloth-of-gold, but the diminutive owner of these, born on August 30,

1548, confounded all prophecy. Protector Somerset wrote to his brother : "We are right glad to understand that the Queen hath made you father of so pretty a daughter, and although, if it had pleased God, it would have been, both to us and we suppose also to you, a more joy and comfort had this the first-born been a son, yet the escape of the danger and the prophecy . . . of proper sons which we trust no less than to be true, is no small joy and comfort to us, as we are sure it is to you and to Her Grace."

But the "joy and comfort" was quickly dispelled, for a week later Catherine herself died. Although her husband was said to have given her "shrewd taunts" there is no reason to believe the gossip that he poisoned her, for she showed all the symptoms of puerperal fever. Her burial at Sudeley was the first royal funeral to be celebrated according to the rites of the Church of England. "The choir sung certain psalms in English, and after the third lesson the mourners, according to their degrees, offered into the alms box . . . Doctor Coverdale took occasion to declare unto the people how the offering was not done to benefit the corpse but for the poor only, and the lights which were carried were for the honour of the person and for none other intent." There was a poignant significance in the presence of Lady Jane Grey as chief mourner, for none had more cause to appreciate the dead woman's kindness or to remember her religious teaching than this young girl foredoomed to sorrow, among whose possessions was found, years later in the Tower of London, "a picture of Queen Catherine Parr that is lately deceased."

DAPHNE AND APOLLO

BY PHOEBE HESKETH

Daphne

Even as I fly
The dew on morning grass is dry
From thirst of my pursuer.
And rayed by his searching eye
I race towards the river and the shade—
Father, your voice is in the twinkling stones,
Your sonorous, slumbrous tones
Inhabit the sombre wood where I was born.
The ancestral river loops in my crimson flow
As water turns to blood.
(Yet blood is water to the insatiate mouth
Of lovers' drouth)—
O take me to your breast, your sliding flood
Shall drown me underneath his golden eye,

DAPHNE AND APOLLO

And I will watch him with his jug of fire
Pouring desire unheeded on my bed,
And sleep in his burning aim till his heart is dry !

My frightened feet take root,
My panting heart is soothed into a groove
Of wood,
And coolness calms my trembling limbs with ease—
The poise of trees is in my posturing.
And though fierce arms invade my quiet shade,
My polished fingers slant in smooth disdain
At his ineptitude—
Defenceless though I am in his embrace,
He cannot strip my green nor find my face.
When age should seam my cheek I will regain
Unblemished beauty in his absences :
Winter and night and rain shall come between
Forgetful of annihilating heat.
I am indifferent, blind, and dumb to love,
And lay my withered remnants at his feet.

Apollo

Straight limbs I loved are twisted to defy
My easy entrances.
My cracked lips bleed against a bloodless branch,
And shrill green horns deny
My golden penetration.
Yet when the bodiless wind comes swaying
Unhindered through your sightless spaces,
You let him have his way,
Bend to his will and open for his pleading,
And your truant graces
Are netted for his pleasure, while my speeding
Arrow strikes in vain.
My flushed face is towards you, all the glances
Of heaven linger down your bitter branches.
O green girl, feel my golden
Shower of life around you,
And turn to my advances like a dancer dazed with music.

Before I leave you with the darkening throng
Of shades that grope along the dwindling day,
I'll gild you with my immortality—
A poet's crown is your green destiny,
And flower beyond the stillness of his tongue.

SOME MUSICAL MEMORIES

BY G. F. McCLEARY

MY earliest recollections are chiefly of music. My father died when I was five years old, and most of my childhood was passed in the house of my great-uncle, who was an organist and an enthusiastic Handelian. He had a prodigious memory, and, himself blind from birth, had taught note by note a blind choir to sing five of Handel's oratorios as well as innumerable anthems and other church music. For him Handel was the greatest composer. Bach came second, but the rest he thought were a long way behind. He protested vigorously against the glorification of Mendelssohn, then prevalent in England, and had hardly a good word to say for any living composer. He had been a pupil of James Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, for whom as an organist and teacher he had a profound reverence. He was an eloquent talker, and when in the mood would give me vivid accounts of the great performers he had heard. Anton Rubinstein and Sims Reeves stood out above the rest in his memory. Reeves's voice, he said, whether in singing or speaking, was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard. One of his memories was of the first performance of *Elijah* given in Manchester, Mendelssohn being the conductor. His wife, who was with him, told him that after the trio "Lift thine eyes" Mendelssohn turned to the singers with "the most heavenly smile she had ever seen on the face of any human being."

I can hardly remember a time when I was not familiar with *The Messiah*. The subjects of the fugal movements specially delighted me, my favourite being "He trusted in God", which I whistled and sang with much gusto at a very early age. When I was seven years old my uncle began to teach me to play his old Broadwood piano, which had long outlived its best days. Working at pianoforte technique was wearisome, but after about a year of it I began to learn the organ. This was a great adventure. Playing the organ is surely one of the most enthralling of human experiences. Listening to organ recitals does not much appeal to me, except when Bach is played—and played well—but to play the organ oneself is another matter.

At the age of eleven I had made sufficient progress to play voluntaries for my uncle, and at fourteen I was appointed organist of a local parish church. Playing the organ led naturally to the playing of Bach, and here the organist comes into his own. But my first meeting with Bach came earlier—through playing the first prelude in *Das Wohltemperirte Clavier* on

the piano. I thought it the most satisfactory piece of music I had ever heard, and now, over seventy years later, I see no reason to change that opinion. It seemed to mean something—something which though mysterious was intimate and important.

The "Forty-eight" became the foundation of my musical world. If I had to spend the rest of my life with only one work of music, that is the work I should choose. I remember asking my friend Dr. Howard Somervell, an accomplished musician, what books he took with him on his first expedition to Mount Everest, the number of course being strictly limited. This was his list: a volume of Molière, *Vingt Ans Après*, the New Testament in modern English, *The Spirit of Man* (Robert Bridges' Anthology), and the orchestral score of Stravinsky's *Petrushka*. It is an interesting list, but it would not have been my list, which certainly would have included a volume of the "Forty-eight". This immortal work has been loved by the master spirits of music. "Make the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Bach your daily bread," wrote Schumann in his *Advice to Young Musicians*. Mozart loved them. His favourite fugues were Nos. 2, 5, 7, 8 and 9 in the second book, each a masterpiece. One may suppose that Mozart, a consummate craftsman, took special delight in the D major fugue in the second book, whose flow of serene beauty is the result of a succession of amazing technical achievements.

Beethoven played them frequently. Czerny said that he had based his edition, in which I first came to know them, on what he recollected of Beethoven's playing. That learned Bach scholar Donald Tovey told us that Beethoven's renderings, described by Tovey as "inevitably crude guesses", even if faithfully recorded by Czerny, should not be accepted as authoritative, since we have no evidence that Beethoven gave any special study to the interpretation of Bach, and much of Bach's music was known to him "only as a dim legend"; but it may be permissible to believe that the mighty genius of Beethoven gave him an insight into Bach's meaning more profound than anything that could be reached by years of scholastic analysis.

At an early age, I think it was in the year 1879, I conceived a lasting passion for a very different kind of music—the music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It began with hearing *H.M.S. Pinafore* performed by a travelling company, and, in 1883, I saw at the Savoy theatre the first production of *Iolanthe*, with George Grossmith as the Lord Chancellor. The fairies had electric lights in their hair and at the tops of their spears, an effect I have never seen at any later performance of this opera. Grossmith was inimitable. He gave the finest performance, in subtlety and finish, it has been my good fortune to see in the Gilbert and Sullivan series.

I have found in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas an unfailing source of delight. They are as fresh and joyous to me now, in the closing years of a long life, as when I first heard them. It speaks well for the taste of the British public that the popularity of these masterpieces shows no sign of

diminishing. There is hardly a town in the country without an amateur society capable of staging a creditable performance of Gilbert and Sullivan; and the professional touring companies play to audiences largely composed of devotees sufficiently well up in the scores to prompt a player who should suffer a lapse of memory. While recognizing the astonishing brilliance and *élan* of Gilbert's contribution to the partnership, I cannot help thinking that the extraordinary success of the operas should be attributed mainly to the enchantment of Sullivan's music. I have heard it described as "Mozart and water", a saying which I suppose was intended to be smart, but was merely silly. Doubtless Sullivan learnt much from Mozart. Many other composers have learnt much from Mozart; and many would have composed better music if they had learnt much more from Mozart. Sullivan's ideas were his own; he borrowed them from nobody. May his name be blessed! He has often brought the spirit of delight into my life.

In the first performance I heard of *Pinafore* the part of Sir Joseph Porter was played, and well played, by Richard Mansfield. He early quitted the operatic stage and went to America, where he became one of the most celebrated actors of his time. It is said that when, at the height of his fame, he was studying the part of Richard III, he held forth at length to Henry Irving on the difficulties, physical and mental, of the part and the immense efforts he was putting out to master it. Irving listened most sympathetically, and at the end of Mansfield's catalogue of troubles remarked: "Then, my dear boy, I shouldn't do it. I shouldn't do it."

In 1884 I became a pupil of James Kendrick Pyne, organist of Manchester Cathedral, one of the most famous of organists. From his father, who was for many years organist of Bath Abbey, he had inherited a remarkable gift for improvisation, which he sedulously cultivated as a pupil of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the greatest English church musician of the nineteenth century; and his playing in the cathedral services, from the first note of the prelude to the last note of the postlude, both of which were always extempore, was entralling in its limpid and austere beauty. The recitals that he gave as city organist in the Manchester Town Hall drew large audiences from a wide area. His technique was wonderful, but as a recitalist he was, to my mind, less successful than as a cathedral organist.

Pyne was by no means unaware of the distinction of his attainments, and, like one of M. Jourdain's professors, he appreciated *les louanges éclairées*. Late in the eighteen-eighties an event occurred that must have given him much gratification. The Duke of Clarence, who had he lived would have been King of England, visited Manchester as the leading figure in an important civic function, and was entertained at a banquet in the Town Hall. When, before his visit, he was asked whom he would wish to have seated next to him at the banquet he chose Pyne from among the Manchester notables he was to meet.

Amid the distractions of a busy life I lost touch with Pyne for many

years, but when in New Zealand in 1936 I learnt from Dr. Bradshaw, organist of Christchurch Cathedral and a former pupil of Pyne's, that our old master, though a very old man, liked to receive callers. On my return to England a few months later, I saw him for the last time. He was eighty-four years old and very deaf, but his mind was clear and active. When over eighty he had signed a lucrative contract to play Bach's organ music for radio and recording, but a few days later he was knocked down by an automobile and received injuries that put an end to his organ playing. He died at the age of eighty-six.

My studies with Pyne were cut short by the removal of my family to the Isle of Wight, where I obtained an appointment as church organist. In 1887 I took the Associateship of the College of Organists—it was before the College became "Royal"—and shortly after a small legacy enabled me to do what I had long wanted to do, become a student at the Royal College of Music.

The College was then in the building now occupied by the Royal College of Organists. George Grove was the Director, Hubert Parry and Villiers Stanford were professors of composition, and Walter Parratt was professor of the organ. Grove's enthusiasm for music was boundless and infectious. He was a man of many gifts and achievements, among the latter being his discovery, with Arthur Sullivan, of the manuscript of Schubert's *Rosamunde* music in Vienna in 1867. In their search Grove and Sullivan examined an enormous accumulation of manuscripts in Spina's shop, where they met an old clerk, V. Döppler, who had sold music to Beethoven, had often seen him conversing, by means of a slate and pencil, with Czerny, and had been present at the christening of Schubert. So I can say that I have talked with Grove, who had talked with Döppler, who had sold music to Beethoven and had seen Schubert christened. As a matter of fact, I talked many years ago with an old man who had seen Napoleon. But what was Napoleon compared to Beethoven and Schubert?

In his address to the college students at the beginning of the autumn term in 1889, Grove told how he had spent most of his summer holiday visiting Gneixendorf and the other country places round Vienna where Beethoven did much of his composing, "in the open air away from the smell of the lamp." He warmed to his subject as he talked of Beethoven's methods of composition; of how Beethoven in his country rambles carried notebooks on which he jotted down the ideas he afterwards developed "with heavenly alchemy". "These things I am telling you about Beethoven," he continued, "may not seem to matter to you young people, but when you are old you will find that they matter a great deal." Although Grove was enthusiastic about Schubert, Beethoven was for him the supreme master. His book on the nine symphonies, a boon to music lovers, won unstinted praise from one of the severest of critics, Bernard Shaw, who urged Grove to follow it with a book on the pianoforte

concertos. In one of his early writings on music Mr. Shaw tells how, sitting next to Grove at August Mann's concerts at the Crystal Palace, he would see Grove, who was thirty-six years older than Shaw, appearing to grow younger and younger while Beethoven was being performed, so that someone who knew not Grove would say to Shaw: "Your son, Sir, appears to be a very enthusiastic musician."

It is a pity that the book on the symphonies was not followed by one on the quartets, for Beethoven's development may more profitably be studied in the quartets even than in the symphonies. That triumphal progress from the six early quartets, Opus 18, beautiful as they are, through the splendour of the three Rasoumowskys to the strange seas of thought revealed in the last quartets—how did it come about? I have been told that it was because by constant practice and the taking of infinite pains, Beethoven arrived at a consummate command of technique. But it was not by a mere mastery of technique that the Beethoven of Opus 18 became the Beethoven of the C sharp minor quartet. Shakespeare too has three periods, but in his third period he is not greater than in some earlier works; *The Tempest* is not greater than *Lear*. Is there anything in the creative arts comparable to Beethoven's continuous and enormous advance in the power and significance of what he gave to mankind?

At the College Walter Parratt taught the organ five days a week, and when Friday came he put cotton wool in his ears to protect his auditory nerves. He was a great organist, choir trainer, and teacher, and, to quote from Groves's article on him in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, "the delight of his colleagues, friends, and pupils." Parratt has exercised an immense and probably unequalled influence on organ playing in the English-speaking countries. He liked neat, fluent fingering and strong phrasing, and his taste was impeccable. His gifts were extraordinary. He could distinguish notes, both high and low, far beyond most people's range of perception. He could play Bach's organ music by heart, and at the same time conduct two games of chess, and he could on occasion perform amazing feats of transposition. When only ten years old he played by heart, without notice, the whole of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues. I looked forward eagerly to my meetings with him, and cherish his memory.

Before going to the College I had lived chiefly in small provincial towns, away from the main movements of the musical world. Coming now to a great school of music, I had to reconsider my views in music and musicians. From *les jeunes* I heard opinions that seemed to smack of rank heresy. My revered Handel was, it appeared, an old back number, and Mendelssohn mere sentimental sweetstuff. I heard disparagement even of Mozart: some bold young modernists would declare that as a composer of operas he had had his nose put out of joint by Wagner. The students could broadly be divided into Wagnerians and Brahmsians, and there were some who had a foot in each camp. The impact of Wagner on me was over-

powering, and I remained under his thrall for some years. I still enjoy *Die Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, some of *Parsifal*, and much of the *Ring*; but, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, I switch off my radio when the overture to *Tannhäuser* begins, though I keep it on for the overture to *William Tell*.

Among the modernist students there were devoted readers of a musical critic who had recently arisen in the musical world—Corno di Bassetto of *The Star*, who was, as I learnt some years later, none other than Mr. Shaw. Corno's articles were like no other musical criticism I had ever read. His judgments of executants were rarely at fault, but I was not infrequently surprised by what he wrote about composers. He seemed curiously unaware of the towering greatness of Schubert; I sometimes wondered whether he had ever heard the C major string quintet, or the quartets in A minor and D minor, or the slow movement of the B flat trio, which, one might imagine, was whispered to Schubert by one of "the winged seraphs of Heaven." And as to Brahms, some of Corno's remarks were downright silly, as he himself handsomely admitted many years later in the collected edition of his *Star* articles. But he was always well worth reading, for he had something to say and said it effectively.

Free concert tickets were occasionally available for College students, and in this way I heard some remarkable performances. The one that stands out most prominently in my memory is Sarasate's playing of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Though Sarasate was not, I think, so great an artist as Joachim, he seemed to put a spell upon his hearers. Even the trivial pieces that were too often included in his programmes emerged as rare jewels of sound under the witchery of that golden tone. One felt as Ben Jonson said men felt when listening to Francis Bacon: "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." It is said that Sarasate set the prevailing fashion of taking the last movement of the Mendelssohn concerto at a breakneck speed. He certainly took it *prestissimo*, but it did not sound too fast as he played it. You could hear every note and every note had value. What a pity he lived before the days of modern recording, though the best records would be but a poor substitute for Sarasate in person! An American friend of mine used to extol the pianola, partly because, as he said, "with the pianola you are removed from the disturbing influence of the performer's personality." I don't like being removed from Sarasate's personality. I wish the good fairies could take me back half a century, so that I might again hear Sarasate play on the Stradivarius—of the 1724 vintage—which since his death has, in his honour, lain in state as a museum specimen in the Paris Conservatoire.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

IT cannot be often, when one comes to read the biography of a man whose companionship one had for a few scattered hours over a small period of his life, one finds that the nature of man revealed to one in so short a time was round and true. With William Temple it was plainly so. "Manly, transparently sincere, loyal, strong" commented his headmaster when he left school and Dr. Iremonger, his biographer*, adds qualities such as his extraordinary courtesy and humility in debate and his gargantuan laugh (at Oxford described by a don as fatal to his digestion), which bring Temple back into the room, a memory that time will find difficult to fade for all who met him.

Dr. Iremonger's biography is a splendid narrative; one to be read for courage and comfort time and again. But nothing is plainer from it than that thirty-two chapters and more than 600 pages are far from sufficient for a discussion of Temple's tremendous and triumphant life. There is room still, a little later perhaps, for the three volume critical biography which may need, so great was the man, to be the work of several hands. Temple was never breathless; he seemed to have time—at least up to the last years at Canterbury—for everything and everybody. A chronological biography cannot cope with him. Dorothy Emmet's chapter "The Philosopher" should be the length of a book; so should "The Pastor and Teacher"; so should the educationist. And so on.

From Dr. Iremonger's book one impression goes deep into the mind. It is that Temple was far greater than most of the machinery he used to further his views. The conferences he convened, the movements he supported, doubtless had real value in themselves but they achieved little compared with the achievements of Temple whose personal leadership inspired all with whom he was in touch. That probably was the real value of 'Life and Liberty', 'Copec' and 'Malvern'. As movements they petered out but not before they had enabled Temple to make fresh contacts with hundreds who afterwards wanted to lead more useful lives.

But Temple's influence was not confined to those who benefited from his physical presence, comforting though this was. He was for thousands who never saw him, perhaps never heard him even as a broadcaster, the people's archbishop, the kind of man, they thought, an archbishop ought to be. Dr. Iremonger illustrates this with stories of the shock sustained by many at the news of his death and it is illustrated to-day by the sense of loss which the mention of his name nearly four years after that tragic event still provides.

Why was this? Why was Temple so greatly beloved even by those who had no chance to test his qualities for themselves. Dr. Iremonger offers many reasons as his tale unfolds but chief among them, I think, was the unerring instinct that the crowd has for recognizing integrity in public figures. He was a "manly man" and a good one; strong but courteous and gentle; best of all he was ambitious, in the right sense while incapable of furthering his own interests either by action or by silence. And he

was a "jolly" man. One of the secrets of State one would dearly like to know is how effective was public opinion in translating Temple from York to Canterbury. Of his chances he himself was doubtful. He wrote to his brother on January 27, 1942: "I shall be surprised if just at this moment the 'powers' select me for Canterbury. Some of my recent utterances have not been liked in political circles, and it would be thought by some that to choose me now is to endorse them. I don't deny I should like to be asked!"

Go he did, and perhaps it was a pity. If he had not, he might still be with us, helping us through the years of disillusionment, when what was planned for "after the war" is proving so difficult of attainment. For Temple in spite of his Olympian mind was deeply concerned about what was going on among the foothills. Thus he had time to answer all his serious correspondents. And in reply to use the occasion for straight, and when possible good humoured speaking. For example, to a correspondent who conveyed a resolution on a Report stating that it was considered that "a higher standard of honesty was expected among business men than among the clergy," he answered:

Of course if the word honesty is to be interpreted as saying what you think when you have not taken the trouble to think much, it may be true that the average business man has a finer sense of it than the average ecclesiastic. But if honesty of mind means, as it ought, an effort to do justice to the various aspects of truth before responsibility is taken for expressing opinion, a different result may possibly be reached.

And when, in 1943, he was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm shown by churchpeople at the Government's offer to find half of the cost of bringing up to date and maintaining Church schools he said:

Above all let us not give the impression that our concern as churchpeople is only with the adjustment of the dual system: we ought as Christians to be concerned about the whole of educational progress. I am quite sure that the raising of the school age will of itself do more to make permanent the religious influence of the school than anything that can be done with directly denominational purpose.

All did not agree with him either on this or on other occasions. Sometimes he was at fault, speaking before he had the full facts at his command. But if he erred, and his error was pointed out, he was swift to acknowledge it. Yet how seldom he erred compared with other men, how strong was his faith and knowledge, how convincing his exposition, how instinctive his choice of word and phrase, how brilliant his understanding of the minds of others, how dexterous his marshalling of diverse arguments and how humble he was in spite of it all. For he knew he owed his gifts to God. No wonder men "listened like anything."

ESSAYS ON PHILOSOPHY, by
A. D. Ritchie. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

The Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh has collected from periodicals a number of short essays on great subjects, and has added a very clever dialogue, in Plato's earlier manner, on the existence of God. He discusses fairly the thorny problem of pacifism. If war is flatly contrary to Christianity, ought a Christian nation to accept martyrdom? If a powerful government says "Evil, be thou my good," should the mad dog be allowed to run free? Since the nation is only one of the bodies to which we owe

loyalty, there may be a conflict of duties. "We ought to obey God rather than man." We must not say with the American Stephen Decatur, "my country, right or wrong"; but we ought to be very sure that our country is wrong before refusing to take our share in its defence. Such is his conclusion.

On miracles Professor Ritchie wobbles a little, since he is inclined to believe in telepathy, second sight, and perhaps even in precognition. But he insists rightly that to call some events acts of God and others natural is not permissible. And yet this interpolation of the supernatural in the natural

*William Temple. Archbishop of Canterbury. His Life and Letters, by F. A. Iremonger. Geoffrey Cumberlege. Oxford University Press. 2js.

order is what makes the idea of miracle, "faith's dearest child," as Goethe says, popular. People want to be assured that God 'does something'. That miracles prove nothing of importance to religion is plain when we think about it.

The Professor has not much difficulty in disposing of 'logical positivism', which is said to be just now rather popular at our universities.

Professor Ritchie has a great admiration for Samuel Alexander, his colleague at Manchester. He thinks that the marriage of space-time will not be dissolved, though to make time the mind of space and space the body of time seems to some a kind of fantastic gnosticism. He calls Alexander's system evolutionary naturalism, with its emphasis on 'emergence', a conception common to him and Lloyd Morgan. The word helps to blur the very important question whether evolution means the unpacking of what was there in germ from the first, or whether we must allow what Kant called epigenesis, the introduction of new factors. Further, the mere facts as experienced may tell us of a succession of events in time, but not whether any one event is better or worse than another. Alexander, who exhorts us to "take time seriously", is still, we cannot help thinking, under the influence of the lay religion of the nineteenth century, which Catholics call the last western heresy, belief in a law of cosmic progress, in what Tennyson oddly calls "one increasing purpose". Otherwise he would hardly have pictured God as a Being who has given notice that He is about to "emerge." Alexander's "natural piety" will hardly justify this strange idea. The status of time in reality is no doubt the hardest problem in metaphysics. Bertrand Russell, in sharp disagreement with Alexander, tells us not to take time seriously. Bosanquet says that to cast our ideals into the future is the death of sane idealism; Anatole France that "the future is a good place in which to store our dreams." On the other hand, a world in which nothing really happens is

not the world we know.

In an article on Immortality the author rightly distinguishes three theories—survival, perpetuity, and eternal life. The last is concerned with quality, not with quantity or duration. The three are logically independent of each other. Individual survival is hard to maintain without pre-existence, and in fact is full of difficulties. Perpetuity, many have thought, is the time-form of eternity, which Boethius defines as "*interminabilis vitae tota simul perfecta possessio*."

For Spinoza, "the mind is eternal in so far as it conceives things under the form of eternity." Traditional Christian eschatology is a jumble of incompatible ideas about the future life, but all eschatology must be symbolic.

W. R. INGE.

JESUS—A Biography, by Hugh J. Schonfield. *Herbert Joseph*. 12s. 6d.
THE LIFE OF JESUS, by C. J. Cadoux. *Pelican Books*. 1s. 6d.

Whoever would write the life of Jesus must do three things—he must set Jesus against the actual historical background in which He lived; he must show, if possible, the inner cohesion and development of His life, and he must, above all, be able to suggest the depths of His personality.

In the first two of these tasks Mr. Schonfield has succeeded admirably. His wide reading in history and his close acquaintance with apocryphal literature and Midrash, as well as with the canonical Gospels, have enabled him to outline the turbulence, hope and despair of the historical background of the life of Jesus with unusual vividness and fidelity so that it has the "feel" of reality. This part of his work has never been better done and it has light to throw upon both the teaching and deeds of Jesus which is often a real illumination. In like manner he has given us a coherent sketch of the external life of Jesus and has set forth the drama of it in terms as probable as any that have found their way into modern "lives" of Jesus. We may have our doubts about details of his account.

Could Jesus, for example, have appealed to the crowd over the heads of both civil and religious leaders at the very beginning of His ministry without realizing the probable end thereof? Was the Cross an afterthought or was it something that was on the horizon for the whole length of His public ministry? But details, even rather important details such as this, do not affect the validity of the general picture of the movement of events and it is all to the good that the outlines of that picture have been so firmly sketched in.

It is when we come to the third issue that we sense inadequacy and grow uneasy. The panorama of events and their background are both excellently done but the Person remains unconvincing. In part that is due to Mr. Schonfield's determined attempt to present the conception of the Kingdom of God in purely eschatological and apocalyptic terms without realizing that Jesus transferred the whole idea from the category of time to the category of quality. What was important was not that it transpired in the "last days" but that it issued in a new type of personality and society. In greater part it is due to the fact that Mr. Schonfield has interpreted Jesus by the experience of frustration and impatience as known to ordinary men and so we get not a little talk of impatience, jangled nerves and the like. In other words Jesus is at the mercy of His environment—an interpretation of which the New Testament is not patient. But most of all, and closely connected with this last fact, he fails because the genuine sense of tragedy is absent. Probably only one to whom has come the tragic experience of bearing in his heart the self-destructive disobedience of a son can ever enter into the mind of Jesus, and that sense simply is not in this book. Had it been there, the author would have been much less ready than he has been to speak of exasperation and tingling nerves and the like.

To sum up, this is an excellent book for the background of the life of Jesus and only a little less so as an account of

the way in which events actually moved, but the dimension of depth in the character of Jesus has almost wholly escaped him—the Author.

Dr. Cadoux', alas, posthumous book will not please traditionalists for it is the work of an avowed modernist who lays reverent but none the less destructive hands on ancient dogmas like the Virgin Birth, on not a few miracles, and reduces the Resurrection to a series of mysterious inexplicable appearances. Yet it has one supreme virtue. On the very last page he writes:

Few things have done more harm to the Christian cause than the tendency to relegate the Synoptic Gospels to a position of comparative unimportance in the Church's regard and to make but a small place in her system of doctrine for the quality of Jesus' personal character, the nature of His personal religion, and the content of His ethical and spiritual teaching.

That is both well and timely in the saying and this volume can be commended with confidence to all who wish to know what manner of man Jesus was, what He did and what He taught.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

JUDGE JEFFREYS, by H. Montgomery Hyde. *Butterworth*. 21s.

This re-issue of a book originally published in 1940 and long out of print is extremely welcome, if only because it is the only good modern life of the infamous Judge of the Bloody Assize. Mr. Montgomery Hyde is himself a lawyer and is thus able to give a more balanced account of Jeffreys' career than is usually found in histories which are apt to follow too exactly the lines laid down by Macaulay and his school. The author corrects some of Macaulay's more notorious inventions, stresses Jeffreys' ability as a lawyer, makes allowances for the fact that the judge, who suffered agonies from the stone, was in perpetual pain, which he tried to dull with drink. Yet, when everything is said that can be said, the portrait which emerges is so far from being a 'white-wash' that it actually makes the subject appear worse instead of better.

Macaulay's pathological monster has disappeared and in its place is a human being more despicable than one had thought possible.

Evelyn's judgment on him that "he was reputed to be the most ignorant" occupant of the bench is disproved; but his further remark that he "served the Court interest on all the hardest occasions; is of nature cruel and a slave of the Court" is substantiated to the full. When Jeffreys blamed his master James II for the atrocities of the 'Bloody Assize' and protested that the King would have preferred even more severity, he was certainly telling the truth. (James, indeed, emerges from this book—as he does from any study of the period—as the only man of the time in high office who was a little lower than Jeffreys.) But the Lord Chief Justice had already sold himself willingly into that particular slavery and he had no right to complain of what was expected of him.

What emerges from Mr. Montgomery Hyde's study is the shape of the career as a whole. It is an example, almost perfect in its classical detail, of *hubris*—from the meteoric rise (Jeffreys was Lord Chief Justice at the age of thirty-eight) to the precipitate and utter fall—which leaves the reader with the sense that the gods, at least, were just.

The book is well illustrated with portraits; and to compare Kneller's painting of Jeffreys as Lord Chancellor with the 'Taunton portrait' of the Lord Chief Justice is to know all that one need to know about Jeffreys' spiritual development.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

APPLE OF DISCORD, by C. M. Woodhouse. *Hutchinson*. 21s.

The first requirement of a book on modern Greece is that it shall establish the background accurately, so that the reader who is attempting to understand more recent events may see them as a development of pre-war affairs. In this respect *Apple of Discord* is completely

successful. The political world of Venizelos, Metaxas and George II is placed before us convincingly, and its quality pervades the sequel, as it should do.

When Mr. Woodhouse deals with later years, however, the picture is overloaded. As Commander of the Allied Military Mission to the Greek Guerrillas, he was intimately concerned in the events that he describes and his account is much too detailed. In other words, Mr. Woodhouse, against his better judgment, has succumbed to the local contagion—hair-splitting being the special disease of post-Byron Greece.

In his last and most valuable chapter the author admirably recovers his sense of proportion. Throughout the book he has rightly recognized that Greece (though Greeks may protest) is part of the Balkan system; in the final section he considers, with a masterly lucidity, the implications of that inescapable fact. The scene widens, the years expand, and we become aware (if this truth had not already been apparent to us) that Greece to-day is hopelessly out-of-date. The Greece of Tsaldaris and Sophoulis sets itself stubbornly against destiny and sometimes it seems that Great Britain and the U.S.A. (often from sentimental motives, which almost accidentally coincide with these powers' immediate interest) are encouraging the attempt to put the clock back. But the U.S.A. at least desires to have the wider view.

The nineteenth century (says Mr. Woodhouse) redrew the map of Europe on the principles of liberal nationalism, which the peacemakers of 1919 and 1946, with few exceptions, regarded as sacrosanct. Greece was a creation of those principles, though her frontiers have yet to remain firm for any consecutive period of fifty years. It is impossible to study those frontiers, or any other conceivable frontiers of Greece, whether in terms of geography, strategy, ethnography or bare human comfort, with any sense of satisfaction. It is impossible to share the life of the Greek people without a sense of something radically preposterous. . . . The fault is that even the limited Statehood which was the goal of Greece's creators, and which their creation had barely begun to

approach even under the guidance of Eleftherios Venizelos and the coercion of Metaxas, was an historically antiquated notion when it was first applied. It assumed the inviolability of Balkan separatism, which has been the curse of the Balkans ever since (pp. 283-4).

Two great powers—the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. have no prejudice in favour of Balkan separatism. They merely disagree on the principles which should govern the life of the Balkan bloc.

The important point here is not that a federation of south-east Europe is a good or a bad thing, but that whether we like it or not, it is coming about (p. 285).

GEORGE PENDLE.

THE NETHERLANDS, by Sacheverell Sitwell. *Batsford*. 18s.

The title, on jacket and cover, is ambitious and the qualification which appears on the title page: "a study of some aspects of art, costume and social life" is essential. In the text itself, Mr. Sitwell is disarmingly honest. He does not pretend to have spent long in the country. He admits a heavy liability to others, notably the Italian, De Amicis, and the Frenchman, Havard, both of them visitors to the Netherlands of seventy years ago. His chapter on Dutch gardens is based on a collection of maps and illustrations to be found in the British Museum. The visit to the one-time island, in the IJssel Lake, of Urk, one of the most remarkable survivals of an earlier Holland, was undertaken not by Mr. Sitwell but by his interpreter, Mr. Jock Kay. This is the more surprising since it is survivals, especially of costume and custom that are Mr. Sitwell's almost exclusive interest. His strictures on contemporary achievements in the arts in Holland are only excused by this preoccupation.

Next time he must visit the modern town halls of Hilversum, Enschede and Medemblik as well as the eighteenth century ones at Edam, Sneek and Dokkum. As an admirer of the seventeenth century silversmiths of Utrecht, the Van Vianens, and of the eighteenth century drinking glasses by Wolff, he

should not be unaware of the present-day work of the Broms in the same city, or of the table ware glass, designed by Copier in Leerdam, which was one of Princess Elizabeth's loveliest wedding presents. But Mr. Sitwell's experience does not, in truth, match the excellence and variety of the photographs, chosen and printed with the usual Batsford polish. His text, moreover, is marked by glaring inconsistencies. On page 15 we read: "Holland in matters of architecture is of a chilly welcome. Her charities are private and not public, and may consist of no more than the light of a passage reflected through an overdoor" and on page 29: "so ubiquitous are the Dutch habits of kindness and hospitality, particularly towards Englishmen, that at sight of a house of this character . . . it becomes a habit to push open the front door—they are always kept ajar—and admire the stucco work along the corridor." The old Calvinists would have said that Mr. Sitwell needed a course in Leyden Logic. In spite of these deficiencies, and of an unwonted pedestrianism of style, the book has some delightful chapters. The introduction, on the Dutch spirit, is full of insight. The Hague, seen through the architectural achievement of that remarkable man, Daniel Marot, who came with William of Orange to England, becomes a new city. And the discovery of Friesland as a treasure house of the past, and not merely as a prosperous agricultural champaign, was long overdue.

KENNETH ADAM.

CHINESE ART AND HISTORY by Arnold Silcock. *Faber & Faber* 12s. 6d.

There is a pagoda in Kew Gardens. It was erected to the design of Sir William Chambers in the eighteenth century at the time of a fashionable mania for *Chinoiserie*. Sir Banister Fletcher in his *Comparative History of Architecture* describes Chambers's pagoda as "rather lifeless". Arnold Silcock, in rounder terms, calls it "— perhaps the largest and worst of

the many ugly and un-Chinese monuments of this absurd craze." Absurd though the craze may have been and the Kew Gardens pagoda its silliest manifestation, it is nevertheless an indication of an English disposition towards things Chinese. A disposition which, though it may have been too easily beguiled by engaging counterfeits, has remained, since the 'discovery' of Chinese art by Chambers and his contemporaries, constant, affectionate and enthusiastic. Furthermore, many of the most eminent sinologists have been Englishmen, and indeed this book by Arnold Silcock reveals the high level of scholarly research and sensitive appreciation of which English criticism is capable.

"There is a temple in the western hills outside Peking. Over the quiet courtyard three ginkgo trees have spread lizard-grey branches and warmed their blue-green leaves for centuries in the sun." The quotation is from the opening words of the first chapter. The ginkgo tree, "a living fossil from the age of giant saurians, is a significant emblem of a strange immutability, a deathless capacity for survival which appears typically and exclusively to belong to China." Though the origins of Chinese art are lost in the far-distant haze of a great antiquity, it is at least certain that for more than two thousand years works of rare beauty have come from the hands of artists and craftsmen. Archaeologists have unearthed proof that the form and character of these works have altered little from prehistoric times. It is astonishing to reflect that art, in spite of a tenacious adherence to tradition, has been able to maintain, over so great a period, a degree of vitality and original creativeness that has no parallel in any other civilization.

In painting, which is the characteristic Chinese art, an explanation of this undeviating standard of excellence may be found in the Six Canons of Painting, laid down by Hsieh Ho, a portrait painter of the fifth century, and accepted ever since as the only true standards of criticism. His first and, in Chinese

eyes, his most important principle is given as 'rhythmic vitality' which, as Arnold Silcock says was "no doubt meant to suggest the spritual, living power which informs some paintings and moves us to say they are inspired." The enunciation of such a criterion as a first principle may well have been a safeguard against stale repetition and mere virtuosity. Inevitably, of course, there were periods of decline but never of degeneration and each decline was succeeded by a period of new accomplishment.

The measure of Chinese artistic achievement is laid out in this book against its historical background. The story flows with all the interest and continuity of a landscape roll. It is a marvel of condensation and clarity. There are over forty illustrations, maps on both end-papers and several most useful appendices.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

LONDON LIVES ON, by R. G. Burnett, with photography by E. W. Tattersall. *Phoenix House*. 25s.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, by Philip Butler. Photographs by Derrick L. Sayer in collaboration with Guy Allan and John Livesey. *Lincoln-Praeger*. 9s. 6d.

MR. GAY'S LONDON, by A. P. Herbert. *Ernest Benn*. 9s. 6d.

TEMPLE BAR TAPESTRY, by Simon Dewes. *Rich & Cowan*. 16s.

The first volume records, mainly pictorially, many of London's treasures which have survived the destruction of the last war and can therefore be regarded as complementary to *The Lost Treasures of London* by William Kent. Within the limitations of 200 pages it is an impossible task, and no ingenuity of selection is likely to be completely satisfactory. The book contains a hundred excellent photographs with descriptive text covering the area from Hampton Court to Dockland and from Islington to the south bank of the Thames. The subjects are arranged geographically to assist the rambler and the text is rendered

more valuable to the reader by the provision of bibliographies as a guide to research. It is difficult, however, to understand the inclusion of Bow Street police court and the Central Hall, Westminster, and the omission of St. Helen, Bishopsgate and, that miracle of survival, the section of London Wall surrounded by acres of destruction. And is it necessary to remind us that the Albert Memorial survives and not draw attention to the *George Inn* or the *Anchor*?

This is a good book but for 25s. one expects more attention to detail. Locks the hatters, the oldest building in St. James's Street is ignored by Mr. Burnett and surely he is aware of the existence of Queen Elizabeth on the wall of St. Dunstan's in the West. This is our last relic of old Ludgate and therefore considerably more important than the bust of Lord Northcliffe, or details of his achievements. Attention is drawn on page 86 to the magnificent view of the Pool of London from London Bridge but the lovely spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, and incidentally Sir Christopher Wren's favourite, escapes mention.

The Houses of Parliament is the first of a new series under the general title of "My London Gallery". With the position of the Palace of Westminster most Londoners are vaguely familiar; for the visitor, however, it vies with Westminster Abbey in interest. To both groups this book has something to say. It sketches briefly the history of assembly from the thirteenth century and illumines many strange customs that survive. For instance: the traditional reluctance with which the Member chosen by the House to be its Speaker allows himself to be conducted to the Chair, the outcome of the conflict of the Commons with Charles I and the courageous reply of Speaker Lenthall to the king's demand for the surrender of certain Members:

May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see or tongue to speak in this place but as this House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here.

In this volume both the text and the really superb photographs combine to

convey the broad sweep of that part of our history which is bound up with the Palace of Westminster.

Browsing to some purpose in the Minories, Sir Alan Herbert picked up a faded but complete set of the "Proceedings of London Sessions from December 1732 to October 1733 bound up with the Accounts of the Ordinary of Newgate of the Behaviour, Confessions and Dying Words of the Malefactors who were executed at Tyburn." By generous reference to his find the author draws a vivid picture of Mr. Gay's London. It is rich reading. Here the highwayman and pickpocket are brought to justice and combat with Cockney gusto the evidence of the informers against them. Most of those condemned to death were men in their early 'twenties and at least one was comforted on his journey to Tyburn by the shrill injunction of his mistress to "die game". To those who feel that progress in the atomic age is an illusion, this volume should be a useful corrective.

Temple Bar Tapestry is set in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries against the background of that area of London between Aldwych and St. Paul's Cathedral. Sixteen illustrations add to the value of this informative work. In these pages famous and infamous rub shoulders and from the dark alleys and perilous byways the treacherous, human and brutal mob come to life again. For at least one reader the tapestry contains a false strand in the person of an all too knowledgeable American soldier introduced by the author as a 'stooge' to his own erudition. Mr. Dewes needs no such artifice.

HERBERT T. BANYARD.

THE BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT IN INDIA, by H. G. Rawlinson. *Hodge*. 15s.

THE SAHIBS, by Hilton Brown. *Hodge*. 15s.

It is not possible, twelve months since the end of British rule, to view in perspective the whole range of our achievement in India. If the task were attempted, even a modest historian

would be likely to run into several volumes. Mr. Rawlinson's work is fortunately less ambitious than its title. What he has written is in fact a condensed and straightforward account of the machinery of British power from Queen Elizabeth's issue, in 1600, of a "Privilege for fifteen years to certain adventurers for the trade of the East Indies" down to our somewhat hurried departure on August 15 last year. Indeed of our real achievement he has found space to say but little, and there is no attempt to decide whether in the end we put more in than we took out. Of the building of roads and bridges, railways and telegraphs, dams and irrigation schemes, of the great rise in population and the vast increase in real wealth which are still the tangible results of our rule, Mr. Rawlinson is able to give only cursory acknowledgment, not for any lack of pride or appreciation but because his subject is not so much what we did as how we did it.

Of how the British in India came to trade and stayed to rule, and of the brilliance of Clive and Hastings, Mr. Rawlinson has added little to what has already been written many times. But from Canning onwards his account of the work of successive Governor Generals and Viceroys is balanced and incisive. It is an interesting example of the shift of historical perspective that already Curzon is the name that stands out. "Curzon," he writes, "was incomparably the greatest of the Indian Governor-Generals and Viceroys." And his merits far outweighed his shortcomings. "There was no branch of the administration on which he did not leave his mark. India under his rule enjoyed a peace, prosperity and greatness which she has never experienced before or since in all her long history. It was the climax of British rule."

Of Curzon's clash with Kitchener over the control of the Indian army, Mr. Rawlinson gives an account which perhaps says too little of Kitchener's own case. When Curzon, unable to carry his point, resigned in 1905, he made a

farewell speech to the Byculla Club which Mr. Rawlinson quotes and which will become of increasing interest to students of Indian affairs during the next few years.

"I earnestly hope," he said, "that the Viceroy of India may never cease to be the head of the Government of India in the fullest sense of the word. It is not one man rule, which may or may not be a good thing—that depends on the man. But it is one man supervision, which is the best form of government, presuming the man is competent. The alternative in India is a bureaucracy, which is the most mechanized and lifeless of all forms of administration."

Of our final departure and of the carnage which has accompanied it, Mr. Rawlinson provides a straightforward and objective narrative. It stands out from these pages, though the author does not say so, that our weakness was never lack of military power. For the past hundred years our weakness in India has been a failure to realize the forces of propaganda which were rising against us, and a failure to grasp the means, always ready to hand, by which such forces may be withstood.

Mr. Hilton Brown's book provides a charming and entertaining background to the study of the British in India. He himself has written little. Almost all these wicked little comments on the private lives of the sahibs and their ladies are drawn from diaries and letters and come from the sahibs' own pens. Indian servants appear frequently. Perhaps the best comment on them is drawn from the "Letters from Madras" of 1836.

Every horse has a man and a maid to himself—the maid cuts the grass for him; and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found that she was allowed to wait upon herself; and, as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly.

Mr. Hilton Brown's intention has been to entertain; and he has succeeded so well that he has achieved that great rarity, an anthology which can be read through or dipped into with equal pleasure.

GORDON WINTER.

SEVEN ASSIGNMENTS, by Dudley Clarke. *Jonathan Cape*. 12s. 6d.

It will be a pity if the word adventure ever becomes the monopoly of history and fiction. It was the spirit of adventure which built the British Commonwealth and Empire and which led men to respect the name of Britain in the five continents and on the seven seas. If this spirit should seem now to be on the wane, that is due, surely, not to any change in the hereditary character of Englishmen but to restrictions on enterprise and resourcefulness imposed by their modern environment. For when the restrictions are lifted, then, by a miracle, often at the eleventh hour, to the front of the stage come the men of adventure.

One such man is Brigadier Dudley Clarke, for whom the recent war brought an opportunity to display unorthodox and unusual qualities not required from an officer in time of peace. He was content to follow cheerfully wherever fortune beckoned him and the more adventurous the path he trod the more it pleased him. This spirit he succeeds in conveying to his readers by the fluency of his prose in a book which is packed with incident. Within less than three hundred pages he describes the seven assignments which he was called upon to fulfil in the first twelve months of the war, assignments varying in duration from six hours to six months and ranging over a wide area between Aandalsnes in the north and Mombasa in the south. None of the assignments covered by this book is a military command. The author is never charged with direct responsibility for the lives of other soldiers, he is never in close personal relationship with the troops in the line. His rôle is best described in his own words, as that of "a roving staff officer."

For military interest the two assignments to Norway in April 1940 take first place. If anyone is in doubt about what is meant by lack of air support, let him read these chapters. Let him see how all road movement is interrupted by air attack throughout the hours of

daylight; let him realize that the insignificant target of two men on a motor-cycle could be strafed eight times in the space of twenty-five miles. For drama, I would choose the assignment to the staff of the C.I.G.S. during the worst days of 1940. Here is an unrivalled first-hand impression of the characters and the human qualities of the military and political leaders who at short notice planned and executed the evacuation from Dunkirk. For historic interest, I would choose the story of the birth of the Commandos, with its thrilling description of their first raid on the coast of northern France.

The cement which binds together all seven assignments is the small flat in Stratton Street to which the author returns after each adventure. Moreover the epic is made more complete in form by the revelation that the next assignment was to lead once more to Cairo, whence the first had started. I can guarantee that all who read *Seven Assignments* will look forward to the time when security restrictions allow Brigadier Clarke to embark on the story of the eighth.

NIGEL BRUCE.

THE ENGLISH GAME, a Cricket Anthology, compiled by Gerald Brodribb. *Hollis and Carter*. 10s. 6d.

Twenty anthologies could be published about cricket in one year and still enthusiasts would buy them and cherish them. The literature of cricket is rich. It has attracted the pens of men of letters, and inspired the shorthand of reporters. Mr. Brodribb knows what it is to write about it and to his anthology he brings the care in selection that love demands when making a choice. His object, well achieved, is to show the many sidedness of the game's attraction: the lure of it, the fun of it, the great at Lord's, the little elsewhere. What part the reader will like best will depend upon himself and not on Mr. Brodribb. Mr. Brodribb has done his job in every section.

J.A.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Poetry apart, of all the manifestations of Eng. Lit. the essay form most endears by its power to suffuse the intellectual response with emotion. The phenomenon is exemplifiable in the collections of three very different authors who, by their appeal to both heart and mind, here find a bond of agreement.

A shoal of sociology

There is George Woodcock who in *THE WRITER AND POLITICS* (*Porcupine Press*, 10s. 6d.)—embracing “a social approach to literature and thought, an approach which takes into account the society where writers work and live”—casts a wide net. It catches some queer fish along with the whales and the sprats. Choice may be made from John G. Paton, the English hymn, Sorel, Proudhon, Herzen, Kropotkin, Kafka, George Orwell, Graham Greene, Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler, Rex Warner and the Henry Bates who visited the Amazonians in 1848, and all the studies are warmed and brightened by the kind of prejudice which is allowable, and indeed necessary, in the successful essay.—Then there is G. M. Young who in *TODAY AND YESTERDAY* (*Rupert Hart-Davies*, 8s. 6d.) enticingly displays his ability “to think Victorian”. He finds himself uneasy, as well he might, in an era when, for instance :

What the schools have failed to teach is that a man has no more right to an opinion for which he cannot account than to a pint of beer for which he cannot pay,

and lets his fancy play about a dream university whose aim would be “to make the gift of life more valuable, yes, but also to make the men more worthy of the gift.” It is not surprising that his essays on the nineteenth century and its great ones, on George IV, on the *Odyssey*, on Virgil and on Herodotus are the fruit of a liberal mind or that such miscellanea as “The Imp” and “Place-name Studies” should be as delightful as they are learned.

Landmarks

And then there is John Middleton Murry, who needs a paragraph to himself. With the close of *LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER* (*Sheppard Press*, 12s. 6d.) it is his reader who pines “for what is not”: the Mr. Murry of the nineteen twenties and early thirties who was not yet so politically conscious as to impair his wonderful qualities as a critic of literature and life. Because these essays were written during the last ten years, his receding form may still be seen in “Blake and Keats”, “Meditation on Heine”, “H. G. Wells”, “Richard Hillary”, the piece on Max Plowman and the one on F. V. Branford which is deliciously pertinent to T. S. Eliotry too. They mark the path to Mr. Murry’s vanishing point in *The Free Society*, and the book is thus so much better than its up to the minute preface which explains carefully but unconvincingly why he forsook pacifism.

Proxy journey

A book so much better than its title is Vernon Bartlett’s *GO EAST, OLD MAN* (*Latimer House*, 9s. 6d.). Not intended for politicians, nor experts, nor as a guide-book, as one would expect from so practised a journalist it yet gives the armchair traveller a pretty clear picture of world trends and events as seen from Africa and Asia. And his lively personal impressions and experiences, whether of a disappearing fountain pen in Hong Kong, of the “revolting woman” on shipboard who asked to be put in the book, of frustration in Formosa, of the Roman game in Peking, or of fishing formalities in Durban, make a useful contribution to the ever engrossing study of how the other fellow lives and thinks and feels.

Transcendent man

How a metaphysician-novelist thought and felt is discussed in *DOSTEOVSKY* by L. A. Zander (*Student Christian Move-*

ment Press, 10s.). The Professor of Philosophy at the Russian Theological Institute in Paris takes Dostoevsky’s preoccupation with the goodness which is from God for his theme, drawing on Constance Garnett’s translations of the works for quotation pointers. The book may best be described as a guide to the intention of the novels; not easy to read, in spite of the apparently smooth translation of Natalie Duddington, it needs for company either the stories themselves or a working knowledge of them, and therefore both beginners and advanced students of Dostoevsky should find it valuable.

Dominion over palm and pine

Few people could give a synopsis of any of the novels of another nineteenth century figure, now rescued by Alice Acland in *CAROLINE NORTON* (*Constable*, 16s.) from notoriety. It is not surprising that the grand-daughter of Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley should have literary talent, a keen wit and great beauty, nor that she should be at the mercy of her own tormented temperament. But that such a spectacular pamphleteer and agitator, so much the butt of the scandal-mongers, should in Victorian England have been able to influence the passing of the Custody of Infants Bill and the Bill of 1857 to improve Marriage and Divorce Laws which gave women for the first time a tentative legal status, argues the possession of a remarkable personality. Miss Acland surveys its complexities calmly and is fair in praise or blame. Aided by excellent type, paper and binding, some discriminating illustrations and a sensible index and bibliography, her straightforward recounting of facts and the simplicity of her language have made a memorable book.—Also a rescue, this time from an eclipse that “is as natural as it is temporary,” is Rupert Croft-Cooke’s *RUDYARD KIPLING* (*Home & Van Thal*, 6s.). Those who regard the Kipling outlook as imperialistic and dislike it and him, should not be deterred from reading this assessment of a writer who,

as the author aptly puts it, “was as seasoned as sun-bleached walnut.” They will be sent back to the stories, either actually or in memory, as Mr. Croft-Cooke demonstrates the craft and care that went to their creation—the reward his championship would covet most.

Gorgio saga

Another enthusiasm of Rupert Croft-Cooke’s, as FORTNIGHTLY readers know, is for gypsies. “Life with the Romanies,” the sub-title of *THE MOON IN MY POCKET* (*Sampson Low*, 10s. 6d.), indicates the strength of his love and admiration for those mysterious people. “I lived with them because I liked it,” he says, and the knowledge thus gained has helped him to produce a book which fells the more popular misconceptions, discusses the place of Borrow and others in gypsy interpretation, speculates warily about the origin of the Romani and has much to tell of their folk-lore and handicrafts. He adds an impressive list of words in common use among the southern English gypsies and a group of his own photographs of country scenes around the caravans.

Rural habit

As Godfrey Johnson says :
The road runs lonely . . .

In *THE NINTH WAVE* (*Harrop*, 6s.) this tireless practitioner of poetry records his expanding and developing technique. His sonnet, “Women Poets”, shows a sound critical faculty, and the body of this collection states a “sufficient philosophy”. But it is in his nature observation that he seems to be taking the longest strides :

The pine flings back his mane of thunder
or of butterflies :

They fleck the sheer white wall and flirt with gables.

—GOD MADE THE COUNTRY is a modest cloak for the erudition of Edward Townsend Booth’s reflective book (*Cassell*, 12s. 6d.). From the aboriginal farmer Hesiod, the Sabine farm of Horace, Madame de Sevigné as a

countrywoman (when most of us know her only in Paris as the dear letter-writing ghost of the Musée Carnavalet), to the Wordsworths at Dove Cottage and the Hawthornes of Concord, and many others on the way, he depicts character in relation to its rural setting. This is a book to dip into, to dream over, to slake the thirst of townsmen.—The countryman, of course, has no time to dream and CRAFTS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE by E. J. Stowe (*Longmans Green*, 10s. 6d.) helps to explain why. There are chapters on hurdle and basket making, shoeing and blacksmithing, hedging, dry stone-walling, ploughing, threshing, thatching, pond construction and other activities, all of which have developed the skill of generations. The author sadly concludes: "Each (machine) invention has made the tasks easier but it has also lessened the need for careful skilled work." But there is a note of hope in his assertion that a new interest in the traditional trades is growing among young people. For the first time many of these must know what it means to feel pride in doing a job. The copious illustrations bridge the gulf successfully for those who lack the countryman's instinctive handling of his tools.

Conversation pieces

Would that the illustrations of THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (*Castle Press*, 12s. 6d.) had not so successfully bridged the gulf for those who are presumed to be ignorant of the identity of Oscar Wilde's 'hero'! The publisher's note says that "Wilde is often considered to have depicted himself." And what man but writes a novel who does not include something of himself? And why in this one should Wilde have put more of himself than, say, of Alfred Douglas? And, in fact, is not Wilde's

character much more like Lord Henry Wotton's? But Michael Ayrton swallowed the bait and has drawn Wilde progressively more repulsive as the portrait takes on Dorian Gray's depravities. From an illustrator with the agile mind and technical ingenuities of Mr. Ayrton the proceeding is altogether too banal. To add to the puzzle he has a drawing of a man with a palette, which supposedly stands for the Basil Hallward described by Wotton as having a rugged strong face and coal black hair. Yet the artist's profile is the unmistakable one of Aubrey Beardsley. It should be added that when they are not portraits the drawings, of the various hands for example, are extraordinarily vivid, instinct as it were with horror.—The horror that Gerald Bullett has put into the second of his novels included in one book, MEN AT HIGH TABLE AND THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS (*J. M. Dent*, 9s.) seems a little contrived. Instead of mounting it dwindles, because the unravelment of the circumstances of Sorrel's death has been artificially prolonged. Nevertheless, the reader is able, with Mary, to get inside the Taverner house and mentality, to hear real people talking and to share their thoughts. The other story is contrived too, but so cleverly that the pattern of conversation and the thoughts behind the talkers' words during dinner in a college at Cambridge, is "woven fine", has no broken threads and worthily frames "the smile, impenetrable as a mask" of the guest, Wong Chi.

A Cockney smile

At the incessant hammering in the next room? Yes, when it means more shelves for books on the table!

GRACE BANYARD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1948

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: WHAT NEXT?

BY HERMANN MANNHEIM

THERE are three aspects to the question of capital punishment: first the moral-humanitarian-religious; secondly, the popular, the views, prejudices and superstitions of the man in the street; and, lastly, the scientific, the penological, psychiatric, sociological—in short, the accumulated knowledge and experience of the experts of various brands. The ideal would be a complete integration and reconciliation of all three viewpoints but, failing this, without at least a certain minimum support from each, no lasting solution will be possible.

As events of recent months have shown, the abolitionists have been relying mostly on humanitarian and, to some extent, on scientific considerations, whereas the strength of the anti-abolitionist camp is almost wholly derived from popular arguments. As far as the Government is concerned, it has been vacillating between the two extremes, while the voice of the penologist has only occasionally and dimly been heard crying in the wilderness.

In brief, the abolitionist argument is this: capital punishment is a barbarous anomaly in an otherwise humane penal system; as experiences of many other countries have shown, it is unnecessary as a deterrent; moreover, it is in many respects dangerous and harmful, in particular because of the possibility of miscarriages of justice. The anti-abolitionists reply that capital punishment is less inhuman than the proposed alternative of life imprisonment; that it is indispensable as a deterrent (foreign experiences are inapplicable to conditions in this country) and because the man in the street, alarmed by the recent increase in crimes of violence, insists on its continuance; and that the danger of miscarriages of justice is negligible under a well-ordered administration of criminal justice.

The Government, apparently with no particularly strong convictions on either of these points, hits on the most obvious compromise of distinguishing between different types of murder. The formula chosen is easily demolished by the forensic skill of the anti-abolitionist camp; the Government is defeated in the House of Lords, and this, for the time being, has put an end to the matter.

To carry through a great piece of law reform on a controversial issue, bound to arouse the profoundest emotions and prejudices of the masses, one needs both strong personal convictions and the most thorough scientific preparation. This applies to legislative no less than to tank battles. While strong personal convictions cannot be requisitioned at

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will, research can be instigated by Government action. When the new national insurance scheme reached its first preparatory stage during the war, Sir William (now Lord) Beveridge was asked by the Minister concerned to submit a report. On our problem, no research worth mentioning was set in motion by the Government in connection with the introduction of the Criminal Justice Bill although it was clear from the beginning that the question of capital punishment would become a burning issue in the course of the parliamentary proceedings. It might be retorted that a considerable amount of valuable information had already been collected by the Select Committee on Capital Punishment which reported in 1930. However, this material has inevitably become out of date in many respects. Nor were the methods employed by the Committee of the standard required for scientific purposes. Particularly unsatisfactory is, at least as far as conditions abroad are concerned, the technique of relying almost exclusively on oral or written evidence by *ad hoc* witnesses, instead of studying first and foremost the vast amount of printed material already in existence in most countries—a procedure which, though more laborious and time-consuming, is more likely to yield reliable results. This does not mean that the traditional technique employed by royal commissions and departmental committees is valueless. It has no doubt very considerable merits, in particular because of the opportunity which it affords of personally examining and cross-examining lay witnesses and expert witnesses. On the other hand, the weaknesses of that technique have been so clearly exposed in more recent years that it should at least be supplemented, as a matter of course, by other research methods.

It was significant that during the recent debates in the House of Commons one of the speakers who had been a member of the departmental committee of 1930 indicated that of the two American expert witnesses at the disposal of the committee the one who had appeared in person and subjected himself to cross-examination had impressed him more than the one who had merely submitted a written memorandum. (Hansard, April 14, 1948, col. 1058.) Although, from the layman's point of view, this is easily understandable, it remains nevertheless true that such chance factors should not be decisive in scientific investigations, and it should also be clear that an impressive presence and quickness in repartee are not necessarily the most valuable equipment of the successful research worker who needs patience, imagination and knowledge of his material and research techniques more than anything else.

Finally, it has to be remembered that on certain important points the committee of 1930, though apparently well aware of what was needed, proved to be incapable of obtaining the desired information. For example, with reference to an analysis, published in the Criminal Statistics for 1905, of the "motives or causes of murders committed by all persons convicted of murder in England and Wales during the twenty years ending 1905" the Report of 1930 states (p. 21): "We should have desired that the Home

Office analysis had been brought up to date, but their witnesses explained to us that the various forms and causes of murder interlaced and overlapped one another and that it had not been thought useful to continue the analysis beyond 1905."

Surely, this is a most important point. It is hardly more than a commonplace to say that any reasonable debate on the punishment for murder should be preceded by a painstaking inquiry into the psychological, physical and social characteristics of an adequate sample (at least a few hundred cases) of persons who have committed murder and into the causes and motives of their crimes. This sample should include not only an adequate proportion of murderers found insane but, as far as possible, also data about those who committed suicide (in 1946, the last year for which figures have been published, in thirty-one of a total of 113 cases of murder of persons aged one year and over, the murderer or suspected murderer committed suicide). Only by means of such an analysis can we expect to obtain some objective data on such points as the frequency of premeditated, "cold-blooded" murder, the degree of "moral wickedness" involved, perhaps even on the potential deterrent effect of the death penalty, and many others. Illustrative cases supplied by those distinguished speakers who took part in the recent parliamentary debates, either from their own judicial experiences or from second-hand sources such as press reports, useful and impressive as no doubt they are, can in no way take the place of the comprehensive study which we have in mind.

The present writer knows from his own practical work, covering not only trials but also prosecutions and preliminary investigations on charges of murder, how much the information obtained during the trial itself is usually limited to the mere "facts" of the crime itself—facts which may tell comparatively little of the real story. This view is further confirmed by the impression gained from a study of the very carefully edited volumes of the "Notable British Trials Series" or "The Old Bailey Trial Series" and from the published recollections of eminent high court judges. Nobody would, of course, be content nowadays with an analysis on the lines of that published in 1905 with its crude psychological and sociological armoury. Between then and now we have had some outstanding developments, including Freud and his followers, which have not only shed new light on the psychology of crime in general but also given us a small number of illuminating case studies of murderers, such as Robert Lindner's *Rebel Without Cause* and Frederic Wertham's *Dark Legend*. We have had Andreas Bjerre's careful, though perhaps less penetrating observations on the *Psychology of Murder*, based on Adlerian ideas; and on the sociological side H. C. Brearley's *Homicide in the United States* and some detailed statistical investigations carried out in Germany.

I do not, for a moment, claim that these researches have solved all the problems which the legislator has to face when he tackles the thorny subject of capital punishment; nevertheless, familiarity with their

methods and results will reduce the danger of merely repeating all the old and long exploded slogans. There is no doubt much truth in the contention, for example, that foreign experiences cannot be applied indiscriminately to conditions in this country. Nevertheless, simply to contend that conditions are totally different here from those existing in abolitionist countries without taking the trouble to study carefully these differences seems unsatisfactory. It has repeatedly been asserted —by Sir John Anderson, for instance (Hansard, April 14, 1948, col. 1002)—that the absence of an increase in the frequency of murder in abolitionist States such as the Scandinavian countries proves nothing as they possess no great cities comparable in size to London or Glasgow, the tacit assumption being that the very big city has necessarily the highest murder rate and presents the most difficult problem for the preventive efforts of the legislator.

How far is this actually borne out by the available information? The volumes of Criminal Statistics for England and Wales have become so incomplete since the start of the 1939-45 war that no information regarding the local distribution of crime can be extracted from them. But in the period 1936-1938 altogether 375 cases of murder had become known to the Police in England and Wales (estimated population, forty millions). Of these 375 cases, 104 had been committed in the Metropolitan Police District, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham (estimated population together, ten and three-quarter millions), which is only slightly more than their proportionate share. This may be surprising in view of the generally accepted fact that there is more crime in urban than in rural districts. Professor Brearley, in the book already referred to, shows that in the great majority of states of the U.S.A. the homicide rate is higher in towns than in the country. On the other hand, these differences are much less significant than those between the different states regardless of population density. For example, whereas according to Professor Brearley the homicide rate per 100,000 of population was 8.26 for the whole of the U.S.A. for the period 1919-1927, it was only 1.43 in Vermont and 4.82 in New York state as against 29.55 in Florida. The difference between New York state and the Southern, far less densely populated and industrialized, states is considerably greater than that between the urban and rural districts of New York. This is also borne out for the immediate pre-war years by figures supplied by the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty. The abolitionist states of the U.S.A., as Mr. John Paton has recently reminded us (Hansard, April 14, 1948, col. 1015) include Michigan with Detroit, one of the most highly industrialized cities of the world, but its murder rate is not only substantially lower than that of Illinois or California but also incomparably lower than that of the agricultural Southern states. The frequency of homicide in the U.S.A. seems to depend on racial characteristics and racial tension rather than on the degree of industrialization.

Needless to say, the bare figures of crime statistics can never give a completely reliable picture of the actual position. One would have to know much more of the details of each locality and of individual cases to form a definite opinion about the actual effect of very complex social factors such as life in big cities, and I have selected the question of population density and extent of industrialization merely as an illustration to show that we are still too easily inclined to take matters for granted and to base our arguments on points which are in fact still greatly in need of further investigation. One cannot but agree with one of the speakers in the House of Commons debate of April 14 (Mr. Donovan, Hansard, col. 1028) who said: "I listened in order to detect, if I could, that differentiating factor in other countries which would make even the trial of this experiment unsafe in this country. I am bound to say that I did not hear it . . ." Not one of the subsequent speakers, including those participating in the House of Lords debate, has even attempted to provide the missing evidence that, in the words of the Attorney-General, "the result of abolition would be different in, say, Dundee to what it was in Detroit or different in Birmingham to what it was in Brussels" (Hansard, July 15, 1948, col. 1425).

II

In view of the conspicuous part which the question of grading has played in the parliamentary debates it must be dealt with briefly here. What has so far been said about the absence of any systematic collection of scientific data applies only with some modification to the question of grading. Efforts of some kind or other to establish various degrees of murder have of course been made in many countries for a very long time. They form only one part of the more comprehensive problem of how to distinguish degrees of killing, that is to define the difference between murder, voluntary and involuntary manslaughter, and accident. This is a problem which exists, quite independently of that of capital punishment, just as much in abolitionist countries. There are limitless varieties and combinations in the art of killing, some of them fundamentally affecting the severity of our judgment. It is a matter of legislative technique, involving of course issues of much greater complexity than purely technical ones, how far these distinctions should be embodied in a statute or left to the discretion of some judicial or administrative authority. Moreover, if the matter is dealt with, wholly or in part, by statutory definition, it is again the task of the legislator to determine the character of his definitions, whether the statute should attempt to settle in rigid terms any conceivable point of detail, leaving as little as possible to judicial interpretation, or whether the legislator should be content to indicate, by means of broad and elastic conceptions, the general policy to be pursued.

In a way, we are here concerned only with two different aspects of the one question of how to distribute power between legislative, judiciary, and

executive. Power can be delegated by the legislator either by refusing to settle certain issues altogether or by settling them in such a way as to leave the decision of important points to the courts or the administration. Where trial is by jury further complications arise from the necessity to define the respective competence of judge and jury. In addition to such questions of competence, the legislator has to choose whether his definitions should be based on objective or on subjective criteria or whether they should be mixtures of both.

The comparative history of the law of homicide shows an immense variety of techniques, and to give an idea of the different systems employed a comprehensive volume would be needed. Speaking generally, however, one finds a tendency in modern Continental legislation to employ wide and elastic terms instead of making attempts, regarded as more or less futile, to limit judicial discretion. Occasionally, this means the use of words capable of very different interpretation in the hands of different judges, for example, in the Swiss Federal Penal Code of 1937 which defines murder as "killing under circumstances or with a premeditation revealing a particularly wicked state of mind or particular dangerousness," whereas manslaughter is characterized by a "strong emotion which appears excusable in the circumstances." In Swiss law, the difference is, however not one of life or death but merely one between life imprisonment for murder and a maximum of ten years penal servitude for manslaughter. In addition, the Swiss Code has a general provision for homicide falling under neither of these extreme categories, with a minimum penalty of five and a maximum of twenty years penal servitude. A Nazi statute of 1941 defined the murderer as a person who kills "for the sake of killing, or to satisfy his sexual lust, or out of greed or from other base motives, or with special malice or cruelty or in a manner dangerous to the whole community or in order to facilitate or to cover the commission of another offence." This is characteristic of the usual emphasis in Nazi legislation on the motives of the criminal at the expense of criteria of a more objective nature.

U.S.A. legislative technique, on the other hand, is rather in favour of a combination of both objective and subjective elements, and it is in this connection in particular that the various definitions of first degree murder in American statutes are of immediate practical interest to us at the present stage. The Select Committee of 1930 secured some information on the American system of grading; it appears doubtful, however, whether an adequate picture of the extremely complicated legal position was in fact obtained.

The first American state to introduce statutory degrees of murder was Pennsylvania in 1794. Since then, most other states have followed suit, while in a small minority capital punishment has been retained absolutely or the choice between capital punishment and life imprisonment is left to the discretion of the courts. Some states have several degrees not only of murder but of manslaughter as well; and Wisconsin is stated

to hold the record with three degrees of murder and four of manslaughter. The general pattern used in twenty-six of the states which distinguish degrees of murder reserves capital punishment for murder "perpetrated by means of poison, or lying in wait, or any other kind of wilful, deliberate and premeditated killing, or committed in the perpetration, or attempt to perpetrate any arson, rape, robbery or burglary." Although important states such as New York and Massachusetts use other patterns, they all have in common the emphasis on deliberation and premeditation and they all single out for special attention murder perpetrated in the course of committing some other serious crime. The general impression conveyed by a study of the statutes and the writings of American experts is one of confusion rather than of clarity, and it can hardly be said that American legislation on the subject could provide us with a suitable example. It should, nevertheless, be carefully examined as demonstrating, more convincingly perhaps than the law of any other country, certain inherent limitations of legislative technique. In any case, it is not surprising that the Report of 1930 expressed itself against the grading of murder although it concluded that in spite of existing difficulties grading "may possibly have a place in the future of the Penal Code of our country."

There is one further point to which attention might be drawn in this connection as it has some special bearing on the English law of homicide: the general dissatisfaction with what is regarded as the essential psychological criterion of murder, deliberation and premeditation. The meaning of these two words has been watered down by the courts so much that it no longer requires even the two elements of "cold blood" and the lapse of some appreciable time between planning and execution. The result is that, in the words of Mr. Justice Cardozo in a famous address to the New York Academy of Medicine in 1928, the distinction has become "so obscure that no jury hearing it for the first time can fairly be expected to assimilate and understand it. I am not at all sure that I understand it myself. . . . Upon the basis of this fine distinction with its obscure and mystifying psychology, scores of men have gone to their death. . . . I think the distinction is much too vague to be continued in our law."*

The corresponding phrase in English law is "malice aforethought." As Lord Simonds said in the House of Lords (July 20, 1948, col. 1045), these words "have from time to time received a varying interpretation to satisfy the changing conditions and the changing conscience of the people." With great respect, is this not simply an eloquent way of saying that the phrase can always be made to mean what the judges of the day believe it should mean? As Kenny, the great text-book writer of modern English criminal law, puts it, the words have become a "mere arbitrary symbol. For the 'malice' may have in it nothing really malicious; and need never be really 'aforethought'." Can such an "arbitrary symbol", particularly in the hands of untrained jurors, be

**Law and Literature* (1931), p. 96 and seq.

regarded as a secure basis for a judgment on life or death ?

If we now turn to the recent Government proposals, defeated in the House of Lords, there is first the surprising fact that, according to the explanation given by the Attorney-General (Hansard, July 15, 1948, col. 1430), the intention of the Government was not "to define degrees of murder, to classify cases according to the heinousness or moral gravity of the offence The purpose of the new Clause is to include those cases in which public opinion feels that the suspension of the existing arrangements in regard to the death penalty might involve risks which ought not to be taken at this time." Or, as the Lord Chancellor explained (House of Lords, July 20, 1948, col. 1010), the object was to select "those particular categories of murder in which the death penalty definitely has a deterrent effect."

It is difficult to admit that there is any real difference between these Government proposals and the old idea of grading. There is hardly any evidence to show that the object of establishing degrees of murder has been to introduce moral distinctions at the expense of considerations of deterrence. However, whether or not the Government scheme may be called one of grading, the decisive arguments against any scheme based explicitly on considerations of deterrence to the exclusion of those of morality are, first, that we have no real knowledge of the deterrent effect of capital punishment on specific categories of murderers, and secondly, that such differences as do no doubt exist in this respect are more likely to be connected with types of personality than with types of action, whereas the distinctions proposed by the Government were largely distinctions on the basis of types of activity (the systematic poisoner, the recidivist murderer, the murderer in prison or about to commit some other offence, and so on) which are not necessarily identical with personality types. Thirdly, a differentiation based on considerations of deterrence instead of morality may well appeal to the scientific mind ; it will be entirely unsuitable for a jury whose moral feelings may be outraged by it. Moreover, as has been so cogently stressed in the House of Lords, the proposed categories would have burdened the trial with excessive complications, reminiscent of French trials of 150 years ago with sometimes several thousand separate "questions" to be put to the jury.

III

The conclusions to be drawn are these. As long as capital punishment remains, it will be futile to pin one's faith upon new legislative formulae and distinctions between degrees of murder. With one exception: the "constructive" murder of English law which can, and should be, abolished by legislative action regardless of the question of the death penalty. The Government proposals (sub-section 4) attempted this by introducing the new conception of "express malice" but, apart from other minor blemishes, the attempt, as the Lord Chief Justice has

pointed out in the House of Lords, was limited to capital cases instead of applying to murder in general.

Apart from this one point of constructive murder, no improvements can be expected from new definitions of murder since no formulae will be strong enough to provide a basis for decisions on life and death. Without capital punishment, fairly satisfactory definitions, as the Swiss example shows, can be found, and hardships can always be adjusted by the court. As long as the death penalty remains, the legislator will have to continue to delegate the supreme responsibility. To whom, however, should it be delegated ? To leave the decision to the jurors is clearly impossible as it would be entirely beyond the capacity of their untrained minds. The public prosecutor would be an equally impossible choice as his impartiality might be questioned by the public. The principal objection to leaving it to the judge is that the responsibility is too heavy for one man whoever he may be, and that different judges might have different policies. The former, though not the latter, consideration applies equally to the present system ; although the Home Secretary is, of course, greatly assisted by his advisers the ultimate result rests on his decision alone. A special tribunal, under the chairmanship of the Home Secretary, of which the trial judge would be a member, might be a better solution.

However that may be, it should be borne in mind that, in any case, the days of capital punishment are limited. What matters most is that the present interval should be used to prepare the ground by adequate scientific investigation of the kind referred to at the beginning of this article. Too much has so far been left in this respect to private initiative, though the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty has done excellent spade work within the narrow limits of its resources. It is now for the Government, which have just been granted the power under the Criminal Justice Act to spend money on research, to take over and greatly to expand the research activities of that body, as distinct from its propaganda work. If, by the time the results of the investigation are available, the crime situation should have improved, abolition may become practical politics.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER

BY RANYARD WEST

WHEN the United Nations Charter was published three years ago comments upon it were made by statesmen, lawyers and political theorists. The statesmen, and particularly the spokesmen and publicists of governments, accepted the implement and went out of their way to express confidence in the resolution with which it would be used. The lawyers were more cautious. Temperament and training both conspire to make the lawyer less liable than the politician to confuse the desirable with the probable; and his experience has enabled him to generalize with some success the conditions under which guiding rules are kept and the conditions under which they are broken. The political theorists, on the other hand, were divided; for, outside economics, the political theorists have little to guide them in any new situation except the all too slender scientific contribution of political psychology. What this contribution should be is the subject of consideration in this article.

Political psychology is a comparatively new study. From time to time the shrewd observations of the ancients and the quite as shrewd and much more pertinent observations of the political philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been set alongside more modern ponderings of the ways of man as a social animal; and the result has been called "social psychology" and taught as such in the universities. That is well enough; and no doubt the subject of social psychology will ultimately attain the standing and fulfil the criteria of a science, provided its exponents are really prepared to equip themselves with an understanding of the two disciplines which really have advanced our recent knowledge of the nature of man, namely the physiology of the nervous system and the psychology of unconscious motivation which bears the name of Freud. It is to these disciplines, too, that we have to turn if a more strictly confined political psychology is to make its contribution to current political problems.

The basis of the physiology of the nervous system is the "reflex," that characteristic feature of life which man shares with the animal world and the essence of which is an appropriate response to environment. At the bottom come such elementary responses as that which automatically removes a limb from danger or blinks the eye when the eyelash is touched. It is such reflexes that are built up into the highly elaborate but essentially automatic acts of locomotion—walking, running and the like—and the

complicated safety apparatus of daily life which frees the higher brain of man for higher functions. Responses that upon the whole are useful to the race we find retained by the race, the rest are shed. And at the end of the story we find mankind performing a large number of acts which (despite his tendency to flatter his intellect in the matter) are appropriate to his life and his place in nature, but essentially outside the control of his will. Upon the whole our reflex responses tend to preserve our lives and make for our happiness. Having been built up slowly by our ancestors, our reflexes—which insensibly merge with our "instincts"—may nevertheless be ill-adapted to situations that are really new to the race. We are instinctively protected against gravity when we are on foot, but we have to be intellectually protected against gravity when we go on skis. And our petty instinctive coverings from danger are often more appropriate to primeval forests than they are to modern warfare. And so on.

But it is not always that our reflexes and our instincts are concerned with our personal safety. Man is a gregarious animal; he has instinctively felt duties to his fellows. The instincts of sex apart, we all have two great and often contradictory drives running through our lives. One of these drives is the impulse to dominate, or the linked impulses to survive and dominate. The other is the impulse to congregate, with its necessary emotion of loyalty.

It is at this point that Freudian psychology enters. We have always known that love is blind, that rage perverts judgment, that desire distorts, that fear fabricates. But it was left to practical psychoanalysis to discover that human actions are swayed by love and rage and desire and fear far more deeply and complexly than intellectual man has been in the habit of confessing to himself or indeed possessed the means of knowing. Essentially this is so because processes that started as "animal reflexes" and continued as "primitive instincts" go on operating, as one might expect they would, in the same sort of way and with the same general purpose upon the mind of "civilized" man. They operate unconsciously. The purpose of such unconscious control of our actions is to see to it that we follow the biological pattern upon which our species has evolved, the familiar pattern of individual competition combined with social groupings. The most important reason for social grouping is power.

During the course of ages our present "civilized" society has taken its shape from these two opposite thrusts of human sociability and human competitiveness, the urge to establish oneself and the urge to be loyal to one's fellows. In distribution these two qualities are not mutually exclusive: in respect of human sociability nature has not divided us up into sheep and goats. That is a human classification which tends to be favoured by those who would repudiate the goat in themselves. Sociability, with its social instinct and its passionate loyalties, exists alongside competitiveness, with its self-assertive instinct and its selfishness, in every human being. The psychoanalyst insists that the two qualities are often deeply

interwoven and confused with each other ; and we may certainly observe them emerge in close association often with some embarrassment to the rational mind of their possessor. It is here that the lawyer assists us by emphasizing one very constant and important feature of this apparent conflict of human instincts. He bids us note that in no organized society is it possible to guarantee the superiority of social over selfish instinct. You cannot maintain order upon the presumption that any individuals are truly capable of justly estimating their own rights and amicably settling their own disputes themselves. Disputes between honest men require just as much judicial settlement as disputes between knaves. The bias of human judgment towards personal advantage is such that municipal law has long proceeded upon the firm axiom that "no man can be admitted a judge of his own cause."

The social psychologist is often asked to what extent such reactions of the individual in respect of law and order in a community of individuals is paralleled by the reactions of a group among other groups, or a nation in a world of States. If the social psychologist has made himself master of the truths of Freudian psychology he can only give one answer to this question. The biological reason for the grouping of men is security and power. And in no power-group, whether of class or nation, can we expect to find competitive selfish or aggressive impulses diminished by their being the shared impulses of individuals. By being shared they are merely turned, in full force, outwards. Moreover, while competitive aggressive impulses coalesce and wax within the power-group, the prejudices which are held in common within a power-group are prejudices which thereby become enhanced. For prejudice is a matter of repeated uncontradicted impressions. Finally, conscience, that great brake upon the selfish competitiveness of individuals, is well-nigh absent from the group. For social conscience is in large measure mere dread of the criticism of our fellows ; and where our fellows are upon our side there will be no criticism. Thus for three good reasons—united aggressiveness, enhanced prejudice, diminished social conscience—we may expect that the fundamental process of law with force, which has been needed by individuals throughout their development within a national society, will be needed *a fortiori* by groups and nations when they eventually come into association to form a world society.

With this knowledge in mind let us turn to the latest institutional expression of the determination of mankind to achieve orderly world government, the United Nations Charter of 1945. We have reason to believe that power-groups as such are : (1) incapable of judging their own cause without prejudice ; (2) incapable of keeping an agreement once their prejudices tell them they may break it ; (3) largely prevented by defects of conscience from incurring any sense of obligation outside their borders. They are also (4) endowed with accumulated, ready and self-righteous aggressiveness against a rival or a thwarting neighbour. By virtue of the

very claim of "sovereignty" States to brook no external definition of rights, privileges and spheres of influence, great powers are bound to find in each other rival and thwarting neighbours. In the light of these facts and by the criteria of political psychology how do the main provisions of the United Nations Charter appear ?

"In all matters other than security the General Assembly is supreme" (p. 17).^{*} Since in our task of preventing war it is security with which we are primarily concerned this single phrase would appear to relegate to impotence the General Assembly, in which all nations are represented. It is generally admitted that that has in fact occurred. We therefore turn at once to the Security Council where power resides or was intended to reside. Let us examine its strength for peace. The Security Council is composed of eleven members. Of these, five hold permanent seats and are the great powers. The remaining seats are held by lesser powers on a system of rotation. The Council may call upon armed force if they are in agreement to do so, but the armed forces which are then required to be put at its disposal are held by the great powers as separate national forces, earmarked for use by the United Nations. There have been many recommendations about an international general staff but no recommendation hitherto to centralize any actual force. It was clear that the great powers (and especially the United States, the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain) were intended by the Charter to control the forces of the world, though they were to remain divided as heretofore into national elements.

What is the nature of the obligation which the great powers in placing their forces in the hands of the United Nations Organization undertake ? It is of the nature of a promise. The governments undertake to accord with the decisions of the Council and they give solemn assurance not to use their forces for purely national ends.

Attempting to secure international peace by promise was essentially the method of the League of Nations. It is psychologically inaccurate to say, as Mr. Churchill once said, that the machinery of the League was adequate only if it had been worked. It is more accurate to say that the machinery of the League was inadequate because it could not, humanly, be worked. If only men acted differently from how their nature makes them act. Not even among normal individuals is a promise an adequate guarantee of right social action. Between groups it is, by all the tokens of political psychology that the writer has listed a hopelessly inadequate guarantee doomed to certain failure.

The world has had ample experience in this field. The system of municipal law which we all enjoy, and to which we might sometimes perhaps, make warmer acknowledgments, is successful in maintaining law and order among us only when and where it has replaced private enforceable contract and substituted for judgment by the parties concerned

^{*}All references are to the Official "Commentary on the Charter of the United Nations" (Miscellaneous Papers, 1945). Cmd. 6666.

an external judgment provided by the State. That combination of external judgment supported by force is what lawyers have come to regard as the essence of "positive law". It is three hundred years since Grotius failed to find in international law a means of limiting national sovereignties and it is over a hundred years since a great British legal authority, Austin, felt forced to describe international law as "not positive law at all but a brand of positive morality."

It is then a little surprising that the international lawyers have not been more definite in their condemnation of the United Nations Charter. The late Lord Birkenhead could have written as frankly to-day as he did in 1918 when he described the rules of international law as "mere pious aspirations." But, too cautious as the lawyers so often are, whether in condemnation or approval, from the standpoint of the present knowledge which the young science of political psychology possesses we may confidently describe the United Nations Charter as giving us a weapon no stronger, but, in fact more brittle than we were given in 1919 by the League of Nations with the greater chance of dispassionate judgment which derived from its wider basis in a stronger Assembly. The only favourable comment we can make is that to-day we know more certainly than we knew then where the fault lies.

The primary mistake at San Francisco, as at Versailles, was to make demands of human nature which human nature is not constructed to fulfil. If promises were not so much at the mercy of later and different impulses, we should not bother to exact promises from our friends and from ourselves. Only that sense of social obligation which operates through a carefully educated conscience can ever induce civilized man to keep his promises even to those who are "in community" with him. Education and the moral law despite, there has not yet evolved a human relationship so close but that the law must supplement promises by introducing the firmer guarantee of legal contract. Without a legal contract and provision for external judgment the would-be members of that loosely knit newly conceived and frail community of our world society are doomed to disappointment of all their hopes of order and peace. Whatever other machinery of peace may be necessary and desirable, a judicial body of neutral opinion must be available and marshalled ready to resolve the disputes of any contesting parties. And the force of the world must be organized in support of that judicial body of neutral opinion and not divided between the contesting promisors, which is where at present it still rests.

It is a hard saying. Force rests with the national group "instinctively". But our human situation is a new one. Humanity has to question its instincts and marshal its intelligence if, from out of the age-old habits of to-day it is to win the world order of the future. Psychology demands a revision of the United Nations Charter.

MR. CHURCHILL AND THE UNNECESSARY WAR

BY SIR HAROLD BUTLER

WITH this tragic volume* Mr. Churchill opens his story of the second phase of the Thirty Years War. As it unfolds, the reader becomes growingly oppressed by the sense of an inexorable fate driving the world relentlessly forward towards unfathomable disaster. At each turning point on the downward path another chance of arresting the march of doom was thrown away by human blindness, weakness and folly—and as if they could not always be relied upon, astonishing strokes of sheer ill-fortune came to their assistance. Half a dozen times clear thinking and resolute action could have checked Hitler's course, but on each occasion the stars seemed to fight on the side of darkness, until Europe took the fatal but inevitable plunge into the abyss. Mr. Churchill believes—and history is not likely to disown him—that the war "which has just wrecked what was left of the world from the previous struggle" might easily have been avoided—as easily as the Thirty Years War between Athens and Sparta, which brought down the Greek world in ruin. The tragic muse has never devised a more poignant tale of human perversity, and it has found a dramatist worthy of its theme.

It is indeed "a sad story of complicated idiocy in the making of which much toil and virtue was consumed." Mr. Churchill does not depreciate the lofty principles and the blameless intentions which paved the way to disaster. He refrains from loosing any of those flashing barbs with which he is so skilled in wounding his opponents in debate. In the after lights he has "softened many of the severities of contemporary controversy." His narrative runs on the high plane of history, its tone serene and magnanimous, even when dealing with events which must have provoked acute personal resentment. Mr. Baldwin's misstatements as to German rearmament, his self-confessed refusal to tell the country the truth about it for fear of losing the next election—which carried "naked truth about his motives into indecency"—his marked repugnance to taking Mr. Churchill as a colleague, all this is unsparingly, but equably recited. So too Mr. Chamberlain's virtues are emphasized in sharp antithesis to his complete failure to grasp the true nature of the dictators and of the European situation. The patently contradictory attitude of the Labour and Liberal Parties is exposed, calling for sanctions, for collective security, for resolute League action against aggression, while vigorously opposing

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any increase of our armed strength, which alone could make them feasible. But their shortcomings appear less heinous than those of the Conservative Party, which had the power to meet the threat to our existence, but deliberately bemused itself and the nation for fear of shocking its pacific mood. Indeed, the whole political scene was "a picture of British fatuity and fecklessness, which though devoid of guile was not devoid of guilt, and though free from wickedness or evil design, played a definite part in the unleashing upon the world of horrors and miseries, which, even so far as have unfolded, are already beyond comparison in human experience." This too is likely to be the judgment of the future.

The book falls into two parts—the inter-war period and the "twilight war" ending with Mr. Chamberlain's fall from office. Each part strikes a characteristic note echoing the feelings and temperament of the writer, though the undertone of advancing fate is common to both. During the eleven years preceding the outbreak of war, Mr. Churchill was chafing in the desert. He saw better than anyone what the rearmament of Germany portended. From May 1932 onwards he began his long series of warnings preaching "arms and the Covenant" as the only means of maintaining peace. His information, which has now been proved remarkably accurate by captured German documents, was either rejected by the Government as untrue or discounted when its truth was admitted. Nothing seemed capable of piercing the complacency of the Prime Ministers, the Parties or the nation. "It was like being smothered by a feather bed." In these circumstances it was hardly surprising that the author was filled with an overflowing sense of frustration and mounting despair, which runs like a dark thread through his narrative.

As to the actual course of events, there is little that is not already public knowledge, but the whole story is more sharply focussed by the personal experience of the writer and the use of post-war documents (Ciano, Nuremberg, etc.) to point the contrast between what the dictators were doing and planning and what the British and the French fondly imagined about them. As might be expected, Mr. Churchill condemns as unequivocally as he did at the time, the naval treaty concluded with Germany in 1935 behind the backs of the French. At a moment when the Government was appealing to the League against Hitler's violation of the military clauses of the Peace Treaty, it was actually sweeping away the naval clauses by a private agreement of which the League was not informed. The official defence that the German Government had been persuaded to abandon the unrestricted use of submarines against merchant ships reads strangely in the light of subsequent events. Not less outspoken is the judgment passed on the conduct of the Abyssinian affair and the exposure of the fear that we were unequal to facing Italy in the Mediterranean. Some new light is thrown on M. Flandin's visit to London in an attempt to persuade Mr. Baldwin to support France in resisting Hitler's breach of the Locarno Treaty by marching into the Rhineland. But France was

still strong enough to act alone, as the German generals knew well, and had the promise of support from Poland and the Little Entente. In the old days she would not have waited on British permission to act. "Clemenceau or Poincaré would have left Mr. Baldwin no option" but to uphold the Treaty and strike a deadly blow at Hitler's prestige. The moral of these as of subsequent capitulations to the dictators was that "virtuous motives trammelled by inertia and timidity are no match for armed and resolute wickedness."

Perhaps the most important disclosure is the fuller story of Mr. Eden's resignation in January 1938. President Roosevelt had offered to invite Britain, France, Germany and Italy to meet with the United States at Washington to consider the whole international situation, which was plainly drifting towards war. Without consulting his Foreign Secretary, who was temporarily absent, Mr. Chamberlain at once threw cold water on the proposal. When Mr. Eden returned in haste a few days later, he found it impossible to retrieve the position and resigned. Mr. Churchill evidently considers this episode almost as fatal as the failure of Britain and France to stand together over the Rhineland. As he says, "no event could have been more likely to stave off, or even prevent, war than the arrival of the United States in the circle of European hates and fears. To Britain it was a matter almost of life and death. No one can measure in retrospect its effects on the course of events in Austria and later in Munich. We must regard its rejection . . . as the loss of the last frail chance to save the world from tyranny otherwise than by war . . . The lack of all sense of proportion, and even of self-preservation, which this episode reveals in an upright, competent, well-meaning man, charged with the destinies of our country and all who depended on it, is appalling. One cannot to-day even reconstruct the state of mind which would render such gestures possible."

When it comes to Munich, Mr. Churchill has no doubt that in spite of their unpreparedness Britain and France were relatively in a far better position to fight then than a year later, and that if they had taken a firm stand with Russia, as he proposed at the time, war would probably have been averted. His demonstration of the immense military and political advantage reaped by Hitler during the year's "breathing space" is overwhelming, and is borne out by the German documents. It is even possible that the carefully laid plot organized by Generals Beck and von Witzleben to seize the Nazi leaders would not have miscarried. Orders had been issued for their arrest at 8 p.m. on September 14, 1938, and for a Panzer division to move into Berlin. At 4 p.m. these orders were cancelled on receipt of the news that Mr. Chamberlain was flying to meet Hitler at Berchtesgarden—one of the many strange quirks of fate which thwarted the chances of peace. After that the only hope was an alliance with Russia, without which the Polish guarantee was futile. But that too was thwarted by the hesitations caused by the refusal of the Poles and the

Baltic States to contemplate any arrangement with the Soviets. Hitler seized his opportunity and "penetrated with ease into the frail defences of the tardy, irresolute coalition against him."

So the war began, and the tone of the narrative changes. "As I sat in my place, listening to the speeches (on the declaration of war), a very strong sense of calm came over me after the intense passions and excitement of the past few days. I felt a serenity of mind and was conscious of a kind of uplifted detachment from human and personal affairs." Mr. Churchill moved out of the wilderness to the Admiralty, where at last he was able to throw all his energies into action. The gnawing frustration of the critic on the sidelines was swept away by the buoyancy of absorbing activity and his old love of the Navy. His mind ranged constantly over the whole field of war, not merely embracing the problems of higher strategy, but delving down into all kinds of technical details. He remembered some heavy howitzers which had been put away in cold storage after the first war. He conceived the corvette to meet the submarine menace in its new form. He pressed for an anti-waste campaign to conserve our resources—even of official envelopes. He designed a special mine to dislocate the German communications on the Rhine, which the French refused to countenance until it was too late. He projected a "mammoth mole" seventy-seven feet long and eight feet high, which would burrow out an enormous trench providing the infantry with cover in attacking fortified positions. These and a dozen other schemes were fermenting in his brain in addition to all the preoccupations and problems of the naval war. He was happy to be in harness again.

But as the war proceeded along its lethargic course, he became increasingly disturbed by the want of drive and direction; "the sense of extreme urgency seemed lacking" as anyone connected with the conduct of the war at that time will remember. The machinery was too complicated—Military Co-ordination Committee, Joint Planning Committee, Chiefs of Staff Committee, War Cabinet, Supreme War Council, all having to be consulted, conciliated and convinced. For seven months they debated the expediency of mining the territorial waters of Norway, through which the Germans were convoying vital iron-ore, British prisoners and other illegal cargoes—"vain boggling, hesitation, changes of policy, arguments between good and worthy people unending." The same indecision hung over the campaign in France, the measures to meet an attack through Belgium, the question of aiding Finland. When Hitler burst into Norway, these defects became glaringly apparent. No answer had been thought out, and the improvised attacks on Narvik and Trondheim broke down in abject failure. With the massive German onslaught on France impending, the Allies were altogether too weak to undertake these expeditions, and their miscarriage was one of those heavily disguised blessings in more senses than one. Among other things they had so depleted German power at sea that by June 1940 the German Navy was reduced to one

heavy cruiser, two light cruisers and four destroyers, a force incapable of lending any effective support to the invasion of Britain. But the greatest merit of the Norwegian adventure was that it brought down the Government and opened the way to a national administration with Mr. Churchill at its head.

The war is already so remote that we are beginning to forget the fearful perils which we so narrowly escaped. At a time when our situation remains extremely precarious, it is good to be reminded of them and of the tremendous exertions needed to overcome them, to which Mr. Churchill's future volumes will no doubt do greater justice than they have received. We are also beginning to lose sight of the factors which are vital to national survival in war, and which are hardly less necessary in difficult times of peace, as the story of the inter-war years so tragically illustrates. Among them strong leadership is the first essential. Vacillation, trimming and wishful thinking were the banes which brought us to the brink of disaster. When we came to that fateful pass, we were indeed fortunate to find a man who had complete confidence in himself and in the spirit of the country. No passage in this remarkable book is more striking than the author's description of his own feelings on being called upon to assume complete responsibility at the blackest moment of defeat and dismay. "As I went to bed at about 3 a.m., I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I was walking with destiny and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial. . . . I was sure I should not fail." Few men have met their supreme ordeal with such sublime faith, fewer still have proved so worthy of it in the event.

THE CASE OF HYDERABAD

BY OBSERVER

BEFORE the liquidation of the Indian Empire in 1947, one full third of the Indian Peninsula was divided into States under more or less independent rulers. Some of them were petty estates of a few square miles in extent: the rulers of Kashmir and Hyderabad controlled respectively areas equal to the British isles without Ireland. Out of India's four hundred millions of people, about ninety-three millions were subjects of the Indian Princes.

For a proper understanding of the problem of Kashmir and Hyderabad, it is necessary to keep in mind that, before the consolidation of all the elements of the Indian peninsula under British rule, there was no such unit as India. Originally the name of Ind, or Hind, applied to the regions along the river Indus, but there was never a central government controlling the whole of the land. The lack of communications alone made this inevitable; and minor kingdoms and principalities flourished, sometimes increasing in area as the result of a successful war and sometimes disappearing altogether. The Moguls, external invaders like the British, extended their rule over a wide area and enforced the submission of hostile native princes, but there are many areas which never came under the Moguls. The widely different types of humanity, the varieties of religion and of language were well-nigh as many as those of the continent of Europe; and, combined with the facts of backwardness and illiteracy, made it improbable that anything would ever have welded such heterogeneous units into one integral State except the imposition of external domination. To this day, there is no language universally current, and only English enables most Indians to converse with those from other areas. Many foresaw that, on the departure of the paramount power, fissiparous tendencies were likely to manifest themselves; the cracks that appear in the structure now are so ominous as to foreshadow the downfall of the whole edifice.

Some of the Principalities or States have a long record of independence. As the British extended their hold on the country, they entered into treaties with independent kingdoms that they found in existence. These States were left internally autonomous, but surrendered their external relations to the new-comers. That gradually led to a paternal supervision of internal affairs as well, the whole developing into the theory of paramountcy. In theory the rulers were quite independent, but in practice their political status became entirely bound up with the British Empire.

Yet some of them existed long before coming into the Empire. The Chinese traveller, Hiuen Tsang, who visited India in the seventh century, met the ruler of the ancient State of Cooch Behar, a kingdom which claims to have flourished from the mythical days of the Mahabharata. When Vasco da Gama came to the country in 1499, he had dealings with the ancestors of the present Maharajah of Cochin State. The first treaty which the British company made was with the ancestor of the present ruler of Travancore.

Kashmir State is a simple problem. It has no such origins in antiquity but was artificially created by a very questionable transaction. The youthful British Government of India, in need of ready money, sold that fertile and beautiful region to His Highness Shri Maharaj Hari Singhi Bahadur, the forefather of the present ruler, for a ridiculously inadequate sum. The legality of the sale could be called in question; without the support of the paramount power, it is doubtful whether a Hindu ruler could have maintained his position over a population almost entirely Muslim. But Kashmir's position seemed plain in view of the conditions postulated for the native States when Great Britain left the country in August 1947. The States were very definitely advised that paramountcy had lapsed and was not inherited by the Indian Union; that they had before them the option of remaining aloof, or of joining either the Indian Union or Pakistan as geographical proximity might dictate. Now the tenuous title of the ruler, the preponderance of Muslim population and geographical proximity all pointed to Kashmir throwing in her lot with Pakistan. But Muslim elements—Pakistan, say the tribesmen—anticipated union by marching into Kashmir. Seeing his head in danger, the Maharajah promptly appealed against his subjects to his co-religionists of the Indian Union. The ministers Nehru and Patel seized the opportunity to aver that constituted authority was threatened and must be supported, and that the ruler, who was *ipso facto* the competent judge of the issue, had applied to accede to the Indian Union. Their divisions moved into Kashmir to confront the Muslims, and a very dangerous undeclared war is still being waged there between the two new dominions. In passing, the Indian Union ministers have adduced arguments the exact reverse of those in their dealings with the Nizam, for every argument which they put forward for intervening in Kashmir can be quoted to prove the illegality of their acts in Hyderabad.

Most people in Britain know little of the Dominion of the Nizam, except that the piper of Hamelin was said to have relieved that august ruler of a plague of "monstrous bats", presumably the familiar flying foxes which still flit round the domes and minarets of Hyderabad city and the old tombs of the kings at Golconda. Petrol, essential machinery and medicines have been denied for months back, in the effort of the Indian Union to reduce this State by blockade.

As a State, Hyderabad dates from the end of the seventeenth century.

As the troops of the East India Company pressed inwards from Madras, they found the Nizam ruling over most of the great Deccan plateau. They found other rival States, and they met another colonial power, the French, as very keen competitors in the race for economic and political power in the south of India. It will be interesting to trace briefly the set-up of those early days.

The founder of the dynasty of Asaf Jah, the family name of the Nizams, was Chin Quli Khan, a general in the army of Aurangzeb when that Mogul emperor subjugated the kingdoms of Bijapur and Golconda towards the close of the seventeenth century. The Emperor set up his general as Subhedar or governor of the Deccan, calling him "Nizam ul Mulk", and left him in charge there. He was also given the title of "Asaf Jah" which means "equal to Asaf", the wisest minister of king Solomon. But the Mogul Empire was already crumbling; and when Aurangzeb died, his weak successor could give no help to the distant Deccan province. So in 1729 the independence of Hyderabad State was declared, and has been maintained ever since.

After the death of the first Nizam, the usual succession disputes followed. Nazir Jung, his son, was the obvious heir, but a grandson, Muzaffer Jung, also made a bid for the throne. The French were then challenging the expansion of British power in South India; since the British were supporting Nazir Jung, the French gave their countenance to Muzaffer. Nazir succeeded to power but was soon slain by assassins, said to be in the pay of the French. Muzaffer then became ruler, with the backing of the astute Frenchman, Dupleix. After a brief reign, he was killed by a Pathan; French historians allege this to have been inspired by the British. A struggle followed between several claimants, but the British were finally able to instal their nominee, Ali Khan, in the seat of the Nizam, in 1761.

The disunity of India was making it possible for British power to reduce the opposition piecemeal. A powerful challenge came from the famous Tippoo Sultan, who raised formidable forces in a stand against British expansion. But a treaty of mutual aid had been framed between the Nizam and the British colonizers, and in the ensuing clash the Nizam threw in his forces and ensured the defeat of Tippoo. In 1803 came determined opposition from the warlike Mahrattas to British infiltration. Again the armies of Hyderabad fought along with the British and helped to crush the Mahratta menace. Some time afterwards came a rising against British colonization, in the name of Islam, led by Mubariz-ud-Dowla. The Nizam helped to overthrow this fanatic and imprisoned him in Golconda Fort. The critical test came in the Mutiny of 1857 when the initial successes of the rebels in the north promised to expel the hated Feringees. But the Nizam, though seeming to espouse a losing cause, remained loyal and played a great part in ending the insurrection.

With the war of 1914-1918, the present Nizam, His Exalted Highness Sir Mir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur, placed his forces at the disposal of the

Empire and they served in Palestine under General Allenby. Hyderabad gave lavishly in money for war purposes, and the reader will begin to appreciate the title of "the Faithful Ally" which was ceremonially conferred on the Nizam and proudly borne by him. This did not prevent a certain strong cleavage of opinion coming in between the paramount power and the ruler during Lord Reading's tenure of Viceregal Lodge. Certain old world abuses were beginning to show in the administration which appeared to the Government to require a "spring cleaning". Thus from 1925 an Executive Council was set up with extensive powers in place of the ancient autocratic rule. There were seven members, and it was agreed by the State that the Revenue Member, the Revenue Secretary and the Inspector General of Police should be Britishers borrowed from the Government of India. The line taken by those officials, commencing with Sir Richard Trench, Sir Theodore (then Mr.) Tasker and Mr. Armstrong played a strong part in Hyderabad affairs till the exodus in 1947, along with the Political Residents who were at hand continually to advise the Nizam. That advice and guidance was by no means unwillingly received, for when once constitutional advance started, the Hyderabad Government brought in from outside the State officers of British India like Sir Akbar Hydari, later to become Premier, and Mr. Rustoomji Faridoonji, the popular Customs Commissioner. In short, if there be any complaint against the nature of Government, the obvious answer is to point to the constitutional advance since 1925. The great Prime Minister of the early days of the young Executive Council was a Hindu, the veteran Maharajah Sir Kishen Pershad, Yaminus Sultanath.

In 1939, when the Indian National Congress was bargaining and denouncing the war effort, when Gandhi compared British promises to "a post-dated cheque on a failing bank", the Nizam did not hesitate. The special troops kept ready for Imperial Service were immediately mobilized and steps taken to double the army. The Nizam's troops served on the N.W. Frontier and in North Africa, and the luckless regiment which went to Singapore passed into a Japanese prison camp. But not one Hyderabad soldier joined the renegade Indian National Army, though one young officer, Ansari, a Hyderabad serving in a Baluch regiment, was beheaded in front of his men for refusing to give the lead. The State gave a warship and the famous squadron of fighter planes which accounted for many cross-channel raiders. The training camps for British, American and Indian troops stretched almost from Secunderabad to Kamareddy.

During the war, the British Government were making strenuous efforts to get the main political parties of India to agree on a Constitution and a form of government to which power might be transferred. When Sir Stafford Cripps came out in 1942 to try to work out a solution, the leaders of Hyderabad thought commenced to wonder exactly where they would stand in the event of a settlement, and a delegation was sent to wait upon Sir Stafford and to request a statement of the position of "the

Faithful Ally". Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the assurances brought back to Hyderabad. Here are the words of the Minister of the King Emperor :

If you choose to resume your powers and to become even independent, say so, and you will have it. . . . The North Western group of provinces may want to have a union by themselves. You may join either the one or the other, or none. . . . We ourselves will not unilaterally revoke our undertakings. We shall continue to fulfil our obligations as we are doing to-day to Northern Ireland. . . . We will provide everything necessary to implement our treaty obligations . . . including the use of force in the last resort.

To one who knows how Muslims are taught by their faith to regard the plighted word as sacred, and how universities and schools have since Macaulay's days been lecturing young India on the privilege of membership of the British Empire, it is not strange that the people of Hyderabad had no misgivings as to their future. They anticipated a loose federal union in which they would play their part in the economy of a united India, while retaining the substance of their ancient independence and their solemn treaties with Britain. They made no attempt to arm or prepare for defence, for had not the minister of the King Emperor assured them that all would be well ?

There were other issues, commitments to which Britain was pledged calling for settlement. At one time, alleging that the Nizam's Government was in arrears on the payment stipulated for the garrison maintained under the treaties, the Government of India took over the rich sub-province of Berar as pledge for the debt. In the time of Lord Linlithgow as Viceroy, Hyderabad was able to offer payment in full for the recovery of her pledged territory. After much circumlocution, the Government of India fully admitted the Nizam's title to Berar, and conferred on the Crown prince the title of "Prince of Berar". But, for the time being, the territory would not be returned but would continue to be administered by the Government of the Central Provinces. A graver matter was that earlier Governments of India had similarly taken away the ceded districts to the east of the State, as a pledge for alliance and protection, and made them part of Madras Presidency. These contained Hyderabad's only sea-board ; now the State can only trade by passing through Indian Union territory to Bombay or Madras. These were vital questions which called for definite settlement before quitting India. Sir Walter Monckton had made full preparation of the Hyderabad case. That splendid Viceroy, Lord Wavell, was in the midst of the delicate negotiations which these and similar problems entailed, and gave his solemn warning against yielding to the shrill Congress demand for evacuation at once, instead of in 1948. But he was replaced by Lord Mountbatten who came with a mandate to abandon India : and part of the cost was the loss of hundreds of thousands of innocent lives in the Punjab and United Provinces, where Hindus and Sikhs turned against the minority Muslims in an orgy of slaughter reminiscent of the days of Genghis Khan. In Pakistan, too, the Muslims were

guilty of savage and unjust treatment of unoffending Hindus, showing that the age-old feud is still alive and that there was never any hope of Hindu and Muslim settling down together in a stable government. The only district in which some unity was ever attained between the two great communities is Hyderabad, where Hindu and Muslim have lived peacefully together for several generations. To leave India without settling such responsibilities as Berar and the ceded districts was dishonest ; to hand over large supplies of modern weapons of war and then march out without waiting to see the new " dominions " in working order was criminal.

After the departure of the British, the Nizam looked about for a Prime Minister and selected a tried and experienced statesman in Sir Mirza Ishmail. He was a proved administrator, moderate both in politics and in religion, and with every qualification for working out an agreement likely to satisfy the demands of the Union and of the State. Unfortunately Hyderabad was dividing into two parties, for and against accession. The orthodox Muslims were represented by an association, the *Ittehad-ul-Muslimeen*, and the leadership of this body passed to a man, Kazim Razvi, of a fanatical bent. This party conceived that Sir Mirza was going too far and too fast in his commitments to the Indian Union, and excitement in the State became so intense that Sir Mirza felt it necessary to place his resignation in the hands of His Exalted Highness. The former Premier, the Nawab Saheb of Chattari, was hurriedly recalled from his home in the United Provinces, but he also failed to please the growing Conservative party. Excited crowds of thousands of people surrounded his house, and those of his two colleagues, Nawabs Ali Nawaz Jung Bahadur and Ali Yawar Jung Bahadur, two of the most able and constructive statesmen in Hyderabad, all falling under suspicion of being willing to concede too much to the Indian Union. They resigned, and a new Government was formed under the Premiership of the prominent business man, Mr. Liak Ali, a Hyderabadi born and bred, and with a keen and experienced public administrator in its finance member, Nawab Moin Nawaz Jung Bahadur, and a larger number of Hindu members than had ever held office previously in Hyderabad's Executive Council.

Meanwhile the Conservative party, realizing the inadequacy of Hyderabad's army for national defence after the British regiments had been so unexpectedly withdrawn, started to raise a large force of national volunteers called the *Razakars*. This force, said to number 300,000, was mainly of local Muslims but contained plenty of Hindus, depressed classes, and Lingayats, as well as refugees of all descriptions. As a force it was not well armed nor well disciplined, and has been the subject of intense criticism in Indian Union communiqués. In any case, this criticism rose out of the fears of the Muslims, who had seen before their eyes the indescribable acts of savagery perpetrated on the Muslims of the East Punjab and the United Provinces ; who had seen thousands of helpless refugees streaming in over Hyderabad's frontiers from the north, from the Central Provinces

and from Bombay Presidency, and who anticipated no better fate for their own wives and families if their hereditary enemies were allowed to control the State of Hyderabad.

The Indian Union inherited the greater share of the Indian army and its armaments, almost the whole of India's heavy industry and minerals, the leading newspapers such as the *Times of India* and the *Pioneer* which have a chance of being read outside India, and the great all-India broadcasting station at Delhi. Thus whatever account reaches Europe of Hyderabad affairs is likely to be as seen through Indian spectacles. There have been lapses in the discipline of the *Razakars*, probably less than the grave lapses and excesses on the part of former Indian army troops and police in north India. These were promptly seized upon and magnified manifold. Minor squabbles have been exaggerated into "frontier incidents" and a distorted picture has been presented of a mob of bandits allied with corrupt police to attack harmless villagers. There is reason to believe that many of the alleged incidents were engineered by interested parties. In addition, there has been a strong influx of communist agitators from the Madras side which has stirred up a revolt among the formerly peaceful peasants of the Andra districts, inspiring them to repudiate their obligations to the landlords, whether State or jagirdars. The whole picture has a familiar look about it of the common procedure in the expansion of Germany in the few years before 1939, to allege and even to create unrest within a neighbouring State and then march in to settle it. To quote the editor of *The Spectator* of August 13: "Her (the Indian Union) Government's White Paper on Hyderabad (where India 'cannot afford to be a helpless spectator of orgies of misrule') evokes depressingly Hitlerian echoes and incidentally compares most unfavourably with the urbane and reasonable terms of a similar document just issued by the Nizam . . . there would be no reason to feel pessimistic about the outcome of Sir Mirza Ishmail's latest conversations in Delhi were it not for the streak of irresponsibility so plainly discernible in India's approach to the whole problem."

In the beginning of negotiations, the Union stated that all she asked from Hyderabad was accession in respect of defence, communications and external relations. Successive delegations from Hyderabad under the Nawab of Chattari, Sir Mirza Ishmail and Mr. Laik Ali, all agreed in full to this. Taken aback by this accommodating spirit, the Indian Union redoubled her demands. There must be "representative government", whatever that may mean in a country where of 400 millions at least eighty-four per cent. are illiterate peasants. Now there has been surrender, or else Hyderabad was to have disappeared.

Hyderabad's millions of cultivators are not politically minded. They, like the peasantry of the rest of India, require several generations of education before they are ready for the ballot-box and the franchise. To talk glibly of "democratic government" and the franchise in connection

with Indian peasantry is to talk arrant nonsense—or worse. Those poor people can be shamelessly exploited by agitators or bribed by corrupt agents. For many years to come they must be served by some form of non-elective government; and the limited monarchy of the Nizam is preferable to the rule of any managerial or political caucus. In the experience of one who has spent twenty-five years in India, nineteen of them in Hyderabad, the conditions of the Hyderabad cultivators are at least as good as elsewhere in India. The Executive is gradually being brought under the Legislative Council, a very complete body in which every class and community of the State has full representation. The movement towards a constitutional and limited monarchy has been steady and certain. Irrigation schemes and agricultural experiment in Hyderabad set the lead to the rest of India. Education, while not up to the standards of Mysore and Travancore, is steadily advancing and the teachers are the best paid of all India. Communal unity between Hindu and Muslim had here been attained better than elsewhere. There are admittedly many defects in the State of Hyderabad when compared with a western democracy, but for our purposes it is not necessary to make such a comparison, but one with the other units of the Indian peninsula, and here Hyderabad can stand the comparison.

Not choosing to await the result of Hyderabad's appeal to the Security Council, the Indian Union has invaded Hyderabad and compelled surrender after five days' fighting, ending on September 17. The Nizam has realized the hopelessness of armed resistance and the futility of expecting anything from the United Nations. Thus Hyderabad has passed under the yoke and agreed to all the demands of the Indian Union. We may see a new Hyderabad with many reforms, but the State will hardly now get such terms as could have been had under the leadership of Sir Mirza Ishmail. The episode will be remembered mainly because of its importance as a constitutional precedent, since it has been possible to settle by an armed coup a dispute pending in the Security Council. It seems that might is still right and that the United Nations experiment has gone the way of the League. Of the various errors of judgment which have reduced Hyderabad, the greatest were that she trusted to the promises and assurances of British statesmen and relied on the United Nations.

BRAZILIAN ENTERPRISE

BY R. G. WALKER

ALTHOUGH the dictatorship of Dr. Getulio Vargas came to an end in October 1945, and General Eurico Dutra assumed office as President of the Republic in the following January, constitutional government was not fully restored in Brazil until twelve months later. The Constituent Assembly, elected in December 1945, was occupied until September 1946 in drafting a new Constitution to replace the Charter arbitrarily proclaimed by Dr. Getulio in 1937. On completion of this work the Assembly split up to form the Federal Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and in January 1947 elections were held to appoint the State Governors, the Deputies to the State Legislative Assemblies and the Councillors to the Municipal Chamber of the Federal District.

During this process of re-establishing democratic government throughout the country little, if any, change was made in the financial policy of the previous régime, and the beginning of 1947 found the country facing a serious economic crisis. The currency in circulation had been increased fourfold since 1939 by repeated new issues to cover lavish public expenditure, and to finance exports for which payment was suspended abroad during the war years. The Bank of Brazil had granted loans freely, often for speculative business. National production and exports were at a high level; the building trade and real estate market were feverishly active. Money was plentiful, night clubs and holiday resorts were crowded, but local prices had risen over 300 per cent. and were still soaring. Owing to unbridled exports foodstuffs and other essential goods were short, or lacking altogether, on the home market. Food was rationed, and long files of would-be purchasers waited for hours outside provision shops. In spite of repeated increases in salaries wage-earners were suffering unprecedented hardships.

The measures taken by General Dutra's Government to avert disaster included the suppression of new issues of paper money; the restriction of bank loans to the needs of productive business; the limiting of exports of foodstuffs and other essential goods to satisfy the demands of the home market; the control of imports to avoid the entry of non-utility articles, or goods similar to those manufactured locally, in order to reserve exchange for purchases of machinery and equipment, urgently needed by industry, agriculture and transport services, and the curtailment of public expenditure and the control of local prices.

These measures provoked strong opposition from certain powerful

financial groups. They protested against the restriction of bank loans, and urged depreciation of the cruzeiro from its official value of 18.72 to forty in relation to the U.S. dollar. They also demanded an increase in customs duties. These proposals would facilitate exports, they said, and protect national production by raising the cost of foreign goods. The resultant increase in the cost of living could be off-set by the easy expedient of raising wages.

A bitter controversy was sustained in the press, and persistent efforts were made to discredit the Minister of Finance, Sr. Correia e Castro. The drastic suppression of certain exports undoubtedly disorganized business, but control was relaxed, or removed, as soon as the requirements of home consumers had been met. The curtailment of bank loans also caused embarrassment; several factories were obliged to shut down, and 20,000 cotton operatives were thrown out of work in San Paulo; a few of the banking houses which had sprung up like mushrooms in recent years were forced to close, and a run, probably engineered, was made on one or two stable banks. But the Government maintained its policy undisturbed. Bank loans were granted to meet the needs of legitimate business, but not to bolster up ephemeral enterprises founded on capital borrowed at high rates of interest during the inflation period. Import licences were withheld in the case of non-utility goods, and public expenditure was rigidly controlled.

The volume of paper money decreased slowly, but steadily, until December. In that month a modest issue of 100 million cruzeiros, representing 0.5 per cent. of the amount in circulation, was authorized to meet the seasonable demands of industry and commerce. Industrial production and exports, after a temporary set-back, increased in June and rose above the 1946 level. The foreign trade balance began to improve. Money became less plentiful. Night clubs and holiday resorts emptied, but food rationing ceased, and the long files of tired shoppers disappeared from the streets. The rise in prices was checked in June, and optimists proclaimed that the crisis was over. But in December the upward pressure of inflationary forces was renewed. Prices began to soar again owing to the increased cost of imports, especially from the United States, and to local stock manipulations and difficult distribution, caused by inadequate transport facilities. By June 1948 the cost of living had gone up a further twenty-four per cent., strengthening an agitation for increased remuneration among the armed forces and public employees, which, if granted, will add twenty-five per cent. to the budget expenditure for salaries this year. Similar demands arose later in industry and commerce, and will be difficult to ignore unless the cost of living can be confined within bearable limits. To aid in doing this a law was passed in April establishing the emergency control of foreign trade. Exports and imports are now subject to prior licence to avoid shortages on the home market, and restrict non-essential imports, reserving exchange for goods

more urgently needed.

Another law was submitted to the Chamber of Deputies early in June last to empower the Government to acquire the surplus of essential foodstuffs directly from the producers at pre-established prices. By surplus is meant the excess over the previous year's consumption, plus seven per cent. This surplus will be used to form stocks for distribution in Brazil during periods of shortage, thereby obviating market fluctuations, the excess being exported at prices ruling on the international market. The difference between the purchase and the selling prices will be applied to measures for increasing the production of foodstuffs. Another Government project before Congress seeks to combat the greed for excessive gain, which was evolved during the war and now seems to dominate business. It fixes the limits for profits in industry and commerce, both wholesale and retail, and provides that any excess must be paid in full to the national treasury.

The Government's financial position showed unmistakable improvement at the end of 1947. The Revenue and Expenditure Accounts of the Federal Union closed with a small surplus, the first in forty years, instead of the big deficit foreseen in the Estimates. The Budget for 1948 was balanced on an unusually solid foundation, with revenue calculated on a modest basis, so as to leave a margin for unforeseen expenditure, and the first quarter, a difficult period of the year, ended with a favourable balance of £8,700,000. The country's finances at the moment may be said to be in a state of convalescence, but the situation is delicate, and any weakening of the Government's anti-inflation policy may lead to a sharp relapse. In this connection it is difficult to see how such idealistic projects as the S.A.L.T.E. plan, now before Congress, can be carried out at the present juncture without new currency issues. This plan aims at raising the standard of national health, increasing the production of foodstuffs, improving communications and developing electric energy. It is of undisputed value to the country, but it is generally felt that the moment is inopportune to add to the Government's other expensive programmes, some of which over-lap the proposals in the S.A.L.T.E. plan, a project involving an expenditure for the national treasury of £243,000,000, spread over five years. It was drawn up without the intervention of the Minister of Finance, and does not appear to meet with his approval.

General Dutra's first two years in office were difficult politically as well as financially. The restoration of constitutional government and freedom of speech, after fifteen years of virtual dictatorship, was fraught with bitterness and confusion. Many members of the legislative bodies were new to politics, and of the experienced politicians some had backed the previous régime, while many had suffered under it. Clashes were inevitable. The excessive number of parties represented in both houses caused confusion. This multitude of parties, all competing against each other at the elections, had enabled the organized, disciplined Communists

to secure a number of seats out of proportion to their numerical strength. Once elected, they made gross attacks on the President and his Ministers, opposed every government measure, penetrated the councils of the trade syndicates, and promoted strikes and public disturbances. After the Communist Party had been declared illegal in May 1947, its elected representatives continued to exercise their mandates, as no legal provision existed for cancelling them. Their behaviour became even more intolerable. They provoked scission in the Social Democrat majority party, and made alliances with other groups, who admitted the extremists as their candidates in the municipal elections held from September 1947 onwards. Finally, towards the end of the year, when parliamentary business was almost disrupted, the Social Democrats came to an understanding with the chief opposition party, the National Democratic Union, and the Republican Party. These three agreed to support all government measures of national importance, while maintaining the right to free criticism. This agreement was formally ratified on January 22, 1948, but in the meantime a Bill to cancel the Communists' mandates, which had been meeting with violent opposition, was approved by the Chamber of Deputies. It became law on January 7, and had the effect of excluding the representatives of the extinct Communist Party from the Federal Senate and Chamber of Deputies, from the state legislative assemblies and from the municipal councils throughout Brazil. Only a very few Communists, elected as representatives of other parties, have retained their seats.

The cancellation of their mandates was the signal for an outbreak of disturbances in many parts of the country. As a result a number of foreign agitators were deported, many ex-Deputies were arrested for openly inciting the people to violence, and the majority of the extremist newspapers were suppressed for the same reason. A series of explosions also occurred in military establishments, one of which caused serious loss of life and damage to installations. These outrages, the last of which occurred in April, have served to arouse public opinion against the Communists. Many former members of the Party have announced their withdrawal publicly, the trade syndicates have expelled the extremists from their councils, and in a recent railway dispute the strikers refused to admit Bolsheviks to their conferences.

The beginning of 1948 found the administration in a stronger position than it had ever been, relieved of systematic obstruction, and able to count on effective co-operation in Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Government measures still meet with heavy delays owing to defects of parliamentary procedure, under which hundreds of projects must await the pronouncement of over-worked committees before they are submitted to plenary discussion. This, and other obstacles to smooth working seem about to be remedied by an alteration in the regulations. Both federal chambers are now free of violent dissensions, but the same cannot yet be said of all state legislative assemblies. Disputes have arisen between the Executive

and the Legislative, or Judiciary, powers in several states, and opposing factions have appealed to the Federal Government to intervene. So far, General Dutra's patience and tact have enabled him to avoid this dangerous measure, and peace has been gradually restored to all federal units, except Alagoas, Rio Grande do Norte and San Paulo. In the last-named the Governor, Sr. Ademar de Barros, who owed his election in great part to the Communist vote, is accused of official and other misdemeanours, and an important section of the Legislative Assembly is demanding his impeachment. An appeal for federal intervention has been passed on by the President to the Senate, but it is hoped that the Paulistas themselves will be able to settle their differences without outside assistance, which might lead to grave disturbance in that important state.

General Dutra, in this his third year as President, is faced with many important tasks. Among these are several social measures which were inserted in the Constitution of 1946 to ensure continuity under successive administrations. Thus the Federal Union must apply each year not less than ten per cent. and the states and municipalities not less than twenty per cent. of their revenues from taxation to the maintenance and spread of education. To aid the population of the semi-arid north-east, which is subject to periodic droughts, often followed by famine and disease, the Union, and the states comprising that region, must devote three per cent. of their revenues to measures of social and economic assistance, and to the construction of irrigation works. During twenty consecutive years the Federal Union, the states, territories and municipalities of the Amazon must apply three per cent. of their receipts from taxation to the economic valorization of the zone. Within twenty years from the date of the Constitution the Federal Government must draw up, and carry out, a plan for the utilization of the economic possibilities of the San Francisco river, applying not less than one per cent. of its receipts from taxes to that purpose. Finally, the Union is obliged to organize permanent measures against drought, flood and endemic diseases in rural districts.

In compliance with these clauses nearly three thousand schools were opened last year, and many others have been authorized. An extensive scheme for the education of adults has also been put in force in all federal units. The proportion of illiterates is still very high in Brazil, particularly in the north and in remote districts of Goiás and Matto Grosso.

The construction of irrigation systems in the north-east is being hurried forward, and the plan for developing the resources of the Amazon has been completed and submitted to Congress. It provides for geological and agricultural research, the establishment of agricultural settlements, free distribution of fertile lands among the peasants, increased production of farms, ranches, fisheries, fibrous plants and rubber, and the encouragement of local industries.

A first step in the plan for utilizing the water power of the San Francisco river was taken last year by the organization, under government auspices,

of the Hydro-Electric Company of the San Francisco valley. The capital will be subscribed in equal parts by the treasury and the public. A power station will be built at the Paulo Affonso Falls, with capacity for 112,000KW, and a network of transmission lines will be erected to distribute current at low rates within a radius of 450 kilometres. An abundant supply of electricity will facilitate carrying out government schemes for drainage of low-lying districts, which are subject to periodic floods, destroying farms and homesteads, and for irrigation works in areas liable to drought. It should also encourage the foundation of local industries, to use raw materials of vegetable, mineral and animal origin which are available in the San Francisco valley. The region is rich in resources, but has hitherto been neglected; endemic diseases are rife, and opportunities for earning a livelihood are scant, so that the population has tended in recent years to become a nomad one. Practically the only means of transport is by river, impeded by falls and rapids, but road and rail communications are now to be provided.

To improve the sanitary conditions in rural districts a nation-wide health campaign was inaugurated last year. Doctors and nurses are patrolling the countryside, disinfecting areas subject to malaria and hook-worm, and teaching notions of health and hygiene. Hospitals or medical posts are being installed wherever the demographic density permits, and in future every new settlement will be provided with educational and medical facilities on opening.

As a further measure to assist the people of the interior, and in order to increase production, especially of foodstuffs, a four-year agrarian plan was put in force last year in accordance with the recommendations of the Third Inter-American Conference, held at Caracas in 1945. Brazil is still essentially an agricultural country, with over ten million people employed on the land, but production is low and tends to decrease. Except in certain highly organized branches, such as coffee, cotton and cocoa, the majority of Brazil's two million farms are smallholdings, worked by family groups in primitive fashion, often on the feudal system, dividing the produce with the landowner. The four-year plan aims at mechanizing agriculture and modernizing methods of cultivation. Large purchases of machinery and implements are being made abroad, and local manufacturers are encouraged to increase output by the promise of big orders. Equipment is being leased or sold on easy terms. Experimental stations are being opened in every state, and a rural bank, with widely distributed branches, is to be created in order to assist farmers and cattle breeders. Future crops are being financed, and minimum prices fixed for produce. Co-operative societies are being founded, and uncultivated land is to be expropriated for distribution among the tenant farmers. Old roads are being repaired, new ones are being built, and branch lines are being extended from the main railroads in order to facilitate transport between the farms and marketing centres. Hitherto, in many districts crops have

been lost in good years owing to lack of buyers, and for the same reason prices are generally unremunerative. The growing of wheat, in particular, is to be stimulated in Minas Geraes, San Paulo, Paraná and the southern states, where the yield per acre is high. The Federal and State Governments are combining to build mills and silos, the former to be leased under guarantee that they will be exploited on conditions favourable to producer and consumer. The total area under wheat last year was 750,000 acres, with a yield of 300,000 tons of grain, but there is no doubt production can be greatly increased during the next few years.

The four-year plan also provides for the increased development of Brazil's mineral wealth, particularly coal and iron. Coal seams extend from Paraná to near the Uruguayan border, but few mines are being worked, and the majority produce a poor quality coal, suitable only for burning. Efforts are being made to improve this by modern methods, to increase the output of the higher grade mines and open up others yielding a good coke. The national reserves of iron are practically inexhaustible, and the production of pig-iron, steel and sheet iron has increased over 400 per cent. in the past ten years. New mills are opening this year, and the output of pig-iron should reach 1,000,000 tons by 1951.

Petroleum, also, offers great possibilities in Brazil. The Lobato wells, in Bahia, yield 7,500 barrels daily, and work has been started on the first national refinery. Other deposits are known to exist in San Paulo, Alagoas, Paraná and Santa Catarina, and a government project is now before Congress to regulate the exploitation of the industry. It admits technical and financial assistance from abroad under the supervision, and with the participation, of the state.

The possibilities of agricultural and industrial development in Brazil are immense, but foreign capital and immigration on a large scale will be needed to ensure rapid progress. American interests seem eager to supply capital, subject to certain guarantees, but an adequate supply of labour may be less easy to arrange in the near future.

(Until 1940 the author was Divisional Manager for South America of Cable and Wireless Ltd. and was obliged to follow closely economic and political developments there. He writes from Brazil where he has lived for forty-three years.)

EDVARD BENEŠ

BY STORM JAMESON

IN the things statesmen say at press conferences, or to each other, or in their memoirs, there will always be some touch of arrangement. But, talking to an obscure friend, such a man as Edvard Beneš, in whom simplicity neighboured quickness of mind, subtlety, the peasant's and the diplomat's instinct for bargaining, such a man would not trouble to arrange; he would speak simply and directly, because the person spoken to was simple, had no power of any kind, could not harm and could not be useful.

I was in Prague in November 1945, and on the 15th I had tea with the President and Mme. Beneš, alone. I was there for two hours, and—how else could it have been, since Mme. Beneš knows more about silence and what it holds than anyone else, and I had nothing to say?—the President talked all the time. I was not meant to repeat his talk, nor make any use of it at all. But when I left Hradčany, and was walking back to my hotel, grief seized me, foolish and unexpected. It was not grief, it was fear, the darkness, the raw cold, the night of Prague, the extraordinary beauty of the streets I was lost in. Nothing could be more absurd—and I had just left a man who was tranquil and sure of himself, a man loyal and adroit, reasonable and obstinate, quick-witted and endlessly patient, and a woman in whom devotion and courage are an instinct. At the same moment I thought that I must make a note of the conversation, or I should lose it, and with it this corner of an old house, these cobblestones, this window with its iron grille, this bridge and the Vltava running coldly below it. I had to go to hear *Libuše*, but after that I sat up until three o'clock, writing what I remembered. I am burdened with a good memory: it has kept clearly the sound of Beneš's voice talking, to himself rather than to an unimportant visitor—that is, *sans ambages*. None of it has any worth as news. Its worth is in the proof that a man regarded, even by his friends, as too clever, was, much more deeply, simple and still curiously trustful. His policy, his few certainties, his plans, spread out while he sipped at his tea, recalled an English friend and asked after him, had this simplicity as base. In familiar talk there is no faking this quality: either you deeply have it or the fraud is an obvious one. Beneš had it. And the trust.

"I found things here better than I expected," he said at once. "The difficulties will be enormous, we have had six months of intense strain, but

now I know what I have to do. I can do it. I see my way clearly and the way for the country. You know, it was agreed in London that in a month, in one month, the legislative powers vested in the President should be returned to a parliament. And after nearly two months I had to insist, I had to say to them: after a certain day I will not sign decrees. I kept my word, there were a few delays and a few unsigned decrees, then the provisional government met. I have to go very carefully, a step at a time. I must, I will, keep a balance between extremes. During the occupation people here looked to Russia as their saviour who was coming—that's one inescapable fact, and another is the historical necessity we are in to move from liberalism to socialism. But not to imitation of Russia. We are a democracy already; we shall remain one."

I asked him about Russia. "Ah. I discussed everything very frankly with Stalin, frankly and freely. I told him just what Czechs would and would not accept; I told him they wouldn't adopt Russian methods, and Stalin accepted that, completely."

He smiled. "You know, I had far more trouble with our Czech communists than with Stalin, but I have persuaded them, too, that we want a *democratic* revolution. In speech after speech I've led them always a little farther away from the idea of an unparliamentary régime"—again the quick smile—"you know, I turn their own talk about democracy against them. Now I can say that a revolution has been carried out without a shot. Our people were astonished at first that I said so much about the need to go ahead in a Czech way; they were ready for anything, anything, if only they could get rid of the Germans, but each week they became a little stiffer, and more stable and balanced."

"You are clever," I said. He thought about this. After a moment he said: "No, it's not only cleverness, it is knowing exactly what must be done. In diplomacy, nothing else matters. You must be exact. And I don't, let me tell you, always go a step at a time. If you offer the very most you can afford, certain people begin to wonder if it is what they want; they suspect a trick. Slovaks . . . the Slovaks came to me in Moscow and I said: my dear brothers, I will give you everything you want. They were very startled. It's not tactics, I said, you can have everything you want, but you must pay for it yourselves." I laughed. He looked at me tranquilly and seriously. "So their demands gradually dropped—until by the time I came back to the country, the position was what it should always have been, before the war, and wasn't. They have their autonomy, and Slovakia is not one of my great problems."

"And Russia?" I asked again. He was silent, then began to talk about Poland and General Sikorski, and the discussions with Sikorski. These began a few weeks before Hitler attacked Russia, when the attack was expected. I could see that he was calmly pleased that he had been so much more alert, far-seeing, sensible, than the Poles: they had not known—did they ever?—what was possible, they had not *le tact des*

choses possibles, which (it was Cavour said it) is the only thing a statesman must have: they could not endure the thought, and had refused to agree that both countries, Poland and Czechoslovakia, must ally themselves fully and very firmly with Russia.

"I knew what he thought. That it would be like the last war, Germany would defeat the Russians and then be defeated by England and America. I told him I knew he was thinking this, but it would be a miracle, I said, and miracles do not happen twice. I couldn't convince him of it, nor any of the Poles. They refused to think of making terms, and you see what has happened, they have no freedom or independence, the country is torn; on one side you have a rigid imitation of Russian methods, and on the other the Poles who only want to fight Russia and their own Left. What stability can there be in a country so divided and unbalanced? . . . I knew, I always knew I should have to come to terms with Russia—and soon. I told Churchill so in 1941 and 1942, I told Eden. And in the end I went to Moscow and had my friendly discussions, I didn't allow Stalin to be in any doubt about anything, I told him exactly what we Czechs are like, that we make good friends, you can trust us. But I was very plain with him, too, that in our own affairs undemocratic methods wouldn't suit us." He looked at me with his head for a moment on one side. "You see the result. We keep our independent way of life and our freedom to argue with each other. And—whatever form German nationalism takes—there will be no second Munich. Which could not be risked. Could not."

Since he was waiting for me to speak, I said: "I've found since I came here a week ago that I can't put my hand down anywhere in Czechoslovakia, even on a friend's, without feeling Munich very close to the skin."

"Yes, that's true. It is there. You see why we must rely on Russia." He made a swift turn. "I liked Sikorski. I was able to talk to him . . . You know, the fact that we are a small country, no prestige to consider, made it easier for us to come to an agreement with Russia. Also we are Slavs. But—it is deep—we are western; we are going to remain so. Our writers, painters, scientists, all our intellectuals, look west, they always will. People are learning English with an eagerness they never felt before. We shall hold this country wide open." With a smile of amusement and delight, the smile of a young man: "The fact that the Russian troops have gone is a great help—moral and financial. I had to help them a little to go. They said they would go when the Americans did, and the Americans said they would go when the Russians went. In the end I cabled to Truman, and it was arranged."

I had watched the Russians that very day, marching out of Prague between lines of smiling hand-waving Czechs radiant with friendliness and the host's joy when he sees the back of his guest. I said so. Beneš almost laughed.

And then, without expecting it, I felt the roughness, the scar, of Munich.

I had asked him: "Do you think Europe can be saved?" "Yes. Certainly. There will be years of troubles. Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Italy, will swing violently from side to side, but we shall go straight forward—" he held his hand out in front of him: he had a small hand—"like this, on our steady middle course; we shall be a rock in all the confusion. France . . . at the time of Munich, I begged their statesmen not to do what would kill France. You are betraying France, not us, I told them. And that is exactly what Munich did, and it is what is wrong with France now. It will take them fifteen years to recover. Yet Europe cannot live without France." "Or England," his wife said gently. It was almost the first thing she had said.

"Yes, or England," he said quickly. "You are on the highest level of civilization of all peoples. Of all—I don't except the French . . . Yet I can't, I shall never understand the folly, yes, folly of your ruling class which could not see what it was doing in letting Hitler grow to his strength. In not seeing that war was inevitable." "They were blinded by their fear of social revolution." "Yes, yes, but they should have known that there would be war, that wars are followed by social revolutions, and they should have made their plans in advance to see that it was a peaceful and orderly revolution." He did not say: as I have done—but it was in the eyelids lowered on the lively guarded eyes.

"Logic is Czech, not English," I said. "Yes, you are illogical people," he said swiftly. "You know perfectly well that the Sudeten Germans plotted the destruction of Czechoslovakia—even without Frank's utterly cynical revelations you know it. Yet you are startled, you protest, when we insist on getting rid of these treacherous neighbours." He went on in a dry voice: "They must go. For six months after Munich, in London, I still tried to see in the future a Czech-German state. Then it was impossible. It is utterly impossible for our people to settle down with them again after the occupation—even the Germans recognize it! It was agreed at Potsdam that they must go, and the pre-Munich frontiers, the only, yes the only viable frontier be restored. I know, of course I know what an ugly business it is, hard, bitter. And I know there is deceit and injustice. For us, too, the loss of three million people—including nearly a million workers—is serious. But it must be faced. Why? For the sake of the future."

In her low voice, Mme. Beneš said: "We need all our friends. Tell me, please, about Mr. H. G. Wells. We heard he is very ill." "He is dying," I said. "He has written a despairing book, and he is dying." She murmured a sorrowful phrase. Beneš asked, "How?" "I don't know. I am sure—without any vanity—as he lived." Beneš nodded. "So he has let his own dying make him despair of the future. A pity . . ."

When I left, they stood side by side to shake hands with me, he short, sturdy, poker stiff in the back, collected in himself like a peasant; she all

goodness and blond smiling serenity. I thanked her for inviting me to come. "You are the friend of Czechoslovakia and our friend." "And you didn't want anything," Beneš smiled. "Not everyone does," I said. "Of course not," he replied.

November 1945 . . . A photograph taken in March 1948 shows him aged by at least twenty years, the strong peasant body stooped, the face creased and haggard. All that the agony of Munich could not do had been done in a few weeks by the hands of fellow-countrymen.

In 1938, our Munichers blamed him for not making it easier for them to desert him; and there were other Englishmen who blamed him for not deciding to fight Germany with, for sole ally, the Russians—I recall, from as late as June 1948, the peculiarly fatuous comment of a Left politician: "Why did Dr. Beneš lose his nerve (at the time of Munich) and refuse to fight?" Ten years after Munich, Czech refugees in London—criticizing him bitterly for not giving the order to resist the Gottwald (Communist) coup in February—could, if they listened, hear their condemnation echoed by these same Munichers, blaming him now for weakness before Russia. Wrong, they had thought, to resist Hitler. Right, now to resist Stalin, the equally powerful neighbour and ally. Few statesmen, struggling to rule by the light of reason and logic, can have succeeded better in proving on their own naked spirit that reason and logic have small place in human affairs. Even friends have said of him that he was too clever by half, too ready to believe that a good formula will cover any contradiction. And that was both stupid and true, but it was not the truth. The truth about this subtle clever reasonable man is simpler. At the bottom of everything, he had a peasant's belief in bargains, in hard bargaining, and in the wisdom and rightness of keeping your bargain—since what sort of a world is it in which, after the cunning watchful argument, after you have made your highest bid and got the fellow down to his lowest price, after striking hands, you go back on your word? He was never able, until it happened again, to believe that men with whom he had been able to talk, frankly and freely, and in good faith to make terms, would for a reason of their own go back on the bargain. Under the cleverness, he had this trust and its simplicity.

He believed—unshakeably certain that his country must be the loyal ally of Russia—that he had saved it from all danger of another Munich; and—oh, clever wise sensible clear-sighted Czech—that he had saved it, by making terms willingly and in good time, from any attempt on its freedom and independence at home. When he knew he had failed—and a failure splashed with Jan Masaryk's blood—it broke even his heart.

AFTER LAMBETH: DISCIPLINE AND DIVORCE

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

“ALL at times are tempted to lose heart and to wonder whether, under such conditions, Christian living is possible, or whether, if possible, it is worth while. We are certain that it is possible, and worth everything, and we write this letter to tell you why.” Thus the archbishops and bishops “of the Holy Catholic Church, three hundred and twenty-nine in number, assembled from all parts of the earth at Lambeth, in the year of our Lord 1948,” in their encyclical letter, signed on their behalf by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be read in all churches of the Anglican communion on Sunday, October 10. Elsewhere in this frank and noble document it is said: “The social order is all the time being made by the thoughts men think, the loyalties they honour, and the deeds they do or leave undone . . . For freedom and justice in the world depend on there being enough men and women who say, ‘We must obey God rather than men.’” It would do everyone good to hear this letter! Is it too much to hope that Sunday, October 10, will find the churches full of men and women who, in the words of Archbishop Temple quoted last month, will be prepared “to listen like anything”?

The encyclical letter, together with the resolutions and reports have been published by S.P.C.K.* All the findings cannot be discussed here but as Hugh Ross Williamson forecast in his article “Thoughts Before Lambeth”† a position of stalemate was reached on the question of inter-communion between the Church of South India and the Anglican Churches. What has happened in South India is that a union has taken place between episcopal and non-episcopal churches, a matter for rejoicing among most rank and file churchmen but one which in the opinion of some removes the keystone of the Anglican building. Since Mr. Ross Williamson explained the position so clearly in his article and the Lambeth Report makes known why the majority and minority could not agree there is no purpose in discussing the matter further. For my own part I should have sided with the majority because I believe that greater good would be the outcome of full communion between the Churches. At the same time the arguments of the minority are easy to appreciate and it is plain from them why they find acquiescence in full communion impossible.

It is difficult to be satisfied with all the pronouncements made in the

resolutions. It is heartening to see “accurate information” included among man’s rights but “it is the duty of governments to work for the general reduction and control of armaments” is a fainthearted conception of the Church’s duty when voicing its opinion on war. Moreover the affirmation that work ought to be a vocation—“therefore all possible guidance should be given to young people in their choice of a life work, in order to foster their sense of vocation and to ensure that they are enabled to take up work which they can rightly regard as a form of service to God and their fellow men” is surely out of touch with modern conditions. Of course we want to fit pegs as nearly as possible into the same shaped holes but the maintenance of full employment, if possible, depends on the choice for many being drastically limited and a willingness among them to be re-trained for other work as the demands change. Hence, except for the few, there is no question of “life work” when leaving school, for the manpower problem of peace is in essentials the same as it is in war and no ex-Serviceman will need reminding that re-mustering was part and parcel of his military existence.* One other passing comment on the resolutions: the bishops do not do well to fall back on a Report of 1935 as a reason for reaching the conclusion that “the time has not come for (the) further formal consideration” of ordination of women to the priesthood. Thirteen momentous years have passed since 1935 and justice, if not prudence, demands, after the work of women in the Services, that this matter should be properly reconsidered.

But chiefly I want in this article to discuss the Conference’s declaration “that the marriage of one whose former partner is still living may not be celebrated according to the rites of the Church, unless it has been established that there exists no marriage bond recognized by the Church.” One senses, perhaps wrongly, that there is now little difference of opinion among the ecclesiastical hierarchy on this ruling, which restates the position taken up by the Lambeth Conference of 1930. But if this is so it does not reflect the general opinion of the laity, although there are strong sections of it—the Mothers’ Union for example—which firmly uphold it. Nor can it be said, with the Lambeth committee Report, that the regulation “has already proved most salutary, and has brought home to the general public, as nothing else could, the life-long character of the holy estate of matrimony.” As will be known this canon of the Church is not based on unassailable evidence. There is an admirable chapter, “Christianity and Marriage,” on the whole question in *Essays in Christian Politics and Kindred Subjects* and although William Temple in this book does not exclude other interpretations of what should be the Church’s attitude to remarriage he does show plainly that the Christian principle is that “sexual union rightly implies life-long union of persons” and gives his own

* Lambeth Conference 1948. S.P.C.K. 55.

† The Fortnightly, July 1948.

* Speaking as an ex-airman the shock of being told that there were sixty (or some such number) trades in the Royal Air Force but only three were open was a revealing one to others besides myself.

opinion that the Church "is mainly concerned to uphold the ideal by appeal to conscience" and that "to this end it should refuse to pronounce its blessings on any union where a partner to a former union with one of the parties is alive."

Is this so eminently sensible and logical conclusion the last word? It is not easy to answer since one is bound to welcome a strengthening of discipline on this matter and indeed one of the most pleasing features of the Lambeth Report is its insistence on greater discipline—on baptism for instance where the resolution is that at least one godparent should be a practising communicant of the Anglican communion—and its determination that the laity shall not be allowed to enjoy the blessings of the Church without appreciating what their obligations are. Nor can one easily forget the present laxity of public opinion on the marriage tie and the ease with which many sacrifice the proper upbringing of children to what they often ill-conceive to be the interests of their own personal happiness. The bishops, of course, had the facts of the present situation in front of them and what these facts are was given by Dr. E. F. Griffith only a few days after the conclusion of the Conference when at a meeting of the International Conference on Mental Hygiene he is reported to have said that in some countries as many as one quarter of all marriages were a failure while in "Britain the break-down-rate was one in five."*

But there is great difficulty in making so hard and fast a rule as: "The Conference affirms that the marriage of one whose former partner is still living may not be celebrated according to the rites of the Church, unless it has been established that there exists no marriage bond recognized by the Church." A discipline surely is only good in so far as it can reasonably be accepted by the faithful when the circumstances arise in which it is designed to operate. There are two ends to the stick of discipline, the giving end and the receiving end and I do submit that in the ruling just made not enough attention has been paid by the bishops to the receiving end. For in the circumstances that I shall now outline the discipline will not be accepted.

Let me give one general and two individual examples of occasions when, as I would not hesitate to advise marriage, I must believe—and in spite of a general rule to the contrary—that the Church should bless the union. It may be that in these examples I have my wartime experiences too much in mind. But the Church in my view must play its part wherever possible in healing the wounds of war and at times there can be no other way than in blessing a new union for one whose earlier marriage was broken. Here is the example of 'A,' an airman whose wife found the loneliness of being parted too much for her. 'A' by letter, tried to help, but she went off with another man, neglecting her child. After a hopeless battle to save his home 'A' accepted advice and instituted divorce proceedings. The wife repented; she asked to be forgiven and under-

* *The Manchester Guardian*. August 19, 1948.

standing he forgave. Again the wife defaulted without as far as I know ever suggesting that 'A' was responsible in any way. Unexpectedly 'A' returned home on leave to find the other man in his house. So divorce it had to be, a bitter blow to 'A' who needed and loved his wife. I do not know what happened to 'A' but I do know that all who knew his story admired him. I believe that he acted as a Christian should. If he did and if he has now found a wife who cherishes him and his child I cannot believe that it is not a matter of rejoicing for the Church and I cannot see why in these circumstances the compassion of Christ's Church should not overrule the law.

Secondly. It so happened that during my time in the Royal Air Force I was posted to a Station where those who had broken down under the strain of flying were sent. A not uncommon feature of their private lives and a strong contributory cause of their breakdown was unsettling home conditions including the unfaithful wife. Some of these men, a prey to self-pity, were balanced precariously for the plunge down hill. They needed more than anything the faith and love, which can only be given by a wife. If they have remarried and found thereby new confidence, and a fresh chance to lead a useful life God's purpose is surely served and the whole world gains. If then they sought the blessing of the Church to their remarriages, it seems wrong that they should have been denied.

Lastly, let me take a more obvious and more common case. A man divorced under the circumstances of war. Perhaps he is blameless; perhaps he contributed to his own downfall. The strain over, he falls in love. His girl, accustomed to a Christian way of life, is also deeply in love. She looks forward to the day of her marriage in the spirit that a Christian girl may be expected to do. But she knows now that the Church will refuse its blessing and that her marriage will never be the triumphal sacramental day she expected but to her something soiled and underhand. But, like the others, she will not be deterred from marrying for this reason, for love is greater than the discipline of the Church.

I think that is the crucial point. Love is greater; and some might say, surely with truth, that that is what Christ's life on earth so everlastingly proved. I do not deny the difficulty for the Church in adopting an alternative to its present ruling by undertaking to review each case on its merits, but I do say that it ought to be done.

The Archbishop of Canterbury in his broadcast on the Lambeth Conference, spoke of "obedience to the impulse of the Holy Spirit." It is humbly and with these words in mind that I record my belief that however strictly "our Lord's standard" on marriage may be interpreted it cannot be held that there is no exception to the rule. "Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

IMPROVISATION IN OCCUPIED AFRICA

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

WHEN a victorious army occupies enemy territory its C.-in-C., under rules of international law, has responsibilities for the treatment of the inhabitants and their property; apart from that, in the interests of his own forces, law and order must be ensured and as far as practicable the social and economic life of the country should be maintained. To effect this a military government must be established under the command of the C.-in-C., but with powers delegated by him in order that he may be free to give his full attention to operations. In general the aims of military government are to ensure:

1. The security of the occupying forces.
2. The preservation of peace and good order.
3. The exploitation of the economic resources of occupied territory.
4. The release of fighting troops for active operations.
5. Good government in accordance with the rules of international law.

Normally the military government will as far as possible make use of the existing machinery of Government, directing and supervising its operations. There may, however, be cases, particularly when the enemy's colonial territory is occupied, when it will be found that the enemy's control has completely broken down or disappeared, and that the natives of the country are hostile to him. In such cases obviously the military government must assume direct control of administration and will require a team of substantial size with a wide range of technical qualifications. The question arises how far in peacetime we can prepare to meet these contingencies. Lord Rennell of Rodd in his recently published book* evidently considers that little had been done. He notes that although the *Manual of Military Law* reproduces the Hague Rules of 1907 and deals generally with the application of international law to war on land it does not purport to lay down formal practice for the administration of occupied territory. Moreover he points out that British military and other official literature omits to record experience in this matter and that the subject was not dealt with either at the staff colleges or similar establishments.

It would, I think, obviously be impracticable in peacetime to maintain and train the cadre of a team that would have to be recruited for the task from many different sources. And it would probably be a mistake to lay

down too precise rules for the conduct of a team recruited *ad hoc*, in view of the diversity of situations that may arise. They might only tend to cramp initiative and personal responsibility. The subject however certainly deserves study, not only by the fighting Services but by many Government departments, and the silence of official literature is regrettable. Lord Rennell has set himself to repair the omission and the experiences he records, covering as they do a diversity of situations, afford much valuable guidance. His book perhaps ranks as a semi-official publication and it not only is extremely interesting but, in spite of its formidable size, is admirably arranged to provide a work of easy reference on many matters in which a military government might require knowledge of past experience.

In the late war General Wavell was the first to realize that he would need an organization under his command to administer occupied territory; and before the battle of Sidi Barani was fought he asked the War Office to study the question and to appoint an experienced administrator to his staff in order to formulate plans. He proposed to follow the general lines adopted by Allenby in Palestine, with which he was familiar, and which provided the best precedent from the 1914-1918 war. He also recommended, since the C.-in-C. would be responsible for maintaining military government for the duration of the war, that the organization set up, and he himself, should deal only with the War Office in administrative questions that might arise requiring reference to London. These recommendations were accepted. Sir Philip Mitchell, who up to the outbreak of war had been Governor of Uganda and had had experience of military government in Tanganyika, was appointed chief political officer on Wavell's Staff. (The title derived from India, though as his duties were mainly administrative it was later changed to Chief Civil Affairs Officer.) A Cabinet decision also made the War Office the sole Government department responsible for the administration of occupied territory thus avoiding inter-departmental delays and the danger of conflicting policies.

By the middle of February 1941 Sir P. Mitchell had collected a nucleus H.Q. staff at G.H.Q. Middle East with qualified personnel to head the various branches of the administration, and had appointed his deputies to act under the commanders in the different theatres—all with military rank although the majority of the senior officials were drawn from civil appointments. Military operations by then had made progress which already indicated that the situation would develop more rapidly than expected and before the military administration would be ready to take over its task.

The diversity of the situations and number of territories with which Sir P. Mitchell was preparing to deal should be noted. These were Libya (including the provinces of Cyrenaica and possibly Tripolitania), Italian Colonies with established governments and a substantial number of Italian colonists to whom the native population would naturally be

* *British Military Administration of Occupied Territories in Africa*, 1941-47. H.M. Stationery Office. 17s. 6d.

hostile. There were the two Colonies of Eritrea and Somalia ; the former with a fairly well developed government, a large number of Italian officials and much Government property. The territory was, however, unevenly administered and the native inhabitants, though reasonably contented, were of different races and modes of life. The latter, an immense area, was largely undeveloped and sketchily administered. The native population, homogeneous in race, but split into many often mutually antagonistic tribes was unlikely to show much sympathy with either side in a contest between Europeans. In addition there was the recovery and re-establishment of government of British Somaliland to be undertaken, and the existence of French Somaliland, with its potentially hostile Vichy Government, to be considered. Finally there was Ethiopia, the conquest of which had been accepted by the British Government and which therefore had for it the status of enemy territory. On the other hand the Emperor Haile Selassie had never relinquished his rights and looked forward to re-establishing his own Government, his primary motive for participating in the struggle. It was clear therefore that the military governments in each of these territories would differ widely in character and be confronted by entirely different conditions.

By the time Sir P. Mitchell's H.Q. had assembled in Cairo the first occupation of Cyrenaica was practically completed. Brigadier Longrigg, with verbal instructions only, had been appointed to establish military government with such staff as he could collect, utilizing what remained of the Italian administration. Public services were still functioning, and the chief responsibility was maintenance of law and order and the protection of Italian colonists still in their settlements. Fortunately the native population showed surprisingly little vindictiveness.

Hardly, however, had Brigadier Longrigg's organization begun to function when Rommel's counter-offensive compelled its withdrawal and it was dispersed. When the region was again captured it was in a chaotic state as a result of Auchinleck's offensive, and the Italian administration, and practically all the colonists, had disappeared. Before a military government could be properly organized it was again forced to withdraw to Egypt accompanied by numbers of native refugees. Not till the third occupation after Alamein was it possible therefore for a military administration to take charge, establish order and develop the economic life of the country. Tripoli was captured without greatly disturbing the local administration or the inhabitants ; and, as an adequate team for the first time was available to follow the troops closely, no abnormal difficulties were encountered in establishing military government.

To turn to East Africa where the situation was more complex and where military operations had progressed with unexpected speed and followed an unexpected course. There shortage of personnel to establish administration was acute and combat units, greatly outnumbered by the enemy, could not safely be depleted. Sir P. Mitchell had, however,

on February 8, 1941, issued a far-sighted memorandum for the guidance of all concerned. In it he authorized G.O's C. to appoint additional political and technical officers as required, but with a warning that only carefully selected and experienced officers should be used ; that their numbers should be kept small and they should be given wide responsibility (a policy which apparently might with advantage have been adopted in Germany). Furthermore, when it became apparent that East Africa would require more attention than Cyrenaica, the C.P.O. H.Q. were moved to Nairobi to be in close touch with developments.

In Somalia all the Italian administrators had retreated with their troops and it was chiefly a question of maintaining order among the Somali tribes and dealing with some bandit groups formed by deserters from Italian native troops. Seaborne trade on which the Somalis greatly depended had also to be restarted. In British Somaliland, when it was recaptured, military government was also established, greatly facilitated by the voluntary return to their units of the men of former local forces. In Eritrea a substantial number of Italian administrative officers could be used and there was a considerable number of Italian civilians prepared to be reasonably helpful. In the lower country adjoining the Sudan, where the natives were Moslem and with racial affinities to those across the frontier, Sudanese Government officials took over administration. On the highlands the Christian population, racially Abyssinian, had long been contented to accept Italian rule. There was however much Italian property, and this gave rise to numerous political, economic and legal problems. The maintenance of law and order was the least important task. A further complication arose when the doubtful security of Egypt led to Massawa being used as a workshop and depot for American material aid.

It was, however, in Ethiopia that the most complex situation confronted the occupation government. Since it ranked as enemy territory the British Government could not escape its responsibilities under international law. In addition to great numbers of prisoners of war there were many Italian civilians and much private as well as public property requiring protection. There was no question of re-establishing Italian rule and therefore Italian administrative machinery could not be used, though a number of Italian technicians could be usefully employed. The withdrawal of recognition of the Italian conquest, though it was an indication of intention, did not solve the immediate problem which arose when in May 1941 the Emperor returned to his capital and appointed Ministers of State.

It was manifest that the Emperor was as yet in no position to re-establish an effective Government, either to maintain law and order among his own subjects or to deal with the Italians who could not for a considerable time be evacuated. The interests of the British forces still operating or maintained in the country had also to be secured. In spite of the

Emperor's desire that his authority should be immediately re-established it was clear that the military government must remain for a substantial time, and that it should be elaborated to deal with chaotic conditions which prevailed. Not till January 31, 1942, was a definite agreement reached by which the Emperor accepted advisers and financial assistance with a view to restoring the economic life of the country and of constructing a machinery of government. Meanwhile the British Military Government remained in charge. Fortunately the native population on the whole showed little resentment towards defenceless Italians, and there was no difficulty about food supplies. Native traders of various nationalities also quickly adapted themselves to circumstances in spite of the closing of the Italian banks and of the amazing variety of currencies in circulation without fixed rate of exchange. The establishment of branches of Barclays Bank eased the situation, but the Emperor's desire to restore the traditional use of the Maria Theresia dollar and the withdrawal of the lira for all large scale transactions added to the confusion. The M.T. dollar from its weight (£3,000 worth weighs one ton) and from the fact that it had no sub-division, was clearly too clumsy for general use, and the practice of using salt bars, shaped like a whetstone, for fractional values was only possible in country markets. (The Menelik dollar which was subdivided was never generally accepted and had apparently disappeared.) It was agreed therefore that the lira should be used for small change and uniform rates of exchange for Kenya currency, rupees and other money were fixed. This, however, was only one of the many problems which Lord Rennell describes and which had to be dealt with.

On the whole it is evident that the Military government accomplished a remarkable feat. It was by degrees withdrawn, though until the situation in French Somaliland was cleared up it was maintained in a zone adjoining that territory and it still exists in the former Italian colonies.

In conclusion we have seen that the military governments established in Africa were essentially improvisations, and that their success depended largely on the quality of the personnel and the degree of liberty given for initiative. I suggest that any attempt to draw up strict regulations to deal with such diverse conditions would have resulted in over-elaborate planning and the creation of a ponderous machine. Improvisation under skilful and firm guidance can be remarkably effective but that implies the choice of an outstanding leader. In Sir P. Mitchell evidently one was found.

BALTIC CULTURE

BY ANTS ORAS

TRAVELLERS returning from Sweden or Finland—even in the latter's weakened post-war state—have usually been full of praise for many manifestations of the cultural life of these countries. Such architectural achievements as the Stockholm Town Hall or the Finnish Parliament; fine sculptural monuments in Helsinki as well as in the Swedish capital; the extraordinarily numerous, richly stocked bookshops—especially in pre-war Finland; the number, size and tasteful, often luxurious, appearance of the magazines on the bookstalls; the theatres, operas and museums; attractive collections of paintings even in cheap restaurants and industrial establishments; the evidence of close contact with the culture of other countries provided, for example, by the generously endowed public libraries—these as well as many other proofs of a flourishing intellectual life and of an unusual demand for its products not only in the capitals but also in provincial centres have often made travellers thoughtful. Yet at home their facilities for studying the life underlying this striking surface are too often negligible. Few British universities include the culture of these nations in their curricula, and British libraries—even some of the greatest and richest—are poor in books from these regions: it would, for instance, be difficult to form an adequate conception of their literature by consulting the libraries of Oxford. But names such as those of Sibelius and Strindberg force themselves on the intellectuals' attention and occasionally must make them ask what the soil was like which enabled them to flourish.

Sibelius, Strindberg, Kierkegaard and Ibsen hail from small communities. So did Rembrandt, Vermeer, Rubens, Rousseau, Dante, Plato, Sophocles; so did Shakespeare, for Elizabethan England was definitely a small country by modern standards. The background of the latter group has been industriously explored: it is known that these men, towering as their stature is, were only the finest representatives of communities rich in achievement. The social and intellectual conditions, the historical moment which made them react with such intensity and brilliance have been examined over and over again. The background of the former group has not. The world at large is hardly aware of the atmosphere which made their emergence possible.

Small nations cannot hope to win through by an insistence on quantity, as big nations often may: they must concentrate on quality, both on the spiritual and on the material plane. Denmark's economic prominence,

for example, is entirely due to the excellence of its produce. A small country, with limited resources, needs a gardener's care and skill to produce the best of which it is capable, and enough of it. It must know exactly what it is doing and must do it well if it wants to keep its place in the sun. It must plan carefully and train its citizens to the limit of its ability. And its citizens can hardly help being aware of this need. This is one of the reasons for the thirst for knowledge, for the high educational standards so characteristic of the small countries of the European north.

There are also other, less utilitarian reasons. In the history of many small nations, education, literature, learning and the arts played a most important part in their struggle for national self-realization. Especially the peoples that achieved independence after the 1914-1918 war in many cases owed the re-awakening of their national consciousness almost entirely to their scholars, creative writers and thinkers. This is true of Czechoslovakia, Finland and the Baltic States. Without the *Kalevala*—that magnificent epic compiled of folk runes which for the first time cogently demonstrated to the Finns the imaginative richness of their past—the Finnish national movement would have lacked an invaluable source of encouragement. An exactly parallel case is that of the kindred Estonians, two of the main stimuli of whose national awakening were the epic *Kalevipoeg* and the stirring lyrics of Lydia Koidula. Other, less emotional, more workaday factors played an important part, but the atmosphere of these national movements was largely determined by their poetry. At a time when the rigour of the foreign régime made open political struggle all but impossible, the importance and responsibility of literature and the arts were exceptionally great.

One must have lived in the Estonia of the early years of this century to realize the enthusiasm with which even the poorest people paid their contributions for the erection of a national theatre in Tallinn. It had to be the finest theatre in the country, finer than those built by the Germans and Russians; and it had to have the best acting. Consequently the most gifted actors were enabled to receive the best available training: the theatre too became an element in the national struggle.

It is perhaps only natural, therefore, if the nation after achieving its political independence in 1918 did not forget the things of the spirit: what had been so vital and inspiring in the days of oppression was likely to have a similar effect in the new, brighter days. The nation, having once identified itself with its culture, retained this attitude. Education, the means of political and economic self-assertion, had also equipped it for deriving genuine pleasure from the higher functionings of the mind. An impulse had thus been given which was not likely to disappear. The Government, itself emerged from the masses, understood and shared these feelings. So, when the Estonian Association of Writers proposed a scheme for a national culture fund, public as well as official opinion was unanimous in its approval. Never again should a gifted writer, painter,

sculptor, actor or musician be forced to waste his talent through lack of a material basis for practising his art. Never again should a poet of distinction die in utter poverty as one of the greatest Estonian lyric writers, Juhan Liiv, had done.

One condition was regarded as absolutely essential if the arts were to yield the best they were capable of giving: they had to be free, above all untrammelled by any political considerations. No pressure was to be brought to bear on any practitioner of the arts for any material benefit he might derive from the nation. This was intended to be safeguarded by putting the cultural fund entirely in the hands of the representatives of the arts—creative writers and artists as well as critics—themselves and by letting them be chosen by the freely constituted cultural organizations of the country: it was to be a truly autonomous institution—as autonomous as the courts of law and the academic seats of learning. The only obligation to be imposed upon the beneficiaries was continued productivity on a sufficiently high artistic level—to be judged by their colleagues representing all trends and movements. But it was considered out of the question that their pace of production should be unduly forced; it was recognized from the outset that creative activity, needs leisure and peace.

The suggestions of the Authors' Association were simple and practical. A certain percentage of the taxes on alcohol and entertainments was to be reserved for more dignified purposes: it was to be divided among the different sections of the culture fund, which were to undertake the promotion of literature, the fine arts, music, the theatre, higher journalism and physical culture; only a certain proportion of the revenue was to be kept by the central council of the fund for emergency needs. About half the annual appropriation was to be used for personal grants supplying the recipients with a modest income, whereas the rest was to be reserved for special ventures, such as literary periodicals and important non-commercial publications, as well as for the purchase of works of art for public buildings. Special provisions were made for travel stipends so as to enable writers and artists to broaden their mental horizon by direct contact with foreign countries. An extra stimulus was provided by annual prizes, awarded by judges elected by the corresponding sections of the culture fund, and strictly non-political; throughout the period of national independence, no distinctions were made between the right, the centre and the extreme left.

On the whole the venture was a remarkable success. The expenditure was relatively small for a country which used to spend twelve per cent. of its budget on education. But the effect was unmistakable. The need for hackwork disappeared, but no artificial barriers arose between the public and the emancipated, de-commercialized arts. The demand for good reading matter, for example, grew apace. Estonia, with just over a million people—about three-hundredths of the population of Europe—became the tenth largest book-producing country of the continent.

Every fourteenth citizen subscribed to a "highbrow" literary magazine: and the public libraries were used with an eagerness exceeded by only one country in the world—Denmark. The fine arts and the theatre benefited similarly.

In Latvia, Estonia's southern neighbour, the methods employed as well as the results were not very different. In Finland there was no national culture fund, but large privately endowed funds pursued a similar policy, and great cultural organizations subsidized by the State, such as the Finnish Literary Society, enabled men and women of talent to devote themselves to important tasks. One of the things the Finns—like the Estonians—promoted with special zeal was the translation of foreign literary classics. That genius of poetical translation, Otto Manninen, for instance, would hardly have been able to produce his superb versions of Homer, Sophocles, Molière, Goethe, Petöfi, Ibsen and Runeberg if the Finnish Literary Society had not permanently relieved him of all material cares; nor would the fine Finnish translation of Shakespeare have come into existence at such an early date if the same organization had not helped. But original work was fostered with at least equal care: the Finnish writers would, for instance, hardly be the travelled people they are if public grants had not made it possible for them to see much more of the world than their own grey though impressive northern country.

Across the Baltic, in Scandinavia, where there had been no tyranny and no foreign oppression for hundreds of years until the last war, political and economic security created a different situation: there was no such obvious inducement to subsidize the arts on a national scale. As a result, things were left much more to chance, and writers and artists remain more dependent on the commercial market. Hence, an Estonian may make the observation that Sweden has fewer, and smaller, good literary reviews than he used to find in his own country. Yet on the whole, an immense amount, seemingly disproportionate to the size of these countries, is done both by public and by private bodies to encourage high intellectual achievement. Cultural traditions are so firmly rooted, and intellectual eminence is held in such high esteem, that few people of real ability are liable to be left adrift. Not only such organizations as the national academies but also the powerful co-operative movement can be observed to be on the look-out for talent of a non-commercial type which may be in need of assistance. The Swedish Exchequer, drawing on its statutory share in the proceeds of lotteries and football pools, enables even provincial towns to build sumptuous theatres and operas. Creative intellectual activity is not regarded as a mere by-product, however creditable, of national life but as one of its principal aims and glories. It is not for nothing that Scandinavia is the home of the Nobel Prize—an institution the prestige of which it would not give up even for vast material gains.

An important factor is the systematic intensity with which many small nations avail themselves of foreign achievements in the cultural field.

This trend is facilitated by the wide-spread and varied linguistic attainments characteristic of civilized small peoples. Their publishers' lists of translations consequently have a way of being not only long but exciting; their periodicals keep a watchful eye on interesting intellectual developments abroad. *Bonniers Litterära Magazín*, for example, gives more space to surveys of current foreign literature—almost invariably by first-rate experts from the countries concerned—than almost any comparable present day journal in a great world language that I have come across. Moreover, since translation is taken seriously, its average quality is high. The effect of this, as well as of much reading of foreign literature in the original languages, can well be imagined: the atmosphere becomes a European atmosphere, tense with stimulating ideas from all points of the compass; a broadened perspective and high international standards do much to counteract any drift towards provincial complacency.

This attitude prevails among the other arts. As centres of foreign art exhibitions, concerts and visits by distinguished foreign actors, Stockholm, Helsinki and, I may add, also my own native Tallinn—a city with a population of 140,000—used to be surpassed by no place in England save only that exceptional town of London; and there were—and this side of the iron curtain still are—comparable centres in the provinces.

Small nations have to be wide-awake. Physical inferiority makes them seek intellectual compensation, which at any rate in some respects may occasionally come near to becoming over-compensation. That this is not done at the expense of their physical well-being, at least in the European north, would seem to be suggested by their physical appearance, their athletic achievements, their general medical record and their longevity. If their cultural standards are high and their intellectual life alert, this is due to the importance attached to these things by individuals as well as by the community as a whole. The individual, knowing that his contribution is relatively more important to his small community than it would be in a bigger one, tends to react accordingly, and communal encouragement spurs him on. The smaller and poorer a country, the more it tends to value and husband its resources: hence the great amount of "planning" observable in the cultural policy of the Baltic States.

Great countries need not go as far as that; but their occasionally somewhat carefree cultural policies might gain by an injection of greater deliberateness in exploiting their rich material. In these meagre post-war days, with the enormous tasks confronting us all, every atom of released talent counts, and little progress can be made without a general intensification of the intellectual and moral atmosphere.

(The author was formerly Professor of English at the University of Tartu, Estonia, and now works at the Bodleian, Oxford.)

RUGBY FOOTBALL

BY GORDON SYMES

WHETHER you watch or play, the same uncomplicated
Fervour like fever doubles the blood, when first there swells
That incredible roar, dividing the stands, which shall divide us all
Into reds, blues, black, white, believers and infidels.

Epic parades no less in quieter arenas.
Your limbs are sprung with turf. You stream into the wind.
While half your mind erects pavilions where
Pre-Raphaelite girls and men past arming raptly attend.

The adversary in your heart stands forth in flesh.
Now how your homicide grows hot and pure the hate
That plots his fall. Or with a sense of dedication
You plunge to die at some fanatic's tireless feet.

This war is real and naked, matching athletic angels;
Undams the arteries' urge, the lyrical defiance
That centuries of reason have refined
To a conscript's blind endurance, bound to a bleak pinchpenny science.

Soon dusk hems in the fray, and in its tightening frame
The day intolerably balances. Fruition
Strains further out of reach and like a strangled prayer
Steam hangs above the scrum. At last the arbitration.

And suddenly we are in love with our old antagonists.
Our ears still drunk with cheers, we move, ah, to what Valhalla—
There, hidden from the upper air, chivalry strips down
To the salty jokes at the bathtub, and the fattish bellies.

The antique air leaks out. The hour collapses.
And town lamps pilot us past its melancholy wreckage
Towards the lonely tactics of choice, the living moment's guerrilla
War of nerves no final blast, no flags acknowledge.

CANDLELIGHT IN EDINBURGH

BY GEDDES MACGREGOR

BEHIND massive doors in a dark corner of one of the staircases of the Old College, in a stately room aglow with twenty-one candles eighteenth century Edinburgh lives on. Elsewhere there are but stones to tell us of its faded glories; but here gather week by week the members of a literary club, the Speculative Society, founded in 1764, at the heyday of Edinburgh's fame as a centre of letters. They re-enact a drama in which Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lord Brougham, Francis Horner, Lord Jeffrey, Benjamin Constant, and others no less renowned, have played a part. The flag which Stevenson flew from his yacht at Vailima hangs over the great open fireplace, the glow of which and the flickering candles in the elegant gilded chandelier, the club's oldest possession and its very palladium, cast a soft light on the two portraits on the opposite wall, one of Walter Scott by Watson Gordon and the other of Francis Horner by Henry Raeburn.

The founder of the club was William Creech, afterwards Burns's publisher and Lord Provost of Edinburgh. On its constitution were modelled the rules of many of the contemporary clubs which did not survive Edinburgh's literary decline. The club has never been exclusively the domain of lawyers; among the early members, for example, was Dr. Gregory, whose "Mixture", for long a panacea in the nursery, made his memory bitter to our fathers. In its centenary year the society admitted Queen Victoria's second son, Prince Alfred, and Prince William of Hesse, who were then reading at Edinburgh University, and a few years later came Stevenson. The original restriction of the ordinary membership to twenty was modified; and though the quality has naturally varied the society has always succeeded in attracting a remarkably large number of young men who later became famous. The first hall, built on a vacant site in the College, by arrangement with the College authorities, was pulled down in 1817 in which year the present rooms were erected. From the beginning the society showed a keen sense of public duty, and in 1778, when it was temporarily suffering a severe reverse in its own fortunes, it voted a hundred guineas to the fund for raising the Edinburgh corps of volunteers, surely a very generous contribution in those days from a handful of young men.

Every reader of *Le Cahier Rouge* will remember Benjamin Constant's unfortunate education at the hands of incompetent and unscrupulous tutors in Europe, till his father sent him to Edinburgh in 1783. Here

for the first time the impressionable young Swiss nobleman settled down to his books, for "*le travail était à la mode parmi les jeunes gens d'Edimbourg*"; and he looked back on his sojourn as "*l'année la plus agréable de ma vie*." All the young men he mentions were members of the Spec; Malcolm Laing the future historian; James Mackintosh who became Recorder of Bombay; and poor John Wilde, later Professor of Civil Law at Edinburgh, of whom Mackintosh wrote touchingly that he "survived his own fertile and richly endowed mind," in contrast to Constant's own blunter statement that after a brilliant career he became "*fou furieux*". In 1801, when Constant was a Tribune in France, two of his old Spec friends stood in an unhappy relation to each other: Thomas Emmet, later a distinguished lawyer in America, was then a political prisoner in Port George under the control of Charles Hope, then Lord Advocate.

Scott became secretary of the club, and his first essay was *On the Origin of the Feudal System*. This had been expanded from one read to another society, now extinct, and it was in that society, John Buchan tells us, that Scott's antiquarian predilections earned him the sobriquet of Duns Scotus. Lockhart notes Scott's carelessness in spelling at this time, evident from the minutes he kept, but says he was otherwise an efficient scribe; above all "his constant good temper softened the asperities of debate," while his sense of humour made him more popular than some more gifted orators. Lord Jeffrey recalls his first impression of Scott, who apologized to the president, pleading toothache as his excuse for having come wearing a huge woollen night-cap. Jeffrey called on Scott the following evening at his father's house in George Square, where he found him surrounded by dingy books. They adjourned to a tavern for supper, where the friendship of the two great men began. George Square, which still retains some of its old elegance* was then the haunt of the *beau monde* of both fashion and letters. Some of the residents kept their own sedan-chairs, not hiring them like taxis as was the more ordinary practice. Lady Don was one of these, and Lord Cockburn, a member of the Spec, confesses to having been in the crowd at the Tron Kirk to catch a glimpse of such splendid ladies as they swept from the silk and velvet of their magnificent, gilt sedan-chairs to the Calvinistic gloom of the kirk. They knew how to wear gorgeous dresses, with rings, fan, rustling train and exquisitely embroidered bag, all without either preciosity or lack of taste.

Towards the end of the century the club was enjoying a very lively period in its history. The effects of the French Revolution which had stirred the whole of Britain were being felt in Edinburgh society. Moreover, the Spec was at this time specially fortunate in its members, among whom were Brougham, Francis Horner, Henry Cockburn, Charles Kinnaird, and Lord Henry Petty who became Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-five. Political feeling ran so high at this time that a motion was

*It was recently the subject of hot dispute when plans for a vast extension of university building seemed to threaten its survival.

passed prohibiting "any attacks on the Christian religion" on the ground that these were "too much connected with revolutionary principles." The excitement brought back senior members who ranged themselves on the Tory side against the Whigs, who, however, led by Brougham, Jeffrey, Petty and Horner, came off better. But though at the turn of the century the Whig triumph was overwhelming, a new Tory element arose with great vigour under the leadership of men like John Wilson ("Christopher North") and John Gibson Lockhart. A little later still came John Stuart Blackie, about whose personality many amusing stories are told; after enchanting Edinburgh for thirty years in the chair of Greek, he was chiefly responsible for the foundation of one in Celtic.

The subjects discussed by the club in its early years vividly indicate the trend of thought among the younger members of Edinburgh society in the eighteenth century. The first was on whether "theatrical representations" had been advantageous to mankind. In 1779 Prince Daschkau led in the debate: "Ought every man in Great Britain to be trained to the use of arms?" and in the following year the subjects included: "Ought the penal laws against Roman Catholics to be repealed?" and: "Would it be for the interest of Great Britain to declare America independent?" From 1783 there are records of how the voting went, and when Constant led in the debate in 1785 on: "Does national character depend most upon moral or upon physical causes?" there was a large majority for the former alternative. It is interesting to find a society of young men, many of whom might reasonably look forward to a seat on the judicial bench, answering the question: "Ought juries to be judges both of law and fact?" with a sweeping majority for the affirmative. In 1786 the society held that the constitution of the East India Company, by exclusive charter, was inconsistent with good commercial policy, and a week after this debate maintained that it was the impolitic conduct of Britain, not "the natural situation of America", that gave rise to "the late revolution". In the spring of 1790 only a majority of one favoured the view that "the late Revolution in France" would be attended by consequences as beneficial to that country as our Revolution of 1688 had been to us. The question of divorce by mutual consent was often discussed, usually with a large majority against it, though in 1796 the opponents of such a measure could muster only a majority of one. A very large majority held, in 1798, that knowledge could be "too much diffused among the lower ranks" and when Horner led in 1800 on the question: "Is commerce prejudicial to morality?" the negative was carried strongly. The view that there was an advantage in having political parties in a free state was favoured only by a narrow majority when Brougham led in a debate on this question.

In contrast to the recent wars, when the society discontinued its activities as a matter of course, the long war with France that preceded Trafalgar and Waterloo went on with only occasional references to the state of affairs abroad. We must envy the serenity of an age which found the club

passing a resolution to change the meaning of the question: "Is the present government of France likely to prove permanent?" because since it had been set down for discussion Napoleon had escaped from Elba, Louis had fled to Lille, and the Hundred Days had begun; it was therefore proposed to discuss the original question in reference to Napoleon's government, and the negative was carried. The closing of the continent brought to Edinburgh many Englishmen who would otherwise have gone to Europe, according to the fashion of the time, and we hear that "the Oxford men" had "actually determined upon so mad a scheme as that of giving a ball." Though "the Dutchess of Gordon . . . sett her face against it" it was too late for it to be stopped. The club evidently enjoyed its jubilee celebrations in 1814; we learn that when a reverend chairman had retired, Scott took the chair, "which did not impair the hilarity of the evening."

The society tried the use of gas lighting on the evening of November 28, 1837; but after discussion it was denounced as a failure and excluded from the hall for ever, being relegated to the library and lobby where electric light now takes its place. The milder light of wax candles was deemed well worth the extra expense it involved, and the society has never gone back on that decision. By an ancient tradition, too, the origin of which is somewhat mysterious, one of the sixteen candles in the old chandelier is always left unlit.

Gladstone, though never a member, was interested in the society; having seen a copy of the *History* it published in 1845, he asked Lord Brougham to get him one. Lord Brougham presided over the centenary celebrations in 1864. Shortly afterwards there was an unhappy dispute with the College authorities, caused by the society's peculiar circumstance of owning its own rooms within the College precincts but having no means of egress from them after the usual hour of closing the College gates. Though closely connected with the academic life of Edinburgh, it always claimed independence of the University, being in no way subject, as are other societies within the University, to College discipline. But in 1867 the matter was amicably settled. Stevenson, admitted in the spring of 1869, has left a singularly vivid account, in a valedictory address, of his first impressions of the Spec. "When anyone spoke to me, it was more like alms-giving than conversation. I felt all the loneliness of a boy's first day at school. The interval over, I made a speech in a state of nervous exaltation that we have no language strong enough to describe. A thick, white vapour seemed to fill the room up to the level of my eyes, submerging the secretary, the librarian, and the ruck of other members; but I could see the president towering above on his raised platform, gloomy and awful . . . I ended my night by walking home alone in the blackness of despondency. How I should have laughed anyone to scorn who had stopped me then on the Bridges and told me that I should spend in that Society some of the happiest hours of my life, and make friends from

among those very members who were now so forbiddingly polite!" Always confessing a great debt to the Spec, he described himself as having been in those days "a lean, ugly, idle, unpopular student," one who was "known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler" but who was nevertheless "always busy on his own private end, which was to learn to write."

Elected president for two years in succession, Stevenson was popular in the chair, but carried his office lightly in some respects, for in a letter written at Dunblane to a fellow-member he announced that, being for the time a "rural voluptuary" he would let the Spec "go whistle". He read two essays on *John Knox and his Relations to Women*, which were the basis of papers later published in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. The Spec was never from his thoughts throughout his literary career, and in his last, unfinished book, which many think his best, *Weir of Hermiston*, a scene is laid in the society's rooms.

The prosperity of the Spec was never greater than in the 'eighties, when a variegated oratorical pattern included the Slavonic eloquence of Count Vladimir Bobrinskoy, who after holding a commission in the Russian army was degraded for political reasons; the passionate Celtic fervour of John Alexander Smith, a Balliol man, later of Magdalen when he held a Waynflete chair at Oxford; and the enchantments of many others among whom may be mentioned James Avon Clyde and Archibald Fleming, the future incumbent of St. Columba's, Pont Street, London.

Though in the South African war twenty-one members served without a single fatal casualty, the losses in the two more recent wars have been extremely heavy. Yet apart from these long intervals, the society has upheld its motto, *Semper bonos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt*, in the same atmosphere of leisurely discussion in which it first met in mid-eighteenth century. The well-powdered side-curls, white cravats and silver-buckled breeches of the earlier members have been replaced by more modern forms of evening dress; but were the ghosts of the past to visit the old room just before the members assembled, they would find themselves very much at home. The large fireplace that had so often invited them on dark, cold, Edinburgh winter nights would still attract them, and the tall, shimmering wax candles that Stevenson found so charmingly old-fashioned three-quarters of a century ago, would still be there in all their stateliness. And had they first encountered in the world outside the impact of modern civilization, such *revenants* would be happy, I think, to stay to enjoy the different tempo of their successors' intellectual combat. As I enter the old room thus prepared, while the boisterous voices of youth are but approaching the heavy portals, I can hear, in the wistful silence within, the whisper of these ghosts exclaiming with Stevenson: "O, I do think the Spec is about the best thing in Edinburgh."

(Dr. MacGregor is a lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.)

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HENRY JAMES

BY SYLVA NORMAN

Assuming that Henry James is a writer built for permanence, his notebooks are of the greatest personal importance. In a general way too, they must have an appeal to anyone concerned with the art and craft of writing, or curious to see how novels emerge. Granted that few spring fully armed from the inventor's brain (or, Rabelaisianly, from the left ear) there are differences. Some authors shape their themes by literary shorthand. James, as we knew from the notes to his two unfinished novels, spread himself in mellow ample discourse, questioning, communing, pummelling his subject, relishing the very work on it, so that anon some magical fine passage blossoms through the close discussion, to be left there negligently, never transplanted to the final draft. The notebooks now so admirably edited in America with exactly the commentary required, represent some thirty years of their author's literary life. Or simply *of his life*, since for James nearly all incident or situation was transferable to terms of literature, and all literature must express a peak of life. "Only the fine, the large, the human, the natural, the fundamental, the passionate things." All else turned thin and poor and betrayed one miserably.

Where, then, are these fine and passionate, fundamental things to come from? The notebooks* give an answer in their remarkably thorough exposition of his mental processes from the fertilized germ, through all its rich development, to fruition. The germ is in a letter, a conversation, a story told him at a dinner party. Sometimes, from outside, it may seem trivial, almost a gossip's prattling. James knew his own capacity to dissect, transform, refashion and

intensify it, until he would see the perfect little masterpiece taking shape. At the same time—for professionalism and art were not at odds—he would compute the necessary length or brevity, though to be sure the story commissioned to suit an editor's space frequently overflowed into a novel. Everything in the end would have his quality and colouring. They can positively be watched creeping into the imperfect incident as James proceeds with his discussion. Nearly all the novels, plays and stories can be found here in embryo.

The most humanly appealing aspect of these notebooks is the picture they give of James himself. No rigid exclusion of the personal was ever his rule in them. On the contrary, in the early stages he had planned to record his "current reflections" and by snaring temporary impressions to "catch and keep something of life." So in 1881 he wrote a general retrospect of his movements in Europe in the past six years, interrupted by a moving passage on the death of his mother, for whom he had a profound and simple love. Though later he gave up the idea of memoirs a personal utterance breaks in repeatedly. This shows him happy in his working solitude, safe from casual contacts, with his ideas and characters making, as it were, a cocoon of light and warmth around him. "To keep at it," he wrote, "to strive toward the perfect, the ripe, the only best; to go on, by one's own clear light, with patience, courage and continuity, to live with the high vision and effort, to justify one's self—and oh, so greatly!—all in time: this and this alone can be my only lesson from anything."

Apart from the limiting pronoun the

*The Notebooks of Henry James. Edited with an introduction and commentary by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. Oxford University Press. 30s.

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words hold something of the Shelleyan ecstasy of *Prometheus Unbound*. Again and again this poet who never wrote in verse is seen here worshipping the spirit of creation, rejoicing in his blessed sense of power to grasp the almost cosmic expansion of his subject; to recognize too the "little things of observation and reflection and fancy. . . . I hold out my arms to them, I gather them in"; and he adds, with his typical pleasure in French interpolations: "*À l'oeuvre, mon bon, à l'oeuvre!*" The heart of the matter is in him, and the tower he surveys the world from is not ivory. He is watchful for contemporary tendencies, rejects the outworn attitude unless he can place it where it still survives. After browsing in these notebooks it is hard to retreat cautiously from the opinion that Henry James is a very big man indeed.

MENTAL ABNORMALITY, by Millais Culpin. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

In his preface Dr. Millais Culpin explains that his design was to make a "general presentation of the psychological side of medicine and the trends of opinion in that sphere." This is especially welcome at the present time when as a result of stresses of war and the insecurity which has followed, there is disturbing familiarity with psychoneurosis and its terminology; anxiety and depressive states, symptoms of of dissociation, such as fugues, loss of memory and "black-outs" are no strange language to a large number of laymen and with inadequate knowledge it is only too liable to become jargon. Increasing interest in the pleas of mental abnormality submitted by the defence in sensational criminal cases has publicized schizophrenia, moral deficiency, psychopathic personality and epilepsy. The author gives an instructive précis of these conditions, and it is interesting to observe that in the place of the term psychopathic personality, he prefers temperamental defect.

Treatment has become a matter

for general discussion and the author's brief description of shock therapy and pre-frontal leucotomy places the fundamentals of these procedures within the grasp of the reader. It would have been even more helpful if more space could have been permitted for a fuller dissertation on these methods of treatment, as the responsibility of relatives in giving consent, particularly to such an operation as leucotomy, is sometimes almost more than they can endure. There will be increasing discussion about leucotomy and its effect on the personality.

In the section on theories of mental disorder Dr. Culpin has admirably condensed into twenty-one pages what could have overflowed into a volume or two, but it is a little disconcerting to find him dismissing Jung in twelve lines. We are told that his theories do not, at least to this author, "serve the purpose of bringing observed facts into convenient formulae that can be usefully applied to facilitate thinking," and we are led to believe that the numbers of Jung's followers in this country are still small—one cannot help wondering if "convenient" formulae are not sometimes too convenient and act as a placebo to inquiring minds. To many, and I would presume to hazard far more than Dr. Culpin would have us believe, Jung is the eminent supporter of the dignity of the unconscious and a link between religion and psychiatry.

The psychological aspects of juvenile delinquency have been attracting much attention and a paragraph on the maladjusted child would have been very acceptable. Within the compass at his disposal the author must have felt obliged to omit a wealth of information which would have given him the greatest satisfaction to include. What Dr. Millais Culpin has achieved is to offer his readers a wise minimum of information but sufficient to assist them to extricate truth from untruth amongst the jumble of pseudo-knowledge which besets them on every side.

GUY RICHMOND.

A NEW THEORY OF HUMAN EVOLUTION, by Sir Arthur Keith. Watts. 21s.

In this book Sir Arthur Keith advances two main theories of human evolution. The first is that the decisive element in the machinery of evolution was the formation of small isolated and homogeneous local groups in which inbreeding was the rule, and the evolutionary process accordingly accelerated, in much the same way as it is now in a breeder's herd of pedigree cattle. In these isolated groups, in which incipient humanity existed during the primal (or pre-agricultural) period of human evolution, the minimum length of which is estimated at a million years, the foundations of human nature were laid. By far the most important elements of this are the twin instincts or predispositions: for co-operation or amity within the group, and for hostility towards other groups. This dual morality has been, according to Sir Arthur, the most potent factor in the evolutionary process.

What obtained in the long primal period, obtained also in the comparatively very brief post-primal period which followed the invention of agriculture. The small local groups of what had been an incredibly sparsely populated world now coalesced into village communities and embryo nations. The population the earth could maintain vastly increased. Nevertheless, the fundamental behaviour pattern remained the same: only the size of the evolutionary unit was changed. Thus we reach the author's second basic proposition: "The mentality and evolutionary behaviour of a nation is that of a primal local group." This explains the strength of nationalism, which is a manifestation of the primeval evolutionary urge.

It is difficult to decide, with any degree of conviction, whether the author is guilty of over-simplification in such a statement as the following:

I hold that the nations of Europe are race-making units in the original sense of that term. Evolution in Europe is being carried

on by co-operation within national groups and by competition between them: thus Europe is in a continuous state of turmoil.

Up to a point it appears to fit the facts. The resistance of Yugoslavia to the Cominform suggests that the urge of the race-nation is still more powerful than that of ideology. Outside Europe it accounts for the situation in India. But what of China? Are the communists there to be regarded as a race-making unit—and on what grounds?

Perhaps Sir Arthur has been more explicit about these problems in another volume. What emerges from this one is that he must regard international Communism as a purely transitory phenomenon, and the U.S.S.R. as a necessarily short-lived attempt to establish an Empire, which will be disrupted by nationalist pressures. But if we accept that nationalism is a more powerful urge than the Marxian class-struggle, it is hard to see why it should not prove more powerful than the urge to establish co-operation between the nations. At what point, and in what circumstances, does an ideal aim triumph over the primal urge to evolutionary competition? Another form of the question is: can the evolutionary competition be carried on by other means than national war?

The author does not attempt to answer these questions. He is content to declare his confidence that in the next few centuries "nationalism, so far from weakening, will grow ever stronger. Modern nations are still imperfectly nationalized; the process will not cease until every nation is integrated into a unity such as was met with in the evolutionary units of primal humanity." How do we translate this dictum into contemporary terms? Does it imply that a totalitarian organization of national societies is probable? Or that a voluntary confederation of nations is impracticable? Certainly, Sir Arthur is dogmatic on the impossibility of forming a United States of Europe on the American pattern. "Nothing less than clearing Europe and resettling it as

America was settled could give Europe a single tongue and a united front." But no-one dreams of a Europe with a single tongue. The question is whether a multi-lingual and multi-cultural, but united Europe is possible.

On the whole we must regard Sir Arthur's book as a grim reminder of the weakness of the urge of the ideal compared to the strength of man's evolutionary urge. But has not human evolution itself reached an impasse such that it can no longer be carried on by warfare? That, to Sir Arthur, is no doubt a nonsensical suggestion. Evolution, like His Majesty's Government, must be carried on, in spite of all moral obstacles. But there is in Sir Arthur's book always the vague suggestion that evolution is a progress of some kind. What kind of progress would be achieved by mutual atomic obliteration it is hard to conceive.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

TOWARDS A DYNAMIC ECONOMICS, by R. F. Harrod. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Here we have well reproduced and reasonably priced five lectures given in February 1947 to a London University audience by the learned co-editor of the *Economic Journal*. Mr. Harrod is an agile and original thinker and his skilful analysis of the economics of expansion breaks new ground, but one wonders whether his answers to the questions he provoked in his audience (if there were any) facilitated their comprehension of his central thesis. For even the advantage of leisured reading does not make understanding easy for a wider audience not so agile or professionally proficient. The validity of his fundamental dynamic theorems must be left to the specialists to dispute; the lay reader may well doubt whether, apart from the delight of observing the expert revel in his technical exercises, the result achieved justifies for any practical purpose the major effort required.

For Mr. Harrod is not concerned with economics as we know them here

and now, but with a period of expected stagnation (less remote in the United States than in this country) when shortages will have disappeared and the stability of our economy will be threatened by too much saving. Accepting, as nowadays do most economists, the inherent suicidal tendency of uncontrolled capitalism as a system which thus by boom and slump generates mass unemployment, the author, being no socialist, is concerned to devise a return to some automatic self-regulating mechanism which will at once limit the politician's intrusion into economics and make free enterprise more palatable to the social groups who benefit least from it.

The mechanism he offers for dealing both with the short term trade-cycle and the long term 'stagnation' is a stabilization fund linked to a commodity reserve of buffer stocks of goods, the level of which will from year to year decide for the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he should budget for a deficit or a surplus, a budget deficit (involving taxation relief) being financed by special savings certificates with a guaranteed goods value drawn against the reserve. He envisages under this system the possible transition to a long term policy of sustained subvention to purchasing power (necessitated by a chronic tendency to insufficient demand), and the abolition of interest, as an alternative to the collectivist attack upon the capitalists' cumulative oppressive power to exploit the scarcity value of capital.

There are some startling propositions. Thus, the tendency to concentrate responsibility on the Government for basic decisions affecting economic life is "inconsistent with democratic control." There is a nostalgic lament for the prospective euthanasia of the *rentier* which is implicit in Mr. Harrod's system, but the author's baroque spiritual yearnings prompt the abolition of death duties as a *quid pro quo*, because a corpus of inherited wealth is necessary for maintaining democratic culture! The communists would make mincemeat of this fantasy, which prospect will hardly recommend it to the socialists

for whom it is intended as the road of escape from their "tiresome totalitarian proclivities."

When translated from those elysian fields in which the professional economists elegantly fight their duels to the raw air of politics this esoteric piece of brainwork becomes undeniably inept. If Mr. Harrod qualifies as, to quote Sir Hubert Henderson's recent comment to the British Association economists, one of the most pushing salesmen of enervating fools' paradises his utopia is at least one whose political chances of attainment are approximately zero.

EWAN WALLIS-JONES.

THE AMERICAN UNION: A Short History of the U.S.A., by H. G. Nicholas. *Christophers*. 10s. 6d.

Many a time has the historian paused, pen in hand, to reflect: "If only this or that had not happened . . . if only that man, not this, had held the helm of public affairs, how different would be the tale I have to tell." In the history of the United States, the historian finds that moment in the autumn of 1774 and pauses to say: "If only almost anyone but Lord North had been in office in England, the history of Anglo-American relations might well have taken a different course." But, Lord North *was* in power: the Continental Congress in American *had* resolved to defy him; and in April 1775, Paul Revere's Ride gave the signal for the War of Independence. Yet, not precisely independence; for, it is a significant fact that six months later Colonel George Washington and his fellow officers still rose to their feet in the mess to drink to "the King".

The story of all this, and of all that was to follow from Washington to Franklin Roosevelt, is well told by Mr. Nicholas in this compact book. It is, what the author calls it, a short history of the United States of America; and its appearance to-day is a good sign of the times. There was never a moment since the American Declaration of Independence when a true perception of the origin of those United States was

more necessary in this United Kingdom; and, be it said, at no time in the history of Anglo-American relations was it as essential as it is now, for Americans to place the policy of the old country in the light of historic truth. In giving a welcome to Mr. Nicholas for his useful *aperçu* on American history, let us acknowledge that America has for years past enjoyed the competent service of native historians who have been at pains to dispel many early legends about Great Britain that passed for truth in some American text-books. There have, in fact, been more false perceptions in the American mind than in the British; but they are steadily being removed; and in moving from a continental and purely American stance into a central position in world affairs, the people of the United States may be trusted to appreciate many things in British policy which have hitherto been dark to them.

Judged purely as American history, this little book is as good a guide for the British reader as any yet published. It contains portraits of "the founding fathers", of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison and the rest. Unlike some modern writers who preen themselves before the mirror of "democracy" Mr. Nicholas does justice to Alexander Hamilton and shows clearly that Hamilton's policy in the American Treasury when all was still in the making, was a necessary and statesmanlike design. He reveals, too, the manner in which the Constitution rapidly became more "democratic" than its authors may have intended; and, by a timely quotation from Washington's Farewell Address he discloses the tap-root of American "isolation": "Europe", said Washington in 1796, "has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities."

This "remote relation" to Europe remained the keynote for three-quarters of a century—and for one over-mastering

reason. From Washington's time till near the end of the nineteenth century all Americans looked westward. To them the frontier was the lodestar; and Europeans must bear in mind that, while in the old continent the "frontier" was a barrier at which one thing stopped and another thing began, in the new continent the frontier was an open door of opportunity leading through the boundless prairie to new lands beckoning the adventurous to new exploits. The story of the great imperial movement which carried the Stars and Stripes from the Atlantic to the Pacific is briefly and graphically told in this book. And when Mr. Nicholas comes to the latest phase, he shows how the new world was confronted with much the same economic and social problems as the old, and how the New Deal of the second Roosevelt came into being. Altogether, a book to be commended.

FREDERICK WHYTE.

THE ARABS, by Professor Philip K. Hitti. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

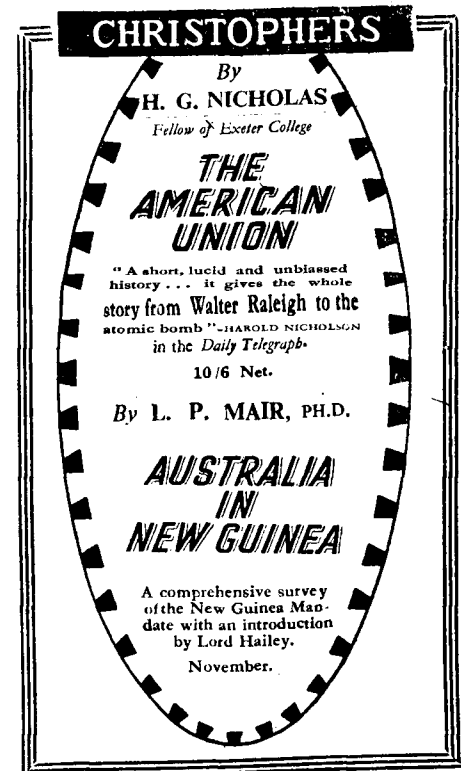
Professor Hitti's description of his book as "addressed not to the scholar but to the general reader," might be taken to be an apology. No apology is needed. His history is not only scholarly: it is clear, arresting, entertaining and instructive. He has written with a double purpose. His first is to describe the rise and fall between A.D. 632 and A.D. 1520 of the Arab Empire which by the eighth century—that is before there was an English King—extended "from the Bay of Biscay to the Indus and the confines of China and from the Sea of Aral to the Upper Cataracts of the Nile." His second is an account of Arab civilization of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries and what the later western civilization of the Middle Ages owed to it.

The historical narrative covers the successive régimes of the Umayyads of Damascus, the Abbassids of Baghdad and the Fatimids of Egypt, and, beginning with the period of conquest, his story passes to the problem of the government of conquered lands and ends with an

analysis of the reasons for the eventual disintegration which was complete by the sixteenth century when Ottoman power asserted itself over the former Arab conquests in the Middle East and Northern Africa. Arab nationalism was eclipsed. But Islam survived.

So also the influence of Arab culture on the west. Arab culture had absorbed much of Hellenic culture and passed it on—embellished by its own scholarship and science—to the still undeveloped west; and Professor Hitti's recitation of Arab discoveries in medicine, mathematics, astronomy, sea-navigation and architecture—to mention a few fields only—is most impressive.

Other noteworthy chapters cover the story of Mohammed's mission and describe the origin and tenets of Islam; and there are also full accounts of the brilliance of Umayyad rule in Spain which survived the destruction of the dynasty in Damascus by the Abbassids; of the ephemeral success of the Crusades



in the Holy Land; of the extraordinary rise to power of the slave-recruited Mamluks in Egypt; and of the terrible Mongol invasions of Hulagu and later of Tamerlane.

The book deserves a wide reading public. Arab power asserted itself in medieval times: it cannot be ignored to-day. Its seat of power is not only of world strategic importance, but it also contains one of the great oil repositories of the world. Nor must it be forgotten that "every eighth person in our world is a follower of Mohammed and the Moslem call to prayer is heard almost round the world every twenty-four hours of the day."

Professor Hitti's sober picture of what the Arabs with all their faults—and they are many—meant and to-day still mean, is a wholesome antidote to all the shallow and *ex-parte* propaganda which the Palestine problem has provoked.

The book has eight excellent maps illustrating Arab history up to the days of the Ottoman Empire.

OWEN TWEEDY.

MR. ATTLEE — An Interim Biography, by Roy Jenkins. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

MAKERS OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT, by Margaret Cole. *Longmans, Green*. 15s.

THE CONCERN FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE IN THE PURITAN REVOLUTION, by W. Schenk. *Longmans, Green*. 15s.

Mr. Attlee is not a great subject for biography; at least not the kind of biography which relies on deeds to hold the readers under spell. Mr. Attlee's place is on the edge of the limelight, where the shadows are darkest yet one senses that a figure is there. He reached his present position as Prime Minister almost by mistake and gives the impression that though determined to do his job he still wishes it was something else. Perhaps that really is his wish; certainly he is one of the very few Prime Ministers who have thought consistently of others rather than of himself.

It is easy therefore to damn Mr.

Jenkins's effort with faint praise. He has done what he set out to do, writing a chronological biography, ending in 1945. He strives to make Mr. Attlee a hero but he gets no help. Mr. Attlee is interested in accuracy not in glorification where to his mind, one suspects, no excuse for glorification exists. The book thus becomes the story of events with Mr. Attlee always somewhere about.

Yet for all that Mr. Attlee is a hero and in a grudging way the world acknowledges it. For when one closes Mr. Jenkins's book, knowing far more about the Prime Minister than one knew before, the worth of this man stands out most plainly. He changed his political convictions from Conservative to Labour because experience argued he must; he gave up a career for social service because for him it was the only work worth doing; although not a councillor he became mayor of Stepney because the people turned to him; and he was one of only three—Lansbury and Sir Stafford Cripps were the others—Labour members with front bench experience returned to Parliament in 1931 because he was trusted. And he is trusted still. If his qualities do not rise much above tenacity of purpose, unselfishness, competence and thoroughness they are qualities much needed to run the team. Someday the biography will be written which will relate not what he did but why he did it.

Mrs. Cole in her book is faced with a different task. Heroes, with rascally qualities some of them, abound. It is a mixed bag with Tom Paine, William Cobbett (yes, even William Cobbett), Feargus O'Connor, Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill, William Morris, James Keir Hardie, Sidney Webb, George Lansbury and H. G. Wells, with others, all jostled together. Quarrelling some of them must surely be but it is a lively party.

The idea of *Makers of the Labour Movement* is good. Short biographies are all the present generations of little politicians are likely to want. But the method has its drawbacks. Not much that is new is offered and in parts it is a book that any industrious student might have written without half the knowledge

possessed by Mrs. Cole. Moreover, Mrs. Cole is at times too matter of fact and spiritual qualities apparently escape her.

Probably there will never be much agreement about the amount of honour which should be paid to the Levellers for their social ideas. Were the Levellers levellers as Dr. Schenk asks in one of his chapters in *The Concern for Social Justice in the Puritan Revolution*? And it is plain that an answer can only be reached by careful qualification. Ideas were confused and only half developed. In part the unrest fostered by the Levellers was no more than an old-fashioned revolt of men against masters, in part the stirring of impulses which two centuries were to put under control. And the whole was intricately complicated by religious convictions and credulities. Dr. Schenk picks his way through the maze by the prerogative of diligent research. The result is a helpful and readable volume.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

THE CHALLENGE OF SCHWEITZER, by John Middleton Murry. *Jason Press*. 6s.

Albert Schweitzer has to admit that the living person of Christ is unknown to him. This is the danger which Mr. Murry feels he must rebut. Christianity without a personal Christ is by no means Christianity to Mr. Murry, for he, unlike Dr. Schweitzer, experiences Jesus as a person. He quotes with approval T. S. Eliot's definition of "the Spirit's greatest treason—the right thing done for the wrong motive." It is a saying which I personally feel to be arrogant, for it seems to imply that it is more important to be righteous (or even to be orthodox) than to do right; or that there is, so to speak, a copyright in motives.

Mr. Murry regards Jesus as the centre of human history—an explosion into history once and for all. Dr. Schweitzer regards Jesus as the most important but not necessarily the final contributor to ethical enlightenment.

Both have acted upon their faith, such as it is, believing it to be worth the experiment of a lifetime. I record my impression, for what it is worth, that Mr. Murry is the uneasy protester. In the debate that he here conducts, beside Dr. Schweitzer's calm and patient attempt to see things dispassionately, Mr. Murry's behaviour appears touchy and not so disinterested as he would like.

He is concerned to defend what he calls positive mysticism and he is at a disadvantage, because, Dr. Schweitzer, though himself avoiding the appeal to mysticism, does not really decry it. Mr. Murry says that Dr. Schweitzer is a mystic *manqué*. Well, if he is, he is; and it would hardly have been honest in him to advocate an interpretation of Christianity of which he was personally incapable. Mr. Murry declares that mystical communion with a living Christ is central to Christianity. Some who are not converts to a personal Jesus may yet, Dr. Schweitzer hopes, find a reasonable basis for the altruism which they feel, and which is of the same kind as Christ's own altruism. That Dr. Schweitzer is in error for Mr. Murry (and for T. S. Eliot) is not, I think, so complete an error in Christianity as Mr. Murry would like to believe. They cannot share Jesus. But this is not to say that Jesus cannot share them.

Lastly, Mr. Murry is at great pains to prevent if he can the acceptance of Dr. Schweitzer's principle of reverence for life. Carried to absurd extremes it would, he says, destroy human society. What he chooses to pretend that Dr. Schweitzer means—that no form of life must ever be made to suffer or to die—is an arbitrary and wilful definition; reverence is a mental attitude, it is the opposite of ruthlessness, and of thoughtlessness. One can weed a garden reverently, or ruthlessly. I am sure that Mr. Murry will see that one can even kill a poisonous snake reverently, or ruthlessly, necessarily or unnecessarily. "I am non-plussed (he writes) to find Schweitzer enouncing as the final truth of ethics an axiom which gives me no practical

guidance at all." This principle does not say: "Be kind to your neighbour because this ensures the solidarity of society"; it says: "Be universally kind, whenever the choice occurs." It does not say it is a sin to pluck a flower or kill a moth; it says do not pluck flowers or kill moths without first greeting the divine principle in them. No practical guidance? Even Mr. Murry may be surprised how much such an acceptance of responsibility on his part may enrich his spirit in an hour.

Perhaps it is not irrelevant to remember that of late Mr. Murry has been in need of arguments to prove that it may sometimes be necessary to destroy human beings. To those who experience this dilemma the doctrine of revelation is useful. What cannot be proved cannot be disproved. The Fatherhood of God is a tenet of this order. Evidence of it in things created is clearly not intended. But reason can test and allow, by evidence from within and without, that there is a principle of sympathy widely to be found and reckoned on in the natural heart of many men.

FRANK KENDON.

ANCIENT GREEK RELIGION, by H. J. Rose. *Hutchinson's University Library*. 7s. 6d.

Acquaintance with Greek culture begins, for most of us (and usually ends, alas, at an early age), with a mythological approach by way of Charles Kingsley, who painted in *The Heroes* a highly idealized picture of Greek religion. The anthropomorphic gods of those times were very real to the Greeks, thanks to the genius of Homer in delineating even the smallest details. Indeed at a much later date Phidias, the famous Athenian sculptor, based his work upon the Homeric interpretation of the gods. Used as we are to a single deity it is difficult for us to envisage the complications of polytheism—the propitiation of numerous gods, the choosing of the appropriate moment at which to perform quite simple tasks, the constant fear of offence and punishment. Pro-

fessor Rose, in this very readable book, quotes Hesiod, that eighth century B.C. poet of the soil, who intersperses good, sound advice on agriculture with ethical maxims of this kind:

Do not ford the fair-flowing water of perennial streams till thou hast prayed, turning thine eyes towards those fair currents, and washed thy hands in clear water. For he who crosses a river evilly, with unwashed hands, with him the gods are wroth and send him woes thereafter.

Professor Rose traces the history of Greek religion from earliest times. Not much is known of the Pelasgians who might be loosely termed the aborigines of the country and existed too long ago (about the third or second millennium B.C.) for reliable information to have survived. Later, other cultures infiltrated, including Indo-European from the north, Cretan, which derived some of its characteristics from Egypt, and Mycenaean. An interesting chapter is devoted to a description of the ecclesiastical calendar in which individual festivals and the gods associated with them are pictured in some detail. Finally there was contact with the east after the Persian war and in the Hellenistic age in which Greece became familiar with king-worship. All these contributed to the evolution of Greek religion, the later developments—in which the old gods were discounted and new cults appeared—bringing Greece nearer to monotheism, and Christianity.

The dust-jacket describes Professor Rose's book as "a short, non-technical account for the general reader" and the author has succeeded in the 150 pages at his disposal in presenting an interesting and comprehensive summary of the subject. There are matters which of necessity suffer from such drastic condensation and a previous general knowledge of Greek history and culture heightens one's appreciation considerably. For the seeker after further knowledge, however, a selective bibliography is provided thus enabling the "unprofessional student who wishes to pursue his chosen subject systematically up to something like University standard" (again quoting the dust-jacket on

the aims of this series) to carry his reading to a more intensive pitch. The value of the book for the general reader, however, would have been increased by a few illustrations and a more attractive format.

FELICIA M. McADAM.

BIRDS OF A VALLEY, by W. R. Philipson. *Longmans*. 10s. 6d.

IN THE HIGH GRAMPIANS, by Richard Perry. *Lindsay Drummond*. 15s.

THE JEFFERIES COMPANION: arranged and introduced by Samuel J. Looker. *Phoenix House*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Philipson knows that part of the Lake District at the south end of Ullswater which is called Patterdale with a knowledge that only years of study in all seasons of the year can achieve. The first reaction of one who loves the same district is of anger lest the attractiveness of his book may lead others who do not know it to invade a favourite haunt of peace. But it is not possible to remain in such a mood of selfishness for long as Mr. Philipson, who has the rare gift of making his personal experiences the centre of the book without in any way obtruding his own individuality, describes the activities of the birds of this valley.

The author is evidently a lucky man, as there is hardly a month of the year when he has not been able to visit his valley. As a result his observations fit into a pattern which has an interest that no superficial or merely seasonal account could give. Ravens, peregrines, kestrels, merlins and buzzards are some of the birds that cannot fail to thrill, but he is by no means unready to interest himself and his readers in commoner ones such as lapwings, moorhens, dabchicks, gulls, and even thrushes and blackbirds. This is pleasantly refreshing at times for the ordinary reader who can the more easily observe the latter, though this may well inspire such a one to look also for the less common goldcrest or pied flycatcher, or

perhaps most rewarding of all to listen for the call of the curlew.

Mr. Philipson has included also two general chapters on migration and on the roosting habits of birds. The second is peculiarly fascinating and should tempt many to use their powers of observation in this field if to do so can be so absorbing as it would seem. His writing is distinguished by its clarity and the book is beautifully illustrated with woodcuts by Claire Oldham.

Mr. Richard Perry's *A Naturalist on Lindisfarne* won praise from many readers and in giving us this picture of the wild part of Scotland round the Cairngorms and the Grampians, he is likely again to delight all those whose joy in a countryside centres largely on its animal and bird life. Mr. Perry's reputation stands highest as an ornithologist and as might be expected birds fill a great part of his book. Most interesting are probably the golden eagle, the ptarmigan, the snow bunting and the crossbill or such birds as the dotterel and oystercatcher but, like Mr. Philipson, the author does not neglect the commoner birds and he gives much space to chaffinches and tits. There is much too about animals (the red deer in particular has a chapter to itself), insects and flowers. An excellent map and a number of distinguished photographs handsomely illustrate the book.

Those who find pleasure in books about nature have turned of late more and more to the many works of Richard Jefferies. As a writer on his subject his style is unique and his many devotees will delight to have selections from so many of his books in the convenient form provided by *The Jefferies Companion*. The compiler of this volume has made a well-balanced selection of Jefferies' work which, attractively illustrated, largely with engravings of Charles Whympers' drawings in the 1880 edition of *The Gamekeeper at Home*, is likely to inspire the casual reader to explore the full versions of Jefferies' writings for himself.

J. F. BURNET.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

This month they are pervaded by the tranquillity of "The Hay Wain" and "Flatford Mill". JOHN CONSTABLE: *His Life and Work* (Phoenix House, 15s.), in conspiracy with the sympathetic treatment of its author, Sydney J. Key, and the lavishness of the publishers, is the welcome spreader of unwonted serenity. There are fifty reproductions of the artist's paintings and drawings in this treasure of a book, all breathing country air and full of the picturesque in country life. Mr. Key notes Constable's "eye for both details and panoramas, buildings as well as trees and meadows, broad daylight and the more subtle light of evening" and turns a reader's tentative opinion, formed in the Tate and the National Galleries and the Victoria and Albert Museum, into brazen conviction that here is one of the greatest of all landscape painters, undeservedly overshadowed by Turner and the rise of the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

Post-war generation

Constable was late in his 'teens before his gift for sketching overrode the miller in him. In *RIISING TWENTY* (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) Pearl Jephcott provides some "notes on ordinary girls" who might, given the encouragement that Constable had of discerning friends, develop at least into individuals, with souls inside the bodies. Take seventeen-year-old Celia the brushmaker, for instance: her 'novel' is copied in full exactly as written and the difference between this and the early work of many popular novelists must only be one of degree; or Phyllis Reade, whose father and grandfathers were miners, and who, working in a clothing factory, liked gardening and cycling as well as films twice a week, American crime magazines and Walter de la Mare. It is information such as this that relieves the more frightening aspects of the book and saves the reader from depression and despair.

Miss Jephcott herself has no room for pessimism; she presents her facts objectively yet with an underlying current of love and understanding of her girls, and does no more than indicate to the reader where the mass-producing effects of cinema, dance-hall, unskilled labour and uncaring parents may be counteracted—where having a good time means also drawing "regularly on some form of refreshment for the spirit." The laconic approach, coupled with the readability of Miss Jephcott (the darting street children "more like minnows than mammals" always in their own small shoal!), makes her third book on girls as valuable a study of social conditions as was its predecessors.

Man's inhumanity

And what of social conditions in Spain? Those who think shudderingly that because he hates Communism the democracies may in time look with pleasure on the blood-stained General Franco, will hope for a wide circulation of *SPANISH SUMMARY* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) by Francis Noel-Baker, M.P. As Lady Megan Lloyd George says in her Foreword, it will help "to keep public opinion here and elsewhere constantly aware of the facts." In trying to correct the paradox of the survival of the Franco dictatorship three years after the end of the world war against Fascism, the author suggests two ways by which a change of government might be achieved: disintegration from within the régime and foreign pressure, with the onus of the second on the nations which destroyed Hitler and Mussolini.—That these two gangsters rehearsed in Spain their rôle for the 1939-1945 war is not to be disputed, and consideration of the application of new techniques to bloodshed brings us to the question of how far scientists are answerable for the increase of thuggery.

F. B. Welbourn in *SCIENCE AND HUMANITY* (S.C.M. Press, 4s.) says that

the responsibility of "those directly concerned with the production of the atomic bomb," "in the social and ethical problem which it sets, has been vigorous and enlightened to an exceptional degree." It is hard for the man in the street, as it is for the practising Christian who is not also a scientist, to determine how much or how little this means; as the author would agree, for he himself refers to the impossibility of communication between men trained in different disciplines. His book is an attempt to cross the space that divides science from Christianity, and is recommended to those who long—desperately—for an answer to his own question: "Where are we to find the ethos which is adequate to the present technical age?"

Flashes of certainty

And now for a struggle with the language of mysticism, still another "different discipline". And still another attempt to cross the space is *THE HAPPY ISSUE* (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.) which, says Warner Allen, completes the record of a pilgrimage from the central reality of Mystic Union to the limitations of experience on the circumference of the Self, seeking its fulfilment in the reconciling of intuition and inspiration with reason and logic, and the healing of the ancient scission between the truth of religion and the truth of philosophy or science, the heresy of the Double Truth.

He goes a stage further along the "Mystic Way" from the initial vision, which gave birth to his book *The Timeless Moment*, experienced between two demi-semi-quavers in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The unmystical would say of course that giving visions is what Beethoven's Seventh and the other eight are for. (And who hasn't ached to play better a sonata of Beethoven's because of a vision of how Beethoven meant it to be played?) But the "practical message" of Mr. Allen's particular mystical experience is nothing less than "the solution of life." And, when he has passed through an examination of the four seals of certainty, eternity, divinity and humility, of Jansenism and of Pascal's illumination, he comes to "the happy issue" that the

formula, *God is Love*, "makes sense of the world," a conclusion that even the unmystical cannot but commend.

Partners

A book that seeks to cross another kind of space is *JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY* (Collins, 10s. 6d.) by James Parkes. Its main thesis is "the equal permanence and validity of the revelation of Sinai and Calvary" and, as "each has historically assumed to itself a greater measure of divine authority than it concedes to the other," the difficulties in resolving conflict are increased. This contribution from a Christian clergyman should give comfort and hope to Jewish readers, for it combines a rare comprehension, that Judaism's equal place in the purpose of God makes it a living religion, with a reminder of their obligations to Christians and Jews alike, joint or separate. He stresses the often forgotten truth that anti-Semitism is a Gentile, not a Jewish problem, and gives the reason that "it is a highly organized political movement, which is used as a smoke screen by every kind of enemy . . . of democratic and liberal thinking"; just as it is the anti-Semite, not the Jew, who is degraded by anti-Semitism. Mr. Parkes' book is a warning to those who indulge in the drug that this is but the forerunner of the conquest of "the human soul and human decency," a point of view confirmed by the history of the last twenty years in Germany.

Cambridge and Durham

To turn to *CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTHERN FENLAND* (Bowes & Bowes, Trinity Street, Cambridge, 12s. 6d.) is to meet with a no more complicated issue, raised by the illustrations, than that of geography. This the author, the Rev. R. F. McNeile, explains at once by admitting that his later chapters stretch further than Fenland proper as his research and interest grew. The result is a refreshing and scholarly history of the effects of the Danes, of monasticism, of the Black Death and Lollardism, of the Reformation, of the Civil War and the Restoration on the Church of England life of

Cambridgeshire. As is appropriate, the Bishop of Ely writes a Foreword and rightly congratulates the author on the success of his task.—Brilliantly successful, too, has been the task of G. H. Cook who in *PORTRAIT OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL* (*Phoenix House*, 12s. 6d.) has made a beautiful history of the architecture of "the least altered of all the Norman churches in England, being substantially as it was in the twelfth century." There are copious photographs and drawings, including a folding plan, which, with the author's descriptive gifts, make the whole an indispensable study before, during and after a visit to the cathedral.

Rienzi to Rattigan

And talking of sightseeing brings us to the episode recounted in the Earl of Lytton's biography of *BULWER-LYTTON* (*Home & Van Thal*, 6s.). When he visited Pompeii in 1927 he was told by his Italian guide that "*Gli Ultimi Giorni di Pompeii*" was still the best text-book available, and when I said that I was the author's grandson he immediately uncovered, bowed, and addressing me as "Mr. Bulwer" treated me all day with a deference which could not have been more marked had I been Mussolini himself!" *The Last Days of Pompeii*, long since lost by a conscienceless borrower, is seen through the haze of childhood, when Arbaces with his wickedness sent delicious thrills down the spine; but memory would certainly concur that this outstanding book is one by which Bulwer-Lytton is judged by posterity. As for his grandson's: its 108 pages were read at a lying—between bed and sleeping.—Many of the names in the index of *Bulwer-Lytton* appear in that of *THE ENGLISH THEATRE* (*Paul Elek*, 6s.) and J. C. Trewin has one reference, disparaging, to the plays of the novelist-historian-politician-essayist-poet-dramatist. Yet Mr. Trewin's book has already proved a most useful information bureau for the theatre-goer. Some of his lightning surveys are of the quality

known as 'slick' but in a work of this kind it would be unfair to expect great draughts of profundity. Its range, only to be encompassed within the eye-tiring Dutch type, is astonishing; from the Elizabethans to the "little theatres" it skips and trips. The photographs revive *memorabilia* and help to fortify hearty agreement with a verdict of the author:

We are lucky to be living in a day when Laurence Olivier can illumine Richard the Third and Lear, John Gielgud is a Hamlet in the high tradition, and Ralph Richardson's Falstaff governs the Boar's Head Tavern.

World Shakespeare

Sir Laurence Olivier's *Lear* is assessed, with Philip Morant's, William Devlin's and Abraham Sofaer's, in Charles Landstone's article in *SHAKESPEARE SURVEY I* (*Cambridge University Press*, 12s. 6d.). Edited by Allardyce Nicoll, it is issued under the sponsorship of the University of Birmingham, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and the Shakespeare Birthday Trust as the first of "a series of yearly volumes dealing with Shakesperian discovery, history, criticism and production over all the world." This, like Mr. Trewin's book, is excellently illustrated and also supplies the weight his lacks. It makes good reading to one who feels emotional whenever the name of Shakespeare is uttered.

For the host's room too

Shakespeare, no Catholic, does not appear in *THE GUEST ROOM BOOK* (*Sheed & Ward*, 10s. 6d.) assembled by F. J. Sheed. But G. K. Chesterton, another emotion rouser, does—and speaks for the quality of the collection. Here are Katherine Mansfield, Voltaire, Eric Gill, Alfred Noyes and Thomas Aquinas among others, with the dearly-loved Hilaire Belloc to give the *coup de grâce* to the public speaker:

A man stands on a platform. He is about to address a packed audience of swindlers, cowards, bounders, painted harridans and trulls. He opens his mouth to address them. What does he say? He says: "Ladies and Gentlemen."

GRACE BANYARD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1948

LIBERTY AND DISCIPLINE

BY GENERAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM

WHEN you get in your car or on your bicycle you can choose where you want to go. That is liberty. But, as you drive or ride through the streets, you will keep to the left of the road. That is discipline.

There is a connection between liberty and discipline. First of all you will keep to the left for your own advantage. For, if you insist on liberty to drive on any side of the road you fancy, you will end up, not where you want to get to, but on a stretcher; and there is not much liberty about that. So you accept discipline, because you know that in the long run it is the only way in which you can get where you want to, quickly and safely. Other people have as much right to go where they want to as you have. If you career all over the road you will get in their way, delay them and put them in danger. So for their sakes as well as your own you keep to the left. But it will be no use your keeping to the left if others on the road do not do the same. You will expect them to; you will trust to their common sense and you will rely on their discipline. Lastly, even supposing you are tempted to go scooting about on the wrong side, you probably will not. At the back of your mind will be the thought: "If I do the police'll be after me!" In the last resort there must be some force which can punish disobedience to the law.

There are thus four reasons why you will keep to the left:

- (i) Your own advantage,
- (ii) consideration for others,
- (iii) confidence in your fellows and
- (iv) fear of punishment.

It is the relative weight which we give to each of these reasons that decides what sort of discipline we have. And that can vary from the pure self-discipline of the Sermon on the Mount to the discipline of the concentration camp, the enforced discipline of fear.

In spite of all our squabbles, the British are united when it comes to most of the things that matter—and liberty is one of them. We believe in freedom to think what we like, say what we like, work at what we like, and go where we like. Discipline is a restraint on liberty, so most of us have a very natural inclination to avoid it. But we cannot. Man, ever since the dim pre-historic past when he first got up on his hindlegs and raised a human family, has had no option but to accept discipline of some kind. For modern man, living in complex communities, in which every individual is dependent on others, discipline is more than ever unavoidable. If order

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breaks down nothing remains but the lawless brutality of the jungle, until someone or something restores discipline. Human society abhors a vacuum in order just as nature abhors it in space.

All history teaches that when, through either idleness, weakness or faction, the sense of order fades in a nation, its economic life sinks into decay. Then as its standard of living falls and security vanishes, one of two things happens. Either some more virile, militant power steps in to impose its own brand of discipline or a dictator arises and clamps down the iron control of the police State. Somehow, eventually, discipline is again enforced. The problem is not: "Shall we accept discipline?"—sooner or later we have to—it is "*How* shall we accept it?" Shall it be imposed by physical violence and fear, by grim economic necessity, or accepted by consent and understanding? Shall it come from without or from within? It ought not to be difficult for the British to choose. We are not good at standing in masses and yelling in unison for a dictator, but we can conduct quite a brisk political argument without recourse to grenades and sten guns. While we are not much given to goose-stepping in serried ranks to show how united we are, we do generally file out in a quiet and orderly manner when the theatre takes fire.

Foreign visitors sometimes talk of our "natural" discipline. You might just as well talk of the "instincts of a gentleman"; a man becomes a gentleman only by overcoming his instincts. It is the same with discipline. Our kind is acquired; it is a tradition and, like all traditions, it has been a plant of slow growth. It is worth cherishing for the British way of life, with all its faults, has up to now, compared with most others, been full, free and fair. It has been so because we have managed to hold the balance between liberty and discipline. It is that balance which will decide in the future whether it is still to be full, free and fair.

Let us beware of taking a word and tagging a picture on to it. The word 'discipline' for some flashes on to the screen of the mind a jack-booted commissar bawling commands across the barrack square at tramping squads. Some kinds of discipline are that—and nothing more—but not real discipline, not our discipline, not even on a barrack square. Someone shouting orders at others is dictatorship, not discipline. The voluntary, reasoned discipline accepted by free, intelligent men and women is another thing. To begin with, it is binding on all, from top to bottom.

One morning, long ago, as a brand new second lieutenant, I was walking on to parade. A private soldier passed me and saluted. I acknowledged his salute with an airy wave of the hand. Suddenly, behind me, a voice rasped out my name. I spun round and there was my Colonel, for whom I had a most wholesome respect, and with him the Regimental Sergeant Major, of whom also I stood in some awe. "I see," said the Colonel, "you don't know how to return a salute. Sergeant Major, plant your staff in the ground, and let Mr. Slim practise saluting it until he *does* know how to return a salute!" So to and fro I marched in sight of the whole battalion

saluting the Sergeant Major's cane. (I could cheerfully have murdered the Colonel, the Sergeant Major, and my grinning fellow subalterns.) At the end of ten minutes the Colonel called me up to him. All he said was: "Now remember, discipline begins with the officers!"

And so it does. The leader must be ready, not only to accept a higher degree of responsibility but a severer standard of self-discipline than those he leads. If you hold a position of authority, whether you are the managing director or the charge-hand, you must impose discipline on yourself first. Then forget the easy way of trying to enforce it on others—by just giving orders and expecting them to be obeyed. You will give orders and you will see they are obeyed, but you will only build up the leadership of your team on the discipline of understanding.

This is the crux of the matter. Discipline is something that is enforced, enforced either by fear or by understanding. Even in an army it is not merely a question of giving orders. There is more to a soldier's discipline than blind obedience and to take men into your confidence is not a new technique invented in the last war.

When Julius Caesar "exhorted the Legions" he may have stood on a captured British chariot; the modern General climbed on to the bonnet of a jeep, but each said much the same thing. So did Oliver Cromwell when he demanded that every man in his new model army should "*know* what he fights for, and *love* what he knows." Substitute 'work' for 'fight' and you have the essence of industrial discipline too—to know what you work for and to love what you know.

Any man or woman in this country who does an honest job of work should know that he or she works for something bigger than the pay packet, something bigger than themselves—the restoration of Britain and all that Britain means to us, to our children and to the world's hope of freedom. That is something worth working for; it is something to love.

I can recall only one occasion on which a man flatly refused to obey an order I gave him. I was young and he was old—I, perhaps, too young, he certainly, too old to be a private in Kitchener's Army. He was one of a company digging a road through a cutting. I watched him shovel earth into an old tin tub and stagger off to empty it. I noticed that it was only a quarter full so when he came back I told him: "This time fill it to the top." "Ehe," he said, "if I do that I won't be able to carry it." "Never you mind that," I answered. "Do as you're told. Fill it!" "But that's daft," he protested. "I tell yer I can't lift it full!" Then in exasperation he flung down his shovel with the historic gesture of the man who'll soldier no more. I placed him under arrest; he was punished, and I felt very guilty about it all, because, if I had only told him at the start that I intended to help him lift the full tub, he would have obeyed cheerfully. This minor incident of long ago brought me up against one of the foundations of discipline—mutual confidence. If the old soldier had had

more confidence in me, he would have carried out the order, realizing that, although he could not see the reason for it, there probably was one; if I had had more confidence in him, I shouldn't have been so ready to attribute hesitation to mere cussedness. Neither in war nor in peace can all orders be explained beforehand and that is all the more reason to explain them when it is possible.

It is only discipline that enables men to live in a community and yet retain individual liberty. Sweep away or undermine discipline, and the only law left is "that they should take who have the power; and they should keep who can!"; security for the weak and the poor vanishes. That is why, far from it being derogatory for any man or woman voluntarily to accept discipline, it is ennobling. The self-discipline of the strong is the safeguard of the weak.

Totalitarian discipline with its slogan shouting masses is deliberately designed to submerge the individual. The discipline a man imposes on himself because he believes intelligently that it helps him to get a worth while job done to his own and his country's benefit, fosters character and initiative. It makes a man do his work, without being watched, because it is worth doing. In the blitz of the late war not a man of the thousands of British railway signalmen ever left his post. They stood, often in the heart of the target area, cocked up in flimsy buildings, surrounded by glass, while the bombs screamed down. They knew what they worked for, they knew its importance to others and to their country and they put their job before themselves. That was discipline.

No nation ever got out of a difficult position, economic or military, without discipline. If we are to get out of our difficulties, if we are to survive, we need it too. Democracy means that responsibility is decentralized and that no one can shirk his share of the strain. And some of us, a lot of us, in all walks of life, do not. If everyone—not only the other fellows we are always pointing at—really worked when we were supposed to be working, we should knock this economic crisis for six. That takes discipline based not only on ourselves but backed by a healthy public opinion that is not too gentle with the man, whether at the top or the bottom of the ladder, who is ready to let those he works with carry him.

The choice is between the imposed discipline of the police State or the self-discipline of free men and women, voluntarily accepted, with its equality, fairness and dignity. We know more in this country than in any other about freedom allied to responsibility. We still have at every level a vast fund of neighbourly kindness and thought for others. Let us keep to those things and to the common factor between liberty and discipline—confidence in one another.

We are apt these days to think more of liberty than of responsibility but, in the long run, we never get anything worth having without paying something for it. Liberty is no exception. You can have discipline without liberty, but you cannot have liberty without discipline.

NAZI AND SOVIET NATIONALISMS

BY W. FRIEDMANN

THE conflict between the Russian controlled Cominform and the Tito régime in Yugoslavia dramatically underlines the dilemma of nationalism in our time. For a good many years political scientists and students of international affairs have been puzzled by the apparent paradox of a world in which the sovereign national State is becoming an anachronism, being shaken by a wave of nationalist movements more radical and uncompromising than at any other time. Writers usually make their choice between these two alternatives. They either cling to the incompatibility of the sovereign national State with the realities of the modern world, or they decry such an attitude as utopian, and affirm their conviction that the sovereign national State is as much a reality in our generation as in the nineteenth century. I believe this antithesis to be superficial. The existence of violent national passions and movements is as real as the patent absurdity of considering a State like Albania or Czechoslovakia or the Philippines as genuinely sovereign. The ideology of nationalism, which came to full blossom in the nineteenth century persists, but in vastly different setting, and it is used for different purposes. Nothing illustrates the true function and use of nationalism in our time more vividly than a comparison of the uses to which it has been put by German National Socialism and Soviet Russian Communism.

Some years ago I suggested* that, despite all appearances to the contrary the Nazi movement was fundamentally anti-nationalist in character, that it used nationalist emotions purely as an instrument of imperialist power politics and that its conception of society was essentially that of a hierarchical, neo-feudal and super-national class society. As long as the Nazi leaders were mainly concerned with getting the utmost production and military effort out of the German people, the appeal to their national sentiments was used to the full. Nationalist passions were also used to undermine the loyalties of German minorities, in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. The true purposes of Hitler and the other Nazi leaders became however, more and more apparent, first as the conquest of Europe proceeded and later as the collapse came near. As long as it was necessary to gear the German nation to a higher effort, nationalist ideology was the most profitable instrument of power politics. As the continent of Europe was conquered, the Nazi leaders were increasingly driven to rel

* *World Revolution and the Future of the West* (1942) and *The Crisis of the National State* (1943).

on certain social classes in their effort to consolidate their international empire. They could not with any degree of success appeal to genuine nationalist sentiment in other nations, for Nazi philosophy was permeated with the distinction between master and slave, a distinction in which racial and class elements were mixed. Certain races, such as Slavs, Jews and Negroes, were to be kept in a permanent state of suppression, but within any nation, including the German nation, certain elements were to be singled out for leadership and domination. As we shall see, this aspect of Nazi ideology and policy offers a most significant contrast to Soviet ideology and policy.

The Nazis chose to appeal to discontented and degenerate elements of the middle classes in the conquered countries: elements of the same classes which had without question given the main intellectual and social inspiration to nationalism in the nineteenth century. Generals, financiers, industrialists, bureaucrats and clergy became the main agents of the Nazi empire in such countries as France or Norway or Czechoslovakia. Only in a very few isolated instances did working class leaders come to support. It was possible to use representatives of classes once particularly identified with nationalism because class antipathies and social hatreds had for many of them become stronger than nationalism. Hostility to the Front Populaire, anti-socialism, clerical interests or anti-Semitism became inspirations more powerful than common national resistance. This was one side of the picture. The Nazis in victory had to rely on the discontented and prejudiced elements of the upper classes, to exploit their social prejudices and their cupidity. At the same time, selected groups from European nations outside Germany were chosen as trainees to form the future ruling class of a Nazi-dominated Europe. In defeat the Nazi leaders fully dropped the mask of nationalism by revealing their complete and nihilistic contempt for their own nation. Nobody who was in Germany during the spring of 1945 will ever forget the deep and shattering impression made both upon the German people and the Allies by the ruthless, cynical and deliberate way in which the Nazi leaders in retreat ordered the destruction of bridges, roads, waterways and other vital public utilities, conscious that it would make the recovery of Germany infinitely more difficult and prolonged. This was a practical confirmation of Hitler's statement to Rauchsning that if he were to go down in defeat he would drag the world in flames with him. Shortly before his end, Hitler said that if the German people did not win this war they did not deserve to survive. All this bears out the statement which he made many years earlier to Rauchsning and which the vast majority of foreign observers quite wrongly disbelieved, that he, Hitler, had come to fuse the nations into a higher unit. "Just as the conception of the nation was a revolutionary change, and just as it introduced a biological conception, that of the people, so our own revolution is a further step, or rather, the final step in the rejection of the historic order and the recognition of purely

biological values. . . . There will not be much left of the clichés of nationalism and precious little amongst us Germans."*

The effect of Nazi teaching and practice is, I think, clearly seen in the attitude of Germans towards the present international crisis. Another war would, I believe, confirm some conclusions reached after two years of first-hand experience of post-war Germany:

To the close observer of present-day Germany nothing is more alarming than the emergence of a new *Landsknecht* mentality, of the professional who believes in success and power alone and will give his services to whoever wants them. There are in particular vast numbers of ex-officers and ex-soldiers whose *métier* is soldiering, and there are large numbers of engineers, technicians, scientists and members of other professions who see no hope for certain employment in a peaceful and ordered world.

A great number of these will fight or work for America, Britain, France or Russia.†

To sum up: the Nazi movement was fundamentally contemptuous of nationalism, as any predominantly imperialist movement must be. Both its racial and its social prejudices cut across genuine nationalism. Above all, its fundamental nihilism was incompatible with any genuine respect for the deeper foundations of nationalism. The inability of the Nazi movement to use the force of nationalism in its European conquest was an essential contributing factor to the Nazi defeat. The majority of the conquered peoples either remained passive or joined national resistance movements.

It would be dangerous to assume that the present Soviet policy is imperialism of exactly the same brand. No doubt Soviet policy is increasingly expansionist, and it will use undermining tactics as unscrupulously as the Nazis. Whether and how far Soviet policy is set upon the path of imperialism by conquest is a question I do not intend to discuss in this article. The minimum programme of Soviet Russia is big enough to cause many disruptions and changes in the structure of Europe. In the execution of such a programme Soviet Russia can rely on two weapons which the Nazi régime was unable to use. It can sponsor nationalist movements outside the borders of Soviet Russia with far greater chance of success than could Nazi Germany, and it can appeal to revolutionary social tendencies in support of and in conjunction with such nationalist movements instead of having to rely on essentially anti-nationalist and reactionary forces like the Nazi régime. Writers on nationalism have increasingly emphasized the importance of the Soviet Russian approach to the nationalities problem, which owes its main inspiration to Marshal Stalin himself. Briefly, this policy has aimed at the utmost revival of national groupings and identities in the Soviet Union, within the limits set by the rigid political discipline of a one-party State and the strong preponderance of a neutralized planned economy.

Over-emphasis on either the one or the other of these aspects has often distorted a proper assessment of this deliberate revival of nationalism

* Rauchsning, *Hitler Speaks*, pp. 228-230.

† p. 232, *The Allied Military Government of Germany* (1948), by W. Friedmann.

within the Soviet Union. At no time has there been any question of this nationalism being allowed to develop into any struggle for political independence. The right to secession embodied in the Soviet Constitution is as theoretical as many other provisions of that Constitution. The all-pervading control of the Communist Party which is directed from Moscow prevents any separatist tendencies from developing very far. Nor has the replacement of Russian by local national administrators gone very far, especially in the more outlying eastern republics. Yet both the theoretical and the practical developments of national autonomy within the Soviet Union are of powerful significance. They offer visible evidence to the world that Soviet policy, as distinct from Nazi policy, is not based upon a differentiation of nations and races, and the elevation of Polish, Armenian, Ukrainian and Jewish generals to the highest positions of command during the last war underlines this aspect of Soviet policy. At the same time, the division of the Soviet Union into a number of fully or partly autonomous member republics grouped on national lines provides an excellent pattern for incorporating into the Union other nationalities on a similar basis, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. In one respect this set-up offers parallels to Nazi policy. The existence of Moslem, Armenian, Turkoman and other national groups within the Soviet Union offers a possibility for disruption among the neighbours of the Soviet Union, especially Persia and Turkey, should circumstances be propitious.

This nationalities policy strengthens the position of the Soviet Union whenever she appeals to the nationalist instincts of other peoples which she wishes either to incite to resistance against the Western Powers or to incorporate into her own orbit. Soviet Russia is free from the greatest handicap of Nazi expansionist policy.

The appeal to nationalism, whether it comes direct from the Soviet Union or from the Cominform, is coupled with a strong socialist appeal to the under-privileged classes. In the less developed States of south-eastern Europe this appeal is mainly, though not exclusively, directed at the landless peasant. In western Europe it is mainly aimed at the militant wing of the trade union movement. A century ago this combination of nationalist and socialist appeals would have seemed fantastic. To-day the position is very different. Apart from its largely different significance and objectives, the leadership in twentieth century nationalism has passed from the third to the fourth estate. As manufacturing and commercial interests developed into international concerns, as civil servants became highly skilled but obedient instruments of the modern super-State, as generals became pure professionals, and intellectuals turned into refined propagandists for their particular national brand of imperialism, the middle classes increasingly abdicated the leadership which they had exercised in the nineteenth century. This process is not universal, and in the less developed States of the Middle East and of Asia in particular

the small educated class still is the main agent of nationalism. In Europe it is men like Tito or Dimitro or Gottwald or Pieck who pose as national leaders no less than as social revolutionaries. Post-war Soviet policy has constantly aimed at combining these two appeals. It has incited the peoples not only of eastern and south-eastern Europe but also of such States as France to assert their national pride and independence against reliance on foreign loans or Marshall Aid, and it has coupled such national resistance with socialist rebellion against the world-wide domination of western capitalism or the oppression of the small peasant by big landlords.

Without doubt, those two factors—the championship of revolutionary socialism and the appeal to national irredentism—are powerful assets in the hands of Soviet foreign policy, assets which the Nazi régime did not possess. But the weaknesses of this policy are also becoming apparent, increasingly so as Soviet policy changes from the struggle for national and social self-preservation to imperialist expansion. The conflict between the Cominform and Marshal Tito is only the most dramatic recent evidence of the increasing difficulties of Soviet foreign policy in reconciling incompatibles. In the conflict between him and the Cominform there may be a great deal of personal jealousy and struggle for power, but were it for that alone he would have disappeared long ago. Its deeper significance is that one of the most militant of the south-eastern States, in which nationalism and revolutionary socialism have formed a particularly powerful combination is taking its nationalism too seriously. Yugoslavia apparently refuses to limit her national independence to cultural and linguistic autonomy and to accept direction from Moscow on the organization of her forces or the principles and methods of agrarian and industrial policy.

We may be sure that to a greater or lesser extent this conflict is latent in all the other States of eastern Europe, most of them with a long tradition of fierce struggle for national independence. The demotion of Gomulka in Poland seems to be due to his sympathies with Tito and to an independent attitude concerning the development of Poland's economy. The German communists find it increasingly difficult to pose as champions of German national unity while defending, on Soviet orders, the finality of the Oder-Neisse frontier. Instincts of nationalism, especially if coupled with resentment against some internal or external enemy, are easily aroused but less easily contained. The limits of modern power politics and the increasing preponderance of a few super-States over the multitude of smaller States make the national sovereign State increasingly anachronistic. But the instinct of national resistance against foreign domination is as powerful as ever.

A second weakness is equally evident. The Soviet appeal to a large section of the landless peasantry and to the militant wing of industrial workers' organizations is indeed powerful. But taking Europe as a whole, by far the greater proportion of the organized working class as well as of

the peasantry prefers social democracy to Communism. The electoral successes of communists in France and Italy have been remarkable, but nowhere, and least of all in Germany where success seemed so ready to hand, have communists gained a majority by free elections. Recent elections, in Italy, Finland and Sweden, have in fact revealed a swing away from Communism. Hence the necessity to forestall all free elections by engineered *coups d'état*, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria, to which Berlin may quite possibly be added before long. In other words, a large proportion of the classes to which the Soviet appeal is mainly directed takes individual freedom in all its aspects too seriously to accept the Soviet recipe voluntarily.

What line Soviet policy will adopt in the face of this increasing resistance it is difficult to foretell. It may turn to more and more unveiled imperialism, in which case force will increasingly displace the appeal to nationalist and socialist ideology. It is more likely however that it will adopt a more cautious policy, that it will feel for weak points anywhere, in Palestine, in Burma or in France, that it will exploit social unrest or down-right reactionary trends rather than force the pace unduly.

Two lessons emerge. The best answer to the powerful twin appeal of Soviet Russia to both nationalist and revolutionary sentiment lies in the evolution of a truly progressive social order. Of all the countries of Europe perhaps only Britain and the Scandinavian States are to-day largely immune from Soviet propaganda because they have gone far in developing social democracy without the sacrifice of essential liberties. By the same token, the appeal of Soviet Communism to the under-privileged classes in France, Italy and Western Germany remains ever powerful. The second conclusion is that the era of the national sovereign State is over, despite so many appearances to the contrary. The frantic use of old slogans cannot disguise changing realities. It remains as true as ever that the only hope for nationalism in our time lies not in the field of military and economic power but in the field of cultural and social group individuality and the decentralization of government. In a world dominated by imperialist power politics this nationalism cannot prosper. The strengthening of a world security organization, under the shelter of which regional associations of national groups can develop freely and without fear, remains our main hope.

BROADCASTING TO THE FOREIGNER

BY GORDON WINTER

THE history of international broadcasting shows Great Britain in her familiar rôle of the tortoise beating the hare. Many nations were quicker than ourselves to realize the possibilities of radio as an instrument of foreign policy. Yet now, some twenty years since the story began, this country leads the world. She has not only outstripped those who started before her. She has travelled so far that if one compares, total against total, the number of hours spent weekly in broadcasting in foreign languages by each power engaged in the task, Britain leads by a comfortable margin. It is rather like comparing naval tonnages in the heyday of our maritime supremacy. As a radio power we have become what, as a sea power, we once were.

Short-wave broadcasting is to-day only a part of international radio. Not all of those whom it is desired to reach possess short-wave receivers. Both long and medium waves are used to climb the barriers of national frontiers. But it was with the development of short-wave transmissions that the possibilities of international radio first became apparent. We ourselves, in Britain, began experimental short-wave transmissions to the Empire in 1926 and a regular Empire Service on short waves as early as 1932. Two other imperial powers, the Dutch and the French, entered the field at about this time, both broadcasting in their own languages to their own overseas territories. But the first to engage in international broadcasting, by which is meant the transmitting of programmes designed to be heard beyond the sender's own frontiers, were the Russians. This fact is of great interest historically and must be remembered in reckoning Russia's position as a radio power at the present time. The precise date when the Soviet's foreign-language service began is uncertain. Outside Russia it is unlikely that there is any precise, reliable record. But it is known that the Russians had a highly developed foreign-language service, broadcasting communist propaganda in Europe, before 1930. That the U.S.S.R. should have been the first to exploit the possibilities of radio to make themselves heard beyond their own frontiers is not in fact surprising. Of all European powers they were, in the 'twenties, the most isolated; and they were then more sensitive of their political and moral loneliness than they have now become. And since Italian fascism and German national-socialism both came into being as reactions against communism, it is again not surprising that Italy and Germany, in that order, should

have been the next two countries to follow Russia's lead.

Great Britain, as we have seen, after a five-year experimental period, started a regular short-wave service to the Empire as early as 1932. But it was not until 1938 that the constant stream of abuse poured out from Italian stations finally stung this country into entering the field of foreign-language broadcasting. January 3, 1938, saw the opening of the B.B.C.'s service in Arabic. On March 15 were begun broadcasts to Latin-America in Spanish and Portuguese. And on September 27, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain broadcast to the nation on his return from Munich, his speech was translated and rebroadcast in French, German and Italian. From that date, ten years ago, the B.B.C.'s services in foreign languages grew steadily until, by the end of the war, Great Britain was broadcasting in twenty-four languages to Europe alone. It is noteworthy that whereas the Empire service was started by the B.B.C. on its own initiative, the foreign-language broadcasts were begun at the Government's request.

There is a widespread misconception that the present development of international broadcasting is solely a by-product of the war. This is far from true. It is interesting to look through a list of countries, in alphabetical order, who were broadcasting for the benefit of their neighbours, in languages other than their own, in August 1939:

Albania (Radio Tirana under Italian occupation) transmitted in Italian, Greek, Turkish and Bulgarian. Bulgaria broadcast once a week in French. China broadcast daily in English, French and German. France (from a number of stations including Paris Mondial) broadcast daily in English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic and Serbo-croat. Germany (that is to say Grossdeutschland) broadcast daily in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Ukrainian and Afrikaans. The omission of Italian is understandable. The absence of French at that time is more remarkable.

Great Britain was sending out programmes daily in Spanish and Portuguese (for South America) and in French, German, Italian and Arabic. Hungary had daily programmes in English, German, Italian, French, Slovakian and Ruthenian.

Italy was, of course, a wide and early user. Mussolini, himself a journalist and professional propagandist, was deeply interested. His stations, (including Imperial and Galla, Japanese, Albanian, Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian, Turkish, German and Greek.

Japan, Rumania and Spain all broadcast daily in English, French and German; so did Slovakia, adding Hungarian, Italian, Polish and Serbo-croat. Spain added Italian and Portuguese.

The United States needs to be considered separately because, unlike most other countries, her foreign-language services were not always run directly by the Government. But from the United States, in August 1939, stations were broadcasting outwards in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German and French.

As would be expected, Russia played a leading rôle in the world of short waves. She had programmes directed to Europe in English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Czech and Hungarian.

Finally the Vatican City, much to the annoyance of Mussolini at certain times, broadcast in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Polish.*

* Based on *The Political Use of Radio* by Thomas Grandin. Geneva Research Centre. August 1939.

A foreign-language service should not be confined to plain news and comment about current affairs. That, however well done, will always be suspect as propaganda if it is part of an external and not a metropolitan service. But the giving of a general impression about a country through wireless programmes—the “projection” of that country, to use a fashionable phrase—will be effective if it is carefully and skilfully controlled.

Now it is clear that such a general impression can be gained from two sources—the country's metropolitan service to which the foreigner eavesdrops, and the external service designed for the foreigner in his own tongue. Listeners drawn from the upper level, the highly educated and thoughtful minority, will prefer the metropolitan programme if they hold the key to it—a knowledge of the language. Now the opinions of that minority are of great importance. And yet it looks as though, if they are to be influenced at all by radio, it will be, in part at least, by the national service which is not expressly designed for them. It follows then that a country's home service may be a powerful weapon for furthering its opinions abroad—sometimes a better weapon in times of peace than the external service, which aims at a less educated multitude who must be addressed in their own tongue because they know no other. This takes no account of questions of the relative range of metropolitan and external programmes, which may leave the listener with no choice. He may have to take the external service or nothing. But that is a separate issue.

In considering the capacity of educated audiences in Europe to “eavesdrop” on each other's metropolitan services, we come upon an interesting and unexpected bias. It is undisputed that the main languages of western Europe are widely understood among the educated classes of eastern Europe. It is equally certain that among the educated classes of western Europe the eastern languages are hardly known at all. Among normal, well-educated Englishmen and Frenchmen, a knowledge of Czech, Polish, Russian or Modern Greek is so rare as to be almost suspect. But among Czechs, Poles and Greeks of the equivalent social level a knowledge of either English or French is widespread. We of the west study and speak western tongues only. They of the east speak their own languages and usually at least one of ours. The effect of this bias, among potential listeners of the educated classes, needs no underlining. The man of culture in central and eastern Europe can—and often does—listen to the metropolitan programmes of England, France, Germany and Italy. How many western Europeans can listen to a broadcast in Russian, or in any other language of the Slavonic group? Only musical programmes can transcend the difficulty, and even here the language problem is a barrier. The Frenchman or Englishman, touring Europe on his radio, may stumble on a programme of Russian opera, recognize the work, and decide to stay and listen. The chances of his going to that wavelength deliberately, because he has heard the programme previously announced or “trailed”, are extremely small.

The importance of a knowledge of the national language is recognized by most of those countries which run international services, for other reasons beyond that just discussed. A spreading of the national language is a part of the "projection" of the country's purpose and personality. The teaching of English by radio, for example, is among the greatest successes scored so far by the B.B.C.'s European Service; and in this activity the B.B.C. is by no means alone. The European air is daily filled with the intricacies of past participles and the finer points of usage and pronunciation.

If it is accepted that those who can, will always prefer listening to a foreign country's metropolitan service rather than to its foreign-language service—the latter being suspect as propaganda—then at what part of the population is a foreign-language service likely to be aimed? We have seen that the highest and best educated levels are unlikely to make use of it. The lowest levels are not sufficiently interested in foreign affairs, except in time of war or under conditions of stress akin to war. It must therefore be towards the great middle-piece of society that the foreign-language broadcast is mainly aimed. It follows that the intellectual content of such broadcasts, especially when they are concerned with the "projection" of their own country, should aim neither very high nor very low. Propaganda broadcasts from Russia, however, have never observed this precept. They have been aimed almost entirely at the simple and little educated masses.

The difficulty of studying the size and reaction of the audience has confronted programme planners since the earliest days. Within the limits of metropolitan radio the B.B.C., and many other broadcasting authorities, have developed a method of study which gives accurate and detailed results. The technique, normally known in England as listener research, is based on a specialized variant of the public-opinion poll. But reliance can only be placed on figures obtained by the Gallup method if the taking of samples is carefully spread over the population, and if the work is closely supervised. A system that provides accurate results at home is therefore less likely to provide accurate results abroad. And though the B.B.C. does in fact use the public opinion poll to examine the size and nature of its European audience, it can only expect an answer that is useful rather than infallible.

Some of the figures obtained by these methods are published in the current edition of the B.B.C. Year Book.* A survey carried out by the Dutch Institute of Public Opinion last year indicated that out of a listening population of four million (that is to say, those having regular access to wireless sets) 400,000 people in Holland were picking up the European Service of the B.B.C. This figure takes no account of the very large number known to listen to the B.B.C.'s metropolitan programmes. In France, out of a possible twenty-four million listeners, seven million were

* For a fuller account see the article "The Listeners in Europe" by Tangey Lean.

ESTIMATE OF MAIN EXTERNAL TRANSMISSIONS TO EUROPE DURING SEPTEMBER 12-18, 1948.

TRANSMITTING COUNTRIES	TARGET AREAS																			
	Albania	Austria	Belgium	Bulgaria	Czechoslovakia	Denmark	Finland	France	Germany	Great Britain	Greece	Holland	Hungary	Italy	Norway	Poland	Portugal	Rumania	Spain	Sweden
Albania	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	—	1.45	—	1.45	1.45	—	—	—	—	—	—	1.45	—	—
Bulgaria	1.10	—	—	—	2.20	—	—	2.20	—	2.20	1.10	—	—	—	—	2.20	—	1.10	—	—
Czechoslovakia	—	1.45	—	3.30	—	×	—	3.30	1.45	5.15	—	—	1.45	1.45	×	3.30	—	1.45	5.15	×
France*	—	—	—	.35	—	—	—	—	8.15	7.00	1.45	3.30	3.30	3.30	—	5.00	3.30	—	10.30	—
Great Britain	1.45	8.45	3.30	7.0	7.0	5.15	3.30	3.30	33.15	+	7.0	7.0	7.0	12.15	5.15	10.30	5.15	7.0	7.0	3.30
Greece	1.10	—	—	1.10	—	—	—	1.45	—	1.45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1.10	—	—
Italy	—	—	—	—	—	.30	—	3.35	3.35	3.35	3.30	.30	—	—	.15	—	—	—	—	.35
Poland	—	—	—	1.45	1.45	—	—	2.20	—	2.20	—	—	.15	—	—	—	—	.15	.30	—
Rumania	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.30	3.30	3.30	1.45	—	3.30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spain	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3.30	1.45	3.30	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	2.20	—	—	—
Turkey	—	—	—	1.45	—	—	—	1.45	1.45	2.30	1.45	—	1.45	—	—	—	—	1.45	—	—
U.S.S.R.	3.30	7.00	—	8.00	15.00	5.15	10.30	19.00	26.30	16.30	8.45	7.00	8.00	12.30	5.15	15.00	3.30	8.00	14.00	5.15
Yugoslavia	3.30	—	—	5.15	7.00	—	—	3.30	1.45	3.30	3.30	—	5.15	3.30	—	3.30	—	5.15	3.30	—
Canada	—	—	—	—	8.15	2.20	—	7.00	5.45	10.00	—	4.00	—	—	2.20	—	—	—	—	2.35
United States	—	3.30	—	3.30	7.0	—	—	10.30	3.30	36.45	3.30	—	5.15	8.30	—	7.0	—	3.30	3.30	—
																				10.30
																				5.15

× "Swedish, Danish and Norwegian" = 1.45 hours.
 * French for Europe = 3.30 hours.
 + Great Britain also broadcasts to Europe in English.

Figures represent hours and minutes.

found to tune in at least occasionally to the B.B.C.'s programmes in French. A Czech Government inquiry concluded that one million Czechs listened to London, but that was before the communist *coup d'état*; the figure is likely to have gone up since then. In Hungary last year a Government report indicated 600,000 people listening to the B.B.C.—and that in a country with comparatively few wireless sets; indeed 600,000 has been reckoned to be nearly half the potential listening public.

To find out what these listeners think of its programmes the B.B.C.'s European Service has developed its own specialized technique. During the present year it has organized a series of competitions for which substantial prizes are offered—in some cases wireless sets, occasionally even a free visit to Great Britain. Listeners are invited to submit by post detailed criticisms of the programmes, and prizes are awarded for the best comments sent in. Large entries have been received for the competitions; and by an analysis of all the entries, valuable information about the audience can be obtained. Since the spring of 1948 such competitions have been organized among listeners in Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Portugal and Rumania.

Letters from listeners also provide a guide, though a rough one, to the types of men and women who listen and to their tastes in programmes. It must always be borne in mind, however, that just as the writer of letters to newspapers seldom represents the normal reader, so the man who writes to a radio station displays an enthusiasm above the average, and his comments cannot be considered representative. It will be seen, nevertheless, that the darkness which separates a broadcasting station from its foreign listeners is no longer so impenetrable as it was during the war. And it is likely to be lightened still further as new techniques of listener research are evolved.

At the present time some fifty nations are engaged in external broadcasting. Their total time on the air amounts to about four thousand hours a week. Rough comparative figures* among six of the leading competitors are:

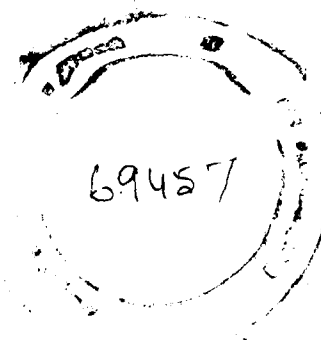
BRITAIN	740 hours
U.S.A.	360 "
U.S.S.R.	280 "
FRANCE	135 "
INDIA	120 "
AUSTRALIA	90 "

A more detailed estimate of European broadcasts, country by country, may be obtained from the attached table. Only the principal contestants are shown. The information was obtained by monitoring, from programme schedules issued by the bodies concerned,

* From "The Voice of Britain in Europe," by Major-General Sir Ian Jacob. B.B.C. Quarterly, January 1948.

and from radio magazines. It will be noticed that all external transmissions in English and French are shown, for convenience, as being aimed at Great Britain or France. The table is not claimed to be infallible or necessarily complete; and a great part of it cannot be checked. Nevertheless it provides a guide to the volume of foreign language broadcasting now going on.* It will be noticed that more countries—fifteen in all—broadcast to Europe in English than in any other language. Ten nations are shown as broadcasting in Russian; but it will be clear that since many of the ten are Russian satellites, the content of their programmes is unlikely to run counter to Russia's own political aims. Though not shown here, Hungary also broadcasts in Russian. And it should perhaps be added that a new service in Ukrainian has recently been opened by the Vatican City.

The problem of foreign-policy broadcasting eventually divides into questions of the merit and interest of the programmes, the power, frequencies and times of day that are used and the knowledge, in the target countries, that the programme itself exists. Among the welter of conflicting sounds which now compete for the European ear, the problem is becoming not so much a matter of broadcasting as of making sure that one is heard.



* For a fuller list see *World Radio Handbook for Listeners* for 1948. Published in Denmark by O. Lund Johansen.

THE ARAB LEAGUE

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

IN a loose sense, the Arab League might be said to have existed, in Arabs' minds, ever since Arab independence was enveloped in the night of Ottoman conquest. Though politically the Arabs were for centuries enslaved to the Turks, their thoughts ever went back to the glories of Arab civilization, and, conscripted and exploited though they were by the Sublime Porte, they dreamed that they "might still be free." Not, however, till the 1914-1918 war could their pretensions be taken seriously by the world in general (there are still some who refuse to take them seriously), even though in the first decade of this century the activities of certain patriots in Paris and elsewhere had become known to interested parties in the west, and, doubtless, to the Ottomans in Constantinople also.

Yet, as everyone knows, the 1914-1918 war ended in disappointment for the Arabs. Instead of obtaining that unity of which they had dreamed, and for which some of them had fought against their former overlords, they saw the imposition of mandates over artificially fashioned States. They saw also their real friend, Britain, sanctioning this division, an exercise, quaint and distasteful to them, in map-making. The Arabs had therefore to begin afresh from a new angle. Local independence would first have to be secured, before the coping stone of total unity could be emplaced. All through the inter-war years, bent as many of the patriots were on ridding themselves of that foreign control which was nearest to them, the ideal of unity still burned. Just before the 1939-1945 war it seemed, to some observers, that it might possibly burst into flame, the tinder which should light the spark being Palestine. But the 1939 White Paper (now but one of the many historic documents that litter the shelves of the student of unhappy Palestine) at least averted the possibility of open Arab hostility in a major conflict.

During the late war, and even before the threat by the Axis to the security of the Middle East had been removed, Arab leaders were evolving plans for the integration of certain Arab lands. Iraq was probably the first in the field, with a scheme, sponsored by General Nuri al Said, for uniting the lands of the "Fertile Crescent". At that time, a notion prevailed that there might be an Asiatic Arab League to which Saudi Arabia and the Yemen could later choose to adhere, and an African Arab League, with Egypt leading such Arabic-speaking territories in Africa as

might attain ultimately to their independence. However, things did not develop as first planned. Egypt, spurred on by King Farouk and by the activities of the then Egyptian Premier, Nahas Pasha, was determined to enter the Arab League, and to her resolve the Arab States naturally made no objection. Thus, at Alexandria in September 1944, that is, considerably before the end of the war, Arab leaders met to sanction the formation of the Arab League. In subsequent months, a constitution was laid down, an Egyptian Secretary-General appointed, and all seven members—Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan, Syria, the Lebanon and the Yemen—were put on an equal footing. Special provisions were made for obtaining more cultural, social and economic unity, and on the political plane it was agreed that none of the member States should be allowed to use force against another, and that none should pursue a foreign policy unless approved by the League as a whole.

The League promised well. Already, during the earlier part of the war, the British Government had pronounced that it would welcome the closer cultural, economic and political unity of the Arab States, and though the League was not in any sense a British creation—its subsequent record is sufficient to disprove that myth—it felt it had a right to look for British support. In fact, it was a remarkable achievement, for not since the time of the Prophet Mohammed and his successors had the Arabs really been together, and then it was the religious bond which united them. In the present League, religion takes no official place. Christian Lebanese, Druse, and Shiah Muslim work together in notable harmony with the orthodox Sunni. The now advertised bond is that members shall speak Arabic, shall be loyal to Arab Governments, shall share common traditions and common aspirations. It is, in short, a racial bond, without too much emphasis on purity of blood.

Yet that is only one way of looking at the League. It is at least doubtful whether such unity as now exists would have developed as quickly as it has but for the overriding factor of Zionist pretensions in Palestine. Palestine, and the threat which Arabs felt the nationalistic Jews held for them, was the real cement which held the Arab walls together, the motive power which brought them, first to the world assembly to plead their case, and, later, to the battlefields of Palestine. Some may doubt, now that wide approval has been given to the idea of a Jewish National State in Palestine, whether the Arab League will hold, whether its fissiparous characteristics, never wholly concealed, may not effect a disintegration, with the old, individualistic nature of the Arabs once more asserting itself. Such a fear, in my opinion, is exaggerated. Even though the existence of Israel be acquiesced in, Arabs for many years to come will fear Zionist expansionism into the rest of Palestine and beyond. That threat surely will suffice to keep them together. But more of this later.

The answer to whether the League has made its mark in world counsels is plain enough. All its members, with the exception of Trans-Jordan

(whose entry is blocked by the Soviet veto) are members of the United Nations. Two of its members, Egypt and Syria, have been non-permanent members of the Security Council. Another, the Lebanon, is a member of the Social and Economic Council. Yet another, Iraq, is a member of the Trusteeship Council. The next meeting of UNESCO is being held this November in Beirut. This is no bad showing for lands that have but recently won their independence.

While individual members of the Arab League are popular at meetings of the United Nations, one would hesitate to say that the League as such is popular. France does not like it on account of its influence—a growing influence—in North Africa. Russia in and out of season treats it as a dusty collection of feudal chieftains, propped up by British Imperialism. And with the pro-Zionist inclinations of the United States the aspirations of the League have squared very ill indeed. Yet—and this is very important—not one Asiatic power voted against the League when the issue of Partition appeared before the Assembly last November: that issue, as is well known, was decided by the hustling ways of the west, consequent upon a most singular and transparent identity of view, though not of motive, between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

Nothing, however, can disguise the fact that Arabs can make a good crew only by considerable sacrifice, or at least modification, of innate characteristics. They are born individualists, and this individualism has been nurtured by the very creation of separate Arab States, though the creators of those States were largely not Arabs but Europeans. It is natural enough that during the last few decades separate interests should have become pronounced. Some States, such as Egypt, have a particular nationalism; others have natural wealth in a degree denied to others. Nor can dynastic rivalries, such as that long existing between the Saudi House in Saudi Arabia and the Hashimite House in Iraq and Trans-Jordan, be overlooked. Yet, historically speaking, these are surely phenomena which cannot block the idea of unity. Some day, Egyptian nationalism will be satisfied. Some day, the rivalry between dynasties will die: already, in fact, the suspicion between Saudis and Hashimites has been modified. King Abdul Aziz and King Abdullah met this summer at Riyadh, and the meeting was a real success, of which the truth was not disguised by flamboyant communiqués. Actually, these two men understand one another perfectly well, having so many things in common, including a dislike, perhaps, of the lawyer-politician type of Arab. Only in their interpretation of the rights and wrongs of the ejection by Ibn Saud of the Hashimite family from the Hijaz do they really differ. But their meeting augurs well, and it is certainly an advance that, after these long years, they should have agreed to exchange diplomatic representatives. But if King Abdullah has deepened his knowledge of Saudi Arabia, and of Egypt, which he also visited this summer, it is undeniable that he is anathema to certain Arab politicians, some Palestinian, some Syrian.

His scheme for a "Greater Syria" does not marry well with the ambitions of the two Arab Republics of Syria and the Lebanon, which are inclined to look to Egypt and to Saudi Arabia for support of their standpoint.

This centrifugal tendency has, naturally, been exaggerated by opponents of the Arabs, particularly by the Zionists. Nor have the Russians and their satellites been slow to denounce the "reactionary" nature of the Arab States, promoting, especially in Egypt, Iraq, Syria and the Lebanon, the interests of Communism. On a short term view, indeed, the prospects of those who disparage the continuance, or even the possibility, of Arab unity, might be considered plausible.

But, looking deeper, it must be remembered that the Arabs possess one language, one tradition, in large measure one system of life; that not one Arab leader would dare, still less wish, to question the desirability of Arab solidarity; that each Arab State separately, and all collectively, have years of largely common endeavour in social, cultural and economic fields before them, and that they are resolved on regeneration. Against such considerations must be put the facts that some Arabs are jealous of others and that some Arab States, more fortunately placed than others, have not so far shown an urgent tendency permanently to aid their less happily placed brethren. (Here I do not refer to the abounding generosity of Arab to fellow-Arab, nor to the gifts which Arab Governments make to distressed Arabs, but to commercial ties between Arab States.) Where can any reasonable observer pronounce that the chances of the Arab League lie? It would in fact be a betrayal of all that the Arabs stand for, a betrayal especially of all that Arab youth stands for, if one were to contemplate the breakdown of Arab unity. The Arab League may be altered to adapt itself to altering circumstances. It may take timely note of the strains within it by closer integration of certain members within itself, but the great goal will surely remain inviolate. If, indeed, the present League were to disintegrate, another would certainly be formed.

Nor will this spectacle of Arab development be carried on as in a vacuum. For the eyes of the world are upon the Arabs, not only for political reasons, but also because their lands possess incalculable supplies of oil. It is a commonplace that if Russia could disrupt the Middle East during the next few years, she could disrupt also the Marshall Plan, which depends for its success upon a supply of Middle Eastern oil to Europe. The Arabs therefore represent a real, in addition to an emotional force, with which the outer world must increasingly reckon.

It may seem rash, at a time when the Arab League, through the comparative ineffectiveness of the Arab States' military intervention in Palestine this last summer, at a time, moreover, when a *Manchester Guardian* leading article (September 27) can say: "The Arab League looks like cracking up any day now," to suggest that the outside world will be obliged to take more account of Arab wishes. Seeing that that world has successfully ignored Arab wishes in Palestine for the last thirty years,

seeing that the Arabs have so far proved themselves powerless militarily to prevent the negation of their hopes in Palestine, how, it may be asked, comes it that foreigners cannot continue to run counter to Arab desires? Why not, runs the argument, pin faith on the Zionists, and allow the "ramshackle" States of the Arabs to crumble into their "natural" fate of decay?

It must be admitted that the Arabs, after the disastrous landslide in Palestine, after the second truce there—a landslide which cost them among other places, Lydda and Ramleh—have scarcely shown the resolute unanimity which the situation appeared to demand. The establishment of an Arab Palestine "Government" in Gaza was not, by any criterion, an act of far-reaching statesmanship, though it might have caused embarrassment to King Abdullah and others. It implied a crack in Arab unity which might become serious. But though the path of the Arab League is not strewn with roses, there are reasons for not accepting the diagnosis that its end is at hand; there are even stronger reasons for believing that, if it were to die, a livelier League would immediately arise. For one thing, the urge to Arab unity, and therefore to some sort of League, is quite independent of régimes in particular Arab States: every educated Arab, whether or not he supports the existing régime in his country, supports the notion of Arab solidarity. That ideological chain is now long and unbreakable. For another thing, the west will increasingly need Arab oil, and must therefore accommodate itself somehow to the "myth" actuating the Arabs. For yet another thing, the Arabs are so geographically situated that the western world could not idly and deliberately see them either wide open to Communism or turned back into a reactionary Islam, suspicious of the infidel, and liable at any moment to flare into a careless fanaticism.

Let those who may attend prematurely the obsequies of the Arab League. The corpse they have come to see will, in my opinion, give them a shock.

HOLLAND IN THE POST-WAR YEARS

By J. T. BROCKWAY

HOLLAND finds itself in very much the same position as post-war Britain. The problem of economic recovery dominates the scene. Like Britain, Holland has lost most of her foreign investments and has a severely adverse trade balance; she is obliged to import far more than she can at present export, and she is exporting goods which Dutchmen would be only too glad to see in their own shops. There is a food shortage, a clothing shortage, a housing shortage, and a dollar shortage. Taxation is high and a capital levy has already been imposed and collected. Wages and prices are high, too, but the post-war drive towards socialism has succeeded in placing the burden chiefly on the middle and upper classes, while the workman is better off than before the war. Conditions of shortage, rationing, and extensive government control are bound to give rise to expressions of discontent, but that the discontent is neither serious nor wide-spread has been demonstrated by the results of the elections, which have shown only a slight shifting to the right and this largely at the expense of the Communist Party. As a consequence, the new Government continues the coalition between the Catholic People's Party, which maintained its position, securing thirty-two of the 100 seats, and the Labour Party, which lost two of its former twenty-nine seats; the People's Party for Freedom and Democracy and the Christian Historical Union, both parties of the right, have each secured one seat in the new cabinet under the leadership of Minister President Drees of the Labour Party. This means a continuance of the policy of State-controlled capitalism, social security for the workers, and the attempt to pursue the negotiations with the Republic in Indonesia along the lines already laid down by the Linggadjati and Renville agreements with a view to forming a United States of Indonesia including the Republic. The Constitutional Reform Bill, the passing of which necessitated an election, and which gives Holland's overseas territories of Indonesia, Suriname and the Dutch Antilles equal status with the home country in a union under the Dutch Crown, was signed by Queen Wilhelmina and became law immediately before her abdication.

The post-war condition of Holland is, however, complicated by factors happily absent in Britain. Holland was occupied by Germany for five years. The occupation was facilitated by the existence of a well-organized Nazi movement, 30,000 strong, inside the country, and because of this the Germans hoped to win the Dutch people to their cause without more ado.

Their surprise and anger, therefore, at the bitter resistance to the spirit and ideals of Nazism put up by the main body of the Dutch population was probably the reason why the occupation of Holland was the cruellest and the most rapacious of all the western occupations. The war cost Holland 265,000 lives, of which 161,000 died in German hands—to be compared with the loss in the armed forces of only 9,600. The occupation troops systematically ransacked the Dutch emergency food supplies, the stolen butter and cheese going into Germany in lorries bearing such slogans as: "The Dutch People's Gift to the Heroic German Nation." They destroyed the farms, cut down the orchards, dismantled vital factory equipment, blew up large areas of the Hague to build themselves a military fortress against invasion from the sea, and when, after the Allied failure at Arnhem, the north of Holland was left helpless in their hands, they revenged themselves for five years' stolid resistance with all the depraved barbarity of which Nazism, with its back to the wall, was capable. The Dutch memory had to go back to 1574, the year of the Spanish siege of Leiden, for scenes of comparable suffering, and it is not surprising that the anniversary of the relief of Leiden on October 3 is now celebrated in Holland with an added significance. The German occupation with its terrible culmination has not only left deep psychological scars on the Dutch mind, but has left behind it, too, such problems as the still unhealed sore of the political prisoners, with all the misery of internal divisions, false accusations, wrongful imprisonment, and the war crimes trials of Germans and Dutch nationals, which are still proceeding, each fresh trial reopening the wound. Even the resistance movement has provided its dirt, the problem being to sort out the real heroes from those who used the resistance as a mask to hide earlier pro-Nazi activities and those who used it as a cover for robbery and murder on private account.

The repercussions on everyday life are myriad. For all one knows the milkman was an N.S.B-er, a former member of the National Socialist Beweging, the Dutch Nazi Party. Mrs. X is snubbed by her neighbours because her husband was an N.S.B-er. People avoid a certain shop because the proprietors were N.S.B-ers, or were involved in black market dealings during the hunger winter. Young Mr. Y., an ex-fighting member of the resistance, has developed a stutter and a desire to get out of his own country at the first opportunity because he was arrested by mistake after the liberation and kept in a cell with N.S.B-ers for five months before release. Mr. Z. can't get employment because he was an N.S.B-er; he has lost his vote and can't have a passport. The result is that there are many social pariahs, tending to form their own circles and nursing their grievances within them. They very naturally seize upon every shortage, difficulty, or injustice that occurs under democracy and use it as a proof that after all Hitler was right, and most pernicious and illogical of all, they, who broke every written and unwritten law of human conduct that stood in the way of their own aims, now claim

that all action taken against the Dutch Nazis is illegal because it is based on laws non-existent at the time they were betraying their countrymen to the Germans; that is, they now seek the protection of the constitution they formerly reviled and sought to destroy.

How lasting the psychological impression made by the German occupation is can be understood by realizing that with the war three years over, these matters are still on the surface, the subject of everyday occurrence, while nothing in recent months has attracted so much interest or caused so much discussion as the trial of Rauter, the German Commander in Holland in the latter period of the war, who was held responsible for large scale shootings and deportations and condemned to death for his war crimes against the Dutch people by a Dutch court. Compare this with the impression made on the British mind by the blitz, which is now almost forgotten history, and one will realize the striking difference between the post-war mental attitude in England and Holland. The British are intent on putting the war behind them, and this is, no doubt, a healthy tendency; in Holland, however, it is not so easy to forget.

Added to this internal illness is the problem of Indonesia, a problem far more complicated than—and not to be confused with—the British problem in India. The Dutch attitude towards the native population in its overseas territories differs in many respects from that of the British, intermarriage, for example, bearing no social stigma; but there are other differences in recent history. Unlike British India, the Dutch East Indies were occupied for three and a half years by the Japanese, who spread vicious anti-Dutch propaganda, humiliated the Dutch residents in the eyes of the native population, subjecting them to all the horror and ignominy of concentration camp life, and organized and trained an Indonesian army of rebels some of whom now figure among the Republican personnel. One can easily visualize the changed attitude of the British government to British India, if that country had been subjected to a similar occupation, and the British Government's serious doubts about handing over an India, so disorganized and so poisoned by enemy propaganda, to self-government. There is for this reason alone substantial truth in the Dutch contention that the Dutch East Indies are not at the moment ready for complete independence, and something more than an ulterior imperialist motive in the claim that the Dutch have a still undischarged responsibility for the welfare of the seventy million inhabitants of the Indies which it is not willing to hand over to a small republican movement with a dubious claim to represent the true desires of those peoples. The position was already complicated by the intervention of the United Nations and of other countries, not so disinterested as they appeared to be. It has been still further complicated in recent months by the return of the communist, Moeso, to Djocja, the Republican capital, after a stay of some years in foreign countries, including Russia: by the subsequent fusion of the Republican Socialist Party, under Sjarifoeddin,

with the Republican Communist Party, on which occasion Sjarifoeddin admitted having been secretly a member of the Communist Party since 1938; by the subsequent growth of communist influence within the Republican movement and Moeso's declaration that the Communist Party recognizes no agreements, no *status quo* line between Dutch and Republican held territory and that the immediate policy of the party is to kill as many Dutchmen as possible, and, finally, by the outbreak of civil war in Republican territory and the seizure of towns by the communists. The implications of these recent developments are extremely involved. Communist infiltration in Indonesia is likely to cause Holland's critics among other world powers to adopt a more sympathetic attitude to the Dutch attempt to restore order. So far, in spite of the threat to their own territory, the Dutch in Java have refrained from intervening of their own accord to suppress the communist revolt, while the Republican Government under President Soekano and Premier Hatta declares that it will have re-established its authority within a few weeks. Confusion, mistrust, and bad faith have so much the upper hand, however, that while some regard the communist insurrection as part of a master plan to create chaos and eventually to drive all western influence out of South East Asia, others here suspect that the revolt may have been staged to enhance the prestige of the Republic in the world's eyes—at the expense of the Dutch—by a show of anti-Communism and a demonstration that it can restore order and master the situation.

In Holland, itself, opinion is divided. The right knows its own mind and stands for a complete re-establishment of Dutch authority in the name of law and order and the welfare of the inhabitants. To the modern mind this attitude seems reactionary. The progressives plump for independence, arguing on lines which are too prone to depend on ideal postulates and to overlook the actual facts of the situation; while the main body of the population, heedless of the historical interdependence of Holland and the East Indies on which their own comparatively high standard of living was based before the war, are inclined to shrug shoulders. There is, however, a responsible body of disinterested opinion which looks upon the present state of affairs with grief and dismay and is ashamed that the Dutch Government should feel it necessary to continue relations with Republican leaders, many of whose reputations have been doubtful from the start and who, in view of the report of their complicity in opium smuggling and the amassing of huge private fortunes in America, are regarded not as statesmen, but as scoundrels: while the Dutch civilian prisoners still held by the Republicans, the destruction of plantations and the murder of planters by armed bands, and the continual skirmishing and consequent loss of life along the *status quo* line, all combine to unite responsible opinion in the desire for a restoration of order at the earliest possible moment, if necessary, by force.

A few figures may be useful to illustrate the importance of the Dutch

East Indies in the Dutch economy. Dutch capital investment in Indonesia before the war was higher than the investment of any other mother country in her overseas territories, amounting to no less than one sixth of her total national wealth. Of the estimated total of £400 million invested by other countries in Indonesia £300 million was in Dutch capital while of the East Indian Government debt of £130 million £100 million was Dutch. On the other hand, the trade between Holland and the Dutch East Indies was much smaller than is usually the case between other countries and their overseas territories. In 1938 Dutch exports to the Indies amounted to only 9.7 per cent. of her total exports while her imports from there amounted to only 7.7 per cent. of total imports, as compared with the British figures for export and import from the British overseas Empire of half and forty-two per cent. respectively. Dutch exports to Indonesia stood fourth on her export list after the figures for export to England, Germany and Belgium, and her imports fifth after imports from those three countries and the U.S.A. Dutch wealth from Indonesia depended, therefore, not on the reciprocal trade between the two countries, but on income from investments of capital and men in Indonesia, and it was this income which enabled the Dutch to import the capital goods, raw materials and consumption goods from other countries which made the pre-war standard of living in Holland so high. Receipts from investments in Indonesia amounted to about £25 million in 1938, while the total income directly or indirectly dependent on the economic relations with Indonesia amounted to £68 million, or thirteen per cent. of the total national income.

That position is now entirely changed. Indonesia's pre-war favourable trade balance of £29.9 million per year has disappeared to be replaced with an adverse balance. Only in recent months have exports from Indonesia begun to pick up from those areas now under Dutch control, and it is from this source alone that the Dutch can hope to gain any benefit. Far from being a source of income from investments, Indonesia is now dependent for its revival on Dutch credits. The Netherlands Indies Government has already received £75 million worth of credits from Holland which figure is expected to increase to £98 million by the end of 1948, while it is planned to open new credits to the extent of £85 million. Besides this, Holland is guarantee for an Indonesian national debt amounting to £133 million. Add to these liabilities the expenses of training and maintaining an army to re-establish order in Indonesia with the drain on manpower that is urgently needed at home for reconstruction work, and it will be realized that in wishing to keep the Dutch East Indies within the Dutch orbit, Holland is not only claiming her own, but is also undertaking a heavy economic and financial responsibility.

Before leaving this subject, it is worthy of note that the economic revival of Indonesia is dependent not only upon a restoration of order and the re-cultivation of the devastated plantations, but also largely on

the economic revival of Europe. Before the war Europe took forty per cent. of the Dutch East Indies' exports and provided about half of her imports. In Holland it is thought that, despite mounting American competition, if Europe can recover with Marshall Aid, this pre-war inter-trading between Europe and Indonesia could be re-established to the benefit of both parties.

The third important difference between the post-war condition of Britain and Holland lies in the greater degree of economic dependence of Holland on Germany. Germany was no economic rival of Holland's but a main supplier and a large export market. The devastation of western Germany greatly hampers Holland's economic revival and Dutchmen, for all their hatred of their former oppressors, are well aware that Holland's recovery depends to a large extent on Germany's. A small start has been made with the export of fruit and vegetables to Germany, but it is so far only a start. Just as important for the Dutch as the actual exchange of goods with Germany is the river transport of German goods up and down the Rhine through the port of Rotterdam. With the collapse of Germany this source of income disappeared and its revival has been hindered not only by Germany's slow recovery, but also by the Allied Control government's decision to divert what traffic still exists to the north German ports in an attempt to revive the trade of those ports. Such a revival can, of course, only be at the expense of Rotterdam (and of the Belgian Antwerp) and the move is naturally enough strongly resented by the Dutch who, having been reduced to their present plight by the Germans do not see the justice of a plan to help the German ports at the expense of Germany's victims. Negotiations between Holland and Belgium and the Allied authorities had been proceeding for a long time without yielding a satisfactory result, until at the end of September an agreement was reached whereby German trade will again pass through Rotterdam and Antwerp.

Despite her impoverishment through a war for which she can bear no blame, and despite having been reduced from her position as the country enjoying the highest standard of living on the continent of Europe to that of a country dependent upon outside aid for recovery, Holland has made surprising advances in reconstruction at home at the cost of hard effort and personal sacrifice. The Dutch are hardworking and stolid, and though they do not shut their eyes to the dangerous developments abroad, they stick to their job of putting their own house in order with an admirable determination—perhaps, after all, because it is natural to them to do so. The reconstruction programme is hampered, not as in England by under-production and strikes, but by the shortage of the necessary money and equipment. In Holland the "work or want" slogan has never been necessary. How far this is due to Dutch character, or to a trade union movement less militant than the British, is hard to say, but that it is in great part due to the psychological effect of the German occupation is beyond doubt. That occupation not only gave the Dutch a sense of moral

superiority over their oppressors and an indignation which spurs them on to rebuild what the barbarian destroyed, it taught them what real hardship and slavery can be. Thus the Dutch make light of the many minor hardships of the recovery period and know the true value of the freedom they once lost. It is true that the German occupation had a depraving effect on some sections of the population and that suffering is not always a chastener; yet the memory of life under German occupation is a lasting one and does much to encourage the people in their effort to build a new Holland and to bear their present poverty cheerfully. The Dutch are now receiving substantial Marshall Aid, the total allocation up to September 24 being 113 million dollars, of which one third consisted of grain for bread. The improvement in the quantity and quality of the Dutch bread is already noticeable: all the same, bread, a main item of the Dutch diet, remains strictly rationed.

There has also, of course, been a radical change in Holland's foreign policy. The experience of the last war has shown the Dutch that their prized neutrality is no longer a safeguard against molestation when the great powers quarrel. Holland has co-operated with Belgium and Luxemburg to create the idea of the economic union known as Benelux and already the three countries are on the way to forming a true union which aims eventually at a complete fusion of their economies under a common plan. The scheme necessitates the sacrifice of some of the older ideas of economic sovereignty and is not, therefore, without its critics; but in accepting the principle of co-operation and rejecting that of competition and autarky, these three small countries can claim to have shown the first really effective piece of statesmanship since the war.

After Benelux came the five power military pact signed in Brussels this year. This is another and more serious step away from neutrality and again has its critics as has also the participation of the Benelux countries in the decisions on Germany's future, under a scheme whereby the majority of the votes will always lie in British and American hands while those countries which have actual experience of German aggression and occupation—who have lived under the Germans and seen them in action day by day—are left in the minority. There is a conviction in Holland that neither the British nor the Americans are fully equipped to deal with the German people because they have known them only in defeat and are dangerously unacquainted with a psychology wholly alien to their own. The occupied countries have a right to see their more intimate knowledge of the German mentality applied in the re-education of Germany for they have not only been the victims of German aggression, but, unlike England—and certainly unlike America—they would be the first to suffer again from the failure to solve the German problem.

The Dutch attitude to Britain, so warm-hearted and grateful in 1945, has been modified by events since then. The Dutch resent the British criticism of their policy in Indonesia, particularly since the Dutch difficulties

and efforts to secure a peaceful settlement there were practically ignored in the British press before the Dutch had to resort to force in July 1947; also because the British, in exercising such criticism conveniently overlooked their own activities in Palestine and Malaya and the French in Indo-China. It seems that one moral rule applies to great powers and another to small. But it is the general ignorance in Britain of the true situation in Indonesia and the lack of any attempt to see the Dutch difficulties and the Dutch point of view that rankle most.

The return of the illegal Jewish immigrants to the German concentration camps, the refusal to allow an international authority to take over in time before the British withdrawal in Palestine, the supply to the Arabs of armaments it was known would be used against the Jews, and the British manoeuvre at UNO to prevent President Truman removing the arms embargo, formed a case that is well-nigh unanswerable. It may be that the British are able to argue these things away to themselves: they will never deceive the outside world. In Holland opinion is wholly with the Jews, and the day after the elections the subject of Palestine again claimed the headlines in Dutch newspapers, one weekly paper recently devoting an entire issue to the question and to the achievements of the Jewish settlers. Britain's attitude demonstrates that considerations of power politics always bedevil international issues and will always be allowed to overrule the principles of true justice.

The Dutch have an especial sympathy for the Jews. Unlike the British, they have hidden them in their houses at the risk of their own lives, have seen them humiliated, assaulted, starved, herded into goods wagons on their way to the gas chambers of Augsburg and Belsen, and shot in their own streets. It is shameful that, with the Nazis defeated, Dutchmen receiving reports from the Cyprus camps should now hear from the same Jews they sheltered from Nazi terror that, except for the gas chambers, the British are, after all, little better than the Germans. It may not be true; it ought not to be true; but whether true or not, the other facts of the case support it in the foreigner's mind—and it is believed.

The Berlin crisis has drawn Dutch opinion, which is strongly anti-communist, closer to Britain, and now, with the development of the idea of a western union in which Britain will inevitably play a leading rôle, fundamental differences of attitude and opinion tend to be smoothed over. If, however, that union is to be genuine and effective, it will be more than ever necessary for the British to realize that there are attitudes and opinions on world problems that differ from their own and which have every right to be heard.

(The author, an Englishman, has lived in Holland for the past two and a half years.)

A CHILD IN GEORGE LANSBURY'S HOUSE

BY DAISY POSTGATE

MY father, George Lansbury, was a Suffolk fool, my mother, Elizabeth Brine, was a Hampshire hog—or so they described themselves; and I, Daisy, am a Cockney—if to be born within the sound of Bow Bells makes you a Cockney. Bow Bells are not in Bow, they are in Cheapside in the heart of the city some three miles away; but given a favourable wind, a quiet evening, and the bells of intervening churches silenced and modern traffic stopped, they could certainly be heard in the street where I and most of my brothers and sisters were born. The church we knew as Bow Church is really St. Mary atte Bow, and stood, until it was destroyed in the blitz, in a coffin-shaped churchyard in the middle of Bow Road.

My father and mother came to London as children, met and were married in Whitechapel Church, and except for two short periods, in one of which they emigrated to Australia and in the other moved into the country, they remained in London. Before they emigrated they lived in Whitechapel and when they came back they settled in Bow, where they lived until they died, my mother in 1933, my father in 1940. I was born in Bow in 1892, and because of my mother's stories of life in the Australian bush, particularly her description of cockroaches and spiders, I have always been grateful that I escaped that episode by being born too late.

My grandfather, Isaac Brine, lived in Bow. He was a timber merchant and had sent my father money to enable him to bring his wife and family back from Australia and offered him work in the timber yard. He had built three houses and a small cottage adjoining the yard and the family was put in the cottage. With a tiny court of red tiles in front surrounded by high iron-spiked railings, two of the houses stood side by side. When I was old enough to appreciate them I thought they were mansions, and indeed, compared with the rest of the houses in the street they were; but actually they had only three bedrooms, one long room with folding doors known as the parlour, a kitchen and a washhouse. It was called, more accurately, a "washus" because it contained a large stone copper in which the washing was boiled, and anyhow, nobody knew the word scullery. My grandmother did not keep her copper for long. She could afford to send her washing to be done at Bow Baths where a thoughtful municipality had provided accommodation for washerwomen; and in her house the cooking range was transferred to the washhouse and

the kitchen transformed into a dining room, probably the only one in the district. My grandfather had other ideas beyond his time and had made a tiny bathroom in each of these two houses by building out over the well of the stairs, and to the house in which he lived he added a greenhouse, heated by hot-water pipes, and planted a vine. Years later we moved into that house but to my disappointment the grapes remained bunches of hard green balls, and I could never discover, nor could anybody tell me, how the water had ever got into the pipes or how it had been heated. This third house was built over a large warehouse where veneers, which my grandfather cut from trees chosen by himself from woods and forests, were stored and dried. This also had a bathroom, but a real room this time, and although I was brought up to regard a bathroom as a necessity, even if the size of the family and the inadequacy of the hot-water system made more than one bath a week a luxury, I could never get used to that room. We moved into this house when I was about five years old and I hated bath nights. The bath itself was enormous and was fitted into a wide mahogany frame, comfortable to sit on but uncomfortable to lean over to wash small children.

We called it "the tall house." It too had six rooms, but the parlour was square with a fireplace made of blocks of real marble which my grandfather had collected in Wales, but until I was almost grown-up I believed them to be the famous Elgin marbles, of which I must have heard somebody speak. I used to boast that they *were* the Elgin marbles, and as my friends had no idea what these really were either, I was admired and never contradicted. This house was built round a curious little square garden with a fence at one end overlooking the timber yard. We spent a great deal of our time hanging over the fence watching and calling to the men below unloading enormous logs and stacking them in piles and we gave our mother many anxious moments because, being quarrelsome children, we were not above a vicious push or pinch likely to upset the balance when the protruding bottom of an acrobatic brother or sister presented itself.

My grandfather was living in this house—we were living in the cottage later to become the stables—when he died. I was nearly four years old and to be the baby of the family for a few months longer. I can just remember him as a kind but rather awe-inspiring man with a short grey beard who wore what I thought was a burglar's cap. I think that is why I found him awe-inspiring, because I knew he was *not* a burglar, so why did he wear that cap? It was actually a cap with ear-flaps buttoned on top, a fashionable sports cap I have since discovered. I suppose my brothers' penny bloods which had pictures of fierce-looking, masked men opening safes with chisels and wearing similar caps, had made me believe that only burglars wore them. "Penny bloods" were badly printed, badly written magazines with incredible adventure and crime stories, and though the boys were discouraged from reading them they

usually had one or two in their pockets.

My grandfather used to pat me on the head and give me halfpennies. He was devoted to my mother and she to him. He loved music and played the violin, but my grandmother, of whom I stood in great awe, did not like music and hated his violin, so he used to come into our house and play to "Bet's" accompaniment. He always called my mother Bet and she liked to feel that this name was special to him. To my father and her friends she was Bessie. Her real name was Elizabeth Jane which she hated. I could never understand why, and often reproached her for not passing it on to me. To be called Daisy, or in those days more commonly Dizzy, when there was such a dignified name in the family I found, and still find, very hard to bear. I asked her once why they had decided to give me that name, and she told me this story. My brother Edgar had been given a book of coloured pictures, one of which was a cow standing knee deep in buttercups with a daisy chain round its neck. Underneath was the word "Daisy". "Muvver", the little boy had whispered at her knee, or so my mother alleged; "If you have another baby will you call it Daisy after my cow?" My brother firmly denied the story when I told him of it a few years ago, but maybe he had forgotten. When I asked my father why they had not given me Margaret as a name, he said simply: "We meant to call you Daisy, so why name you Margaret?"

My grandfather's death was unexpected. He fell when getting down from the top of an omnibus and broke a blood vessel. And I, the baby of the family, was carried in to see him in his coffin by a well-meaning aunt. I screamed and was quickly removed, but not before I had received an everlasting memory of a waxen bearded face surrounded by white stuff in what seemed to me to be a large shiny box.

My grandmother moved out of this, the tall house, after my grandfather's death, and we moved in, inheriting the bath with the mahogany frame. It reminded me always of that shiny box. Within a month or two a sister was born and I reluctantly gave place to the new baby. I had now two brothers and four sisters.

Our street was a long one, divided into two unequal parts by Roman Road, the main road which came from the city *via* Shoreditch and Bethnal Green and ended in Old Ford. It made a sharp class division. The northern and shorter end was the very poor section, the longer end housed the more comfortably-off artisans. These only came down our part in order to reach the enormous Victoria Park, some quarter of a mile away, and then only with much tilting of the nose and holding high of the skirts. We would watch them from our window on Sunday afternoons, dressed in their stiff Sunday clothes and, if our mother was out of hearing, join the other children in derisive shouts of: "Where did yer git that 'at?" For we lived in the poor end; and poor indeed the people were. The houses were built in one long line, squashed against each other, plumb on to the pavement and broken only by my grandfather's houses and three

others further along which also boasted a tiny court and iron-spiked railings. A few of the men worked for my grandfather as labourers, his skilled men coming from further afield, but the majority were at a nearby small arms factory, when there was work to do. Their wages were small and their families large, and each house was divided between two or more families. There were three bedrooms, a parlour, a small room behind it, and a kitchen. The largest room was about twelve foot square and each house had a long dark passage with the rooms leading off one side. There were small gardens at the back, mostly trodden down earth; but one or two enterprising people kept goats and chickens, and one or two managed to grow chrysanthemums and dahlias. These were true gardening enthusiasts and kept their children busy collecting horse dung from the roads for manure. But our furnace chimney alone must have made the flowers very dirty.

We had five beer shops in our end of the street, which was about half the length of Whitehall. We never called them public houses; we preferred to know things for what they were. The superior end of the street had only one. They were open all day and did a good trade. Pot boys carrying long poles on which were hung shiny pint and half-pint cans carried regular orders to the men working in the timber yard, and to factories and men working on buildings and on the roads. Beer at 11 o'clock was the rule. And on Saturday nights those who were peace-loving citizens would hurry home, and those who were already home would listen for the first sounds of the inevitable fight. I watched one once from my bedroom window. It was a sickening sight; women screaming and kicking, punching and scratching, pulling out handfuls of hair and tearing off each other's clothes. Fighting drunk. Nobody dared interfere and only the sound of a police whistle brought the fighters to their senses. They drew round themselves whatever was left of their clothes and tried to hurry off. But they were too late; the police had arrived and the fight started all over again, but with the women united against the police. I was not able to see the end because my mother had heard me and ordered me back to bed. But I heard what must have been the Black Maria, as we called the police cart, trundling along the road, so I can safely assume that the police though scratched and minus their helmets and probably some hair, had won. The road was strewn with pieces of straw hat, broken feathers and rags the next morning.

We could hear from our house even if we were not allowed to see, and the curious thing was that the fights were never about anything important. Somebody might say in all innocence: "What's 'appened to yer ole man? I aint seed 'im abaht lately," and the inebriate wife, assuming that her friend was suggesting that her husband was 'doing time', or had gone off with another woman, would jump actively and alarmingly to his defence. Nothing but a fight could uphold the honour of the missing husband. Men fought too but they were not so untidy and seldom left

more than a cap or waistcoat about for evidence. They merely waked us up with their lurid language and scuffling.

There were no licensing laws prohibiting children under fourteen years from entering beer shops and children of all ages were sent to buy the family dinner beer. And young mothers with babies and nobody to leave them with, tucked them in shawls tied round their bodies and over one shoulder and took them with them, rather than do without their "arf pint". If the baby was fretful it was given small sips, and if it did not like it and showed its distaste by howling, it was given more until the beer had its way and sent it to sleep. It was a common sight to see two or three small children with enormous hungry eyes staring out of pinched white faces, clinging to the bedraggled skirts of a drunken, quarrelsome mother, whimpering with fear. They too would be given an occasional sip and no doubt learnt to like the bitter taste.

My father and mother were staunch teetotallers and we were forbidden to go inside a beer shop; in spite of having lived near so many, it was not until I was quite grown up that I did. Even when my best friend was a publican's daughter, I refused to go inside and would wait about in the street hoping she would see me. And once I had to refuse a halfpenny, which I badly wanted, because it meant pushing my way between those mysterious swing doors; a woman had stopped me and asked me to take a letter into one of the two at the top of our street and had held a halfpenny encouragingly in the other hand. But I could not do it. My mother's word was law. But even if it had not been I could not have gone through those doors.

But although most of our neighbours occasionally got drunk, they were good hearted, kindly people, and some of them indeed are still my friends. They paid their rent when they could and when they couldn't, owed it until they could find something to pawn. But work in those far off days was hard to find, and when found the wages were barely enough to feed the family, so in some of the houses the tenants were continually changing. They would have nothing to pay the rent with and would stay on until the imminent arrival of the bailiff, and then 'shoot the moon'. This was simply piling all you possessed on to a barrow in the dead of night, taking care to have studied the policeman's nocturnal habits, and walking away, leaving behind an empty house with the rent unpaid. It was better not to go too far because a policeman on another beat might be suspicious if you were seen pushing a barrow-load of furniture in the middle of the night, and there was no need to go further than round the corner because rooms were easy to find and nobody would give you away to the rent collector. Besides, after all, you might need to do it yourself at any moment. What was really difficult was to get out of a house where you were a lodger, or where you had the upper rooms and where the man downstairs was your landlord. But it was often done, though sometimes a clumsy moonlight flitter would get caught and then a fight finishing up

in the police court would be the temporary end of his career, while his goods would be taken and sold by the man downstairs in lieu of the rent due to him. I watched a family successfully 'shoot the moon' one night from my bedroom window. The landlord and his family must have been heavy sleepers because bed and bedding, chairs and tables were stealthily carried out and piled on to two barrows. I was excited and anxious in case they were caught. It never occurred to me to ally myself with the landlord. The man couldn't pay his rent, did not want to lose his furniture, and smiled at me when I met him in the street, so why should I impede him in any way? No moving contractor ever came down our end of the street with his huge pantehnicon. Nobody had enough goods to make it worth while. If you had too much for a barrow, you could always hire a small horse and cart.

There were two cul-de-sacs off our street, one inappropriately called Prince Arthur's Avenue. It was a black spot in the neighbourhood and never did I venture into it as a child. I was scared of the children though they never did more than shout after me in the street that my hair wanted cutting or that they did not like my hat. The men were mostly hawkers, shouting their wares from barrows which they pushed through the streets during the week and set up on pitches in the main road on Friday and Saturday nights. They sold whatever was going cheap, and when things were too dear, they collected rags and bones and old bottles. They made a precarious living and their children were dirty, uncared for, and dressed in unbelievable rags. Every few weeks a deputation of one or two children would call at our house. "Please Muvver says 'eve yer got sich a thing as an ole pair ev boots?" And our mother would hunt round for a pair which could not be handed down to her own children, add an old dress or pinafore, and hand the bundle over. About an hour later the child would return with a face sketchily washed, dressed in the clothes and say: "Please muvver says 'ere's the boots," holding out one foot "an 'ere's the frock," spreading out the skirt, "an 'ere's the pinnyfor," wiping her nose on the corner. And that would be the last we or the child herself would see of them. The boots, dress and pinafore would be 'popped', or taken to the pawn shop, where no doubt the price of half a pint of beer, or even a couple of bits of fish and chips, would have been loaned on them. I think it would have been better for the children if my mother had given away clothes without repairing them first; then they would not have been worth pawning but she was incapable of doing that.

There were several little shops in the street which could have made little profit because credit was so freely allowed. And it was the custom to give child shoppers something for themselves. There was an old junk shop which sold chipped jugs, pokers, tin kettles and almost everything that might be needed about the house, all already well used. It belonged to a Jew and as a side line he bought old jam pots and bottles for a half-

penny each. As soon as I was big enough I kept an eye open for empty jars and made a secret hoard. Then when I thought I had as many as I could carry I would approach my mother with a helpful expression and ask if she would like them taken to the shop. I was not allowed to keep the proceeds, but I was certain of an extra farthing, or even a halfpenny for myself from the Jewish proprietor. And I was always anxious to be sent to buy the bread, even though the daily three large loaves were rather a heavy and cumbersome load, because I was sure of a biscuit, or a stale cream sugar fondant tasting of hair oil, to comfort me on my way home. When you have one halfpenny a week for pocket money, an occasional biscuit or sweet brightens the day considerably, and most of the children had no pocket money at all and these odd sweets were all they were likely to get. There were so many children and as between us we did the bulk of the shopping for our respective mothers, we must have been quite an expense to the shopkeepers. I did not really need the sweet or the biscuit because although we were poor, we were much better off than our neighbours and usually had at least biscuits in the house, but I was treated like the rest and would have been bitterly disappointed if I had not been. But our greatest joy was the ice cream merchant at the top of the street, just across the main road. He was an Italian and had an assistant who stood outside the shop in charge of a highly decorated barrow with shiny brass knobs and a gaily coloured awning, selling ice cream. We seldom bought any. On our way to school we would stop and wheedle and coax: "Give us a taster, ow go on," until he gave in, and then a large spoonful of water ice, on lucky days with a piece of frozen lemon in it, would be shared among us. It was delicious, and I still believe that it is nicer than the most luxurious cream ice.

Nearer to our house was Mrs. R's. Her real name was Robinson but nobody called her by it. She lived on the ground floor of one of the ugly little houses which stretched along the street and had turned her parlour into a little shop. She sold almost everything except meat and furniture, and what she had not got she would get for you. She was a remarkable woman, a firm believer in the slogan that tariff reform meant work for all, and strong-minded enough to refuse to vote for my father, when the time came when she was allowed a vote in municipal elections, because he was a Socialist, even when the rest of the street was practically solid for him, and even though my mother was her best customer. She did not "old with them there Socialists" and fundamentally believed that people should be content with the estate to which it had pleased God to call them. But she was kind and generous and did a large and one-sided trade; one-sided because many of her customers never paid, and only a few paid in full. She was known to everybody as Mrs. R. but it was not until she applied for her old age pension that we discovered she had never been married.

Most of the women earned a little money, some by taking in washing

from the more affluent end of the street, some by making match boxes, or shirts, and some by brush-making. The box-makers and brush-makers used to sit in their doorways when the housework was done making up their goods at a surprising speed. The doorways were very narrow and the women often large, so the pile of boxes would grow on the pavement outside. As each one was finished, a child would pile it up on the large dirty cloth spread out to receive it, and when two or three gross were finished, the bundle would be tied up tightly and put on one side until another cloth was full, and then an older child would slip an arm through each and set off to Bryant and Mays who had opened a factory some mile and a half away, there to receive three halfpence or a penny three farthings for a gross.

The chief brush-maker was a little woman named Mrs. Savoy. She later became a local figure and was given a public funeral. She had a gruff voice and a sharp tongue and I always crossed the road if I had to pass her house. I had no idea, in my childish ignorance, what a great little woman she really was. She knew everybody's business and was the ministering angel of the street. If help was needed, she gave it; if advice was needed, she gave it, and very sound it was. And she made excellent brushes and occasionally called at our house with a hair brush or a clothes brush. It would be a present—but not without its price. She would have heard of someone who was not getting his rights, and as she had given my father a clothes brush, it was his duty to put the matter right. He would of course have done what he could without the clothes brush, but he would never hurt her feelings by telling her so. It says a great deal for the worthiness of her brushes that I should be using one still. The shirt-makers I never saw at work, but I could hear their machines as I passed by to school, and I saw the pale, heavy-eyed, dazed-looking women when they came out to do their shopping. Perhaps it was because they lived with the noisy old-fashioned sewing machines for such long hours, but they seemed quieter and less friendly than the other women.

When a woman was ill or having a baby, a neighbour automatically went in to clean up her house and cook for the family. Babies came at regular short intervals and the women worked until the time came for a midwife to be called in and were up again making their matchboxes at their doors or sweeping the pavement in front of the house within, at the most, two days; and the new baby would be nursed in the gutter by a child very little bigger than itself. If the mother was too ill to do her work, or if her older children could not do it for her, then the neighbours would take over her share of matchboxes, or brushes, or shirts, because connections broken could not always be put together again. You did it for your neighbour and she did it for you.

(Daisy Postgate's reminiscences will be concluded in the December issue.)

AMSTERDAM AND THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

BY OLIVER TOMKINS

FOR more than a generation the fissiparous consequences of the Reformation have been first checked and then reversed by a growing Protestant movement towards co-operation and unity. A conference at Edinburgh in 1910 drew together a large number of official representatives of British, American and European Protestant* churches to discuss co-operation in overseas missionary work. As a direct result, two other movements came into being. One, associated with the name of the American Episcopalian Bishop Charles Brent, was known as the 'Faith and Order Movement' and had for its purpose the examination of the grounds for separation between churches in doctrine and church government, with a view to mutual understanding and eventual unity. The other, associated with the name of the Swedish Archbishop, Nathan Söderblöm, was known as the 'Life and Work Movement' and aimed at promoting world-wide co-operation in matters of social, economic and political life in which Christian principles were involved. Both movements soon gained the active participation of representatives of the Eastern Orthodox Churches and so transcended purely Protestant boundaries. Both movements held periodic conferences on a representative and world-wide basis. Each met in conference in 1937, 'Faith and Order' in Edinburgh, 'Life and Work' in Oxford, and each approved a plan for their merging into a single organ, to continue their previous work and to do whatever else the participating churches remitted to it, to be known as the 'World Council of Churches.' A provisional committee, a draft constitution and a letter of introduction to churches to join the Council were all approved in 1938, with the hope of holding the inaugural Assembly in 1941. The war intervened: the slender skeleton organization weathered the storm and indeed emerged from it firmly grounded in the gratitude and hopes of millions of Christians who had found in it, during the war years, both the instruments and the promise of a Christian fellowship which transcended man-made divisions. In 1938 the World Council of Churches was an idea; in 1948 it was known to be a necessity and on August 23 it became a fact.

The Amsterdam Assembly was thus—at least as far as man proposes—merely the first meeting in a series to be held 'normally' every five years.

* I am one of those Anglicans who do not scruple to call the Church of England "Protestant," since I understand its antithesis to be "Papist". The seventeenth century Anglican divines provide a solid precedent for doing so.

are in a minority ; almost everywhere they realize that evangelism is not only an obligation to ' send missionaries ' but to be missionary at home. Yet when one considers the various conditions in Eastern and Central Europe with its despair and the persecution and restriction of Christian work, or in America or Western Europe where there is an often superficially prosperous Christian activity and no great open attack upon it, in the Asian lands where Christianity faces both the resistance of Islam and the acids of modernity, in Africa where ancient animistic and primitive cultures are dissolving under westernism—in these varied circumstances there is hardly a generalization which can be advanced from one quarter which will not be flatly contradicted from some other. The report acknowledges this difficulty, but closes with some vigorous demands for taking more seriously the responsibility for evangelism of *lay* men and women and the need for co-operation between separated Christian communities if the urgency of the task is to be effectively met.

3. *The Church's Responsibility for Society.* This is one of the two subjects on which the lay world expressed an interest in the proceedings. Its main contention is the new situation created for humanity by " the power of technics, " thus confronting Christian morality with unprecedented problems. The subject is too vast to be adequately treated shortly, and certainly the preparatory volume, on which the thinking of the section was based, is essential reading for any who wish to judge whether the contemporary Christian mind has anything of value to say about our present perils*. Considerable interest was naturally shown in the part of the report which discussed " Communism and Capitalism. " Like the Lambeth Report, it refused to take a merely negative attitude towards Communism.

Christians should ask why communism in its modern totalitarian form makes so strong an appeal to great masses of people in many parts of the world. They should recognize the hand of God in the revolt of multitudes against injustice that gives communism much of its strength. They should seek to recapture for the Church the original Christian solidarity with the world's distressed people, not to curb their aspirations towards justice, but, on the contrary, to go beyond them and direct them towards the only road which does not lead to a blank wall, obedience to God's will and His justice. Christians should realize that for many, especially for many young men and women, communism seems to stand for a vision of human equality and universal brotherhood for which they were prepared by Christian influences. Christians who are beneficiaries of capitalism should try to see the world as it appears to many who know themselves excluded from its privileges and who see in communism a means of deliverance from poverty and insecurity. All should understand that the proclamation of racial equality by communists and their support of the cause of colonial peoples makes a strong appeal to the populations of Asia and Africa and to racial minorities elsewhere. It is a great human tragedy that so much that is good in the motives and aspirations of many communists and of those whose sympathies they win has been transformed into a force that engenders new forms of injustice and oppression, and that what is true in communist criticism should be used to give convincing power to untrustworthy propaganda.

* That is, *The Church and the Disorder of Society*. S.C.M. Press. 12s. 6d. Contributors include Dr. J. H. Oldham, Professors Reinhold Niebuhr and Emil Brunner.

It goes on however to list five ways in which atheistic Marxism is in irreconcilable conflict with Christianity, though it adds four points upon which Christianity is also in conflict with capitalism.

This part of the report concludes :

The Christian Churches should reject the ideologies of both communism and *laissez faire* capitalism, and should seek to draw men away from the false assumption that these extremes are the only alternatives. Each has made promises which it could not redeem. Communist ideology puts the emphasis upon economic justice, and promises that freedom will come automatically after the completion of the revolution. Capitalism puts the emphasis upon freedom, and promises that justice will follow as a by-product of free enterprise ; that, too, is an ideology which has been proved false. It is the responsibility of Christians to seek new, creative solutions which never allow either justice or freedom to destroy the other.

4. *The Church and International Affairs.* Two contrasted papers were read to the Assembly by John Foster Dulles, U.S.A. Secretary-of-State-presumptive, and Josef Hromadka, a Protestant theologian on the Czech National Action Committee. The report itself opens with a fine statement of the distinctively Christian hope in the present international crisis—that " nothing is impossible with God. " It was not possible to state an agreed Christian attitude to war except that it is, *per se*, " incompatible with the teaching and example of Our Lord Jesus Christ. " Even with modern warfare before them Christians variously hold that :

- (a) some wars in the past may have been *justa bella*, but modern war can never be just ;
- (b) in the absence of impartial supranational institutions, even modern war may be the only available sanction of law, and law must be safeguarded ;
- (c) complete refusal of military service and an absolute witness against all war is the only truly Christian attitude.

But more positively the report has some quite definite things to say about attack on the causes of war, the upholding of the rule of law and the establishment of human rights under international agreement. There was condemnation of communist Russia, set in the context of fundamental injustices and sins and the denial of human rights by any political system. There was a healthy absence of ' western ' self-righteousness.

Two factors deserve mention, finally, because they lifted the Assembly out of being simply a demonstration of a Western, Anglo-Saxon and European outlook.

First, the small but able and vocal delegation from Asia and Africa challenged the majority at various points. They reproved the older Churches for apathy and coldness in the urgent tasks of Christian unity and evangelization ; they were far from being worried by the western loss of nerve at our dangerous use of ' technics ', for they have not enough ' modern science ' and are confident of their own ability to use it soundly. They helped westerners to see the west from outside and refused to be dragged into the pessimism induced by our western self-analysis. Our outlook on Communism is very different from theirs, for they have not been deaf to the claims and achievements of the U.S.S.R. in land-reform

and racial autonomy. They feel they are on a rising tide, and they like the feeling.

Secondly, another minority group made an impact out of proportion to its numbers. The Orthodox delegation included five bishops and ten lay professors of theology (the latter a distinctive feature of Orthodox church life) coming mostly from Greece and the Islands, though one was from Istanbul. Most of them had little or no previous experience of western protestantism on a large scale. Their sense of isolation and estrangement to begin with is easily understood if one tries to imagine a delegation of fifteen Baptist ministers attending a large Orthodox congress on Mount Athos. But they made sufficient impact in all parts of the Assembly to be able to feel that their Orthodox witness had not been compromised.

Another group which departed with a heightened sense of its own value to the west was the Lesser Eastern Churches, especially encouraged by the knowledge that the four delegates from Abyssinia represented a solid block of nine million Coptic Ethiopian Christians, whose existence could no longer be ignored by western Christians.

The World Council was inaugurated with Eastern Orthodoxy planted firmly in its mind, even if the numerically greater part of the Orthodox world was unable or unwilling to be represented.

Behind the whole work of the Assembly lay a resolute desire to wait upon God for a Christian word to the modern world, which was not dependent upon anything in history for its authority, but spoke to the historical with an authority derived from beyond it. Such a work remains "to the Greeks, foolishness" for it proposes to cure our disorder by appeal to that which rationalist humanism by definition denies. But, like the prophets of Israel, if we are given that word, we must speak it, whether men hear or whether they forbear.

It reached its clearest and simplest expression in the 'Message' adopted by the whole Assembly at its end. After facing the peril in which we stand, it says:

But there is a word of God for our world. It is that the world is in the hands of the living God, Whose will for it is wholly good; that in Christ Jesus His incarnate Word, Who lived and died and rose from the dead, God has broken the power of evil once for all, and opened for everyone the gate into freedom and joy in the Holy Spirit; that the final judgment on all human history and on every human deed is the judgment of the merciful Christ; and that the end of history will be the triumph of His Kingdom, where alone we shall understand how much God has loved the world. This is God's unchanging word to the world.

It is a message which is addressed "to all who are in Christ and to all who are willing to hear."

(The Rev. Oliver Tomkins is an Associate General Secretary (London) of the World Council of Churches.)

PARAGUAY

BY GEORGE PENDLE

IF you travel by aeroplane from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires by the inland, western route, you stop for a few minutes in the very middle of the continent. For many hundreds of miles around, everything is luxuriantly green. The atmosphere, as you step from the plane onto the airfield, is hot and damp. It is as though the continent were suffocating you. You are impatient to be off again, to be away to the edges of the continent, to escape from the tropical embrace, to breathe the free air that comes from the sea. The weight of surrounding land—so much land, such a heavy damp weight of soil and vegetation—is tremendous upon you in this, the middle of a huge continent. Then you board the plane again. On your way south you circle over Asunción, but you barely notice this town of 100,000 inhabitants, so closely are the widely scattered houses buried by the foliage of the orange-trees and mangoes of their gardens. From above, you see patches of the rich red soil from which the billowing vegetation grows.

There is another approach. You travel upstream from Buenos Aires by steamer. You leave an estuary-city of neon-lighting, prosperous capitalists, shining automobiles, Parisian fashions, underground railway and modern industry. You penetrate very slowly, day after day for four days, into the warm heart of South America. Up the brown River Plate with its towns and grain elevators, the wide and winding River Paraná, the brown, narrower, curving River Paraguay. As you progress—for it is a form of progress, to abandon the neon-lit street and find the brown alligator basking on the brown river-bank—human habitations become more and more rare. The vegetation on either side of the small white river steamer, is matted jungle. The earth of the banks which was brown, becomes red. The river is narrower. Only once in every three or four hours do you so much as see the smoke of a village or of an isolated shack. Very rarely, you pass a man in a lonely log boat, patiently rowing who knows whither in this river-land of piled-up vegetation, which is a crowded jungle, yet desolate as a desert. On the fourth day the shallow white steamer curves in towards the colonial, *quinta*-city of Asunción. A line of men in cotton suits is waiting on the quay.

Paraguay is one of the oldest countries of the New World. Sebastian Cabot reached Paraguay and built a fort in 1527. Asunción, the capital city, was founded ten years later. It was from Asunción that Juan de

Garay sailed downstream and established in 1580 the City of Buenos Aires.

Old Paraguay, at the head of the whole river-system which leads to the Atlantic Ocean (over 1,000 miles away) and which waters a vast area of Argentina, has an eternally strategic position. When the Spaniards founded Asunción four hundred years ago, they intended this city to be the capital, not of a small and isolated State, but of all the Spanish possessions east of the Andes.

Because of its geographical position, Paraguay, since declaring its independence from Spain in 1811, has had to fight terrible wars against all its neighbours—Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Bolivia. The most isolated of South American States has been involved in external wars in every direction, and has yet remained quite isolated and quite secret.

It may be that the dictator-hero Marshal Francisco Solano López was too aware of the historical importance of Paraguay, too conscious of the country's strategic advantages, and that, as his enemies maintained and as their descendants to this day maintain, he planned to create an empire at the expense of his neighbours. Or it may be that the devastating war of 1864-1870 in which Paraguay fought against the combined forces of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil and in which the Paraguayan population was reduced to about one-seventh of its pre-war numbers—it may be that this tragic war, which ended only with the death of López himself, was a war of defence, a war within the bigger struggle, the struggle between the bigger States for power in South America. Paraguay is a buffer-State separating Brazil from Argentina, and so long as Paraguay remains independent, the balance will be maintained.

To-day, more than seventy years after the death of López, this country, buried in the very heart of the continent, is a natural air-base, a natural centre for military operations in all directions, an almost undeveloped source of immense natural wealth (timber and tannin, cotton, sugar, citrus fruit, and, probably, petroleum) and therefore, in its isolation, strangely important.

Paraguay on the surface is soft and luxuriant; roses, tropical fruits, jingling music, warm nights, easy fertility of vegetation and of man. The core of Paraguay is hard as iron. The red soil of this land gives forth the hard red wood of the quebracho tree—the “hatchet-breaker”—and a race of stocky, red-brown warriors. The Paraguayans are easy-going. They have a soft, smiling language. But beneath the surface they are hard as quebracho.

The greatest pride of the Paraguayans is their success in the latest of their wars: the war against Bolivia in the Chaco from 1932 to 1935. This is the great trial through which they have all passed, and from which they have emerged triumphant. They have travelled into their country's obscurest regions as soldiers. They have argued about its frontiers as lawyers. They have all shared personally in making and remaking the

map of Paraguay.

After their periods of heroism, the Paraguayans write simple statements of what has happened. Paraguay, in the centre of America, has been less affected than any other American country by European fashions. Paraguayan literature is as simple as everything else in this land. With the exception of some of the work of two or three poets, it consists of *charlas* among friends after the battle. Camp fire literature.

The Paraguayans of to-day, forged in a series of wars and of military dictatorships (almost the only form of government that they have experienced up to now), are a democratic people, simple and friendly and remarkably equal. There is a more or less uniform economic level, a unity of experience, a real brotherliness and violent political rivalries which ensure that no party shall for long remain supreme.

This sparsely populated country (the present population is about one million, which means an average of two per square mile), is isolated by its position on the map. Paraguay was further isolated by the closed, dictatorial policy of its nineteenth century rulers: Dr. Francia, Carlos Antonio López, and his son the Marshal. The isolation has brought one considerable advantage. No other country is so separated from the outside world; but no other country is so purely itself, so uniform racially, bound so tightly in spiritual and physical solidarity. And that isolation, finally, has been accentuated by an indigenous language.

Guarani is the language of the Indians of Paraguay and therefore, the language of Paraguay. (There is a very small admixture of European blood in the race). *Guarani* is the language of Paraguay for all that is essential. Spanish is used in towns, and for communicating with foreigners. It has been said: “Paraguayans study, reason, and calculate in Spanish; but they love, grow angry, and fight in *Guarani*.” The Paraguayans are united by their language, which is theirs alone (in the war with Bolivia they used it as a code). In the rest of Latin America, the non-Latin American is a *gringo*. In Paraguay, all non-Paraguayans are *gringos*. Even the neighbouring Argentines are *gringos*. But if you speak a few words of *Guarani*, the Paraguayan's face will light up, and you will have entered into his life, his real life, which is one with the rich earth, the abounding vegetation, flowers, sun, terrific rain storms, clear scented nights.

The North Americans have made fine straight roads in Paraguay. Aeroplanes arrive punctually, and punctually depart. The river steamers come and go (not so punctually). Western civilization in the form of commerce, the wireless, politics, is coming rapidly to Paraguay. But most of the day, and all the night, Paraguay is alone. United racially and linguistically, and alone.

Everything that Paraguay is, can be found in her great composer, José Asunción Flores, and in his music. He is short, sturdy, brown, simple, with a quiet dignity and a handshake that is as solid as the earth

itself. The young Paraguayan poet, Augusto Roa Bastos describes Flores as : "Noble, with that nobility of the soil which no man can usurp, that nobility which cannot be conferred upon a man nor be had for the asking, but which comes from the earth and by destiny." Flores stands solidly on the earth. He is like the figures in some of the best modern Central American paintings, where the legs are represented as being thick as a tree trunk, to show that they grow from the soil and belong to it.

The Paraguayans are musical, but they have no folk music, except the soft music of their language itself. They are ready to dance at the slightest opportunity—at the sound of the guitar, or any evening, even without music, beneath the moon and the palm-trees on the rich red earth. The national dance is the polka, imported by chance who knows when, and adapted to the scented air and the warm nights. The polka has been de-Slaved, but it is not a spontaneous growth.

Flores, with his own genius and the aid of the greatest of Paraguay's poets (Manuel Ortiz Guerrero), probed down into Paraguay, and produced by some miracle its real music, which is the synthesis of everything Paraguayan. This music of Flores—of Paraguay—is known generically as the *guarania* (originating from the local race and language, *Guarani*).

The *guarania* contains all the flowers that have ever blossomed in Paraguay, all the nostalgia and sadness, all the warmth and colour and gentleness, all the suffering of the people and, at sudden moments, all their triumph. It contains all the nights of Paraguay, the stars, the brown young men and the upright flowering girls. Suddenly the music stops—then resumes with the mysterious dignity of the ecclesiastical music brought here by the Spaniards, the music of the Mass and of candles and incense.

There is nothing more Paraguayan than this music, the *guarania*; but also it is universal in its quality. In the *guarania* Flores has released Paraguay from its isolation in a manner in which no roads nor air-lines can release it. The *guarania* gives, for the first time, the Paraguayan's otherwise inarticulate message to humanity. And what is that message? That nature and man are noble; that the purity of man's emotions and sensibility when he lives with the earth, is beautiful and good; and that through suffering and solitude man is transfigured.

THE EDWARDIAN MOTOR-CAR

BY OLIVER WARNER

SO much has been endured in the last few decades that the Stuarts scarcely seem more remote than the reign of the seventh Edward. Some, who were then children, have a sense that their memories are more than half dreams. Shapes and ways have changed, often beyond recognition. For instance, are the sleek, low, mass-produced tricksters in which, when we have basic, we glide about the tar-mac, true descendants of the Edwardian motor-car? It is not very credible; and then, in a laboured attempt to trace the various steps in transition, the seeking spirit may be brought up with a jolt by—the jeep. There, returned to life again, is the square bonnet and radiator, the short wheel-base, the canvas hood, the inadequate protection, the high clearance, all familiar in the early motor. History is telescoped. Recollection stirs; for apart from its low centre of gravity, a jeep would not have appeared much out of place in a street of 1909. Does this argue a revival of forgotten charms, or is it merely a war-produced freak? The answer surely is that the jeep, in its original form, was a reversion in one sense only. It re-introduced out-door motoring.

The Edwardians were, perforce, out-door motorists. Nearer our own time the prevalence of the saloon, a type unknown to our uncles, has made it an indoor pastime. No need for special clothes, goggles, even for hats. No wind need tousle hair. Travellers are ensconced—that is the fittest word—like sardines in a tin, and are conveyed, draughtless and tidy, punctually to their destination. It once was different.

A jaunt in an Edwardian car was precarious, like an innings by Woolley, and that was largely the fun. The Sovereign himself was ahead of his age in this form of pleasure. He once had a Gardner-Serpollet steam-car; he had two of the earliest motor-mowers; and in his later years his enclosed cars were prophetic. They were of a type known as limousine, weather-proof; but the ordinary run of purchaser acquired a car, when he could afford it, in much the same spirit that a young man of to-day might acquire a Bermuda-rigged sloop—for sport. A paradox lies in the fact that, while these Edwardian motors were often of unsure progress, they were built solidly, by hand, and meticulously finished. They were heavy, strong and made to last. There is a fashionable cult for the primeval motor. It is rewarding to find what splendid workmanship and brass the old monsters carry. Builders had not yet realized unity of design, and the shining lamps and other fittings carried on a tradition

of smart trappings deriving from the horse-drawn equipage.

One of the turning points into modern motoring came with Mr. Henry Royce's *Silver Ghost*. In 1907 this silent and stately machine, in essence so like its successors, ran for fifteen thousand miles without mechanical break-down of any kind, non-stop, mainly over rough roads, and with fractional wear. Far more than a mere two years of experiment appear to separate it from the same designer's two-cylinder motor of 1905, now gracing the Science Museum at Kensington. Mr. Royce, as was his way, had achieved perfection. It was inevitable that reliability should percolate downwards, and with a good deal off the price. Utility motoring, with its endless ramifications, was in prospect. The doctor of the future would no longer spend more time beneath his coupé than in the driving seat; the dowager would use her landaulette with increasing assurance that she would be accurately late for her engagements; the butcher would give up his pony-van in favour of a Humber.

Nomenclature has changed almost as much as appearance. To-day, the main types of car have been rationalized into the saloon, the all-weather, the coupé and the sports-car. There are indeed a few more, such as the brake, but the variety is not to be compared with that of forty years ago. There was then the limousine, in which a passenger could stand without risk of cracking his head; the landaulette, whose hinder roof could be lowered in the way of modern taxis; the cabriolet, father of the all-weather body; the berliet, a town car with no roof extension for the chauffeur; the coupé; the vioturette; the victoriette; and (almost as universal as the modern saloon), the phaeton, an open car with *tonneau* or back seating, and folding canvas hood, beneath which the passengers climbed through a door at the rear. It was not until 1906 that more than one or two firms had begun to advertise "side entrance a new feature."

They were stalwarts in those days. When they went motoring, women wore veils, at once preserving the complexion from the worst of the dust, and securing the hat on the head. Wind-screens were not standard equipment in any but exceptional cars, while Edward lived. It was an era of superb coats and gloves; and well that it was so, since the prospect for those in *tonneaux* was—in the summer, copious dust, for the tarry surface was mostly to come; in the winter, biting wind, and probably rain—all this little eased by the certain prospect of stops for punctures and running repairs. Food and drink were taken, rugs too; all the appurtenances appropriate to the carriage from which the motor descended.

It was the first large order for a standard type of enclosed body, placed in America, and its success watched with interest all over the world, which finally decided that motoring should be in comfort, and that those who wanted air should, in future, be catered for apart from the general run.

Such is nostalgia, that it is usual to think of the aristocratic conveyances which blossomed in the Regency as *hors concours*. For looks, this may have been so, but, except for the landau, the coach and the chariot—developing

later into the brougham—with their glass windows, they must have been as blustery as they were dashing. Stubbs's well liked *Lady and Gentleman in a Phaeton* is exquisite—as a picture. But it is studio stuff. The road is smooth, the season fair, the figures posing. The phaeton, for winter journeys on rough roads? Yet it was, in fact, the phaeton that struck the fancy of the earlier motor builders. The reason was perhaps because the victoria, a phaeton development, was the fashionable park-carriage from 1870 onwards. It was, in truth, the last new style to come from the coach-builders. So phaetons, steered by tiller, figure in all the early motor shows. This fact has a certain significance. It acknowledges, not indeed the victory of the horse, but the fact that that potent creature had managed to retard mechanical road locomotion in England for nearly a century. The god must be placated, by name if in nothing else.

The rear-guard action had been astounding. From 1832 onwards Parliament, manned strongly in both Houses by landed gentry, seeing that steam road propulsion was henceforward practical, seeing too the effect of the railways, passed a series of Acts confining the mechanical brute to the line. Such was the net effect of the red flag law, which required that a man should always precede the horseless carriage, bearing the proletarian banner by day, and a lantern by night. The law was not repealed until 1906, and then only after intense opposition, fed by lusty prejudice. From that date onwards designers could work in earnest, but it cannot be said that they were quick in the uptake. For years, they copied the stately craft of the coach-builder.

The car vendor was, in fact, in awe of tradition, and of good form as prescribed by carriage folk. His was indeed a 'motor-carriage' trade, competing with a still flourishing horsed industry. It was obsessed by the vertical. It took years of hesitation before it came to be accepted that the shape of the automobile must evolve its own beauty, and that the line of speed was horizontal.

Mr. Frederick Lanchester aptly summed the matter up. "Instead of the automobile designer boldly proceeding on the firm basis of utility," he wrote, "and then allowing his artistic sense to harmonize his lines with his purpose, he put the cart before the horse, and endeavoured to allow what he thought was artistic feeling to interfere with his freedom of choice. Early attempts to establish a horizontal waist-line were hampered by the dread of giving a heavy or clumsy appearance." The dread was, in fact, often realized, and much thought and high finish lavished on such items as purposeless low doors. He may himself be absolved from standing still. His cars were from the first original. The engine was beneath the body, not in front of it. The logical tiller was retained long after a wheel for steering had become the mode; and his technical ingenuity was generally ahead of his rivals. He was in the front of the phalanx which was at last to sweep away unpractical shapes and bodies; but one or two not unpleasing qualities his early cars did share with the carriage—and the boat: they

were roomy and they conveyed the impression that they were afloat on the road. Their drivers had, in fact, something of the status enjoyed by the captain of a vessel.

The Sovereign himself, the man of whom his eldest grandson wrote that he was the last Englishman to enjoy himself, had unique status. He was a true enthusiast, and he loved speed. Messrs. Hooper, the coach-builders of St. James's Street, whose premises are so worthy of their site, preserve an elegant book of photographs of cars built for monarchs. It is instructive to observe how Edward always kept a pace or two before his people. By 1899, steam-car experiments were set aside, and his last motor as Prince of Wales was a six horse-power Daimler phaeton. Royal favour of this particular make has been consistent, but not exclusive. This early vehicle was in one respect transitional. It had solid tyres at the back, pneumatic tyres in the front. It had the old form of carriage candle lamps, sumptuously cased, with large reflectors.

The model of the following year shows vast improvement. It is described as a waggonette, and there is now no question about the tyres. Air had come to stay, though the lamps were still appropriate to the carriage. There was now, for the first time, a splendid folding canvas hood, far too individual and elaborate ever to become a standard fitting.

Before the royal tradition settled to the stately dark red Daimlers so familiar in London, two other vehicles command attention. First was Edward's Mercedes Benz limousine of 1905. This was black, and of great elegance and comfort. It had a long life, and enjoyed much favour. So did Queen Alexandra's white Siddeley landaulette, ordered in the year following. This car was perhaps better known than any other of its time. Its speckless appearance, its fitness for the elegant and gracious lady who rode in it, its air of gaiety and assurance, all betoken its period.

It is all over, and they are gone, these cars, gone to limbo and museums, except for odd survivors. Even now there is sometimes to be seen in the West End a Rolls Royce of 1910 vintage, rebuilt, but as good and as majestic as ever, discreetly curbed outside a club or place of business. It will never wear out, but it is extravagant and archaic, like the coat of arms which graces its tall doors, and its silver fittings.

The further the early history of the motor glides into distance, the more certainly will curiosity grow about it, and it is perhaps wise to recall that internal combustion travel was long frowned upon by the majority. They had no opportunity to enjoy it until, shortly before the 1914-1918 war cars at last began to roll in numbers from the factories, their price far less than is to-day easily credible. Once the pleasures of the new innovation became familiar to the average citizen, appetite grew by what it fed on. Had Edward lived a little longer, he might well have turned to aviation—so young was he in spirit—in quest of something new. The ardour of the pioneer must needs wilt when prospectors arrive in quantity.

THE INLAND SEA

BY HOWARD SERGEANT

HERE and near as the hands of the sea
Where the sea holds the land
Till the climbing dark and all time are dying,
Where the walls are down, and the sand
Is a building-ground for the flair
Of a poet or lover, or the boy highflying,
And the dunes of the heart are free,
Is the country we know. Wholly days and night
Are trapped in the sea's green hair
And this half-darkness here is half our light.

Fair and far from the prayers of the kind
And their wiles who'd have you sleep
Safe and sound in the boisterous shires of land
And surf, is the country we keep
Reclaimed in the bay of the mind,
Where the smooth white gulls rise over the sand
And the nodding heads of the blind.
Walk firmly that shore, whatever the wise ones
Devise for your footsteps, and find
In yourself the unknown, the only horizons.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

BY C. HENRY WARREN

THE life story of Richard Jefferies, the centenary of whose birth we commemorate this month, is soon told. The son of a small Wiltshire farmer, he was born in 1848 at Coate, a hamlet not far from Swindon. The pen, however, and not the plough, was his concern from youth onwards. Work to the average villager is only recognizable as such when it is physical, and so his Coate neighbours called him a "lazy lout". His long, lean, quick-striding figure was often to be seen wandering over the countryside when of course he should have been helping on the farm; and how were the villagers to guess the importance of his errand?

In an old attic at the top of the farmhouse he wrote novels, which, whatever use they may have been in helping him to discover himself, were of no use to anybody else. Mostly they were refused by the publishers; or, if they were accepted, they were refused by the public. And rightly so; for they attempted to describe a class of society (high life, as it is called) with which Jefferies had not the slightest acquaintance. "Her eyes flashed, and her bosom heaved, as she hissed out her words." Nevertheless, these early novels were the means by which he began to gain the difficult mastery over the written word. Perhaps his most valuable apprenticeship as an author, however, came when he joined the staff of a local newspaper for which he acted in turn as reporter, writer and sub-editor. If provincial journalism is a hard school for the writer, it is also one of the best. The yoke galled him, but there is no doubt Jefferies benefited by the discipline thus imposed. He learned, if nothing more, to be exact in his matter and easy and flexible in his manner.

Like Keats, he was an example of the dedicated writer. Yet for all his untiring endeavour, recognition obstinately eluded him; and in the end it was won only by a seeming accident. The position of agriculture in the 'sixties and 'seventies was, to say the best, precarious. Depression in industry, consequent upon the Franco-German war, had affected agriculture no less, and the farmers were further hindered by a succession of cold springs and wet summers that played havoc with the crops. The status of the agricultural labourer was a familiar topic in the newspapers; and in 1872 Jefferies sent a letter on this subject (it was really an article) to *The Times*. To his surprise the letter was printed and even aroused some controversy. He followed it up with two others, as individual, pertinent,

and lucidly informed. With these he won his first recognition. This time he was writing on a theme he understood perfectly; and so various editors, on the look-out for new writers with something topical to say and a fresh way of saying it, began to approach him for articles. A married man now, he moved to London, the better to avail himself of his opportunities, and he never returned to Coate.

His immediate subject, therefore, was agriculture and the agricultural worker. He gave as yet no sign that he was destined to become the nature-writer whom thousands of readers were increasingly to enjoy. Not until 1876 do we find him writing to a certain editor that he had in mind a different sort of articles, or perhaps a book, based largely upon his exact and absorbing memories of nature as he had experienced it in those early years at home. "I should not (he says) attempt a laborious, learned description, but rather choose a chatty style. I would endeavour to bring in some of the glamour—the magic of sunshine, and green things, and calm waters—if I could." The result of this new-found intention was *The Gamekeeper at Home*, which was published in 1878, and which was the first, and still is perhaps one of the best, of that shelf of country books not one of which could easily be spared. He had only nine more years to live—years during which he was continually tormented by illness and lack of money and enforced exile from the countryside he really loved; and yet, so immense was his industry and so inexhaustible his theme, in that brief time he contrived to write and publish fifteen more books, not to mention innumerable essays and articles not all of which have been rescued (it is not necessary that they should be) from the files of the newspapers and magazines to which they were contributed. He died in 1887 and was buried in Broadwater Cemetery, Worthing.

How should one describe Richard Jefferies? His own description of himself was "a student of nature and human life." The duality is worth emphasizing. He is so often spoken of as if he were a charming delineator of the wild life of the English countryside—a prose-poet of nature. In fact he was of too large a stature not to realize that in the end the proper study of mankind is man. He never could have been content merely to extol the sensuous beauties of nature. Indeed, it may well be that the time will come when his studies of men and women, especially of the rural labouring class, will be, if not actually preferred to, at least equally valued with, his studies of bird, beast and flower.

In an introduction, written late in life, to White's *Selborne*, he regretted that "the great observer" had not set down his observations on the people of his day as he did of the birds and animals. "Walking about among the cottagers, he saw and heard all their curious ways, and must have been familiar with their superstitions. . . . He knew the farmers and the squires; he had access everywhere, and he had the quickest of eyes. It must ever be regretted that he did not leave a natural history of the people of his day. We should then have had a picture of England just

before the beginning of the present era, and a wonderful difference it would have shown." Almost the same words might be written of Jefferies himself. Almost—because part at least of his writings consists of material towards just such a "picture of England before the beginning of the present era" as he regretted in White. He too knew the squires, farmers and cottagers of his day. He too had access everywhere. And he too had the quickest of eyes. That he did not leave us a more detailed picture of the country people of his time is unfortunate; but what he did leave, in such books as *Hodge and His Masters* and *Toilers of the Field*, in such later novels as *Amaryllis at the Fair* and *The Derry Morn*, and in such essays as "One of the New Voters" and "Rural Dynamite", is incomparable, alike for its tender, revealing detail and unflinching assessment, and must be as valuable to the student of tomorrow as it is enjoyable to the common reader of all time.

Why he should have turned from essays on agriculture and the agricultural class to (in the main) essays on the wild life of the southern English countryside there is not sufficient evidence to decide. Perhaps his continued exile from the deep country had something to do with it? Perhaps his editors and publishers, anxious to satisfy a public that was growing more and more interested in the whys and wherefores of nature, were not without their influence? At any rate, the wild life of the southern counties was henceforth to be his chief theme. And yet, strictly speaking, Jefferies was not a naturalist, if by that term is meant one who adds to the existing sum of known facts concerning nature. Certainly he was a close and accurate observer, and everything he wrote was the result of immediate and first-hand observation. But his observations were scarcely new, even in his own day; and nobody now would dream of consulting his books as if they were the text-books of established naturalists. The accumulation of facts (though he was accurate enough in these) was never the aim of his studies. Rather, he was concerned with the pleasure each fact occasioned in him for its significance in relation to the whole. He identified himself with nature. "What concerned him first and foremost," as Sir William Beach Thomas has said, "was the effect of external nature on himself—the ecstasy, not the observed fact."

If Jefferies was not a naturalist, he was certainly a poet, a man of feeling. The paradoxical thing about him was the way in which he combined in his make-up the scientist and the seer, the recorder of facts and the inspired interpreter thereof. Sometimes the one predominates, sometimes the other. He could write a long essay like "The Meadow Gateway" (from the recently published collection, *Chronicles of the Hedges*, in which he accumulates, one by one, his observations on the bird-life frequenting this single opening into a field, until the reader becomes identified with the watcher and shares the pleasure that comes from the quantity and veracity of the facts recorded. Or, at the other end of the scale, he could write a whole book like *The Story of My Heart*, in which not the observed facts

of nature but the mystical interpretation of those facts is all that matters. Fortunately, the majority of his nature writings lies mid-way between these two extremes, as, for example, in "The Pageant of Summer" (from *The Life of the Fields*) where the facts are selected, as a painter selects his colours, and composed into a picture the effect of which is to communicate to the reader something of the sensation felt by the author in the contemplation of nature "between the may and the June roses." I say "fortunately" because Jefferies' mystical utterances are far from being to everybody's taste—even to the taste of all his admirers; but when he contents himself with setting forth his observations, detail by detail, until he has built up a complete picture of the experience involved, there is no division of opinion. As a transcriber of nature (complete with all those overtones of emotion which the facts engendered in him and which his pen so subtly caught) he has no equal.

The exceptional quality of his adult experience of nature was due, no doubt, to his manner of life in those early, formative years—the years, in fact, of the "lazy lout". In one of his letters to Reynolds, Keats wrote: "Let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like, buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be aimed at, but let us open our leaves like a flower to be passive and receptive. Elsewhere Keats describes this mood as one of "diligent indolence". It would be difficult to find a label more apt for Jefferies' state in those early years. When he went out on to the downs, with only his thoughts for company, or when he wandered through the neighbouring woods, with his gamekeeper friend from Burderop, or when, with dog and gun, he slouched under the hedges round his father's fields, he was, in one way or another, practising just this mood of diligent indolence which Keats extolled. Blake, who saw heaven in a wild flower, said somewhere that he could look at a knot in a piece of wood until he was frightened; and though it was in a lesser degree, there was a corresponding intensity of Jefferies' every experience of nature at that time. So indelibly were those experiences recorded in his mind that in after years, when he was far away from the scene of them, he could still recall them with an immediacy and veracity that had in no way dimmed. His last book, for instance, *Amaryllis at the Fair*, written some ten years after he had left home and when he was so ill that he could not hold a pen and had to dictate every word to his wife, contains as vivid and compelling a picture of Coate Farm and the life there as any he wrote; and it is unlikely that with this book he had exhausted the store of circumstantial memories harvested in those days of diligent indolence. "I planted myself everywhere—in all the fields and under all the trees," he said in *Field and Hedgerow*; and it was this identification of himself with nature that made his descriptions at once so vivid and so personal.

But a word should be said about that other Jefferies, "the student of human life." This is the aspect of him which has hitherto been most

neglected. Indeed, there could hardly be a better way of celebrating the present centenary than by drawing attention to the daring realism with which he portrayed those "toilers of the fields" among whom he had been brought up in the 'sixties and 'seventies. It cannot be emphasized too much that Jefferies, notwithstanding his indulgence of a quasi-mysticism or his deserved (or otherwise) description as prose-poet of nature, was essentially a realist. "The wheat is beautiful, but human life is labour"—perhaps that provides as good a clue as any to his attitude to the rural labourer. The wheat is beautiful, but the life that depends upon it is often ugly and sordid. "Backbiting is the curse of village life" . . . "Those who know them (the cottagers) best, say you should never believe anything they tell you" . . . "They do not understand a gentle intimation, they express their displeasure in the rudest manner. The women make remarks to each other, their children look over the wall with stolid stare." . . . "They seem to be afraid of obliging people, as if to do so, even to their own advantage, would be against their personal honour and dignity." And so forth. With the truth of what Jefferies has to say about the cottager of his day the sentimentalist of course will not agree; but those who have to live with them, year in and year out, know that even to-day these charges are well-founded. Nevertheless, Jefferies was mindful to add that "the best of us are polished cottagers." As for remedy, all he could suggest (since education alone seemed hardly sufficient) was the need for some "humanizing tendency". What form this should take he did not say—probably he did not know. But then, do we know to-day?

Paradoxically, the most humanizing tendency so far has come about by means of the increased mechanization of farm labour, which, by reducing the drudgery, takes away something from the curse of Cain. And it is certain that, had Jefferies lived to see agriculture mechanized as we see it now, he would have been much in favour of it. Even in his time he extolled the steam plough and the silo and the reaping-machine. Mid-day meals for school-children was one of his many progressive suggestions. "My hope," he said in the introduction to *Round About a Great Estate*, "is with the light of the future." And again: "I cannot regret the medieval days. I do not wish them back again. I would sooner fight in the foremost ranks of time." He liked to see improved breeds of cattle and horses, new and better farm houses and less insanitary cottages. He thought painters were to blame for not accepting these improved conditions and for not integrating them in their pictures—it was, he said, as if they left out fifty years. Not for him was the cult of the picturesque. "Idealize to the full, but idealize the real, else the picture is a sham." His admirers include far too many sentimentalists (for which, it must be admitted, he himself is not without blame and not until the realist in him, as a student of nature and of human life, has received its due shall we be able to say we are enjoying the best which this best of all country writers has to give.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

NATIONALIST SOUTH AFRICA

BY ERIC A. WALKER

IN May 1910 the four British self-governing colonies of the Cape, Natal, Orange Free State and Transvaal formed a legislative union; to-day, the Europeans who number one-fifth of the total population, virtually monopolize political power. The 800,000 non-tribal Cape coloured folk in the Cape Province can still obtain the parliamentary franchise; the 300,000 non-tribal Indians, mainly in Natal, cannot. The 7,700,000 Bantu (the so-called Kaffirs), who form seventy per cent. of the Union's population, have virtually no full political rights. Since 1910, non-Europeans have been debarred from sitting in Parliament; since 1931 all European adults have been given the vote; since 1936, non-European males other than Bantu in the Cape Province alone, can still gain the vote on the reasonable qualification which, for eighty-three years previously, had been required of men of all races on equal terms in that Province. A dwindling number of Bantu, again in the Cape alone, still retain the votes they had acquired before the destruction of the old Cape civilization tests in 1936.

Then, most of the Nationalists are Afrikaners, that is, Afrikaans-speaking Europeans; but by no means all Afrikaners are Nationalists. Secondly, the Afrikaners form about sixty per cent. of the white minority, and would therefore, seem to have little real cause for the belief, which so many of them cherish, that they are an "oppressed" people whose religion, language and way of life are in danger of being swamped by the English-speaking forty per cent. of that minority. Thirdly, Afrikaners take party politics very seriously; excellent organization goes far to explain the 1948 electoral victory. Next, Afrikaners tend to be illiberal on non-European matters; but not, as a rule,

more so than the mass of still largely English-speaking "Labour" nor the ostentatiously "British" of Grahams-town, Durban, and the more affluent quarters of Johannesburg. Finally, though the Union is the strongest purely African power in the Continent, it is not, for all its invaluable harbours and gold mines, yet the centre of the world. Nor does the Nationalist victory portend the immediate end of that world. Already, ministerial performance bids fair to be much less drastic and unenlightened than hustings promises.

When the excellent book of Professor Roberts and Mr. Trollip* was first published some months ago, the South African Nationalist Opposition was the Opposition. As a result of its narrow victory in the general election of July 1948, it has become H.M. Government in the Union of South Africa. This fact gives the work of the authors an added importance, for it records the thoughts, aims and actions of the leading Nationalist-minded Afrikaner politicians during the war years 1939-1945.

It is to the credit of the authors that the story is told so clearly and objectively. But why oh! why, have they not given us an index? And was it necessary to give so many Afrikaans quotations even though these have been accompanied by English translations in an appendix? Leaving these points aside, it should be noted that their story could have been made to cover nearly three centuries, from the first beginnings at Cape Town in 1652, of the effective European occupation of Southern Africa. Cape Town itself was a mere frontier post thousands of miles from the nearest sizable area of European habitation. Thereafter, the history of the Cape Colony speedily became frontier history in every sense with the steady dispersion far inland of

**The South African Opposition, 1939-1945*, by Michael Roberts and A. E. G. Trollip. Longmans. 15s.

her sheep and cattle-farmers. The climax came a century or so ago, when thousands of Afrikaner frontier pastoralists went out on the Great Trek, running away from growing governmental control and the increasing enforcement of legal equality for folk of all races within the old Colony. Convinced that white folk were "Christians" and dark-skinned peoples were "Children of Ham," they, the least liberal-minded of all South African Europeans, set up republics and inflicted on all who were not of their community the exclusive seventeenth and eighteenth century practices that were fast fading away in the parent Cape Colony. *Apartheid*, call it separation, segregation, or what you will, was already a very old idea in the Union before ever it was called upon to win the election of 1948.

Roughly speaking the two Boer Republics openly, and "British" Natal in a much less frank manner, followed the exclusive line towards "outsiders". The Cape Colony, on the other hand, in spite of spasmodic efforts by some of the markedly "British" eastern electors to impose racial inequality, followed the liberal line in the main, and with such success that at the time of Union South African and British Liberals could hope that its civilization policy would convert the rest of the country. These hopes have been disappointed; the results of Union have been all the other way. During the nineteen-twenties South Africa became a sovereign Dominion, uncontrollable by the United Kingdom or anyone else by any means short of war or expulsion from the Commonwealth. During the 'thirties, the tendency was to restrict the political and other freedoms of non-Europeans, especially of the vast Bantu majority. And all the time there was a growing body of Afrikaner opinion that openly desired and even worked for the establishment of a republic.

A good case can be made for republicanism, especially by those many Afrikaners who were born republicans and had to fight for their independence

in vain during the South African War of 1899-1902. But this movement has gone deeper and wider than that. Republican, anti-Commonwealth, anti-British and above all anti-Native feelings have been worked up systematically for years past among the Afrikaners, especially during and since the Great Trek Centenary Celebrations of 1938. Hard on the heels of this exhibition of *apartheid* came the Axis war, on whose rights and wrongs White South African opinion was bitterly divided. It is the angry feelings engendered there that have found expression in the election.

The authors deal skilfully with the war-time waltz of the Afrikaner Nationalist politicians. They also bring out clearly the political acumen of Dr. Malan. Throughout he was determined that his Nationalists should be the one and only party to represent and speak for Nationalist-minded Afrikaners in Parliament. He has had his way, almost. But not quite. His Nationalists represent only a considerable minority of the Union's electors, and, by themselves, are a minority in the House of Assembly. The small ministerial majority in this vital Lower House is only assured by Dr. Malan's working agreement with N. C. Havenga and his handful of personal followers. This Free Stater not only holds the voting balance, but, as Finance Minister, has a powerful voice in the framing of policy. He is less liberal than even Dr. Malan on non-European issues, but he is by no means so keen on a republic. Hence, probably, one of the reasons why Dr. Malan damped down the republican cry during the elections. For the rest, the new Ministry proposes no very drastic legislation against non-Europeans for the present, and, after having truculently warned off in advance the "compulsion" which no one in his senses contemplates, proposes to co-operate with western democracies against Communist and "Asia" (that is, Indians) and even offered to take such part as was convenient to it in the London Conference of Prime Ministers.

TACITUS ON BRITAIN AND GERMANY, translated by H. Mattingly. *Penguin Books*. 1s. 6d.

SAINTS AGAINST CAESAR, by Hugh J. Schonfield. *Macdonald*. 12s. 6d.

GIBBON, by G. M. Young. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 6s.

These three books are connected by a single theme: the unity of history. If history is a unity two other things follow. It will be capable of supplying a commentary on the events of other times, however remote. Secondly, it may be made the vehicle of an interpretation so wide as to embrace not merely the story of men and nations but the entire cosmic order.

Two of these writers consciously wrote history with topical allusions. The third, a modern Jewish scholar, brings the apocalyptic literature of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, with much that is not in either canon, into a view of the world of to-day, not without some hints of prophetic exposition on his own part.

There is stimulus in such a confrontation. What relation does the irony of Tacitus bear to that of Gibbon? Has the contemptuous reference of Tacitus to "the set of men whom the common people called Christians" any bearing on the writings in which the excesses of contemporary Rome were condemned and concealed in apocalyptic cryptograms?

The new Penguin Tacitus should meet with a wide public. It is exciting to think of the pleasure the *Agricola* and *Germania* can give to new readers. Old readers must also be recalled by the inherent interest of the matter, its topical quality, handy form, good print, and by a new translation. "Liberty" has acquired a new and personal meaning for a tortured generation. Tacitus wrote of it with a conqueror's magnanimity but an artist's understanding. No cry for freedom ever rang more gallantly than in the speech he attributed or invented for the Scottish leader whom he called Calgacus. "We, the last men on

earth, the last of the free. . . . Beyond us lies no nation, nothing but waves and rocks and the Romans. . . ." These spirited phrases are from Mr. Mattingly's translation. No English translator has bettered them. Yet in the same passage the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* becomes: "We have enjoyed the impressiveness of the unknown."

The *Germania* has no scene so stirring but is not less readable. The Germans of history sat for a portrait still recognizable. Irony tinges the colours. The brush marks are more delicate than Gibbon's. Here is a Mattingly example:

Ocean forbade further research into its own secrets or those of Hercules. Since then no one has tried to explore. It has been judged more pious and reverent to believe in what the gods have done than to investigate it.

The *Saints against Caesar* are the Christians of Rome in the first century A.D. Mr. Schonfield's title is below the quality of his learning. In fact he presents a comprehensive study of Hebrew and early Christian literature and history in their association and origins. His standpoint is that of "an independent Jewish historian of the Nazarene persuasion." This enables him to approach his subject with a freedom denied to many Christian writers. The second half of the book is an analysis and new translation of the *Revelation* of the New Testament, collated with other apocalyptic and eschatological writings. These formidable polysyllables need not repel the general reader. The writer's standpoint is historical rather than theological. Where was the "upper room" of the Gospel story? Where was the house in Jerusalem from which Christianity began first to be spread abroad? What can history tell in continuation of the narrative which the *Acts of the Apostles* brings to a sudden end? These problems no longer concern theology alone. History gains from the approach which Dean Farrar indicated as long ago as 1882. It is not to be seen "through the ecclesiastical veil of unnatural and fantastic hypotheses."

Mr. G. M. Young's *Gibbon* is a second

edition, with a bracing new introduction, of a work written in 1932. He says he has corrected one major and some minor mistakes. The whole comes fresh and sparkling from the press. Examples of Gibbon's "blend of formality and innuendo" include this (about Justinian). In his creed

the guilt of murder could not be applied to the slaughter of unbelievers; and he piously laboured to establish with fire and sword the unity of the Christian faith. With these sentiments it was incumbent on him, at least, to be always in the right.

W. THOMSON HILL.

HOW CAME OUR FAITH? by W. A. L. Elmslie, *Cambridge University Press*. 21s.

This book is timely. The average Christian and Bible reader has in our day found himself halting rather confusedly between two opinions. On the one hand he has been taught that the New Testament is a fulfilling of the Old and has wondered whether, that being so, the New does not completely supersede the Old; he has found for himself the Old includes many spiritually unworthy passages, many unedifying incidents and some downright barbarisms; and he has lived in a general climate of opinion which maintains that what the world really needs is a "new spirit" and a more effective expression of something called the Christian—that is New Testament—"ethic".

On the other hand he has in the last decade or two felt himself to be living in times so momentous, decisive and, indeed, apocalyptic as to have no parallel outside the Old Testament, which therefore seems to have come to life in a most remarkable manner. If this be so, then the Old Testament is indeed relevant to a faith for our day.

Dr. Elmslie asserts this firmly. He shows how our faith is grounded in Old Testament times, which revealed God as the ultimate reality of truth, power and righteousness just as surely as the New Testament shows Him to be ultimate love. The Old Testament is not (as for too long) to be regarded and read as either an "inspired" writing in which

each and every verse has to be taken as infallible wisdom, or as a protracted allegory in which any and every incident, detail and accident has somehow got to be twisted into a so-called "prophetic" foretelling of the coming of Christ. It is prophetic right enough, but in the true sense; it records facts, shown as the active work of God in the world, and prophecy as its interpretation to men. Through the Jewish leaders, judges and kings, God showed His character and purpose at work in the sweep of historical events, and through the prophets these were interpreted, not only for their own people and contemporaries but for all men at all times. The Old Testament deals with facts and realities derived from God Who is ultimate reality; this, so far from being cancelled by the New Testament is the only foundation upon which its own characteristic teaching and "ethic" can be given effective meaning.

Dr. Elmslie works this out in detail for 400 pages; his writing is as direct as his purpose; clear, very readable, of sustained interest and not without lighter touches. A book to be recommended.

JOHN HALET.

FRANZ KAFKA: An Appreciation of his Works, by Herbert Tauber. *Secker and Warburg*. 18s.

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA: Volume One 1910-1913. Edited by Max Brod. *Secker and Warburg*. 16s.

Man has, in truth, only one problem to face: that of his dual nature, halfway between an angel and a beast, half in heaven and half on earth, half in eternity and half in time. There are times when that problem is almost forgotten. This may be because the beast is reconciled with the angel, and the earth becomes a colony of heaven, and time becomes part of eternity. But it is more likely to be forgotten because man becomes unaware of the angel and feels himself to be entirely one with the beast. When this happens it is necessary to state once again the problem of the dual nature of man, and, in our own age, no one has

done so with greater insight and imagination than Franz Kafka. The problem can be stated in various ways. Reinhold Niebuhr, in *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, says:

Man is, and yet is not, involved in the flux of nature and time. He is a creature, subject to nature's necessities and limitations; but he is also a free spirit who knows of the brevity of his years and by this knowledge transcends the temporal by some capacity within himself.

That statement, though quite realistic, is also fairly optimistic, and so, too, is the Christian doctrine of original sin, for it presumes the doctrine of divine grace.

Herbert Tauber, in his study of Kafka's work, shows how very close was his attitude to that of this doctrine in its full protestant form—or rather to one side of it, for with Kafka there was no corresponding belief in grace. It is not true, of course, that he completely repudiated the possibility of grace (*The Castle* is full of hints and gleams of that possibility), but nevertheless, there was

in his conception of reality such a rift between the eternal and the temporal, and between the divine will and everyday life, as to result in something very near to moral and spiritual nihilism. He was able, in fact, to conceive of grace but not of the means of grace. Occasionally, I think, this renders his symbols invalid, as in the case of the relations between the women and the officials of the castle. It is valid, I think, to claim that the operating of grace may be quite unintelligible to human reason, but not that it would appear disgusting to that spark of moral judgment which surely must have been put there by grace, provided that we accept the concept of grace at all. For Kafka there was apparently no cohesion between the divine will and the world of men, and for this reason he was bound to find difficulty in expressing the divine in symbols which he had to take from the world because there was nowhere else from which to take them.

Herr Tauber considers this problem

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as it appears in Kafka's work and, to a lesser extent, in his life. The analysis is very thorough, and scarcely an incident or character is passed over. There are many illuminating comments, and much that will clarify the more puzzling passages. Yet, while I do not want to question the rightness or the value of Herr Tauber's conclusions, in the end I found myself asking if this persistent picking of the locks of allegory was the right way to enter into Kafka's secret room. Surely much more is conveyed by the symbols themselves, by their great imaginative depth, than by any explanation of them. Some of the mystery has been lost, and, with the mystery, some of the truth.

The remedy, of course, is to read Kafka again. One waits eagerly for the new collection, to be called *In the Penal Settlement*, which is due next year. (Indeed, this book is necessary for the full understanding of Herr Tauber's study which, beside the better-known works, deals with a number of pieces which are not easily available—if available at all—to the English reader.) In the meantime, here is the first volume of the diaries, which contains aphorisms, parables, the beginnings and sketches of stories, as well as many glimpses of Kafka's personal life. It will certainly be invaluable for the study of the rest of his work.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

THE TRIPLE CHALLENGE, by Francis Williams. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

The author has recently ceased to be Adviser on Public Relations to the Prime Minister and was for some time editor of the *Daily Herald*. He is therefore able to write this account of "The Future of Socialist Britain" with a quite exceptional understanding both of the working of the present Government and of the labour movement from which it has sprung.

Mr. Williams is too good a journalist not to appreciate that politics gets its life and colour from its personalities and his book makes an immediate appeal for

its candid and therefore convincing studies of some of the Government's leading members. The Prime Minister: "His personality is so disciplined and controlled, so modest in external matters, so little self-seeking, that the hard core of steely self-confidence, the streak of ruthlessness that forms a part of it, as it must indeed of every successful politician, is apt to be overlooked." Mr. Bevin: "He is ruthless, sometimes brutal, vain, often vindictive, but he has a greatness of spirit that transcends all these defects. He is sublimely and completely himself." Sir Stafford Cripps: "He is governed by passion—a controlled passion of the spirit, but nevertheless a true passion. He more perhaps than any other in British public life to-day is a dedicated man. To an almost frightening degree he feels himself to be such." Mr. Morrison: "He has a quick mind and an enviable facility for picking up the threads of a discussion as he goes along, but he sometimes, when he is busy, uses them as a substitute for serious thought." Mr. Dalton: "He has an impish delight in political intrigue but he is not very good at it: principle will keep breaking through." Mr. Bevan: "He finds it, I think, both personally pleasant and politically useful to persuade his friends, and perhaps even himself, that he still has a hand-grenade behind the door, but what he really has there in these days is an electric refrigerator and a new type of mass-produced bath." And finally: "I look forward with confidence to the day when a posse of generals, colonels and other ranks will make a joint *démarche* demanding that, whatever other government changes there may be, Shinwell shall be left undisturbed at the War Office."

But Mr. Williams is concerned to show that this great empire is not entrusted to little minds. His thesis is a familiar one. The British people have launched into a revolution almost in a fit of absence of mind. The basis of this stirring experiment in democratic socialism is "a system of community ownership and control of the basic sources of economic power and of the common-

service industries combined with a broad planning of the rest of the national economy within a framework shaped by a very large measure of consultation between government, workers and managers and allowing a high degree of individual initiative and freedom." Moreover it is being carried out in times of extraordinary difficulty when the economic foundations of the whole world have been rocked by two devastating wars. Are we in fact sinking into decay or kindling a torch to guide the world between the wasteful anarchy of capitalism and the class dictatorship of communism?

Mr. Williams is optimistic about the adventure and makes a convincing case for the Government. On the other hand, he does not really explain why the exhilaration and excitement which the present situation arouses in himself are so little shared by the nation as a whole. His difficulty perhaps

is that he looks at planning too much from the Cabinet room. He sees clearly enough that the success of the experiment depends upon the co-operation of people who do not share the Government's philosophy. He seems much less ready to see the converse that the Government must be prepared to modify its plans to meet the criticisms of its opponents. And he seems to have a firmer grasp of the part to be played by the four Ministers in whom, as he says, great power is concentrated than of that of the worker at the bench, the housewife in the queue or, indeed, the councillor on the housing committee.

JAMES E. MACCOLL.

FIRE OF YOUTH, by Eric Muspratt. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

GERMAN JOURNEY, by Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

Surely Mr. Muspratt is the reincarnation of that famous French poet of other

Life of Lord Lloyd

by COLIN FORBES ADAM

With a Foreword by
The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, O.M.

Lord Lloyd was at the time of his death in 1941 a figure of international reputation, Colonial Secretary, and Government Leader in the House of Lords. He began his apprenticeship in Turkey and the Middle East, acquiring first-hand knowledge of their politics, personalities, physical features, and trade routes and requirements. He served during the first World War in the Dardanelles, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine. In 1918 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, and in 1924 High Commissioner in Egypt. This book tells, as far as possible in words taken from his diaries and letters, the story of his life of adventurous travel and unremitting work, and of his devoted love and service of his country and Empire.

With a Frontispiece and Photographs.

21s. net

Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

days whose acquaintance with prisons was not merely from the outside. In his case incarceration came about for reasons such as stowing away on a ship and he seems to have taken it as all in the day's work. His extremely picturesque father, probably the most unclerical clergyman who ever existed, arrogantly disbelieved in schooling, so that our author was sometimes caught by the education inspectors, which resulted in his attendance at thirty-three different schools. But his real school has been the world and very many parts thereof. Among his masters was a gentle, old Australian safe-breaker, with carpet slippers and spectacles, soft-spoken and benign, with an old-womanish fussiness about all his personal belongings. He offered Mr. Muspratt a partnership. "I can guarantee, yes, sir," he said, "positively guarantee to open any safe on the market."

In Australia Mr. Muspratt fell in again with his father with whom he had tramped through various countries, not without arguments between the pair of them which did not limit themselves to mere words. By this time the father had unfrocked himself; he would have delighted the heart of the late W. J. Locke. "Prison is horribly indescribable," says Muspratt, but his book is full of the most vivid descriptions of a life that has apparently always refused to be in the least commonplace. His travels through the Balkans have to be read to be believed, and I believe every word.

More conventional was the latest journey of Mrs. Mannin, whose Irish book is fragrant in our memory. Comfort does not greatly appeal to her, if it is denied to other folk, and in Germany she has hard words for the British officials and their wives who, better off by far than the natives, are discontented with the rations and so forth. As late as last year the usual currency in Germany continued to be cigarettes. "No cobbler would even begin to discuss repairs to shoes unless he was first given two cigarettes. After that he might agree to resole them for ten." So valuable were cigarettes that they

were rarely smoked. One packet might change hands a hundred times. In a Vienna dance-hall our friend found that the expensive wine was usually bought with cigarettes, but few people waltzed, in that home of the waltz, as it was too strenuous on the low diet. One is grateful to Mrs. Mannin for her tribute to Ernst Toller and that delightful episode of the swallows whose nests the prison authorities kept on destroying, while they confiscated his manuscript. He would have approved of Mrs. Mannin whose journey may have caused many eyebrows over there to be raised, but for us it is both instructive and very entertaining.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MEREDITH, by Siegfried Sassoon.
Constable. 15s.

A veil hangs between us and the writers of the last half century before our own. It is the time most difficult to understand and when the writer is also difficult to understand, the attempt to see through the veil is retarded by our natural laziness. Meredith, a poet as clear as water, was a complicated and exacting novelist, demanding constant alertness in the reader; his high spirits, his respect for humanity, his idealism and his hopefulness are out of fashion, and Mr. Sassoon's eagerly expected book is likely to introduce an almost unread author to a good many of the younger generation.

For this purpose his method, a straightforward biography treating the works as they come in chronological order, is admirable. Meredith as a person emerges from these pages, the enthusiastic young writer newly married and enjoying the witty company of his father-in-law Thomas Love Peacock; the hardworking middle-aged author and publisher's reader; and especially, the older Meredith, within the living memory of many, whose recollections Mr. Sassoon has drawn on for his moving portrait of the noble, still vigorous old man of Flint Cottage, whose talk, even when he was deaf and partly paralysed, soared like a fountain. To some c

those who came to see him, what Stevenson called "his veracity and high intellectual humbug" were disconcerting. Mr. Sassoon's pen is nowhere more lively than on his gently malicious account of the visit of "Michael Field", those two pernicky and self absorbed ladies who saw, and failed to see, so much about the great man. Other visitors, less concerned with his recognition of their own importance, were more able to apprehend the "oxygen of aliveness" which Mr. Sassoon so rightly says was part of the essence of Meredith.

This book is on the whole more successful as a biography than as a critical study of the writer's work. Mr. Sassoon's comments on both the poetry and the prose of Meredith are, of course, sensitive and intelligent, and cannot fail to be worth reading but there seems to be some lack of fusion, perhaps because we are asked to consider Meredith almost in a vacuum, and not as part of the stream of thought and letters in his time. His life emerges more clearly from this book than the sum of what he lived to say. To say this is to complain that a good book is not even better. Mr. Sassoon's sympathetic study is likely to do what any author of a biography would wish, to send new and old readers to take the poetry and prose of Meredith off their shelves.

LETTICE COOPER.

LEAN FORWARD, SPRING! by Phoebe Hesketh. *Sidgwick & Jackson. 7s. 6d.*

THE AGE OF ANXIETY, by W. H. Auden. *Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.*

BEYOND THE TRUMPET, by John Wright. *Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s.*

Some of the best poetry written in this country to-day is the nature poetry of Andrew Young, Stanley Snaith, Dylan Thomas, to say nothing of the slightly older school of Sackville-West, Edmund Blunden, Frank Kendon and Richard Church.

Well, *Lean Forward, Spring!*, a first collection of poems by Phoebe Hesketh, strikes me as one other example of good nature poetry indeed. The book con-

tains also much thoughtful, impassioned love poetry, lucid and poignant; but I think Mrs. Hesketh's gift is at its best in the many objective, impersonal, descriptive pieces that are well constructed and allow her to reveal an acute observation and original choice of epithet which startle the reader into appreciation. For simile and epithet—to quote at random—"a sky clear-rinsed with rain, blue as a baby's eye"; of the lark: "Blue-circled mite of melody upon momentous wing"; "brooch-like bees . . . pinned to the hearts of ragged daisies"; and "camp-fire coloured rowan berries" must suffice. She is excellent on birds, as in her poem, "Throstle":

Throstle,
Mast-high aloft a poplar tree!
O freckled one . . .
All brindled brown on olive-dusted down.
I hear your music float
Upward like bubbles from your pulsing
throat.

And in "Kingfisher" she fuses love

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Eyre & Spottiswoode

and nature :

When suddenly a kingfisher
Sparkles up the stream electrically,
Beading my thread of thought, flashing the dead
Flex of the heart with myriad
Blue messages.

If the love poems have all the impress
of integrity, perhaps they lack the final
magic of phrase, as in "Lament." I
liked "Marguerita's Love Song."

Then for "lucid utterance, and avoid-
ance of pretentious modernist devices,"
as Siegfried Sasson puts it, there is this :

And in the pool an antelope
Kisses his darkly mirrored lips
With mole-soft muzzle as he sips
The cool and moon-washed water.

Mr. Auden's new poem, *The Age Of Anxiety*, rather stupidly described as
'a baroque eclogue,' is baroque only
in the verbal, whimsical over-elaboration
of a typical, disillusioned, simple and
boring fable. Three men and a woman
meet in a New York bar during the war,
and discuss civilization's impasse and
express their personal visions. They
go to the woman's flat where the young
man, who has fallen in love with the
woman and wants to spend the night
with her, finds that he has drunk too
much and falls to sleep on the bed. She
is both disappointed and relieved.

The poem has all Mr. Auden's
mechanical mastery of technique, and
we are a great deal bludgeoned into
insensitiveness by an excess of Anglo-
Saxon alliteration. But was it worth
writing? The tone throughout seems
rather cheaply callous, and the text
has a tiresome, infantile smartness (less
adult even than Tennyson!) which
gives the impression of an uneasy Auden
estranged from normal human feelings.
During the war no doubt Mr. Auden had
time to ponder "weak faith in confusion."
Here he writes of modern man's loss
of God :

The didactic digit and dreaded voice
Which imposed peace on the pullulating
Primordial mess. Mourn for him now,
Our lost dad,
Our colossal father.

Elsewhere he writes :

I'm running down.
Wafna. Wafna. Who's to wind me now

In this lost land ?

Can it be that Mr. Auden is running
down ?

With Mr. John Wright's *Beyond The Trumpet* we are back to faith and a
youthful simplicity of heart. Mr.
Wright has a pure, small lyric gift :

Death comes but to banish
Life's doubts and life's pains ;
The instruments vanish
The music remains.

I liked "Easter Sunday" and "Chelsea
Hospital." But many of the poems
are a little obvious.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

THE RAILWAYS OF BRITAIN : PAST AND PRESENT, by O. S. Nock. Batsford. 15s.

If a poet, as Stevenson says, has died
in most of us, surely in most of the boys
of my generation there had died an
engine-driver. But the charm of the
railways appears to-day to cause a boy
to write down long lists of the numbers
on engines. Why he does this is a
mystery, but many another mystery is
explained in Mr. Nock's extremely
interesting, in fact indispensable book.
He tells us of the sanguine lawyers who,
when the old Lancaster and Carlisle was
taken over by the L. and N.W.R. in
1859 on a 999-year lease it was specified
that the L. and C. locomotives and other
movable property should be restored at
the end of the lease.

In the early days of railways in Britain
the Queen was charmed with her first
journey ; she had braved her timid
advisers and the newspaper which spoke
of the disaster entailed by a long regency.
Lady Holland, on the other hand, would
only travel from Paddington to Chippen-
ham if Brunel, the engineer, were beside
her and she could hold his hand all the
way. Walter Scott used to take off
his hat as he drove through Stamford,
for he considered that the most beautiful
sight between London and Edinburgh ;
he might have approved of the local
magnate owing to whom the town is
connected to the main line by a very
inconvenient mile or two of railway.

H.B.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

From America, France, China and
England come four stories, converging
here as though their sole mission were
to point the theme of a thoughtful little
book about the novelist and his craft.

Who is to blame?

In *THE NOVEL AND OUR TIME*
(Phoenix House. 5s.) Alex Comfort
examines without bias the implications
of "writing for an asocial society" and
clarifies the ancient debating poser
whether authors merely reflect, or are
responsible for, the manifestations of
their period. In this peculiar and un-
pleasant era, his chapter called "Violence,
Sadism and Miss Blandish" should
jolt those who have taken for granted
some of the literary figures who are
"part of the landscape." For example,
to know that Dickens often repels is one
thing ; after reading Dr. Comfort's
analysis, readers will understand why.
In "Realism, Fantasy and Symbolism"
he defines the bogus and indicates
where the use of these media is legitimate.
His unwillingness to predict the future,
if any, of the novel form, makes the
stimulus of his inferences all the more
trustworthy.— The development of
American fiction in the years between
1915 and 1925 is exhaustively studied by
Maxwell Geismar in *THE LAST OF THE*
PROVINCIALS (Martin Secker & Warburg.
16s.). He discusses H. L. Mencken,
Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Sherwood
Anderson and F. Scott Fitzgerald,
people whose work has grown out of
their country's transition from inde-
pendent farming and business to
industrial giantism. He fits them into
the pattern of America's social history
and is rightly aware of the place of each
in strengthening her literary achievement.
While the bibliographies, acknowledg-
ments and index testify to Mr. Geismar's
intensive research, his criticism is pene-
trating and never spiteful, detached and
kind at once, attentive not to his own
voice but to the message of the books
under review. This seems to come near

to answering another debating favourite :
what makes a good critic ?

"See what a rent . . ."

And now to the latest novel of another
American. Thornton Wilder's *THE*
IDES OF MARCH (Longmans, Green. 9s. 6d.)
has been on the table over-long, being
re-savoured before its transference to the
shelf. To extenuate such unbusiness-
like behaviour it is urged that the second
reading of this collection of letters,
whose aim, in the apt words of the
author, "is a fantasia on certain events
and persons in the last days of the
Roman republic," verifies their original
impact. The "suppositional recon-
struction" of the last year of Julius
Caesar's life nevertheless rings true. His
own letters, those of Cleopatra, of
Cicero and of Catullus, the tart-sugary
exchanges between Pompeia and the
despicable Clodia, all combine to
visualize pagan Rome when, as the wife
of Cornelius Nepos wrote, it was
"standing on its head." The publisher
states that this is the first novel of Mr.
Wilder's for more than ten years ;
obviously a decade too much.

Where the heart is

The French story, through no fault
of its own, has tarried too. It is *Joy*
(The Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.) by Georges
Bernanos, translated by Louise Varese,
and tells the story of the gentle Chantal
surrounded by grotesqueness, herself in
fear of mystical visitation, meeting
death at the hands of a drunken chauffeur.
The author has a Catholic preoccupation
with the theme of good and evil which
is nightmarish, and all the more so
because these "contenders for the
human soul" are real.— Then to
China for *THEY FLY SOUTH* by Chun-
Chan Yeh (Sylvan Press. 9s. 6d.). It is
the wild geese who go that way, and
grandmother Marigold says they are the
link between man and heaven. Ching
Lung listens to her tales and starts off
to see the world. He does not get
beyond a week's journey but learns how

to live and, like many another traveller, discovers that happiness waits for him at home. A most engaging morality.—Another and not so dissimilar moral tale—in this case the wanderer goes back for happiness to his adopted India—is Rupert Croft-Cooke's *WILKIE* (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.). Perhaps his Londoners are too obviously Aunt Sallies; someone should assure him that of the eight millions here, quite a few have never had any black market dealings, that many have jobs, humdrum maybe, into which they yet put their utmost, that some even manage to enjoy their work and prefer to be honest, and that bad manners are not the general rule in bus, train or shop. Apart from this slight astigmatism the book shows a clean bill of health. As story-telling it is superb; Colonel Wilkes, the 'hero' indeed, could be met with and listened to anywhere in India now, on the strength of this portrait. And, to cite but one of the subsidiary characters, who does not know an indomitable Miss Marshall? The dialogue is effortless, which means that great effort has gone into making it so. The remarkable thing about Mr. Croft-Cooke is not so much his versatility—gypsies, Kipling and now *Wilkie* in four months—but that his hold on each interest is so firm.

Overhearing Boswell

Dialogue "smooth and logical", as Rayner Heppenstall says, characterizes *IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS* (Martin Secker & Warburg, 10s. 6d.). Here are the Third Programme broadcast scripts by C. V. Wedgwood, Herbert Read, Rose Macaulay, Seán O'Faoláin, V. S. Pritchett, G. W. Stonier and Michael Innes. And among the talkers are Prince Rupert and Dr. Evelyn, Aristotle and Protogenes, Milton, Newman and Kingsley, Dostoevski and Turgenev, Hamlet, Ophelia and Horatio, and Dr. Johnson. Mr. Heppenstall produced the series and now edits the book with an Introduction. Preceding each conversation are his notes, to give his readers that always exciting peep behind the scenes. Those who heard the

broadcasts will be glad of this opportunity to capture some momentous moments, and any for whom the Third Programme—for whatever reason—is trouble, toil and pain, will discover here how effective the spoken word of a Felix Aylmer or a John Laurie can still be to read.

Another world

A name not unconnected with broadcasting is Denis Constanduros' who, in *MY GRANDFATHER* (Longmans, Green, 6s. 6d.) recreates for his yearning readers the 1910's and the early 'twenties. Typically, his memories are rose-hued—the "Great War" barely intrudes—but only a real grandparent could potter so genially, so lovably through these pages. And the spaciousness of Kensington Gore, with the Gardens across the road and the Royal College of Music behind, was not fictitious. Over-reference to the old man's dentures jars slightly, as do the drawings of him by his grandson, and, "as pompous as a Sargent portrait" is an unaccountable slur on much gracious and lovely painting. For the rest, the book is a perfect evocation of that sunlit period when there was still time for the nuances of civilized behaviour—provided, of course, there was money enough for the luxury.

Silver spoon, wooden spoon

Another Victorian-Edwardian, who lacked grandfather's ability to grow old gracefully, is drawn relentlessly in *LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS* by William Freeman (Herbert Joseph, 18s.). The sub-title is: "Spoilt Child of Genius" and there's the rub, for, most unfortunately for them, nobody can really like spoilt children. This man's life—with its fierce loves and equally fierce hates (all too reminiscent as time went on of his detestable father), littered with litigation and, above all, with its frittering of superb gifts—seems to have been mostly waste. In spite of all the protests of devotion, the suspicion persists that, though the younger man, he was (perhaps involuntarily) the evil genius in the life

of Wilde. And not all the increasing zeal in religious observance could succeed in giving him the odour of sanctity. Perhaps now that Mr. Freeman has written this detailed and fully documented biography, and it is a triumph of objectivity in its treatment of so disputatious a subject, Lord Alfred Douglas should be allowed to rest in the cemetery at Crawley, forgotten—with the glorious exception of his sonnets. As the author failed to obtain permission to quote these, it is to be hoped this means that a collection of Douglas's poetry is to be published soon.—Just as impossible to like but with less reason, for this was the child spoilt by poverty and misfortune, is the poet who, driven insane by the world's neglect, killed himself at the age of eighteen. In *THOMAS CHATTERTON* (Frederick Muller, 10s. 6d.) John Cranstoun Nevill tells freshly and in careful detail the fantastic, legend-like exploits, which never fail to astonish, of the boy who wrote the Rowley forgeries and made of them intrinsic poems "rich in simple, moving imagery" and full of wild music. The late Forrest Reid claimed that Chatterton's influence started the romantic revival and thought it probable that he would have turned to dramatic poetry, an opinion with which Mr. Nevill would agree for, if Chatterton, he says,

could conceive and execute a play of the calibre of *AElla*, between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, it would not appear unreasonable to prophesy that, given another thirty years of life, he might have restored to the theatre something of the lustre it has lost since the days of Elizabeth and James I.

The magic parsonage

Because the Brontë story is another perpetual source of astonishment and is thus in danger of being overdone at this end of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, Ernest Raymond's *IN THE STEPS OF THE BRONTËS* (Rich & Cowan, 12s. 6d.) will not receive here the space it deserves. The sisters' way on this occasion is followed by numerous photographs and Mr. Raymond's treatment has entirely succeeded in accompanying their minds and hearts as well.—It is enterprise

worthy of *Penguin Books* to publish now *THE PROFESSOR* (1s. 6d.) for it is, as May Sinclair said, "a sort of nursery ground for all Charlotte Brontë's later novels." The celebrations of various centenaries in the family have aroused interest in Charlotte's Brussels experiences, and M. Héger (Mr. Raymond always drops the accent, which makes the name look as strange as 'Brontë' would do without its diaeresis) is here, more heavily disguised than he is in *Villette*, as William Crimsworth.

The master of paradox

The reason that governed the length of the preceding paragraph also applies to *CHAUCER* by G. K. Chesterton (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). As the fly-leaf proclaims, it was first published in *mcmxxxii*; what then seemed a cascade of high spirits, a firework display of mental agility and fun-poking, caught up into a roving history of England which yet managed to interpret brilliantly the "father of English poetry", is no less so in *mcmxlviii*. May this be the fore-runner of a lot of new, but less expensive, Chesterton editions! He implied in his reader the same power to soar intellectually as he himself possessed and consequently was a most flattering author. For this reason the young, always snobs, should welcome him, and it is suggested that a start might be made on the reprinting of all the essays to and from *Tremendous Trifles*, "just to show 'em."

For the kitchen table

Chaucer could have used Wilson Midgley to help him write *The Cook's Tale*, except that *COOKERY FOR MEN ONLY* (Chaterson, 7s. 6d.) proves Mr. Midgley in no need of a collaborator. How right he is in most of his hints and recipes: never to be without a supply of cooked potatoes and always to eat their skins when baked; recognizing that pancakes are only truly married to lemon juice, that none but a strong wrist is of avail in beating sponge mixture or batter, and in stressing the virtue of raw vegetables (B.O.T.T. is

narrowly achieved each month with the aid of a supply of carrots, peeled and at hand for absent-minded chewing). His index is at the beginning, which is inspired commonsense. And, a tract for the times, his book has no "take-ten-eggs" incantations. Surely, though, he is heavy-handed with the baking powder: "4 rounded tsps." to a pound of flour; but, as he says the result "will greatly impress any lady friends," raising rock cakes to artificial heights and scarifying the colon with cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda must be excused on the ground of the male tendency to strut.

Everything Mr. Midgley writes here applies to the situation of those hordes of housewives who, either with part- or full-time work, help the production drive which five-day-week man cannot manage alone. So the title of the book is probably wise; its strain on feminine curiosity should ensure an enormous sale, and to the women treasure trove.

Away from it all

A smoking pot of Irish stew and platters of plum pudding and mince pies, with pheasants, hares, rabbits, partridges, woodcock, wild duck or snipe hanging in the larder are some of the rewards of a day's shooting, described in *LIFE IN THE COUNTRY* by Godfrey Locker Lampson (*Frederick Muller*, 18s.). It is not surprising that the chapter is called: "Extinction of the Country Squire" for it all happened fifty years ago. The author writes autobiographically of the agricultural show, the cow pasture, the country doctor, poachers, old retainers, hay-making and kindred themes and makes the whole into a great, melodious sigh for good times that are gone. The many illustrations in colour and the black and white photographs breathe the tranquillity and order of the countryside.—Governments may come and go but cultivating the land is a never-altering creative energy. This is emphasized by a little book *HUNGARIAN PEASANT LIFE* (*Hungarian Cultural Institute*, 22

Manchester Square, London, W.1), by Gyula Ortutay, the present Minister of Education. Written ten years ago it is now reprinted, with modifications and additions, in a translation of Paul Tabori because by it may be measured "the essence and value of the change that had taken place." No less a change in fact than the break-up of the feudal estates, that to outsiders seemed so romantic, into small holdings and the true romance whereby every peasant feels he has a stake in the land upon which he works. With the collaboration of Béla Bartók, Zoltán Kodály and others, the author collected and recorded thousands of those folk songs, fairy tales and folk lore games which are only some of the achievements that have sprung from "the economic, social and cultural loneliness and severe limitation of peasant existence." It is not hard to believe that the story he has to tell, combined with the section of graphic photographs by Miklós Müller, made in the original "a small masterpiece".

Going with the grain

Also a small masterpiece, of book production, is *WOODCUTS OF ALBRECHT DÜRER* by T. D. Barlow (*King Penguin*, 2s. 6d.). There are 112 reproductions of the artist's work which cover some forty pages without any effect of cramping. Whether the picture be crowded with figures as in *The Great Passion* series or shows but a *Design for a Column* the detail in each is equally clear and fine-drawn. St. Christopher's beard, as he crosses the stream with his burden, is a miracle of delicate line sketching. It is easy for the general reader to note such points; to turn back to Sir Thomas Barlow's twenty pages is to hear the voice of authority and to learn a great deal more about the skill that was needed to preserve the original design in the cutting of the block, and of the difference between modern wood engraving and that of 1471 to 1528, the dates of Dürer's birth and death.

GRACE BANYARD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1948

NORTH AMERICA: 1948

BY MAX BELOFF

FOR Europe this has been the centennial year of 1848—the year of revolutions. It is not a happy memory. The bright hopes of the enlightenment flickered up for a last time and were drowned beneath the turbulent nationalisms and class hatreds which still disfigure and distract our continent. But in the U.S.A.—a country which takes its anniversaries seriously—it only fell to this traveller's lot to take part in one such celebration. 1848 was the year in which the State of Wisconsin was admitted to the Union and in the State's charming capital city—Madison—nestling between its sunlit lakes, we duly celebrated with processions, bands, fireworks and all the conventional trimmings, this totally unepochmaking event. But, it was impressive for all that. With its accent on the civilian and not the military, on the living together and assimilation of the various strains—German and Italian, as well as Scandinavian and Swiss—that have gone to make up this flourishing and delectable state, it was a poignant reminder that building is better than destruction, peace than war.

It is indeed a privilege for anyone from weary, dispirited Europe to be allowed to live even for a few months in these western lands, basking in the noontide of their prosperity, preoccupied with the pattern of domestic living, discovering, through their great state universities in particular, new entrances for their young people to the golden worlds of literature, music and art, and as it sometimes seems, resolutely oblivious to the seething passions that rock our world. One may call the midwest—as Europeans have called it for generations, and as sophisticated New Yorkers call it to-day—materialistic, crude, boring. It would be absurd to go to the other extreme and talk as though Madison or Minneapolis were a modern Athens. It would be hypocrisy to pretend that even the more enlightened midwestern states—Minnesota for instance—do all that can be done to make civilized living possible for all classes of the community. In public housing, in health services and perhaps in some other directions, the advanced countries of western Europe have still something to teach. But on the whole—certainly in a time of prosperity like the present—it is a fact that very large sections of the population indeed, in this part of the United States, have attained what is (whether the sophisticates like it or not) an ease of physical living, an ability to concentrate on themselves and the future of their families, which must be the envy of the common man almost everywhere on the globe. Their

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sleep has not yet been disturbed by the tocsin, the siren or the midnight knock of the secret police. No-one who has enjoyed their hospitality and friendship can fail to hope that this immunity may continue and spread wider.

This may seem an emphasis on the obvious. And if it were all, the returning traveller would have little more to do than confirm the facts by now well established that drug-stores exist, that coca-cola is an indispensable accompaniment to hot weather, and so on. But there is more to it than that: there is the fact, as Tocqueville saw, that one cannot understand the public actions of the Americans (or indeed of any other people) without grasping the essential pattern of their daily domestic lives. When we get the new Tocqueville we so badly need (and are, it must be admitted, so unlikely to get), it is to be hoped that the book will include the equivalent of Tocqueville's Part II, as well as the more conventional discussion of institutions that forms his Part I.

One cannot then understand the temper of American politics, in so far as that temper is set by the midwestern norm without understanding this background of material comfort based upon technical efficiency: nor can one understand Manitoba and Ontario without grasping the effect of the upward seepage of American modes of life into communities still slightly less well-off than their American counterparts to the south. It must and does condition their attitudes to the problem of Europe, and of European recovery. It is not so much a question of "it can't happen here" as of "it should happen there."

It would be a mistake to imagine however, that this domestic prosperity and apparently carefree domestic existence, is carried on wholly in oblivion of less fortunate peoples. To a great extent in the U.S.A., and to an even more marked extent in Canada (especially where Great Britain is concerned) there is a ready acceptance of the moral principle that those who enjoy so much of nature's bounty should be prepared to share it. Without the wholly moral impulse which this implies, the Marshall Plan would have been inconceivable. Even now one gasps at the extraordinary blindness to this imaginative generosity so often shown by prominent people in England. One tends to explain it rather shamefacedly to one's American friends, by saying that of course the English are undemonstrative by nature, that they dislike being thanked and imagine other people share that dislike. But one cannot help feeling, first, that what is becoming in an individual may be less so in a nation and, secondly, that this explanation rulers have shown their essential and ineradicable insularity—that although our diplomatic, and perhaps even our financial relations with the New World have on the whole been handled rather well since the end of the war, Great Britain in reconstruction badly needs both in the U.S.A. and in Canada a voice which can express, in time of peace, the common purposes we hold with the same eloquence that Winston Churchill displayed in

making clear our common purposes in war.

It is after all of tremendous importance that the arrangements that have been worked out and are being worked out, for collaboration in economic, political and military matters should have the full understanding and support of the peoples involved. Whatever may be the future of western union in any of its forms—and no subject is more eagerly canvassed in North America—it remains a fact that the only stabilizing element in the world to-day, the only element capable of holding in check the forces of aggression and revolution, is the strength presented by the Atlantic triangle—by the capacity for working together shown by the United States, Great Britain and Canada. In the United States certainly, and in Canada to an extent perhaps only less marked, the full implications of this are just emerging into the light of public discussion. And in the United States particularly where, in the long run, opinion is everything, where the expert and the professional must in the last resort give way to the aspirations and prejudices of the ordinary citizen, in a country that is a political democracy in a sense impossible to one with a parliamentary system and an élite of more or less traditional pattern, this does mean the creation of public support. Great Britain has little to gain and everything to lose from majestic reticence.

We have to make ourselves both better understood in North America and learn to understand the North Americans better than sometimes we do. The latter is not going to be a simple matter. It is worth beginning any consideration of the American scene by accentuating the obvious in productivity, material wealth and material well-being: but it is superficial to end there. The United States is no more complacent about itself than it is about the state of the world. It is certainly aware—and this is true at any rate of large sections of the population—that it is changing rapidly in part because of its new status in the world. And if the immediate political reaction seemed in the summer to be an escape backward in time, the event has proved the contrary.

Indeed as one probes beneath the outward show of domestic felicity, one comes across all sorts of things that may perhaps best be explained as different aspects of the same phenomenon—an inward acceptance of the fact of change combined with an instinctive resistance to change, for fear of the unknown. There is a certain national nervousness of which the most startling phenomenon is provided not so much by the Washington witch-hunt (the only appropriate designation for the activities of the un-American Activities Committee) as by the widespread fear in intellectual circles that this may herald a general drive against dangerous thoughts in every field. The nervousness over communist penetration is of course understandable—particularly if one appreciates the fact that most Americans instinctively exaggerate the power of the Russians and the intelligence of communist leadership—but the particularly dramatic form which it takes does seem to represent something particular about the national temperament. The Canadians would seem to confront a similar and quite

as real a danger with much less fuss and bother. On the other hand, the notion that all this shows that the United States is entering upon a period of "near-fascism"—that freedom of speech is seriously imperilled, that free academic inquiry is likely to face increasing hostility—does seem almost equally far-fetched to anyone with the least idea of the real servitudes to which thought is exposed over the greater part of the European continent. One is bound to notice that much of this talk comes directly or indirectly from those who are quite unmoved when the threat to freedom comes from the "left".

It is true that the nervousness that such fears induce is itself an impediment to free and open discussion, and that in the particular case of Government servants, or in the case of others whose livelihood depends ultimately upon legislators (the staffs of state universities for instance), the suspicion at present attaching to anyone of alleged left-wing leanings or acquaintanceship is not conducive to efficiency, to say nothing of original thought, or enterprise. It is true that in any country so profoundly democratic in the narrower sense, the pressure for conformity is bound to be very strong. But there would seem—at least to an outside observer—no reason to think that the libertarian elements in the American tradition with their own strength will not in the long run, and perhaps even in the short run, prove equal to holding their own. Certainly a visitor from Britain who is at once made conscious by the wealth of American publications of the enormous loss we daily sustain through the deliberate curtailment by paper rationing of our access to information and to new ideas, is in no position to say that the readers of the most informed and varied press in the world, are not enjoying intellectual freedom.

Of perhaps even more significance, though not as immediately striking, as this rather widespread nervousness, is a strong tendency towards national self-consciousness and introspection. The idea that the Americans are complacent arises from the fact that they like a good deal of what they have and rightly (if rather crudely believe) that others would be better off for having it too. But this is not complacency. Americans are, for one thing, uncertain whether their present prosperity can last. In spite of the generation now growing up being too young to remember or even comprehend the great depression, the lessons of the 1930's have not gone unheeded. The Depression and the New Deal are still the great events of modern American history—more so than either war—and one would be led astray by superficialities if one failed to perceive beneath the passions and froth of an election year, the fact that the substantial issue was "for or against the New Deal." The iconography and iconoclasm that the figure of Franklin Roosevelt alternately evokes is evidence enough of this. Such is its volume that some pedant three millennia hence may well ask of Roosevelt, as of Homer, whether we are dealing with a man or a folk-myth.

Because of this question about the economic and political stability of

their system, the Americans are given to probing its foundations—no going concern has ever been so surveyed, mapped, probed, analysed and dissected before. Partly perhaps because of the external threat to their own culture and still more because of the threat that overhangs the Europe from which so much cultural sustenance has been drawn, there is in literature and the arts a very definite emphasis on the autonomy of things and moods American. In educational institutions, particularly in the universities, the increasing tendency to go in for large scale programmes on "American civilization", to make the American scene itself the nuclear norm of all educational and cultural activity, is a feature as remarkable as it is widespread. The attempt to build bridges between the traditional academic disciplines, not in the name of a common world culture, but in the name of a common American civilization, has for the European observer both its heartening and its ominous side. But it is not the mark of a complacent people and, for a great many Americans, there is the justified feeling that the strengthening and re-assessing of their own cultural values is a form of service to the common cause.

A high degree of self-consciousness is even more characteristic of contemporary Canada than of the contemporary United States. The Canadians have of course benefited psychologically from the fact that a second world war has seen them playing a full part, in spite of the handicaps that their complicated national structure at one time seemed to place on their full development within the international community. On their economic advance during and since the war, the statistical evidence is overwhelming. It can no longer be doubted that Canada is a nation and a great nation. The Canadian debate is rather as to whether, and in what sense, Canada is a sovereign nation.

Canadians realize that in the world as now constituted their only safety must lie in full co-operation with Great Britain and the United States. They realize the enormous shift of power that has taken place in favour of the latter and one emphasized in their case by the increasingly interlocked character of the two economies. They know and regret the fact that in the great matters of policy their voice is little heeded at Washington, that the Americans act on the justified assumption that Canada will always be with them. The loss here, it may be said, may well be on the American side. There are good reasons for thinking that in international questions, the Canadian view is worth taking into account more often than it is. The justification for an independent Canadian nationhood must therefore largely be a cultural one. Here there is the consciousness of what Canada has lost in the past through the southward pull on its best brains, particularly its best academic brains. Canadians would like to see a strengthening of the intellectual and cultural links with this country—and once again clash with the British combination of reficence and insularity that seems to crop up wherever relations with this country are concerned. Canadians have a feeling that the interest

in this country that they feel, and the sympathy they show for its difficulties should be reciprocated. They have a feeling that this is not the case. And again, it is hard to remain candid, and to deny that they are right.

But all these problems and questionings that come up as soon as one attempts to get beneath the surface, are in themselves secondary to the main and abiding impression that must be left with anyone whose first impression of North America has been in this year of reminiscence—1948. The impression must be an immeasurably hopeful one. To-day in terms of sheer power, the world's centre of gravity lies undoubtedly somewhere to the south of the Great Lakes. The Great Lakes are perhaps going to be what the Mediterranean was to the ancient world or the narrow seas from the times of the Reformation until our own days. In so far as the fortunes of the human race now rest upon the good sense and capacities of the people who inhabit that area, one is bound to say that with all their crudities of temper and with all the imperfections of their institutions, these people are not inadequate to the task. If we are asked to choose between the North American pattern and the Soviet pattern, it is inconceivable that any civilized being can hesitate.

MANCHURIA AND AFTER

By O. M. GREEN

Surely Manchuria is bewitched. For over fifty years it has been fought for and dominated by alien powers. Russia, having extracted from China in 1896 the concession for the Chinese Eastern Railway (which like a capital 'T' runs east and west, north and south, throughout Manchuria), and the lease of the Liaotung peninsula, Dairen and Port Arthur, seized on the pretext of the Boxer rising to fill the country with troops. Manchuria was a Russian province in all but name when Japan went to war with Russia for its possession in 1904-1905; after which these two powers virtually divided the country until, in 1931, Japan struck again, drove out the Russians and the last vestiges of Chinese authority, and formed the puppet State of Manchukuo.

Now at last Manchuria is in Chinese hands, but Chinese who are the disciples of Moscow, exponents of a creed which is antagonistic to all the age-long beliefs and practices of China. This splendid country, bigger than France and Germany together, immeasurably rich in minerals, agriculture and forests, is now the largest Communist State, outside the U.S.S.R., in the world, in the most strategic position in the Far East and bordered on three sides by Russian territory.

It has been said that the essential difference between Communist troops and those of the Kuomintang Government is that the former fight for something, the latter only against something. And the conviction has been growing steadily since the war among Chinese intellectuals and business men, much as they fear Communism, that the K.M.T. are not worth fighting for—a conviction evidently prevalent among the troops, to judge by the numbers of them who have gone over to the Communists, with all their expensive American arms.

It is only right to emphasize that the K.M.T. are by no means all of the same stamp. Many members are high-minded liberal men; and undoubtedly good work has been done since the war, in hygiene, education and the restoration and management of railways and airways. But this does not exonerate the K.M.T. administration as a whole. Profiting first by Dr. Sun Yat-sen's commission to the Party to teach China democratic self-government (this was Dr. Sun's "period of political tutelage"), then by the facilities presented by the war, a small group of men have been able to seize omnipotent control and nothing apparently can unseat them. Their motives may have been sincere, to "uphold the teaching of Dr. Sun Yat-sen" as they frequently proclaim. But they have given the K.M.T. a

usually a teacher, to bring heart and cheer, and to inspire the children and the youth. In each camp there is a school : and the walls of the school-rooms are decorated with pictures of the Jewish agricultural settlements and portraits of the Jewish leaders. The camp artists paint the walls of the dining-room with murals of the Promised Land. The Jewish displaced persons will not work in the Austrian or the German economy : and a scheme has been devised for work within the camp which is directed by officers of the International Refugee Organization. There are workshops for tailoring, weaving, shoe-making and woodwork. The product of the industries is used partly for the inmates, partly for the needs of the Refugee Organization. The workers are paid by a system of points which have a higher purchasing value than Austrian currency. In each camp is a P.X. shop, on the model of the American Army Postal Exchange. Goods, which are largely manufactured articles from the camp industries, but also include food and cigarettes, are purchasable there for the points cards. Those inmates of the camp who are employed by I.R.O. and are paid in Austrian shillings can exchange that currency for points, and so use their earnings to better advantage.

The steady outflow from the Jewish camps to Palestine and, in a lesser measure, to Canada and the United States, is to an extent balanced by an inflow from the countries of Eastern Europe, particularly from Rumania. Last year that uninvited immigration reached the scale of a flood : but the rush has been checked : and all the camps show a substantial diminution of numbers.

The direction of the camps is in the hands of the International Refugee Organization, whose staff is international, drawn largely from the United States, the British Dominions, Holland and France. They bring a sympathetic understanding to their work. They are alive to the yearnings of their homeless charges, and encourage them to bring some amenity and beauty into the stark conditions of the camps : to plant little gardens, to grow vegetables, to organize entertainment. One is left with the impression that the problem of the remaining displaced persons of the old order, that is, of those who were displaced at the end of the war, can be solved during the next two years, which is the term set for the I.R.O.

A new problem, however, bigger in volume and at present intractable, has been created since the end of the war. It is the forced movement of millions of the population, German or of German origin, from central and eastern Europe to Austria and western Germany. They include millions of *Reichsdeutsche* driven out of East Prussia and Silesia, and millions of *Volksdeutsche* from the Sudetenland and other parts of Czechoslovakia, from Hungary, Rumania and the Baltic States. They are not the responsibility of the International Refugee Organization which, by its constitution, is precluded from helping them. They are not at present the responsibility of any organization of the United Nations. Their maintenance is left to the hard-pressed administrations of the British and American zones

of Germany and the Government of Austria, and to the charity of voluntary bodies. Their conditions of life are wretched in the extreme. Here is a challenge to humanity. The misery of the victims of hatred against Nazi brutality cannot serve as just retribution for the sufferings of millions of victims of the Nazi persecution.

Yet another urgent problem of displaced persons has been created in the most recent months, not in Europe but in the Middle East, through the flight from their homes in western Palestine of 400,000 Arabs. Count Bernadotte in his last testament compelled the attention of the United Nations to its responsibility for meeting that human need. Since he was murdered, the problem has increased in gravity. The International Red Cross, the Specialized Agencies of the United Nations, and the principal philanthropic organizations of the world have been marshalled to deal with it. But the measure of relief afforded is still altogether inadequate. Larger inter-governmental action is called for. The problem of the refugees and the displaced persons, whatever their origin, is an inescapable world issue and a test of our civilization.

THE WIND-HARP

BY JANE MORRISON

It filled the hallway with delicate sound
 At grandmother's. Round
 And round its prisms spun in the breeze
 And made with ease
 A music less than music ; fascination
 Rather than hope of melody held me to its conversation
 With the wind. It brought to mind
 A grove of trees I had loved which grew behind
 Grandmother's house ; but now I saw that they
 Were trees like ghosts of trees, gray
 And all about them sang the alien voices, the blended discord
 Which never stopped and never roared.
 When doors closed out the breeze, a breath of air
 Floating down the stair
 Could stir it. I love it still, after long years
 Have forgotten, for I am like it ; enchanted ears
 Set me spinning to silent music, happy-bright, mood-pinned,
 A harp for the wind.

Well-to-do men had been robbed and slain without due inquiry into their supposed crimes. This must not be. The co-operation of all classes, the assistance of "industrial and commercial enterprises owned by landlords and rich peasants" are indispensable for the building up of the new China. Such is the substance of Mao Tse-tung's injunctions, followed by more of a similar tenor in his May Day broadcast.

Just so in Java the veteran Communist leader Alimin has urged agreement with the Dutch in order to gain a breathing space in which the Communists may gather strength for further advance. By their own publications the Chinese Communists are desperately short of doctors, scientists, technicians; and probably of machinery too since the Russians stripped Manchuria of all Japanese plant worth having. In September the Communists elected a "North China People's Government" for "the liberated areas"; but all the building of an administration for it to rest upon has still to be done. The Communists cannot get on without the middle classes.

Yet it may be that Mao Tse-tung is insensibly influenced by other than purely tactical considerations. There may be nothing in the rumours that he represents the more moderate Communists, in contrast with the extremist leaders Li Li-san and Liu Ping in Manchuria. But it does seem that the further the Communists get from Russian contacts in Manchuria, the more they become Chinese. And Mao Tse-tung is not only a Chinese who, so far as is known, has never gone out of China; he is a native of Hunan, always the province least tolerant of foreignism; and he is deeply read in Chinese classics and history. Would it be surprising if he had begun to realize that if the Communists are to hold China, it must be in the Chinese way?

We come back to the conviction of all students of China that Russian Communism cannot permanently hold her. All her history and culture, all her political teaching rooted in abhorrence of totalitarianism and the rights of the individual, all her social habits, her vastness and the infinite variety of her provincial characteristics are against it. No analogy can be drawn from what has happened among the semi-barbarous, serf-like peoples of the U.S.S.R. The Chinese are too clever, too shrewd, too conscious of their past, too obstinate towards what they dislike, for a similar submission.

But we must recognize that the process of development will be slow. For the moment, in spite of Mao Tse-tung's wooing of the middle classes, Marxism-Leninism is in the saddle through millions of square miles of the Far East. The effect that this will have among Asian Communists outside China is too big a subject to deal with here. But every Government from India to Korea must be pondering anxiously on the impetus that the Chinese Communists' success will impart to their own rebels.

THE SCOPE OF THE SCIENTIST

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

IN England it used to be assumed that politics and religion were potent intellectual stimulants likely, unless carefully controlled, to distort the processes of scientific thinking. We did not demand of the scientist that he should have no political or religious beliefs or prejudices, but we rather expected him to let us know when he was being a scientist and when a politician, when he was using scientific method, and when expressing his faith or his over-beliefs. The coming of the Marxist scientist has bedevilled all that, for he is under an inner compulsion to place his scientific achievement at the service of his political faith. That he so seldom finds a difficulty in doing so shows that his faith springs from forces very deep within his unconscious mind. Moreover, he is intellectually menaced by the tremendous snob-appeal of science to-day. It is always nice to be appreciated, and since the Communist Party is the only political body in Britain that seems to take scientists seriously—always provided they are Marxist scientists of course—such men find themselves tempted, quite bluntly, to use their scientific reputation to pose as profound political thinkers who ought to be consulted on all the major issues of the day.

It is essential when a book like Professor Blackett's *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy** is studied to bear all this in mind. For here is virtually a claim by a distinguished scientist that because he has a well-trained brain he must be assumed to be as realistic, as objective, in the political field as he is in his own scientific field; that other people are wrong politically because they lack his scientific objectivity and that it is a positive duty for ordinary citizens to take their political cue from the scientists.

Professor Blackett, although a nuclear physicist, had nothing to do with the creating of the atomic bomb. His special qualification is based on his wartime association with Operational Research, in which he did valuable work for all the Services but particularly in anti-submarine warfare. He was appointed to the Advisory Committee on Atomic Energy set up by the British Government in 1945 and soon found himself opposed to the views of his colleagues. Indeed, while his colleagues were more or less in agreement with what has come to be known as the

* By P. S. M. Blackett. Turnstile Press. 12s. 6d.

American plan for control, Professor Blackett became a wholehearted supporter of the Russian point of view. But he probably does not feel that his views are in any way conditioned by his Marxism, or by the inevitable sympathy with Stalin-Molotov-Vyshinsky-Gromyko Russia that such a philosophy seems to involve. They are due to his realistic military thinking and his realistic political thinking, lack of which had caused his colleagues to build their plans on false bases. His book is intended to inject the necessary realism into our military and political thinking.

Since much of Professor Blackett's argument is likely to surprise many readers, it should be emphasized that he is most careful to quote those authorities who support his point of view; he also quotes the weakest and most foolish arguments of those who disagree with him. It may be summarized as follows. Strategic bombing of Germany was not a decisive factor but a gross mistake. It did not materially help the U.S.S.R. The main cause of Germany's defeat was the Russian land campaigns. The Battle for Britain was almost lost owing to the initial error of concentrating on bomber production. The foolishness of those responsible for our air strategy was not shared either by the Germans or the Russians who wisely eschewed strategic bombing from the start.

In the same way, strategic bombing did not materially contribute to the defeat of Japan, since her defeat was already certain before it began. The campaign was successful owing to Japan's poor state of air defence, but it was unnecessary.

If strategic bombing with normal high explosives was unnecessary, far more so were the two atomic bombs. Admittedly they caused great destruction, but even this must be discounted in view of the exceptional circumstances. Professor Blackett gives it as his considered opinion that the effectiveness of the atomic bomb has been grossly exaggerated. He quotes the American Survey:

The most instructive fact at Nagasaki was the survival, even when near ground zero, of the hundred people who were placed in tunnel shelters. . . . Without question, shelters can protect those who get to them against anything but a direct hit. . . . It appears that a few feet of concrete . . . furnished sufficient . . . to prevent serious after effects from radiation.

He does not quote the British Report on Hiroshima and Nagasaki which takes a rather different line:

The figure of 50,000 dead from one atomic bomb in average British urban conditions is probably the most important which this report contains. It shows that much the most serious effect of the atomic bomb is in producing casualties. The problem of providing against and of treating gamma-ray casualties in particular is exceptionally grave and difficult. (Para. 88 of Report of British Mission to Japan.) . . . The overall picture, then, is sombre. Even ignoring changes in attack and in the development of the bomb, the damage figures given, say, in paragraph 89, are very serious. And these figures are a measure only of the blast effect of the bomb. With them must be kept in mind the grave problem of fire, direct and indirect, which the bomb has created, which has been discussed in paragraphs 62-68. Both are overshadowed by the scale of casualties produced by the bomb, which make the mere

disposal of the dead a major problem. The figures given in Chapter VII speak for themselves.

One feels that it suits his argument to quote only statements minimizing the bomb's effect. It is not such a bad bomb after all.

With regard to future technical developments, Professor Blackett believes that nothing very important is likely to happen during the next few critical years. He does not believe that guided missiles with atomic warheads are to be expected. He thinks that nothing lighter than the vulnerable B29 bomber will be able to carry the load, an opinion that does not prevent him speculating on "the possibility that close formations of day bombers would have to be abandoned, since all aircraft might be destroyed by a single enemy suicide fighter armed with an atomic bomb." Equally surprising is it that he brushes aside the orthodox contention that the atomic bomb radically alters the nature of strategic bombing by concentrating the damage within a very short time. This is tantamount to saying that the effect of bombing on Germany would have been no more serious if all the damage had been done in a week instead of being spread over years, with recovery periods in between.

It will be sufficient comment to quote para. 89 of the report of the British Official Mission to Japan. Having made the necessary adjustments for British conditions, the writers sum up:

Consider a British urban area with an overall housing density of about 15 per acre (including open spaces) and a population density of about 45 per acre: and apply to it the radii of damage listed in para. 38. The explosion (of a similar atomic bomb) would demolish or damage beyond repair approximately 30,000 houses. The number of houses requiring extensive repair would be approximately 35,000; the number temporarily uninhabitable and requiring first-aid repairs would be between 50,000 and 100,000. Thus a total of roughly 400,000 people might be rendered temporarily homeless, of whom about one-half could return to their houses after lesser repairs. Not all the remaining 200,000 would constitute a rehousing problem: because about 50,000 of them would be dead or would die within eight weeks, and a comparable number would require extended hospital treatment.

Now Professor Blackett insists—against some authorities—that one atomic bomb equals not more than 3,000 tons of ordinary bombs. Will he tell us where in the last war the dropping of 3,000 tons produced a defence problem anyway comparable with this as to numbers of casualties, of dead bodies, of ruined houses, of houseless people to be dealt with in a matter of hours? He may be right. The atomic bomb may not be a saturation weapon but it is unsatisfactory that he does not give his reasons for disagreeing with the British experts' report or even mention its existence.

The discussion of the strategic consequences of the atomic bomb is weakened by the author imagining that there is anywhere in the world a competent military strategist who is unaware that the infantry are needed to consolidate in victory the attack initiated by other arms. He makes mincemeat of advocates of press-button war. He shows that it is absurd to imagine America crushing the U.S.S.R. by dropping a few hundred bombs and calling it a day. But it did not need a book by a leading

practitioner in operational research to convince intelligent people of that.

In this chapter, Professor Blackett gives examples of his realistic political thinking to back up this realistic military thinking. Because American fighting services believe in strategic bombing, "there is no need to seek ideological motives . . . to explain recent events in the Eastern European countries bordering on Russia. The possession of atomic bombs by America and the constant threat of their use against the U.S.S.R. provide sufficient, even though not the only motive, for the consolidation of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia." That Russia's policy is chiefly to insure bombs dropping in these countries, and not on her own soil is not the official view of the Cominform, which is perhaps one reason why the *Daily Worker* is careful to tell us that Professor Blackett is not a communist but a Fabian. In any case, the thesis is meaningless unless Professor Blackett is prepared to state that if the Americans had no atomic bombs or did not believe in strategic bombing Russia would have been content to remain behind the Curzon line.

This chapter contains another odd piece of "realistic political thinking." The author advises us to adopt a policy of armed neutrality in the event of an American-Russian war. "Though America might rate very highly the value of atomic bomb bases in England, the invasion of England by American forces is improbable on many grounds. Equally a Russian invasion from Europe would be a highly formidable task." The U.S.A. might not invade us but would they be likely to help us with food and raw materials if we remained neutral? How will Professor Blackett feed us?

On the other hand, very few will quarrel with the author's summing up: "A relatively few atomic bombs would bring considerable added military power to a nation which was already very strong in conventional armaments, in particular land forces. Whereas, a very large number of bombs would not add decisively to the military power of a nation deficient in conventional armaments and land armies, since the lack of power of follow-up drastically limits their value."

At this point, let us sum up Professor Blackett's view to military realistic thinking. First, strategic bombing is a strategic error. Secondly, the atomic bomb will not make strategic bombing any more successful. Thirdly, the atomic bomb is nothing like so devastating as has been made out. Fourthly, future technical developments look like improving the defence against the attack. Fifthly, the atomic bomb, useless for strategic bombing, has on occasion great tactical value if used in conjunction with large land armies. Sixthly, Russia is most unlikely to attack the U.S.A. with atomic bombs in any circumstances, but will use its bombs, when they are made, for tactical purposes against U.S. air bases, invasion fleets, concentrations of armaments. Now, none of these conclusions are due to Professor Blackett's authority as an atomic scientist. The first five propositions are all denied by at least as many atomic

scientists as are likely to support them. As to military strategists a majority disagrees with the first two propositions, almost all deny the third, opinion is about equally divided on the fourth. But all are agreed that a large army + bombs is stronger than either army or bombs alone. It is hard to see what difference in current opinion about control of atomic energy would result even if Professor Blackett proves to be right on all six counts. Yet this is one of the author's fundamental reasons for writing this book.

Let us now examine his opinions on the history of control hitherto. He is wholeheartedly in support of the veto. His argument is that if a power is strong enough to be able to resist sanctions it must have the right to veto anything of which it disapproves. Though this may be quite true, there is a good deal more to say about the veto question and atomic energy. Russia may be quite right from her own point of view in refusing to consider veto modifications, but what the U.S. representative said, and what Professor Blackett once more does not quote, was: "I want to make very plain that I am concerned here with the veto power only as it affects this particular problem. There must be no veto to protect those who violate their solemn agreements not to develop or use atomic energy for destructive purposes." Quoting this, the Additional United States Memorandum continues: "Voluntary relinquishment of the veto on questions relating to a specific weapon previously outlawed by unanimous agreement because of its uniquely destructive character, in no wise involves any compromise of the principle of unanimity of action as applied to general problems." The American point of view is plain as daylight—"If you agree to do something but at the same time insist on vetoing other people taking action in case of your breaking your word, then the agreement isn't worth the paper it's written on."

Professor Blackett has nothing good to say of any American action with regard to atomic power. Here are some propositions which he sincerely believes to be true: (1) It was known by those responsible for it that the dropping of the atomic bombs on Japan would have no effect on the outcome of the war. The talk about saving thousands of lives was sheer hypocrisy. (2) The bombs were dropped to forestall a Russian victory over Japan. They were "not so much the last military act of the second world war, as the first act of the cold diplomatic war with Russia now in progress." (3) The Baruch Plan "must be considered historically as an astute move and a very considerable victory for American diplomacy." Professor Blackett loathes any suggestion that there has been any "generosity" in the words of a single American. (4) The Baruch Plan was a deliberate effort to keep Russia back industrially by denying her the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes. Professor Blackett does not merely argue that this would be a result of the Plan; he is convinced that it is its object. It is not surprising therefore that Mr. Vyshinsky in his November 4 speech quoted this book to "prove" what had hitherto

been simply a Russian official outlook.

Moreover Professor Blackett has been careless in quoting his documents on this matter. Criticizing the Lilienthal report, he says: "It is emphasized that developments of atomic energy for peaceful and military purposes run parallel for a long way, so making difficult the control of one without stopping the other." This is developed later into the thesis that capitalist imperialist America is really primarily concerned with doing all that it can to prevent Russia's industrial growth. One would hardly expect that in fact the Lilienthal report says: "The facts suggest quite clearly a reasonable and workable system that may provide security, and even beyond security, foster beneficial and humanitarian uses of atomic energy." Indeed, a careful reading of the Lilienthal report, the Baruch speech and the other memoranda would convince the average reader that though the plans may not be practicable in the present state of international ill-will, they are a genuine attempt to find solutions and remarkably free from a spirit of nationalist self-interest.

(5) Professor Blackett believes that the Baruch Plan was designed to give the U.S. an excuse for retaining atomic bombs until all weapons of mass destruction had been outlawed. He quotes a loose sentence from Baruch's speech: "Before a country is ready to relinquish any winning weapons, it must have more than words to reassure it. It must have a guarantee of safety, not only against the offenders in the atomic area but against the illegal users of other weapons—bacteriological, biological, gas—perhaps—why not? against war itself." Now, in the first place, this is not part of the Baruch Plan but merely some rhetoric from a Baruch speech. Professor Blackett might have reassured himself and his readers if only he had continued the quotation: "In the elimination of war lies our solution, for only then will nations cease to compete with one another in the production of and use of dread 'secret' weapons . . . If we succeed in finding a suitable way to control atomic weapons, it is reasonable to hope that we may also preclude the use of other weapons adaptable to mass destruction. When a man learns to say 'A', he can, if he chooses, learn the rest of the alphabet too."

Professor Blackett believes that the American motive was to "pull a fast one" and to trap Russia into something which would give them legal justification for hanging on to atomic bombs; the rest of us do not think so. The cleavage of opinion has nothing to do with nuclear physics, operational research or objective political thinking. To put it in the most courteous way possible, it is because Professor Blackett *in political questions* is no less subjective than we are. Far from helping us to be objective, realist politicians, he underlines the inevitable subjectivity of all political thought. As a Marxist he believes in an ultimate clash between Russia and America, as a sensitive kindly human being he hopes this will be deferred until Russia's fifth columns can win bloodless victories; as a scientist he believes in his own objectivity and falsely believes that it

extends to all his fields of interest and, since the average westerner does not believe with him politically, he believes that he is either stupid or ignorant or wicked.

But in one thing he does not believe, and that is in the success of his book. "When the book was finished I found I had signally failed to write a recipe for action which would be likely at the present time to commend itself to the political taste of a majority of my countrymen. But for this the state of the world, not I, must take the blame." The picture of Professor Blackett as the only man in the human regiment marching in step is not accurate. Indeed, he has given a recipe for action to politically and militarily realistic Americans. The lesson of this book is that the U.S.A. should think seriously of organizing a large land army without delay, since atomic control is impossible and atomic power more valuable as a tactical adjunct to vast land forces than as a press-button weapon.

That is far nearer political realism than Professor Blackett's nearest approach to a practical suggestion: "If America continues to insist . . . on treating atomic energy in isolation" (but *vide* Baruch on learning to say 'A' first) "then clearly there will be no possibility of a bargain, and so none for an agreement, till Russia has drawn more nearly even with America in the field of atomic energy." Therefore let us have general disarmament talks, with the U.S.A. swapping bombs for Russian divisions. (Professor Blackett does not say whether the veto is to apply to the verification of the swap.) Moreover, "when Russia has approached more nearly to the level of industrialization of America, there will be a better chance of reaching an agreement within the single field of weapons adaptable to mass destruction."

If we accept all this, then the U.S.A. realists will surely be entitled to sit back and remind the world that the bombs are after all theirs, that they are well ahead technically of Russia in all ways, and that they will keep their bombs and their lead. I do not think Professor Blackett intends this to be the moral of his book. But he is not objective in his political thinking because like the rest of us he *prefers* one intellectual solution to another *before* he examines the facts and not after. It is the reason why the incursion of scientists into politics has been such a dismal failure. Professor Blackett, unlike some of his contemporaries, has not yet reached the stage in his desire to be a political organizer of ceasing to be a scientist, but he has begun to allow his scientific reputation to be used in the service of one side in power politics. His book does nothing to reconcile Russia and the U.S.A. In his heart he believes reconciliation impossible.

The pity is that it is quite certain that Professor Blackett was not seeking the plaudits of the *Daily Worker* and Mr. Vyshinsky. He was sincerely wanting to help. All this goes to show that scientists are no more necessarily politicians than players on the violin. It is to be hoped that the problems of terrestrial magnetism, crystallography and genetics will soon recover their older charms for some of our Nobel Prize winners and prospective prize-winners.

THE LAW OF LIBEL AND THE PRESS

By P. H. WINFIELD

TWO modern decisions in which the proprietors of journals were cast in damages for libel excited great dissatisfaction among authors and publishers. In the first, *Hulton v. Jones* (1910) A.C. 20, a humorous article in the *Sunday Chronicle*, on a motor-race festival at Dieppe, imputed immorality to a man at the festival whom the author named Artemus Jones and described as married and "a churchwarden of Peckham." There happened to be a barrister resident in England, who was named Artemus Jones, was unmarried, did not live at Peckham and had not visited the festival. He sued the proprietors and publishers of the journal for libel and the House of Lords held that he was entitled to £1,750 damages, for, though the writer of the article testified that he did not know, and had never heard of, the barrister, the defendants were liable if any reader of the defamatory matter might reasonably think that it referred to the plaintiff, and it was held that this condition was satisfied. Thirty years later, the Court of Appeal, in *Newstead v. London Express Newspaper, Ltd.* (1940) 1 K.B. 377, extended this principle in two directions. They held (1) that the principle applies where the statement truly relates to a real person X, and is mistakenly, but reasonably, thought to refer to another real person who happens to have the same name and who therefore can recover damages against the publishers, as the statement is false with respect to him though it was not intended to refer to him; (2) that absence of negligence on the publishers' part is, by itself, no defence, but that it may be considered by the jury in determining whether reasonable persons would regard the statement as referring to the plaintiff. X, of course, has no claim for libel, because truth (technically styled "justification") is a complete defence to a civil action for libel.

These two decisions certainly appear to be hard on authors and publishers, whether of books or journals, for they are put at the mercy of coincidence in the sense that any unscrupulous person whose name happens to be identical with that of the real or fictitious person referred to, can threaten to sue the author or publishers for libel, although he has not in fact suffered a tittle of damage. It may, of course, be urged that the author or publisher need not worry in such a case, for, if he is sued, it is probable that the jury will find that no reasonable person would identify the person mentioned in the publication with the plaintiff; but it must be borne in mind that, however confident the defendant may be of a favourable verdict, what he prefers is freedom from litigation rather than probable success in

it, and it is not uncommon for him to prefer making some payment to the plaintiff in order to prevent the bringing of what may be styled a "gold-digging" action. The reform of this part of the law recommended by the Committee is that, where a statement which is in fact defamatory of the plaintiff is made by a defendant who was not aware that it would be understood to refer to the plaintiff, the plaintiff's remedy should be restricted to requiring the defendant to publish an explanation and apology, and that if such explanation and apology are published no damages should be recoverable, provided the defendant took reasonable precautions before publication of the statement to ascertain whether or not it was defamatory.

In the law of defamation, the defence of fair comment is of considerable importance to the press. Its essence is an expression of opinion on a matter of public interest, that is, anything which may fairly be said to invite comment, or challenge public attention. The facts on which the comment is made must be true; the Committee were of opinion that this qualification, although quite fair on the face of it, has been too strictly applied by the courts during the last half-century, for it has been held that where the alleged libel consists partly in statements of fact and partly in expressions of opinion, the defence of fair comment may fail if one of the statements of fact is incorrect only in some minor and apparently unimportant detail. Moreover, it is not always easy to distinguish between fact and comment. The reform recommended by the Committee is that the defence should be successful if (1) the defendant proves that so much of the statements of fact, contained in the alleged libel, is true, that the Court is justified in holding that any remaining statement, which is not proved to be true, does not materially add to the injury of the plaintiff's reputation; and (2) the Court is also of opinion that the facts upon which the comment is based are matters of public interest and that the comment was made honestly by the defendant. This second condition is already fully recognized by the courts, as it is an essential of the defence of fair comment.

Another defence to an action for defamation is "qualified privilege." It applies where the defendant was under a duty to publish, or had an interest in publishing, a statement which the plaintiff alleges to be defamatory, and the person or persons to whom it was published had a corresponding duty or interest in receiving it; it ceases to be a defence if malice on the part of the defendant is proved. As for the press, the Law of Libel Amendment Act, 1888, granted qualified privilege to any fair and accurate report published in a "newspaper" of (i) a public meeting which the Act defines as any meeting *bona fide* and lawfully held for a lawful purpose, and for the furtherance or discussion of any matter of public concern, whether admission to the meeting is general or restricted; (ii) any meeting of the following bodies (except where neither the public nor any newspaper reporter is admitted): (a) a vestry, a town council, a school board, a board of guardians, or a statutory local authority; so, too, any committee of any of these bodies; (b) commissioners authorized

to act by statute, or other lawful authority ; (c) select committees of the Houses of Parliament ; (d) justices of the peace at Quarter Sessions, assembled for administrative or deliberative purposes. The defence of qualified privilege is not available if the defendant has been asked to insert in his newspaper a reasonable statement contradicting or explaining the report in an earlier number of the newspaper. The Committee recommended several amendments of the Act of 1888. First, they considered the definition of "newspaper" in the Act as too narrow, for it did not include any periodical whose numbers are published at intervals exceeding twenty-six days, and thus all monthly magazines were excluded ; the Committee urged that the interval should be extended to thirty-six days. Secondly, in view of the extension of matters of public interest since the Act of 1888, they recommended the extension of qualified privilege to fair and accurate reports of proceedings in public of (1) legislatures of the British Commonwealth and Empire ; (2) any foreign Sovereign State, or federal unit of it ; (3) any international body in which the United Kingdom has a representative ; (4) any international Court ; (5) any Court exercising jurisdiction over the whole territory of a member of the British Commonwealth ; (6) any statutory register, or any document open to inspection by the public ; (7) any notice or advertisement published by a Judge or Master of the High Court of Justice. Moreover, the Committee considered that in these cases the newspaper ought not to be bound to publish, at the request of the person defamed, a letter or statement in contradiction or explanation of the original statement. They enumerated other extensions of fair and accurate reports, but subject to the duty of inserting in a later number such a letter or contradiction.

Proof of truth ("justification") of a statement alleged to be defamatory is a complete defence to an action for defamation. This leaves open the question whether a statement, which is true but is an offensive invasion of personal privacy, is any wrong at all according to English law. An example would be the publication of a true statement that a woman, in her adolescence had given birth to an illegitimate child ; and no mention is made of the fact that the woman, since her adolescence, has become a highly respected member of the community. No action for defamation is maintainable, because the statement is true ; nor is there any direct decision in English law as to whether it is a distinct tort for which an action can be brought, though there are conflicting *obiter dicta* with respect to it, and I think that it is still open to the House of Lords to hold that it is a tort. To increase their circulation, among readers whose chief attachment to a newspaper is based on interest in vulgar rubbish, some journals include paragraphs that merely pry into a person's private life. By all means let the press have a free hand in publishing what is news, but a distinction ought to be drawn between that and the stuff to which I have referred. Of course, I do not urge that there should be an unqualified right of personal privacy, for every one must tolerate some

publicity and no one wishes newspapers to be like blue-books. It is only offensive invasion of privacy that ought to be illegal. I admit that "offensive" is a vague term with respect to what may be called borderline cases, but I think that our courts could safely be entrusted with the task of deciding whether there is sufficient evidence of offensiveness to let the case go to the jury. The Committee were against any recommendation for a civil action concerning the invasion of privacy because they thought it would make the task of the author or the journalist impracticable, but they admitted that our existing criminal law could be applied to it, for in criminal law truth is not a defence to a prosecution for libel, unless the statement is for the public benefit.

Another matter of practical importance to publishers is whether they can insure themselves against liability for libel, by inserting an indemnity clause in their contract with the author of what they are publishing ; that clause in their contract with the author of what they are publishing ; that is, that he shall be liable to recoup them for any damages and costs incurred by them in litigation, actual or threatened, by the person libelled. If the publishers know, or it can be imputed that they know, that the matter is defamatory, the indemnity clause is invalid and nothing is recoverable under it ; but if the publishers neither knew nor had any reasonable ground for knowing that the matter was defamatory, the law is doubtful as to whether the indemnity clause is enforceable, though a *dictum* of Coleridge, J., in *W. H. Smith & Son v. Clinton* (1908), 99 L.T. 840, favoured its enforceability. In view of the doubtful state of the law, the Committee recommended that a statute should be passed to make the indemnity recoverable in such cases.

Some years ago, a group of distinguished authors published a letter in *The Times* urging, *inter alia*, the abolition of trial by jury in libel cases. I took up the matter in a reply, also published in *The Times*, in which I expressed surprise at the impugnement of the fairness of juries, who, historically, had done much to assist in establishing the freedom of the press. A question that repeatedly occurs in an action for defamation is whether a reasonable person would regard the words as defamatory. Now it is common knowledge that the reasonable person in our law is typified by the jury, where trial by jury is allowed. Frequently, and especially during the recent war, the judge sits without a jury. In view of the innate sense of justice that is characteristic in general of our English Bench, I think that one can usually rely on the judge to personify the reasonable person ; but, on the whole, I think that in trials for defamation, the advantage of having a jury is that it enables the court to get a lay expression of opinion on what is pre-eminently a matter of lay interest, and is also a matter on which there may not be universal agreement among laymen.

There are other matters of legal interest to the press, some of which were considered by the Committee, but not dealt with here. My hope is that a Bill will soon be submitted to Parliament embodying the reforms of the law recommended by the Committee.

ADMINISTRATORS IN EDUCATION

BY NORMAN FISHER

THROUGHOUT our society administration has increased, is increasing and is unlikely to be diminished. It is difficult to see how the educational system can escape, but the worst consequences may perhaps be averted if the problem is dispassionately studied. Serious discussion has been impeded by the assumption on the one side that it is possible to do without administration altogether, and on the other that there are no grounds for dissatisfaction.

In politics and in war, in business and industry and in the social services our scale of organization grows larger, our aims more ambitious and our techniques more elaborate. The speciality of the expert technician becomes more recondite and the expert in consequence more impotent outside his speciality, while the amateur, whether as voter, shareholder or elected representative, finds it more and more difficult to maintain his power. "They told us," said the Lancashire miner, "that we should have pits after th' election. Now t' Government's got 'em." Controlling power passes to the administrator, the full time, professional specialist in management. He may begin his career as what, for the want of a better term, may be called a primary worker, tilling the land, for example, or digging coal or teaching children. But when he becomes a senior officer of the Ministry of Agriculture, a trade union secretary, Coal Board official or chief officer in a local government authority, he will find himself engaged in processes and applying principles in which it matters little whether he is dealing with soil, coal or children. His outlook and sympathies come to be identified more with those of other administrators than with the primary workers of the particular industry or profession with which he deals. By the primary workers the administrator, whatever his origin, tends to be regarded as alien in outlook, remote from their own everyday problems and hence incompetent in direction—unable, as it were, to distinguish, should he by accident meet them, between a turnip, a lump of coal and a child. However irrational these resentments it is true that in a society which seeks to organize itself for justice and freedom the central problem is that of power. Freedom and administration, or, to use the wider and more accepted phrase, freedom and organization, are complementary but mutually hostile. Organization obliterates freedom unless the power of administrators is checked and balanced by some other power. Freedom, in short, is a balance of power, always precarious.

All this is as true in education as elsewhere, the problem being to find

the equilibrium which enables administration to function effectively but not excessively: that which makes possible administration of the highest quality while preserving freedom where it matters most. In considering this it is as well to have some idea of the characteristics which the practice of administration evokes, and of the peculiarities of the civil service and local government service through which public education is administered. It will perhaps be clearer if the words "administration" and "bureaucracy" are used in the sense that bureaucracy is the medium through which administration works; that the administrator is something more than a bureaucrat to the extent to which he has power to make policy, to take decisions and to organize on his personal responsibility.

The essence of administration consists of the low but not over-common talents of common sense and getting on with other people. To succeed at all the administrator needs the virtues of the clerk, in being assiduous, accurate and tidy. He must be able to turn rapidly from one matter to another and on occasions to deal simultaneously with more than one. He needs enough courage to make up his mind and enough judgment to be more often right than wrong. He must have an acceptable personality, being adept at persuading or, failing that and much less satisfactory, dominating others. All this makes the competent general manager, senior staff officer, trade union secretary or permanent under-secretary. To rise above this level are needed, first, a restless, ruthless energy, devoted to the daily criticism and examination of procedure and organization; secondly, and one stage further, intellectual force, giving preoccupation with ends throughout the incessant dealing with means, and illuminating daily effort with the vision of creative imagination. The last in combination with the rest may produce a Haldane, a Morant, or a Napoleon.

Since few can sustain requirements so exacting, administrators lapse into their own occupational diseases, the bureaucratic vices of pomposity and priggery, timidity and inertia, or chronic cynicism. Since none is wholly immune it is important to learn the symptoms of incipient bureausis; for example, meaningless verbiage and jargon; intellectual exhaustion, manifested in distaste for literature and the arts; illusions of indispensability, indicated by habitual overtime and disinclination for leave, and delusions of grandeur, indicated by black coats and striped trousers. The peculiar virtues and vices to which any administrator is liable depend a good deal on the particular bureaucracy, whether commercial, military or public service, through which he works. The notorious vice of bureaucracy is inertia, combined with an ineradicable tendency to increase its own size and power. The gravitational urge of bureaucracy is towards a state in which it is universal, omnipotent and immobile. These tendencies are restrained or encouraged to different degrees by different forms of bureaucracy.

The tradition of the British civil service, the central authority, was made by gentlemen, who, being men of power in their own right, were not

anxious to increase the power of the State. Under the rule of law the civil service was responsible for its actions to Parliament and to the courts. It had, therefore, to act in accordance with principles which could be justified and defended. If principle is to govern the actions of an organization its members must have precedents. They must consult, as it is said, up, down and sideways before acting and they must record the reasons for each decision made. Again, there was considerable decentralization to elected local government authorities; the latter being given the main initiative while the control authority retained financial control and paternal supervision, gently admonishing the backward and severely reprimanding the precipitate. In short, the British civil service was designed for justice and integrity rather than speed or efficiency or even expediency. Long service induced the habit of preferring impregnable positions to action stations. Two world wars, the development of State capitalism and of social services have placed a severe strain on this system, demanding vigorous and sustained action in the application of a central policy, but at the same time by increasing its size have increased its tendency to inertia. The solution is sought not in a *droit administratif* but in administrative lawlessness, in legislation giving power to Government departments to issue decrees, giving vaguely defined powers, and the right to determine, without appeal, their own disputes. The elected local government authorities have their duties increased while their powers are diminished by growing central supervision. Important functions are taken away from them and retained in Whitehall or given to new local authorities whose members are not elected, but representatives of other organizations, together with a proportion of ministerial nominees.

The local government service is more personal and more democratic than the civil service. Its officers are accustomed to the initiative in policy and to direct contact with their subject matter. Working in almost daily contact with elected members they lack the anonymity and detachment of the civil servant, enjoying their successes at first hand and living long with their mistakes. Not less incorrupt they are necessarily more empirical in their approach to problems than are the civil servants. Egotism, personal vanity and *folie de grandeur* are their especial temptations. They need the common rather than the gentlemanly touch. Few of them in their visits to Whitehall have not observed a glance charged with implication that they have or are about to commit some unpardonable breach of taste which the central authority has already decided to ignore.

In education, local government began with the school boards, set up in 1870. The Government had formerly paid grants to the elementary schools established by the religious bodies, but there were now to be "provided" schools, founded and maintained from local rates assisted by Exchequer grants. Each school board was to ensure that there were enough elementary schools, whether "provided" or "non-provided" in its area, and was given administrative supervision over both. Within

twenty years elementary schooling was universal, free and compulsory in England and Wales. This schooling was little more than elementary instruction, it being the parent's duty to cause his child "to receive sufficient elementary instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic." The first steps in the education of the masses could be no more than to produce widespread literacy and to instil the rudiments of social discipline. There was no large number of men and women of a high standard of education willing to become elementary school teachers. No educational system can advance faster than its leaders, a fact which contributed, in the 1860's, to the introduction of the notorious method of "payment by results." It is not surprising that the school boards were meticulous in order and regulation. Their administrative methods, thorough, efficient and detailed, have survived in the local education authorities to the present day. Nevertheless, considerable freedom, once payment by results was abolished, was allowed to the individual elementary school in its curriculum and methods of teaching. One reason for this was that the system was, as it remains, a dual system of "non-provided" voluntary and "provided" schools. The fact that the former retained their own managers with a considerable voice in the staffing and running of the schools was not without effect upon the "provided" schools. Again, a large number of local boards, organize as they might, could hardly produce the uniform and rigid arrangements which might have proceeded from a single Government department directly responsible for schools. The division of power between the central and the local authorities made it easier for the elementary schools to develop some independence of administrative control. Thirdly, universal elementary schooling was introduced in a country which already possessed an ancient tradition of education practised in the old foundations of the public schools and grammar schools, and in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. These were independent institutions, individually endowed, most of them granted wide freedom within their foundation deeds, and with a tradition that great authority was given to their headmasters.

By the end of the nineteenth century the school boards had succeeded sufficiently in their primary task to make a tentative beginning on the next—the establishment of a system of secondary education. The Act of 1902, however, abolished the boards and transferred their powers, with the added power to provide "higher" education, to the general purpose local government authorities of the county and county borough councils. A number of minor local government authorities within the counties were given powers for elementary education only and were known as "Part 3" authorities. Many of the foundation grammar schools were now forced by poverty into the public system, bringing with them a vigorous tradition of resistance to outside authority which was not without effect on the local authorities' new grammar schools. Meanwhile a new central department had been established by the Board of Education Act

of 1899. The board was the creation of Morant, an administrator of the first rank, who when he became Permanent Secretary set out to raise the standard of education and of its administration, substituting leadership for supervision. Regulations were codified and clarified, and issued with memoranda designed to inspire and illuminate educational policy. A *Handbook of Suggestions for Teachers* was published: the title is significant. The board, and to-day the Ministry, neither owned nor administered schools; it employed no teachers, prescribed no text books and no curriculum. It was advised on policy by a consultative committee, whose reports had far-reaching effects. His Majesty's inspectors built up a tradition of friendly co-operation with the local education authorities, and of sympathetic assistance and stimulation to the schools. It is hard to understand why popular usage applies to such a system so misleading a term as "State education."

Undoubtedly the Act of 1944 changes more than the name and status of the board. Not only is the Minister given power, in the contemporary legislative fashion, to determine a large number of matters upon which dispute is likely to arise: it is his duty "to promote the education of the people of England and Wales . . . and to secure the effective execution by local authorities under his control and direction, of the national policy for providing a varied and comprehensive service in every area." Since the Act, the work of a Coalition Government, was preceded and accompanied by the most widespread discussion and consultation, it is reasonable to interpret this as expressing a national determination to create a better educational system without obstruction from local parsimony and indifference, rather than as a preliminary to a drastic reduction in the rôle of the L.E.A.'s. So far there has hardly been an opportunity to see it tested in the former sense and it would require a morbid imagination to find evidence of the latter. There are minor irritations and delays in good measure but as yet no reason to regard them as much more than the inevitable result of shortages and controls, and of the increase in administrative procedures common to most aspects of our society. Among the sufferers are His Majesty's inspectors, whose advice and inspiration in the schools is diminished by the time which they spend as local liaison officers, approving orders for knives and forks or instructing L.E.A.'s on the number of W.C.'s to be installed in temporary premises hired to accommodate the swelling school population.

The price of decentralization, however, is constant vigilance and there is no need to impute sinister designs to the Ministry in order to assume that L.E.A.'s will have to keep a jealous eye on the trend of the times. The reduction of their powers, the imposition of additional duties combined with less discretion and more supervision in their discharge, is the lot of local authorities in other matters than education. If this is the feeling of local education authorities about their relation to the Ministry it is not less the feeling of the divisional executives (which have superseded

the Part 3 authorities) in their relations with the counties. The system of delegation to divisional executives* is loudly criticized, on the one hand by some of the executives themselves (particularly those which were Part 3 authorities), who complain that they have insufficient power to be effective; and on the other by those who consider that the divisional executives are an elaboration of the administrative meshes in which the schools are struggling, and that being small units of restricted power, the quality of their work will always be low. There is no doubt that two-tier administration is expensive and slow. Yet, as the Local Government Boundary Commission has recently recognized, education above all social services demands close local interest and access to authority. It may be true that divisional delegation in a number of areas is not working well. It will not be reasonable to decide that it cannot work well before the authorities concerned have had time to make a serious attempt to deal with the problems by radical changes in their administrative procedure.

Much of our hope for the future is attached to long term planning and this principle is integral in the Act of 1944, where the settlement of the dual system is bound up with the development plans under which the future of each school must be settled. Since long term town plans are now prepared for every area it is in any case necessary to forecast the size and distribution of the school population so that the sites and playing fields needed may be safeguarded. Indeed the educational development plan is no novelty since it derives from the "schemes" which were to be prepared under the 1918 Act; it has the advantage of presenting society with a bill of unredeemed educational pledges. It may be doubted, however, whether this kind of planning should be applied beyond the physical necessities to the problems of the organization and content of education. Educational theory notoriously suffers from the fact that it is possible to make almost any statement, to construct almost any thesis, without danger of positive and immediate disproof. Theory, therefore, is constantly modified by the results of experiment in the schools, but even there the difficulty of measuring results leaves ample room for purely subjective judgments. Meanwhile, in their efforts to show in their development plans how secondary education will be provided for all children according to their several necessities, many L.E.A.'s have become involved in loud and acrimonious controversy on the relative merits of multi-lateral, bi-lateral or single function secondary schools. Apart from grammar schools, a few secondary modern schools in up to date buildings, and an insignificant number of technical schools, none of these exists in the form proposed and no-one may build them at present. Nothing is known from experience of the curriculum or organization of multi-lateral schools, nor of the relation of the secondary technical schools to

* A lively and topical criticism of divisional executives is contained in an essay by Mr. John Armitage in *Partnership in Education* (Jarrold): a more dispassionate summary is PEP's "Councils and their Schools" (*Planning*, Vol. XV, No. 287).

the science side of the grammar or to the upper part of the modern schools. At a time when our schools are as overflowing with children as they are deficient in books and teachers it might be thought that epochal decisions on policy might at least wait upon experience. Controversy, however, is often more violent, more enjoyable and more capable of indefinite prolongation when no one quite knows what it is about. Pilgrims have been known to quarrel over the details of life in paradise and prisoners have exchanged blows over the correct interpretation of civic rights. It may well be that the current rattle of educational fetters is no more than educational day dreaming, the convulsive rapture of the faithful, turning from the sad realities of the present to the bright vistas of a private world. Meanwhile there is a real danger that "experimental" schools will be established not to experiment freely but to prove the rightness of this formula or that, so that the experimental evidence so badly needed will be obscured and distorted. Clearly there are grounds for anxiety if educational policy is to be worked out in this way instead of being evolved through the schools themselves, and those teachers may be excused who echo Sydney Smith's: "Short views, for God's sake, short views."

Education is a process centred in schools—a truism apt to be forgotten by administrators—and the combination of democratic control and individual independence in our national schools is of the first importance. Freedom in our educational system is dependent on the dispersal of power. The freedom of the individual school is unlikely to be maintained at its present level if the balance of power and distribution of function between school, local education authority and the central authority are distorted. Predominant power remains with the local education authority whose democratic, even vulgar, constitution and outlook have been far from ineffective as instruments for universal elementary education. The advent of universal secondary education has revived in some quarters, the desire for *ad hoc* bodies, detached from the local government areas, such as regional boards associated with the universities. The quality, and the future, of the L.E.A.'s as we know them will, however, depend a great deal upon the quality of their administrative officers. It is they who should ensure a proper division of power between elected members and officers, a proper division of spheres between committee and governors, and governors and headmaster. The task of the administrator in education is, at its lowest, to create opportunities for inspired teachers; at its highest, to contribute to the inspiration. Educational progress is made by great teachers; the administrator in education should be no less than the headmaster a great teacher and leader of men. "Nor can this commonwealth which we have imagined ever till then see the light of day and grow to its full stature."

(The author is Deputy Education Officer for Lancashire.)

TRADE UNIONS IN TRANSITION

BY HERBERT T. BANYARD

IN 1945 the first Labour Government with power to carry out its pre-election promises was elected to the House of Commons, and proceeded to give legislative effect to its proposals for the public ownership of the mines and railways and to pursue its policy of full employment. But the trade union movement, which had grown from one and a half millions in 1893 to eight millions in 1948, while supporting a policy of nationalization, seemed unable to make up its mind about the part it ought to play on the controlling boards of the new nationalized industries. This indecision dated from 1915 when the T.U.C. passed a resolution expressing the view that the nationalization of public services, unless accompanied by increased democratic and political control, was not necessarily advantageous to its members.

A few years later and during the first Labour Government, Mr. Herbert Morrison, then Minister of Transport, sponsored a Bill to bring London transport under public ownership. It was his opinion that the controlling board should be appointed by the Minister at his discretion, solely on the grounds of the members' efficiency in transport matters. This view was accepted by the railway unions but hotly contested by the Transport and General Workers Union, who demanded direct representation. This conflict was continued at successive trade union and Labour Party councils for many years and it was still largely unresolved in September 1939.

But the imperative need for full production in the shortest possible time led to the formation of joint production councils. These were comprised of elected representatives of the workers sitting, in an advisory capacity with the employers to examine production and allied problems. By 1944 some 4,500 of these councils were functioning, bringing the trade unions into direct contact with the problems of production.

In their *History of Trade Unionism* published in 1902, Sidney and Beatrice Webb described the unions as "a continuous association of wage earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving their conditions of employment", or again: "The fundamental purpose of the trade unions is the protection of the standard of life—that is to say, the organized resistance to any innovation likely to tend to the degradation of the wage earners as a class." Forty-six years have done little to falsify these definitions but much to emphasize their incompleteness. In 1944 the Trade Union Congress in their interim report on post war reconstruction listed as their main objectives:

1. Unquestionably that of maintaining and improving wages, hours and conditions of labour . . .
2. The trade union movement is concerned with the opportunities which exist for the worker to obtain work. 'Full employment' is an aim which the trade unions have always pursued . . .
3. The trade union movement exists to extend the influence of work-people over the policies and purposes of industry, and to arrange for their participation in its management.

Since the development of the trade union movement had been one of almost unremitting struggle from the fight against the Combination Acts, through the sufferings of the Tolpuddle martyrs, to the long and bitter strikes of the early days of this century, it was not surprising that the changed status of the trade unions puzzled many of its members, whose horizons were clouded by the memories of unemployment in the inter-war years.

Between 1921 and 1938 never less than ten per cent. of the insurable population were unemployed. In 1931 Mr. Neville Chamberlain said: "I do not think . . . that we can look forward to the reduction of unemployment to a comparatively small figure within, shall I say, the next ten years."

No small wonder then that in those years the trade unions were mainly concerned with stopping the rot that had set in among their membership, and maintaining as far as possible the standard of living of their members. The passing years have not changed the aim of the trade unions but have made necessary a revision of their methods. It is now a movement that is integrally a part of our social system and not merely a force in opposition to a system of society, controlled by and in the interests of the employing class. In place of conflict with the existing social economic structure, the movement has now the power to influence vitally the course of events.

In a State committed to a policy of full employment, the bargaining power of the trade unions was bound to increase and the restraint by them of the use of this new power has been marked by a high sense of responsibility. So far, however, as the rank and file are concerned, the evidence suggests that the mere change of ownership of the mines and railways has not produced the desired millennium. Nor, under bureaucratic control, do they feel a greater responsibility for the industry than when it was controlled by private ownership. In fact the removal of control from the local pit manager to a board, whose headquarters may be many miles distant, is a continual source of irritation to the miner and productive of much misunderstanding and bitterness.

Many miners and railwaymen are now demanding that more men from the Labour and trade union movement shall be appointed to positions of authority on the controlling boards. The demand, however, does not carry the unanimous support of the trade unions, some members feeling that the divided loyalty inherent in such appointments would be destructive to their independence. If, however, the trade union movement has committed itself to a policy of industrial democracy where direct contro-

of industry has been rejected in favour of persuasion and participation in management, then the problem of its representation on the controlling boards is one that calls for immediate solution. This was one of the points to be discussed at the recent conference of trade union leaders. The T.U.C. is very much alive to the necessity of providing men and women who by experience and training are able effectively to handle the problems involved in management. They feel that only by a long term policy of specialized education can some of their members be fitted for such positions.

In this connection it might be well for them to take a leaf from the book of their American colleagues. In the U.S.A. about forty per cent. of the large trade unions maintain their own research departments. This research is not limited to labour problems, but investigates questions of production, time and motion study, and general incentives. In the inter-war years it was not uncommon for plants, heading for bankruptcy, to seek the assistance of these research departments in an attempt to solve their economic and production problems.*

Only very limited educational facilities are available here for such purposes, and there would appear to be a need for extensive co-ordination of the work and syllabuses of the Workers' Educational Association and labour colleges, like the Working Men's College at St. Pancras, Morley College, Westminster, and various Mechanics' Institutes, all engaged in adult working class education. The enlarging of the work of the T.U.C. Educational Trust with the provision of more places at Ruskin College and the London School of Economics, might well provide the movement with trained personnel adequate to deal with the problems of management.

The extension of educational facilities and the dissemination of knowledge may well play an effective part in removing the psychological obstacles to increased production. It has been a common feeling among the trade unionists that to increase production either by extra effort or longer hours was the quickest way to obtain a place in the queue at the labour exchange. Working oneself out of a job was, it was argued, the inevitable result of increased production, and the restrictive practice of certain groups of employers supported this point of view. The manipulation in the past of prices and supplies did more to check increased production than is commonly supposed. Allied to this fear of extra effort being the surest way to get the sack, was the other bogey that increased production would merely swell the profits of the employing class, with little or no return to the workers.

*The departments were available, *inter alia*, to check and explain to their members the highly complicated calculations involved in fixing the rate for the job by modern time and motion study methods. It is a common practice in the U.S.A. for the management of a plant to fix a standard of production and then in various ratios to offer incentive bonuses to the workers for any increased production. The terms vary considerably and much solid work has been done by these research teams in satisfying themselves and their members that the rate of the proposed dividend is fair to both sides. This independent check by their own representatives satisfies the workmen, and enables production to be maintained at a high level without the feeling that the bosses are reaping all the benefit.

To remove these fears from the minds of the men and women concerned and to create confidence that additional effort will not mean unemployment or be to the advantage of one section of the community, is the supreme task of the Government and the trade unions. In these times of shortages everyone is inclined to think that his lot is much harder than anyone else's, and trade unionists are no exception to this rule. That so much of the old fear and distrust remain after three years of a Labour Government is a measure of the extent of the problem and the lack of understanding of Government policies. Much of the responsibility for this state of mind rests squarely on the shoulders both of the Government and the T.U.C., who have failed to make plain to the man in the street the 'know how' of their respective policies. As a result, a disproportionate amount of attention is directed to what is wrong in our system and little credit given for much solid achievement. It is only fair, however, to point out that the number of days lost in industrial disputes in the three years from May 1945 amounts to seven millions, whereas the comparable figure for 1918 to 1921 was a hundred and fifty millions.

In order to carry out the policy of full employment, and to avoid friction in the future, it will be necessary to bridge the gap in the conception of full employment that exists between the minds of the economists and those of the trade unionist. To the economist the idea means that a worker who is surplus in his own trade need have no fear that a job, not necessarily of the same type nor in the same locality, will be available to him; while to the trade unionist, generally speaking, it means another job at his own trade in the area to which by custom and tradition he is attached. To offer a redundant shipyard worker in the Tyne area a job in a tin-plate factory in South Wales, makes nonsense for him of the idea of full employment. The T.U.C. set out its attitude to this problem in 1944:

The right to work which the trade unions have sought to establish is not merely a claim for a job of any kind. We are concerned to ensure that every worker shall be able, within limits determined only by the need to safeguard the reasonable freedom of others, to choose freely, work which he prefers and for which he is trained, at rates of wages and in conditions commensurate with his skill and the nature of the work.

The lack of mobility due to the housing position and the reluctance of the average workman to move from an environment in which he feels secure, and from a job in which he has acquired skill, to a new industry or environment is one of the major problems associated with the policy of full employment. The existence of a pool of unemployed, the traditional method of securing the mobility of labour, stands condemned by most modern industrialists. Full employment makes the return of such conditions an impossibility. The success of the new policy will depend in a large measure not only on economic planning but also on the creation of a feeling of confidence among the rank and file, about the reality and continuance of full employment as a matter of Government policy. In the creation of such feeling trade union co-operation is vital. The full fruition of such a policy will not be felt for many years; meanwhile

temporary unemployment of a local nature as envisaged in the Government's Economic Survey of 1948 will be inevitable. The translation by the T.U.C. of the mechanics of this new policy into the language of the average trade unionist will do more to achieve its success than all the speeches of economists and Cabinet Ministers.

At this critical stage in the development of the trade unions it is apposite to welcome the examination of British trade unionism by PEP*. This inquiry was begun towards the end of the war and suspended in 1946, owing to the feeling that the position of the trade unions was undergoing a profound change. The work was continued in 1947 when it was decided to concentrate on some of the main questions affecting Trade Unions, and the six headings are:

1. Trade Union Structure.
2. The Formal Machinery of Negotiations.
3. The Subjects of Negotiation.
4. The General Staff of Labour.
5. Relations on the Job.
6. Trade Unions in Post War Britain.

Within these limits the research undertaken is very thorough, and in summing up the sixth section, the problem is shown in sharp relief:

It must never be forgotten that lack of confidence is something deeply rooted in the mind. The process of abolishing suspicion will be slow and surrounded with difficulties, both material and psychological. The Government, the employers, the press and the public itself will all have a part to play. So too has the trade union movement. Its participation as of right in the affairs of the country is now firmly established, and it has shown by its behaviour that the trust placed in it has been justified. If it continues to meet its new responsibilities in the same spirit and to adapt itself to its new rôle, it will make an even greater contribution to the prosperity of Britain, and will be able to look forward in all confidence to still greater strength and usefulness.

These studies will enrich the thought of all those interested in the vital problem of our recovery. The memory of those hungry inter-war years lingers in the minds of the older men in industry, and to secure their full co-operation will need from the Government a constant stream of explanatory factual information regarding the country's economic position and policy; from the employers effective joint consultation in all matters affecting the man's employment and future, and from the men faith in themselves, in their industries and in the country's future.

For nearly a generation trade unions have fought and argued for such an opportunity as confronts their members to-day. In some measure what kind of economic future can be enjoyed will be largely determined by the answers given to the questions postulated in this survey.

(The author, now in the traffic department of a large industrial concern, was formerly an active member of the Amalgamated Engineering Union.)

*British Trade Unionism: Six Studies by PEP. Political and Economic Planning. 15s.

A CHILD IN GEORGE LANSBURY'S HOUSE

BY DAISY POSTGATE

II

When I was five years old I went to school. It was one of those enormous, gloomy structures built proudly by the London School Board, with large draughty rooms and innumerable stone stairs. It is still there, in Wrights Road, and one day the London County Council will pull it down and build a modern school in its place. The Council has done so much to improve conditions in these schools bequeathed to it by the London School Board that I am sure it is only a question of time and, very important, money. It was to me a prison-like and terrifying building. School was universally feared and hated and I did not look forward to starting at all. Most children screamed and kicked and had to be carried in for the first few days, but I was too docile for that. Besides, my sister was already a pupil teacher and was upstairs helping with the big girls, so I felt more secure than most.

It was not nearly so bad as I thought it was going to be, and being better dressed and cleaner than the others, I quickly became a favourite and was allowed to sit in the front row near the teacher's table and the fire. There were about sixty of us, mostly ragged and very dirty. We were not expected to do much work in the babies' class; we were given slates and pencils and small sponges and allowed to scribble and draw as much as we liked. To clean the slates we spat on them, circulating the spit with our sponges. The teacher seemed mainly employed in unbuttoning the drawers of the stream of children who, through lack of foresight or nerves, or a desire to escape into the open air, continually asked to be allowed to go to the lavatory. And then, as they returned one by one and presented their behinds to her, buttoning them up again. Neat little knickers with elastic tops had not been invented, and those who were too shy to ask for help, either dispensed with the business of undoing them to their own discomfort, or if they had not the courage to ask for that assistance, just walked about with a ridiculous flap hanging below their frocks. A number of children did not wear any at all. Why should they? Their mothers wore a draughty garment which was merely two legs held together by a waistband and called "open drawers" and regarded as an advance on none at all, which had been common for centuries, so why bother to put the children in these new fangled bags?

And didn't they already wear a woollen vest and a flannelette chemise, a stay belt as an inadequate and unnecessary support for the back, a woollen petticoat, a flannelette one, and under a light frock, a white cotton one, or the tattered remains of these garments; and weren't they long enough to keep the legs and thighs warm, they having once belonged to an elder sister, or made long enough to allow for growing? It would only mean more washing.

I learnt to make gaily coloured paper mats and to count with sticks and chant the alphabet, and then I got ill. I caught ophthalmia, an unpleasant eye disease. I was glad to be away from school at first, but I soon found it was not going to be much fun. For my eyes were painful and irritated, and had to be covered with a poultice made of damp tea leaves; and in the mornings I could not open them until they had been bathed. I was segregated from the other children as much as possible, and felt lonely. I had a picture book of nursery rhymes which I was allowed to look at when my poultice was removed, and I remember talking to a picture of Jack and Jill and to myself. "If I go away and count ten, then when I come back they will come out and play with me." I walked backwards and forwards to the door of the kitchen, repeating this to myself and adding five to the number on each journey. But alas, they remained firmly two-dimensional and I, after reaching as far as I could count, and causing my mother to ask rather irritably why I kept staring at her, looked round, unhappy and disillusioned, for something else to do. I had been convinced that they would come because Jill was looking straight at me with a friendly smile and had appeared to understand when I talked to her. She wore a lovely blue full-skirted dress, and as I cannot remember Jack at all, I think it must have been this and her golden hair which attracted me so much.

In the babies' class you were given a large picture each week for good attendance. They were about eight inches by six and I wanted one very badly. Week after week went by and there was always something which prevented me from getting one. Either I was late, or I caught a cold, or I got toothache, or something. But one week I managed to put in a full attendance and I got my picture. I rushed out into the playground waving it above my head to show my sister, and either the wind caught it, or it tore against a railing, I never knew. I found myself holding only half of it in my hand. I do not remember crying. The tragedy was too deep for that, but I was heartbroken. I carried the treasured piece home and kept it for a long time. I never got another. Either the authorities gave up issuing them or I put in a very irregular attendance. I cannot remember.

Fortunately it was the fashion for little girls to wear their hair cropped like the boys, and my mother followed the fashion. It was difficult enough with short hair to keep us free from lice. The heads of most of my little playmates were excellent breeding grounds and their necks and

arms were spotted with the red, painless circles made by bed fleas on those inured to them; painful, irritating lumps from flea bites are only for those who have led sheltered lives. But my mother did manage to keep both our beds and heads free; the former by the continuous use of insect powder and careful scrutiny each morning, the latter by combing what hair we had with a small-toothed comb dipped in a solution of carbolic lotion and methylated spirit each Saturday morning, ignoring our squeals and wriggles as the strong fluid stung our scalps and rolled down into our smarting eyes. I must have looked rather queer with my hair cut this way, with my staring round eyes and unusually high forehead. My mother was proud of my high forehead. Her father had admired it, and instead of helping me to keep it covered she brushed my hair back, and when poll combs became fashionable she bought me one and saw that I wore it. A poll comb was a half circle of comb which you pushed into your hair from the forehead back as far as the short ends of your hair would let you. As my hair was very short the result was remarkable because the fringe would not lie down but stood up like a halo on the top of my head. Later when we were allowed to grow our hair my fringe grew into the rest of my hair and the comb was a convenience and saved a great deal of trouble. But so long as I dressed my hair this way I retained a startled expression, and as I was not allowed to drape it gracefully over my forehead, as I wanted to, until I was too old to be disciplined, I looked most brazen and seemed to stare at people more than was fair to me. It was not my fault.

We used to go to the barber, a jolly little man with a brightly painted shop and a striped barber's pole hanging outside, to have our hair trimmed once a fortnight. Because we were so young we did not cause embarrassment to the workmen who called in for a haircut, and sometimes we had to wait until all the men were finished before our turn came. But we did not mind because when he had finished the barber would give us a farthing each, and my sister and I would race along to Mrs. R's. to spend it before we went home.

My father did not like jewellery of any kind. He never forbade us to buy beads with our pocket money: he had simply said that he did not like jewellery, although it would not have occurred to him to take any action if we had decided to drape ourselves with rings and necklaces. But because I knew he did not like trinkets I did not buy any, even though one little shop had a lovely row of blue beads for a half-penny which I did want to possess. But one day I bought a halfpenny prize packet and inside was a row of similar, but not quite as pretty, blue beads. I kept them in the pocket of my dress, and then the day came for the annual school photograph to be taken. I just had to wear my necklace. I found the photograph a little while ago—of a moon faced child with a gleaming forehead and a row of beads, the only child wearing a necklace, right in

the centre of the picture. I had been so frightened when I took the picture home, but nobody had seemed to notice it, or if they did, they did not mention it. But I felt guilty for a long time: in some way I thought I had let my father down.

* * * * *

Partly because my mother always put my father first and partly because by the time I went to school he was already a local figure, I always felt he was a little detached from us. Not that he was not an extremely affectionate and interested father, but rather that he belonged to the people as well as to us and that we were part of something much bigger than the mere family. He certainly took an interest in us. He bathed me until I was quite big, blowing as he dried me as if he were grooming a horse. And even when I was sixteen he dried my hair for me. But he had many public engagements and did not sit in the kitchen with us in the evenings like the fathers of my school friends. He was a member of the Board of Guardians and by fighting a local election, he had become "different". He had been a Liberal until about 1892, but now he was a Socialist and although Bow and Bromley is a Socialist constituency, it was far from being one in the 1890's, and my little school friends quickly let me know that my father was, if not a freak, something quite unlike their fathers. They insisted that we must be rich. Rich on £3 a week with eight children! One little girl was very angry because she had asked me if my mother had a room to let and I had not understood what she meant. "Of course," she said with a sneer, "you wouldn't because you're rich." I was only five years old and couldn't read and so had not understood the "Room to Let" cards in so many of the windows.

My father worked very hard in the timber yard. He started at 7 a.m. and finished at 7 p.m. As we lived on the premises he came into his meals usually covered with sawdust, and every day, as soon as he had finished his dinner he sat back in his chair, put his feet up, and went to sleep for ten minutes. My mother tried hard to keep us quiet, but did not often succeed. And through our noise he slept. He needed the rest very badly, especially during the Walworth election in 1895. I was too young to remember, but I have heard about that campaign so much that I sometimes think I do remember it. He fought as a Social Democratic Federation candidate. He and his friends found enough money to put down his deposit and little or none for anything else. When he finished work at 7 p.m. he would tramp across to Walworth, addressing meetings at street corners, in schools, and in public halls, tramping back again in the small hours of the morning. Sometimes he had enough money to ride, but not often. No wonder my mother put him first. She taught us to sing little songs like:

Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
Mend the fire, mend the fire;

Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
For Daddy's work is over.

And sweep up the hearth she did, and put away her sewing of which there was always a large pile, and make us brush our hair and wash our hands. Often he came in for meals when we had all finished and she would have bought him a bloater which must have a hard roe, or a smoked haddock, or have baked him an egg custard or an apple, or added some little luxury. We would sit around and watch him eat his food and always he would say: "There ain't going to be no core." But there was. We each got a little titbit. If he was tired he would say: "Who's going to get my slippers?" and off one or all of us would rush, while whoever had remained behind would be untying the knots of his bootlaces. It wasn't that he couldn't tie bows, but rather as if his shoe laces were trying to squeeze in as much work during the day as he did, and got themselves tied up in knots in consequence.

On Sundays he would take us into Victoria Park where he addressed meetings for the Social Democratic Federation. With my two brothers and three sisters there were enough of us to make a crowd, and like a snowball it soon gathered more. My father had an enormous voice. He had learned elocution at a Band of Hope in Whitechapel when he was a boy, and knew how to produce his voice. He also believed in what he wanted to say and so said it with all the force and assurance of a convinced Socialist of forty years of age. We children were each give a bundle of the organ of the Social Democratic Federation to sell. It was called *Justice*, and small though I was when I first began I became a good saleswoman. I can still remember the feeling of satisfaction I had when I took my first penny and handed over a copy of the paper to the purchaser. I shouted "Justice one penny" for all I was worth and frequently had to be told to shut up because I was drowning my father who was making a speech. Also I found it difficult to recognize faces, and time after time I would go up to the man who had given me my supply and ask him to buy a copy. He was very good natured and did not seem to mind, but I must have been very irritating because I remember doing it Sunday after Sunday. On one side of our little rostrum were the Atheists and on the other the Christian Endeavour people. Occasionally the Atheists had a speaker with a more booming voice than my father's, but not often, and although we must have disturbed their speakers they seldom disturbed ours.

(The first part of this article was published in the November Issue.)

DISPLACED PERSONS NOW

By NORMAN BENTWICH

THE problem of the refugees and displaced persons has been greatly reduced since the end of the war. At that time it was reckoned that one twelfth part of the population of Europe had been torn from its homes by the Nazi war machine: and when Germany was occupied by the Allied forces, no less than fourteen million foreign subjects were found there living in the most desperate conditions of self labourers. Of that great homeless mass the large majority have been repatriated, some by their own efforts, some by the armies, some by the relief organization of the United Nations. But it is one of the tragic aspects of the disordered world that, in the fourth year since the end of the war, not only does the residue of Nazi victims remain homeless, but that millions more of refugees and uprooted persons have been gathered in Western Europe. For them, at present, the International Refugee Organization has not assumed any responsibility, because they are the victims not of Nazi, but of a later, oppression.

The International Refugee Organization, which was created by a majority decision of the Assembly of the United Nations in 1946, came into active being in the following year. It was not, however, finally constituted as a Special Agency till this year, because the minimum number of States—fifteen—which were required to adopt the constitution, and the assurance of the budget which was also required, were only attained in the summer of 1948, when Denmark joined the other fourteen just States. The Soviet Union and the Eastern block of States have refused to participate, though they had a full share in the deliberations of the committee, appointed at the First Assembly of the United Nations, which drew up the constitution and defined refugees and displaced persons so as to meet their demands. During its first year of operations the International Refugee Organization was working through a 'provisional committee'; and a large body of sign-writers will be required to erase the letters P.C. from all their buildings and equipment.

When it took over the responsibility for repatriation and resettlement of the hard core of the displaced persons and the refugees, the number for whom it was to find a home was about one million. It was estimated that that task should be accomplished within three years. The experience of the past year gives hope of the accomplishment within that time. During 1947-1948 some 250,000 have been repatriated or resettled: and far the larger part placed in new homes. The million D.P.'s were

composed principally of Poles, Balts, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians and stateless Jews. The bulk of the Poles have been sent back to Poland : but the D.P.'s under the Organization did not include the 300,000 for whom the British Government and the nations of the British Commonwealth have accepted responsibility. Most of the Poles who still await settlement are Jews : and for them Palestine is the chosen home. Now that the State of Israel is open to immigration without the restrictions of a British mandatory administration, the prospects are brighter for the exodus of the 200,000 who remain in the camps.

Repatriation, so far as it can be carried out, is now nearly completed. It was one of the principles which divided the western and the eastern powers, in the constituent committee of the Organization and in the subsequent debates of the Assembly, that no displaced person should be forced against his will to return to his country of origin. There should be full opportunity of persuasion by the authorities of his native land, but no compulsion, provided that he established that he had been a victim of political or racial persecution. The rest of the Poles and of the other nationals, who remained in the camps, are unwilling to return to their native land in northern, central and eastern Europe, and for them therefore a country of fresh settlement must be found. When the representatives of the nations examined the problem in 1946, it was thought that these homes would be found primarily in the countries overseas, in the United States, in the vast territories of South America and in the British Dominions of Canada and Australia. Paradoxically, the experience of the last two years has shown that the absorptive capacity of western Europe is greater than that of the New World. The country which has received the largest share of the homeless is Great Britain. The operation known as "Westwardho", for bringing from the British Zones in Germany and Austria those displaced persons who were fit and prepared for work in the mines, the industries and the homes of Great Britain, has already transported some 80,000 men and women. It is indeed one of the limitations in that movement, which the director of I.R.O. criticized severely, that the worker normally is brought without his family, because the stringent conditions of housing render family immigration difficult. Yet, it seems heartless to break up families that have been torn from their homes for years. France, Belgium and Holland and the Scandinavian countries have taken a smaller share of the displaced persons, usually subject to the same restriction. The United States of America has so far received only an insignificant immigration from the camps : but the Displaced Persons Act, which was passed through Congress this year, provides for the entry into the United States during the next two years of 200,000, in addition to the established quota of immigrants. The conditions are very selective and designed to secure the introduction particularly of Balts and of agricultural workers. President Truman made it clear that in his view the provision was niggardly, and should be

corrected so as to allow an immigration of double the number—400,000 within four years. If that were done, America could make a substantial contribution towards solving the new and growing problem of displaced persons from the ex-enemy countries.

Canada is taking her fair share, and during the last year has been steadily increasing her absorption. The monthly intake is between 3,000 and 4,000, of whom a considerable part are transported by air direct from the camps. The International Refugee Organization has built up a small fleet of some fifteen ships, which take the selected settlers from Europe to their destination. But the economy in time of air-travel, with the consequent saving of costs of maintenance and days of work, is making that other form of transport of growing significance.

The South American States, particularly Venezuela, are taking their part : but, like the United States, are selective about the class of immigrant whom they will receive. The Commonwealth of Australia, too, has admitted a few thousands : and will increase its absorptive capacity when more shipping is available.

The writer recently spent some weeks in Austria, and had the opportunity of visiting the camps of the Yugoslav and Jewish displaced persons in the province of Salzburg. It may give a clearer idea to describe the conditions in which they live to-day. The Yugoslavs, who are mostly royalist officers, inhabit a hutment camp in the lovely valley of Pongau, not far from the famous spa of Bad Gastein. Their habitation is rough, and their way of life Spartan. They receive from the Austrian Government a ration of 1,500 calories a day. Most of the men are employed on the Austrian railways and on constructional enterprises near the camp, but the very few are integrated into the Austrian economic life. Venezuela is the main outlet for emigration. A number of the women have been taken to England for domestic service : and, happily, few children are left in the camp. On the banks of one of the beautiful lakes in the Salzkammergut the World Council of Churches conducts a home for the old people from the displaced persons camps, Yugoslavs, Balts and others, who are too old to emigrate. It is a group of pleasant villas inhabited by some 200 old men and women, some military, some civilians. The intention is that they shall end their days in peace and in beautiful surroundings. It is an example of Christian charity, which needs to be multiplied if there is to be a humane solution for the problem of these old exiles, unable to return to their country of origin and without relatives who will receive them overseas.

The physical conditions of the Jewish displaced persons are somewhat better, because their ration of food is supplemented by the American Joint Distribution Committee, to bring it up to 2,000 calories a day. It is said that for the Jews the initials D.P. stand for Destination Palestine : and, during the last months there has been a steady movement of emigrants to the State of Israel. In each of the camps is a young Palestinian,

usually a teacher, to bring heart and cheer, and to inspire the children and the youth. In each camp there is a school : and the walls of the school-rooms are decorated with pictures of the Jewish agricultural settlements and portraits of the Jewish leaders. The camp artists paint the walls of the dining-room with murals of the Promised Land. The Jewish displaced persons will not work in the Austrian or the German economy : and a scheme has been devised for work within the camp which is directed by officers of the International Refugee Organization. There are workshops for tailoring, weaving, shoe-making and woodwork. The product of the industries is used partly for the inmates, partly for the needs of the Refugee Organization. The workers are paid by a system of points which have a higher purchasing value than Austrian currency. In each camp is a P.X. shop, on the model of the American Army Postal Exchange. Goods, which are largely manufactured articles from the camp industries, but also include food and cigarettes, are purchasable there for the points cards. Those inmates of the camp who are employed by I.R.O. and are paid in Austrian shillings can exchange that currency for points, and so use their earnings to better advantage.

The steady outflow from the Jewish camps to Palestine and, in a lesser measure, to Canada and the United States, is to an extent balanced by an inflow from the countries of Eastern Europe, particularly from Rumania. Last year that uninvited immigration reached the scale of a flood : but the rush has been checked : and all the camps show a substantial diminution of numbers.

The direction of the camps is in the hands of the International Refugee Organization, whose staff is international, drawn largely from the United States, the British Dominions, Holland and France. They bring a sympathetic understanding to their work. They are alive to the yearnings of their homeless charges, and encourage them to bring some amenity and beauty into the stark conditions of the camps : to plant little gardens, to grow vegetables, to organize entertainment. One is left with the impression that the problem of the remaining displaced persons of the old order, that is, of those who were displaced at the end of the war, can be solved during the next two years, which is the term set for the I.R.O.

A new problem, however, bigger in volume and at present intractable, has been created since the end of the war. It is the forced movement of millions of the population, German or of German origin, from central and eastern Europe to Austria and western Germany. They include millions of *Reichsdeutsche* driven out of East Prussia and Silesia, and millions of *Volksdeutsche* from the Sudetenland and other parts of Czechoslovakia, from Hungary, Rumania and the Baltic States. They are not the responsibility of the International Refugee Organization which, by its constitution, is precluded from helping them. They are not at present the responsibility of any organization of the United Nations. Their maintenance is left to the hard-pressed administrations of the British and American zones

of Germany and the Government of Austria, and to the charity of voluntary bodies. Their conditions of life are wretched in the extreme. Here is a challenge to humanity. The misery of the victims of hatred against Nazi brutality cannot serve as just retribution for the sufferings of millions of victims of the Nazi persecution.

Yet another urgent problem of displaced persons has been created in the most recent months, not in Europe but in the Middle East, through the flight from their homes in western Palestine of 400,000 Arabs. Count Bernadotte in his last testament compelled the attention of the United Nations to its responsibility for meeting that human need. Since he was murdered, the problem has increased in gravity. The International Red Cross, the Specialized Agencies of the United Nations, and the principal philanthropic organizations of the world have been marshalled to deal with it. But the measure of relief afforded is still altogether inadequate. Larger inter-governmental action is called for. The problem of the refugees and the displaced persons, whatever their origin, is an inescapable world issue and a test of our civilization.

THE WIND-HARP

By JANE MORRISON

It filled the hallway with delicate sound
 At grandmother's. Round
 And round its prisms spun in the breeze
 And made with ease
 A music less than music ; fascination
 Rather than hope of melody held me to its conversation
 With the wind. It brought to mind
 A grove of trees I had loved which grew behind
 Grandmother's house ; but now I saw that they
 Were trees like ghosts of trees, gray
 And all about them sang the alien voices, the blended discord
 Which never stopped and never roared.
 When doors closed out the breeze, a breath of air
 Floating down the stair
 Could stir it. I love it still, after long years
 Have forgotten, for I am like it ; enchanted ears
 Set me spinning to silent music, happy-bright, mood-pinned,
 A harp for the wind.

ISAAC WATTS

BY EVELYN P. HOPE

"IN Quires and Places where they sing", says the Book of Common Prayer, doubtfully. It is remarkable how small a part singing played in public worship until the last 250 years. Psalms were chanted, and an occasional metrical version shocked the conservative, but no hymns. We have, indeed, a number of beautiful English poems of much earlier date, which we now use as hymns, and many fine Latin and German hymns, which have since been translated into English, already existed. But English Christians, and particularly nonconformists, were uncertain whether in the words of a pamphlet of the time, "Christ . . . hath commanded His churches . . . to sing the Psalms of David, as translated into metre and musical rime with tunable and conjoined voices of all the people together . . . or any other song or hymn that are (sic) so composed to be sung in rime by a prelimited and set form of words."

Nor was this distrust confined to the Society of Friends, whose founder, George Fox, rather surprisingly, often began his service with singing. Baptists, for example, were equally set against the innovation, and when Benjamin Keach, pastor of the church of which Charles Spurgeon afterwards was minister, succeeded in introducing singing, the larger part of his congregation left him and "took refuge in a songless sanctuary."

It is fortunate that in the year 1695 the people of a little church in Southampton (then a small, quiet seaside town) did not share the usual prejudice. The son of one of its deacons, a delicate young man of twenty, just home from college, thought the hymns they sang quite unworthy of the sanctuary. His father, to whom he complained, challenged him to write something better, and he did. The hymn he wrote was sung the following Sunday in the little Independent Meeting Room. It was "Behold the glories of the Lamb."

That young man was Isaac Watts, the bicentenary of whose death fell on November 25. James Montgomery calls him "almost the inventor of hymns in our language" and "the greatest name among hymn-writers." Josiah Conder says: "Watts was the first who succeeded in overcoming the prejudice which opposed the introduction of hymns into our public worship" and Garrett Horder, in *The Hymn Lover*, that "Dr. Watts is the real connecting link between the age of metrical versions and that of hymns, since his Psalms partake of the nature of both."

Watts wrote many hymns for the Southampton Independents during

the two years he stayed at home studying. And afterwards, when he became a preacher, he wrote a hymn for each of many of his sermons. Six hundred of his hymns are known. One is reminded of Schubert's six hundred songs: and the analogy may be pushed further. Both were young men. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, and Watts's famous volume of hymns was published when he was thirty-three. Neither prized his gift as subsequent generations have done. Schubert declared in the year of his death that he "hoped to hear no more about songs, but to devote himself to opera and symphony." And Watts wrote (in a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*): "Though I have sported with rime as an amusement in younger life and published some religious composures to assist the worship of God, yet I never set myself up among the numerous competitors for a poet of the age." And "I make no pretence to the name of a poet."

It was only after considerable persuasion that he consented to the publication of his hymns. There is a delightful letter from his brother Enoch, pleading with him to "show" his hymns "in print", saying: "At the same time you contribute to the universal advantage, you will procure the esteem of men most judicious and sensible" and also urging: "You cannot be ignorant what a load of scandal lies on Dissenters, only for their imagined aversion to poetry." That letter was written in 1700, but it was another seven years before the first edition of the hymns appeared (the copyright was sold for £10), and the paraphrases of the Psalms were not published till 1719.

Watts's hymns achieved instant and permanent popularity. Yet, in his own day hymn-writing was the least regarded of the talents for which the brilliant little doctor was admired. He won fame as an author. His *Logic* was long used as a textbook in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge: his *Improvement of the Mind* was almost equally well known, and generations of devout persons treasured *The World to Come* and his other religious books. He was a man of learning: a student of science as well as of theology. Living in the days of Newton (the *Principia* was published when Watts was thirteen), he eagerly accepted what he called, "the new Philosophy." He speaks of "the great Sir Isaac Newton, the first of philosophers, the glory of Great Britain." And in one of his religious essays he illustrates his point by an imaginary picture of Newton using a prism to demonstrate "the nature of light and colours." The work of Dalton also stimulated his lively imagination; he writes: "If a soul had but a full knowledge and command of all the atoms of one solid foot of matter . . . What strange and astonishing influence would it have over this world of ours! What confusions might it raise in distant nations, sending pestilential streams into a thousand bodies, and destroying armies at once! And it might scatter benign or healing and vital influences to as large a circumference!"

Nor was he unskilled in the arts. He was musical—perhaps a hymn-

writer ought to be. He painted—the walls of his study were hung with his sketches and with portraits of his friends. And on the table his lute lay beside his microscope and his Bible.

But above all, Watts was a preacher: "Did the great God ever appoint *statues* for His ambassadors, to invite sinners to His mercy?" he cries, "Where the preachers are stone, no wonder if hearers are motionless!" Profound, apt, eloquent, he was one of the great preachers of his own or any other age.

Yet, with all his gifts, this most eminent of early nonconformists was as retiring as his great reputation would allow him to be. It is said that he never led in conversation, and, though a brilliant and witty talker, he shrank from people who made a note of his *bons mots*. His gentle, sensitive soul disliked satire. "His humility," says Dr. Jennings, "like a deep shade, set off his other graces and virtues, and made them shine with greater lustre." One can scarcely believe that he ever passed to a stranger whom he had overheard asking: "Is this the great Dr. Watts?" the well-known verse:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
And grasp the ocean in a span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man.

Certainly, the verse is his; it occurs in a long poem, but the whole incident seems most unlike him. Of course, he was small; Defoe, in *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, speaks of "Sir Tom (Abney) splitting texts of Scripture with his diminutive figure of a chaplain." His height has been variously given as about five feet. He was also slight and frail in appearance. His complexion was fair and pale and his sensitive, oval face was lit up by quite remarkable grey eyes. Like so many brilliant people, he was highly strung and nervous and he was all his life dogged by sickness.

One gets the impression that, like Mr. Lear, he must have been very pleasant to know. It is delightful to think of the great man decorating the parlour walls of his hostess's (Lady Abney's) house, after the fashion of the day, with panels of his own painting, or writing his catechism for the under fours and composing hymns for the children of the Abney family. (These were the first hymns ever written for children.) Gratitude and generosity were outstanding characteristics, and he seems to have had a genius for friendship. Imagine a man who could go, as he did, to stay with friends for a week, and remain for the rest of his life without ever wearing out his welcome! Judging from letters which have survived, the regard in which his many friends held him must have amounted almost to reverence. This, for example, from Dr. Doddridge: "Till heaven is enriched by your removal thither, I hope, Sir, to find in you a councillor and a friend . . . and I cannot but admire the goodness of Providence in honouring me with the friendship of such a person." Yet he could unbend for their entertainment. Watts himself recounts an

amusing story of how on an occasion when he was staying in Tunbridge Wells, some verses in praise of the Duke of Marlborough's daughters were found in a tavern, and "the author being unknown, some persons were ready to attribute them to me, knowing that I had heretofore dealt in rime." Watts did not know the ladies except by sight, but he "was ashamed" of the verses, so: "That afternoon I rode as usual for my health, and it came into my head to let my friends see that, if I would choose such a theme, I would write in another manner than the nameless author had done." The following are two of the verses he wrote:

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is less commanding than her charms;
His lightning strikes with less surprise
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

The muse that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns th' inimitable fair.

Which inspired a brother minister to comment:

What wondrous charmes must to that fair be given
Who moved a mind that dwelt so near to heaven!

And how is this for a writer whom we usually regard as profound in matter and majestic in style?

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence;
Swiftly the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense.

Watts never married and there is no evidence that he ever wished to do so. The outline of his life is simple. He was born on July 17, 1674, in a roomy and substantial house in French Street, Southampton. His father's occupation has been variously described, but it seems certain that he was at one time a schoolmaster. He was a man greatly respected in the town and was for forty-eight years a deacon of the Independent Church there. The mother of Watts was of huguenot extraction, a daughter of Alderman Taunton. There is a pathetic description of the young mother taking the baby Isaac to the prison where his father was confined because he was a nonconformist, so that Isaac the elder might have his first glimpse of his son. The father was again imprisoned for the same cause a few years later and from the time the boy was nine years old until the death of James II, when he was fifteen, his father was obliged to live away from home for fear of persecution. One is not surprised that some of young Isaac's earliest verses were composed on the accession of William and Mary. When, later, the great hymn-writer included in one of his most inspiring hymns, the line: "And grants the prisoner sweet release" he must have thought of the father to whom he was devoted. And it is little wonder that he remained a staunch nonconformist to the day of his death.

He began to learn Latin at the age of four and early obtained great proficiency in that language and also in Greek and French. Everyone knows the story of his mother, when Isaac was seven, offering a farthing (no mean sum to a child in those days) for a rime. Upon which he brought her :

I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie.

Less well known and even more remarkable is the acrostic which he wrote about the same time. Here is the second half :

W ash me in Thy blood, O Christ,
A nd grace Divine impart,
T hen search and try the corners of my heart,
T hat I in all things may be fit to do
S ervice to Thee, and sing Thy praises too.

Watts received his schooling at Southampton Grammar School, where he was a favourite and brilliant pupil. At the end of his school days he refused a chance of going to one of the universities saying firmly that he was determined to take up his lot amongst the Dissenters. About that time two significant entries appear in his diary : "Fell under considerable conviction of sin. 1688. And was taught to trust in Christ, I hope. 1689."

Instead of the university, Watts went, in 1690, to the Dissenting Academy in Stoke Newington (then a pretty country village), where he spent four years as a diligent and distinguished student, preparing for the ministry. "Such he was," says Dr. Johnson, "as any Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted."

Nonconformist colleges in those days were places of discussion as well as of instruction and independence of thought was encouraged. These lines, taken from a poem "to the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the director of my youthful studies," are significant :

I hate those shackles of the mind
Forged by the haughty wise ;
Souls were not born to be confined,
And led, like Samson, blind and bound :—
But when his native strength he found
He well avenged his eyes.

His college days over, Watts returned to his father's house in Southampton, where he spent his twenty-first and twenty-second years in private study, and where many of his hymns were written.

In October 1696, at the age of twenty-two, Watts went to live at the house of Sir John Hartopp, where he remained for six years as tutor to Hartopp's son. Watts was devoted to this young man, and it was for him that he wrote his famous *Logic*, his *Improvement of the Mind* and his *Treatise on Astronomy and Geography, with the Use of Globes*. (How many people who use the familiar rhyme to remind themselves of the signs of the zodiac, remember that they owe it to Watts ?) He lived as a valued

member of the family—there were seven pretty daughters—and the Hartopps took him with them to the Church of Dr. Channing in Mark Lane. It was there that he preached his first sermon, on his twenty-fourth birthday. He preached frequently, and soon became Dr. Channing's assistant. Upon Channing's resignation in 1701 Watts was ordained minister of the Mark Lane Church, and remained its minister until his death, although the church outgrew the Mark Lane premises. His health, however, was so indifferent that the church soon gave him an assistant, a Mr. Samuel Price. They were colleagues for over forty years, and their relations were of the happiest. In prefaces to his books, Watts several times refers affectionately to Price : and in his will he left a little legacy to his "faithful friend and companion in the Ministry", "as only a small testimony of his great affection for him." And Price, when he died, desired to be buried as near as possible to Watts.

The congregation to which Watts was called to minister was a distinguished and remarkable one. It included, beside the Hartopp family, Richard Cromwell (son of the Protector), Mrs. Bendish (Bridget Ireton), her mother's second husband (Charles Fleetwood), Oliver Cromwell's brother-in-law (Charles Desborough) and most important of all in the life of Watts, Sir Thomas and Lady Abney. These last were the friends to whose magnificent and historic mansion he went in 1712 for a week. A few years later Sir Thomas died. Watts remained with the widow and her daughter. In 1735 Lady Abney removed, taking Watts with her, to the much smaller house at Stoke Newington, which had been built and left to her by her brother, the dearest friend of Watts's youth. There she cared for him in his frequent periods of ill health, and there, on November 25, 1748, he died in perfect calmness and confidence. "The plain promises of the Gospel are my support," he said during his last illness, and : "If God has no more service for me to do, through grace I am ready."

It was Lady Abney who, with Sir Thomas Hartopp, placed above Watts's grave in Bunhill Fields the memorial bearing the characteristically modest epitaph which he wrote for himself because, it is said, he feared something more fulsome :— "Isaac Watts, D.D., Pastor of a Church of Christ in London . . . after fifty years of feeble labours in the Gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness, was at last dismissed to his rest."

The Rev. John Baker wrote to Dr. Doddridge nearly two years before Watts died : "Lady Abney, with inimitable steadfastness and prudence, keeps our friend in peaceful ignorance and his enemies at a becoming distance, so that, in the midst of the persecution of that righteous man, he lives comfortably : and when a friend asks him how he does, answers, 'Waiting God's leave to die'."

No mention has been made so far of Watts's enemies and, indeed, they scarcely counted ; but they could be very bitter. He was too broad-minded—one is almost tempted to say, too modern—for some of his

sterner and more literal brethren. "Moderation", he said, "must expect a box on both ears." For example, he suggests that perhaps the soul, when it leaves the body, is furnished with some new vehicle of more refined matter, and that it may abide where death finds it, not changing its place, but only its manner of thinking and its mode of existence. He imagines in the next world, "not only services of thanksgiving and prayer, but also such entertainments as lectures and sermons." He pictures "Boyle and Ray pursuing the philosophy in which they delighted on earth, contemplating the wisdom of God in His works; and Henry Moore and Howe continuing their metaphysical researches with brightened and refined powers of mind." He preached everlasting damnation, as in duty bound, because he found it in the New Testament. Yet (in the second volume of *The World to Come*) he expresses the hope that God has some secret and mitigating decree, and that, although we neither dare preach nor speculate upon it, bowing to the Word, we yet may hope that infinite love will find a way.

"Do you think," growled the Reverend Thomas Bradbury, "that the ministers of London are to stand still while you tear in pieces eight great Articles of their Faith?" The story is told that at a meeting of ministers Watts, then frail and in feeble voice, had difficulty in making himself heard, when Bradbury called out to him: "Brother Watts, shall I speak for you?" Like a flash came the retort: "Why, Brother Bradbury, you have often spoken against me."

One is reluctant to close this sketch without an example of Watts's prose. The following passage is taken from *The World to Come*, and is a description of death as an escape from prison:

Suppose a man born or brought up in a dark prison, in the midst of a fair and populous city. He lives there in a close confinement; perhaps he enjoys only the twinkling light of a lamp, with thick air and much ignorance; though he has some hints and reports of the surrounding city and its affairs, yet he sees and knows nothing immediately but what is done in his own prison, till in some happy minute the walls fall down; then he finds himself at once in a large and populous town, encompassed with a thousand blessings. With surprise he beholds the king in all his glory, and holds converse with the sprightly inhabitants. He can speak their language, and finds his nature suited to such communion. He breathes free air, stands in the open light: he shakes himself, and exults in his own liberty.

It is not necessary to quote a specimen of Watts's hymns. Most people know many of them by heart, such as "When I survey the wondrous Cross", "Jesus shall reign", "I'll praise my Maker", the hymn-paraphrase: "O God! our help in ages past" and others equally fine and almost as popular. Nor is it too much to hope that as long as religion lights the minds and warms the hearts of English-speaking peoples, Watts's hymns will be known and loved.

FESTIVALS OF BRITAIN

BY KENNETH ADAM

IT is pleasant from the half light of winter to look back on the shining festivals of summer, to remember, on unlovely evenings, with the dry air and dust of December playhouses in our lungs, and the draughts of metropolitan concert-halls swirling round our legs, those amiable occasions on which we took an interval turn on lawn or riverbank or terrace, under soft skies, disputing the points of the performance in hand. It is pleasant anyway, and this year apt as well. For the Season of 1948, not in the old, narrow sense of the word, but in its fuller, more democratic meaning, was one of the most remarkable, almost startling, that this country has known. In post-war Britain, in its austerity and drabness, with its scars and its shortages, there were mounted no fewer than six major festivals. This was the *Land ohne Musik* beating Germany at its own game. All were, to a greater or less degree, successful, some brilliantly so. To Bath, Stratford, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Canterbury and Edinburgh there went, between April and October, something more than a million visitors, many from overseas (for which invisible export much credit goes to the hard working and lively Travel Association), most from other parts of this country.

Excellent as the majority of the events were which they attended, it is the audiences themselves who claim first notice. These celebrations were crowded because people wanted enough to go to take some trouble about it. They did not just drop in. They did not go because somebody else did, or because they thought they ought to. And so they were not vacuous spectators merely, an unresponsive compound of individuals. They had homogeneity. You could feel in them "the stir of a common intellectual excitement changing all the hard disparate atoms in the auditorium into one quickened brain." The public itself was not the least performer in the Season of 1948. It is not strictly accurate to speak of this response, considered from the numerical aspect at any rate, as a "revival", because there has been nothing like it before, nothing on so large a scale, and nothing, probably, so vehemently alive. When or where did a quarter of a million people go to a single country theatre, except this year at Stratford? Or nearly twice as many partake of a richly varied feast of the arts which made Edinburgh for three weeks the most stimulating capital in the world? Perhaps restoration is a better word, a restoration of the social nucleus as an essential element in the life of the community. At Edinburgh, most noticeably, but elsewhere as well, there was to be

found a dramatic unity, or what Proust called "a charming dialogue" between the occasion and its witnesses. We seem to be forming a new habit. Whether we shall keep it remains to be seen. However, it is a good augury for 1951 and Mr. Gerald Barry's "pomp and parade, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, banquets and illuminations."

Of course it is possible to argue, and has indeed been argued, by C. E. Montague and others, that too much atmosphere is bad for art, that judgment is clouded on these high days and holidays. Montague wrote:

Acting is one mighty stimulant to imagination, and the presence of the scene of great and ancient events is another; but you cannot just add the one to the other and enjoy at once the sum of both, perhaps because some attributes inseparable from the acting take repose away from those other objects, and some attributes commonly found in those objects make acting look flimsy and cheap, though it is not.

W. A. Darlington, on the other hand, much less ascetic a judge, has declared that the festival spirit tends to mitigate the critics' professional ferocity and to make the audiences less captious and demanding. How insupportable these reasonings are! They are a sour relict of our puritan tradition, and a reflection of our inability to take our pleasures gladly. Abroad they know better. Does the Augusteo play any the worse because during the summer it moves out of doors into the *Basilica di Massenzio* and has the old Roman Forum for backcloth? Are the patrons of the *Palais des Beaux Arts* in Brussels lulled into soporific acceptance of the second-best by the superb comfort and elegance of their surroundings? Do the Danes belittle their musical tradition by holding symphony concerts in the Tivoli with a switchback and dodgems and other popular delights for company? No, no. Because concertgoers have to undergo the acoustic horrors of the Albert Hall or Harringay, and playgoers the antique discomforts of the majority of West End theatres, it does not follow that mortification of the flesh is an inescapable adjunct to these pursuits. We are learning, at last, that surroundings count. We are tasting new flavours out of town. The people who went to Bath, for instance, last spring, saw, perhaps for the first time, that a theatre can be a thing of beauty, and those who heard the Hallé Orchestra play in the Town Hall, Cheltenham, instead of at Belle Vue, Manchester, realized that it matters every bit as much where music is played as by whom. One of these days the downtrodden audiences will rise in their wrath and demand that the art slums be destroyed as the house slums are being destroyed.

The oldest and most highly organized of these leavening festivals is, of course, that of Stratford. It is some time now since the worst maladies of the showplace afflicted this pleasant town with its bright ornament, the Avon. Bardolatriy is under lock and key. The "cult" is decently controlled. The guides at the Birthplace and the museums are not human parrots but devoted folk who may even be checked and questioned in their flow without disastrous results. One feature of the old welcome has disappeared, alas. The cottages which still declare themselves anxious to

store your bicycle will no longer give you ham and eggs in the front parlour. But the 'jam factory', as the new theatre was most unkindly dubbed, seems to have settled comfortably into the "contained and friendly Midland landscape." Perhaps it is because the red brick is mellowing, or perhaps because we have got used to functionalism. The controversies which have raged round the policy of the theatre have been happily settled. The standards of production and acting have never been higher, even in Benson's day, than under Sir Barry Jackson's direction, and his successor, Anthony Quayle, is a young man of proved ability. At last the wisdom of employing only the best acting talent has been accepted. Wynyard, Tearle, Helpmann, these were names to conjure with this summer. In one post during the height of the season 3,000 letters were received, one is told, demanding anything from one to 150 seats. More than fifty nationalities were counted among the visitors. This is a success story, all the more surprising when one recalls the doldrums into which the festival had run a few years ago. And now is the time, it would seem, to pay tribute to the Flower family, whose bitter beer is one of Stratford's not inconsiderable amenities, and whose munificence made the whole thing possible. It is a generosity that deserves to be remembered, one to set appropriately beside that of the Johansens, of the Carlsburg breweries, to whom Denmark owes so much.

The true spirit of a festival is hard to maintain over a period of six-and-a-half months. It would be a good deal easier if the conservative inhabitants of Stratford, or some of them, could be persuaded that it is just as indigestible to go straight to bed after seeing Mr. Tearle play Othello as after a heavy meal. The opportunities for recreation when the play is done are nil. The opportunities for talk and discussion over a cup of cocoa even, are virtually nil. He who stays abroad after eleven in Stratford creeps furtively home with the guilty feeling of an undergraduate out after the college gates are shut. It is with some surprise, indeed, that one does not find a polite invitation to call on the Dean by one's breakfast plate. Even if the British holidaymaker is prepared to accept such constraints, overseas visitors are not. This haunting nineteenth century Grundyism will have to go. Our sad and surreptitious night life, compared with that, say, of Copenhagen (one does not mention the Latin countries because it is generally understood that they are incorrigibly wicked) is something which nobody as dependent as we are on tourism can afford. Edinburgh and Bath, with their festival clubs, have made a brave start in the right direction, but naturally, they are hopelessly overcrowded. It was done best of all, perhaps, at Malvern before the war (and that is one casualty in the Festival calendar which one does not cease to regret), where the enchanting Winter Gardens, with their terraces and walks, next door to the theatre, were open after the performance for refreshment, not only from the mineral spring, and for dancing. Here the humblest visitor might rub shoulders with the stars, even with the genial and approachable sage in knickerbockers

himself. Not every festival can have its *genius loci* in the flesh, but it is perfectly possible to enjoy supper and late diversions without Mr. Shaw.

The Bath Assembly, blessed with the warm sunshine of an April which proved to be the most jocund month of the year, is the youngest of the festivals. It starts with many advantages. Apart from its gem of a Theatre Royal, Bath, as a town to live in or just to walk in and about, is incomparable. The programme was designed to harmonize with the Georgian crescents and squares and circuses, and with the literary and historical associations of the city. The Pump Room, by being converted into a club, was reverting suitably to type. Indeed the real success of the first Assembly were the historic houses, many of them open to view, the comely public gardens and the society. For Bath is winning back the reputation for greeting visitors well, if expensively, which it lost in sullen resentment at the wartime invasion of Government departments. The more formal occasions were the less outstanding; it was perhaps imprudent to advertise the Assembly widely abroad unless it was certain that the performances were going to be more than simply competent.

Cheltenham, which devotes itself at the end of June to the hearing of contemporary symphonic music and opera, is now, after its fourth season, firmly established as a notable event, as strictly musical as Stratford is dramatic. John Barbirolli's distinctive qualities are shown to great effect in the Cheltenham milieu. The little dynamic creature is in fact the hero of the festival, which is almost a one-man show. The town, like Bath, boasts noble streets and is prodigal of flowers. The audiences take after the flower beds; they are a whit too well drilled and modish. Like Bath again, Cheltenham is far from cheap. These inland resorts with their leisurely airs and graces, are almost ideally equipped for the pursuance of festivals of the arts, but the class for which they have catered for so long is rapidly dying out, and unless they are ready to adapt themselves to the visitor of more modest resources, as Malvern did, for example, they may fall into a new decline.

Those fortunate few who went to Aldeburgh for the Festival of Music, Literature and Painting in June report that its character was unique. It was built round the figure of Crabbe and other Suffolk worthies, including Benjamin Britten, whose *Albert Herring* was given in the intimacy of the Jubilee Hall. It was a small and secluded affair, but to hold it at all was a gallant gesture on the part of a town which endures continual encroachment from the sea, whose inhabitants might have been forgiven had their minds been too full of other things to receive culture kindly. Lectures by eminent literary figures such as E. M. Forster distinguished the festival, which also rejoiced in a printed programme which was a genuine work of art in itself. Not enough attention is paid, as a rule, to the printed matter which accompanies these occasions.

Canterbury, too, is specialized in its appeal. It is an important event in the Church calendar, described as "a festival of noble arts designed to the

greater glory of God." The Friends of Canterbury Cathedral who organize the programme are at their best when devising processions and pageants, but it is the cathedral choir that captures the imagination. Before the beauty of its singing everything pales. The repairs to the cathedral proceed, and the stained glass is going back. Otherwise Canterbury has a shabby air. The clearing of the ruins is taking a long time (one has to go to Holland to appreciate what can be done, and by a country with no more resources than ours), and the streets that are standing could do with a good coat of paint. If only local authorities and property-owners would realize, as they had in Bath, how the sight of fresh glistening paint sets the heart singing these days.

Finally one comes, in late summer, to Edinburgh, where there is the sense of being in at the birth of a thing which some day will be valued for its ancientness. One walks the streets, under the gay flags and banners that strain at their masts in Auld Reekie's prevailing wind, and feels that one is making new history in a place that is already full of it. Think of the Festival as a play and Edinburgh is a stage already set, intensifying and underlining the sound, gesture and action of the drama. Here are associated minds in an integrated city, which has no room in it for the Leopold Blooms from *Ulysses*, "poisoned with the vicarious vitality of Metropolis." In Edinburgh, in August this year, everybody from the waitress who served your morning kipper to the Lord Provost marching at the head of the procession up the nave of St. Giles' for the opening service, was festival-minded. They were all 'taking part'. Such enthusiasm cannot be withstood. Little wonder that the actors, dancers and musicians spoke of a "quivering communicative quickness" between their intention and the audiences' perception. Edinburgh shares with Bath fortunate initial advantages. There is the floodlit rock, floating in the night sky. There are the colour and pageantry of a capital, so rich that the inauguration in the cathedral is a missal come to life, however Presbyterian the service. There is Princes Street with its splendid shops. There are the pipers and dancers. But these are not enough to explain the phenomenon of the last two years. The boldness of the planning—seven orchestras, a dozen solo artists of world repute, two operas, eleven ballets, three choirs, four chamber music combinations, five plays, a hundred films in 1948—the readiness of the civic authorities to take big risks, and a thoroughly efficient administration are probably as near as one can get to the secret. There are difficulties and dangers ahead, of course, particularly those of repetition and of falling into routine. The proposals for 1949, which include the return of the Vienna Philharmonic and the revival of *Figaro*, both heard in 1947, are disquieting. Schnabel, who takes a great interest in the whole project, has warned against the pitfalls and suggests a five-year plan to be discussed outside the organizing circle "with persons in whose judgment one has the fullest trust."

Meanwhile the most significant thing about the Festival is probably

that it has occurred at a time when Scotland herself is going through the throes of a cultural renaissance. It is no accident that the Rectors of Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities at the moment are an author and an actor respectively. The passion which informs this rebirth is deep, its achievement already considerable, its promise exciting. It would have been possible for its protagonists to have stood aloof from the Festival, to have followed the Welsh in their deliberate parochialism, their cultural secession. Instead of that they have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the stream, and will, doubtless, be much refreshed and reinvigorated as a result. That is why the *Anthem* by Ian Whyte, and the *Satire of the Thrie Estaites*, adapted by Robert Kemp and produced by Tyrone Guthrie, were among the most important achievements of the 1948 Festival. For if the events described in this article prove to be anything more than a passing fashion, a "sport" in the botanical sense, it will be because they stress the existence of the region as a basic configuration in human life. Britain outside London is not a wilderness inhabited by those who failed to "make the grade". We have had enough of Spengler's "intellectual nomad", of the man who has "lost the country within himself." It is time to lay siege once more to our native heritages. If the Festivals, though inevitably and rightly they must enlist outside resources, act as a brake on the acquisitiveness of London, if they develop a positive attack on the Procrustean uniformity which is to-day menacing not only the arts but our society generally, then they will have done more than give pleasure to an eager multitude. They will have helped to save Britain from herself.

CORRESPONDENCE

Charlotte Brontë's M. Héger

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY,

Sir,

In her kindly notice of my book (your issue of November 1948), *In the Steps of the Brontës*, your reviewer writes: "M. Héger (Mr. Raymond always drops the accent, which makes the name look as strange as 'Brontë' would do without the diaeresis) is here . . ." May I be allowed to point out, for the interest of Brontë lovers, that the Hegers were of Viennese extraction and invariably spelt their name in the German fashion, without any accent? There is no document of theirs in existence where the name is otherwise spelt, from the prospectus of their Maison d'Education to the letters written to the Brontës or the inscription on their tomb.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST RAYMOND.

22, The Pryors,
East Heath Road,
London, N.W.3.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

VOLUNTARY SOCIAL SERVICE

By HERMANN LEVY

STATUTORY social insurance deals with a limited number of contingencies in working-class lives, sickness, industrial injury, unemployment, old age; voluntary social action which may super-impose itself on these services has a far wider scope. While the benefits of statutory social insurance may be definitely fixed and the requirements easily assessed because they only relate to a minimum of wants, voluntary social services appeal to an almost unrestricted field of social needs and their many activities rise far above the aim of a mere "freedom from want."

For this reason Lord Beveridge's new book, with the sub-title "A Report on Methods of Social Advance",* is not so sharply silhouetted in its content and aim as was his famous Report on social insurance.

Statutory social services are mainly static—though we have learnt in the last years that they too require constant improvement and adjustment; voluntary social services are necessarily more dynamic and demand greater flexibility because their scope is almost without limits, as, for example, in the necessary attempts to save leisure from wastage "and to promote its right use by adolescents through voluntary action" efforts (pages 272-273). It is the aim of this new Report, and, indeed a most valuable aim, to show that what is wanted is not just "redistribution of purchasing power" and the statement on page 302 might have served as the "leit motif" of the whole book:

Money, however, well distributed, will not buy the material necessities of healthy life for all, if they are not produced in sufficient quantities for all. There are some things—not goods but services—which often cannot be bought with money, but may be rendered from sense of duty.

The National Deposit Friendly Society was responsible for the making of

the Report, a society which, as Lord Beveridge emphasizes, illustrates the working of the three motives of voluntary action: mutual aid, personal thrift, and philanthropy. It is therefore understandable that friendly societies play the most important rôle among the voluntary social services treated in the book. Mrs. Joan S. Clarke, a well-known economist and one of the author's active collaborators, has suggested a welcome chapter on the growth of friendly societies. They have certainly an impressive history; yet, scientific truth demands that the full story could not have been told without mentioning the great losses which at times they caused to insured persons and the criticism they provoked in the eighteenth century by Sir Frederic Eden, among others, and in the nineteenth by Sir Edwin Chadwick, Mr. Gladstone (in one of his most famous speeches), and the Stafford Northcote Commission in the 'seventies.

Legal action and control have corrected such deficiencies. But other features of friendly society organization may to-day give rise to new criticism. As Lord Beveridge agrees (page 293), the enlargement of friendly societies has de-personalized them. He emphasizes that "the conclusion is inescapable that to the bulk of their eight million members, the friendly societies to-day represent not good fellowship but a means of insurance by contract." The membership of friendly societies, as Mass Observation has put it, is very largely a passive one. It would have been useful if Lord Beveridge had not merely contented himself with the statement that in spite of this the friendly society has its future and that it "may do excellent work even though most of its members never see one another." The

**Voluntary Action*, by Lord Beveridge. Allen & Unwin. 16s.

Cohen Report on Industrial Assurance which dealt with friendly collecting societies stated that their "real control has fallen into the hands of those whose relation to the societies should be that of servants." Such criticism should have prompted Lord Beveridge to deal more critically with the administrative aspects of some of the societies.

A long chapter which provokes particular interest is that on some "special needs that remain" in a social service State. These are, among others, the needs of childhood, of children outside their parents' homes, of the blind, the deaf, disabled persons, the chronic sick, handicapped children, and the unmarried mother and her child. In all these and other fields voluntary action must remain as a supplement to State action. One is particularly grateful to Lord Beveridge for having stressed this point; for already in the short time which has elapsed since the passing of the new social insurance legislation it has become clear that voluntary action is necessary, and perhaps more necessary than ever if the expectations attached to this legislation are to become realities. There is, one is glad to say, no rivalry between Government departments concerned with the new State insurance or health services and voluntary action; the tremendous benefit to be derived from voluntary or semi-voluntary organizations is readily acknowledged by officialdom. Indeed, institutions like the Industrial Welfare Society, the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, the British Council for Rehabilitation, the Family Welfare Association and many others are more appreciated than ever.

There arises a problem to which one could wish Lord Beveridge had turned his authoritative attention. Voluntary action will always largely depend on the extent to which State action grants social security. If the State grants scant benefits, voluntary action, instead of devoting itself to higher and more specialized aims, must necessarily turn to the basic objectives which the State should but does not achieve. In the

past friendly societies have sometimes opposed an extension of State benefits lest their own field of action and strength might be impaired. At present the flat rate of cash benefits, for which unfortunately Lord Beveridge's recommendations have been responsible, keeps these on a standardized and crude level which undoubtedly entails injustice for the higher-paid worker, a result which has always been rejected by the International Labour Organization. If Lord Beveridge were to come forward with new proposals based on the percentage-of-earnings principle he would immediately create an opportunity for friendly societies to concentrate more on the higher aims for which his excellent book makes such a valuable and eloquent plea. Friendly societies and other self-help should not be concerned in a modern, socially progressive State with providing for the basic needs of the people in their misfortunes. In this respect some analysis of the opportunities offered by voluntary social agencies for the training and recruitment of social workers, as has been lately described by Mrs. Gertrude Williams in a concluding chapter to Henry A. Mess's *Voluntary Social Services since 1918* (Kegan Paul, 1947), would have been an advantage.

But it may be unfair to refer to the gaps in an enlightened book like Lord Beveridge's, which also contains such an admirably collected wealth of information.

DEVIATION INTO SENSE, by O. S. Wauchope. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

This is a philosophical treatise by an independent, perhaps lonely thinker. It is very well written, and rather difficult. He thinks that if the problem of experience is ever to be solved, what is needed is "some wilder plunge." He is not the first who ever burst into that anything but silent sea.

His main thesis is that life consists in challenge and response. It is impossible to spend energy unless there is something to spend it on or against. "That

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something is matter." Obviously he uses matter in the sense not of ponderable stuff, but in the ancient sense of the substratum of reality. "Matter has an aspect as the agent of frustration of living behaviour; it has also an aspect as the passive condition on which living behaviour is dependent." But if it is passive, how can it be an agent of frustration? This is the old crux of Platonism. Is matter the all but non-existent, or is it the seat of an evil principle? Neither Hellenism nor the older Hebraism found room for a devil. Like some other important doctrines which have entered Christianity through post-exilic Judaism, the devil comes from Persia. Mr. Wauchope thinks that "there is no problem of evil." Our disillusioned world thinks that there is, and agrees with Zoroaster, if not with Mani, that there is a cosmic duel. Mr. Wauchope's good-humoured society, "more generous and less moral, more compassionate and less public-spirited, more alive and less safe" than ours, would be fatally open to attack by "the world-rulers of this darkness."

When the response is more than strong enough to meet the challenge, we are alive and happy. When the challenge is menacing, we are no longer living but only 'death-avoiding.' Sooner or later the challenge can no more be met, and this is death. 'Death-avoiding' is the origin of almost everything that the author dislikes in our present society. It has given birth to a conception of justice which is based on fear. "It affords an apparently objective sanction for the mob to proceed to any length which commends itself to their fear, their vengeance, and their mendicant morality." Those who are writhing under the inquisition of social planners will welcome this vigorous assertion of individual freedom.

The author's energetic repudiation of naïve realism may seem to point to subjective idealism or even solipsism. But he does not fall into this trap. Reality is 'subjective,' but the subject may expand so far as to include almost

everything. This is the Indian doctrine of the Atman, the universal self, which, he might have said, has a place in Platonism as the Nous, and in Pauline Christianity as the Pneuma. But he sees that absorption in the Absolute would mean the death of love. Personality must be preserved—distinctness though not separation. God is love, and love is the fulfilling of the law. This doctrine, which is the great contribution of Christianity to ethics, rejects not only Nirvana but the cold benevolence of Stoicism. It also explains why as mortals we cannot attain to what he calls pure subjectivity. Reality is unity in duality. Even love, as we know it, often hurts. When it is frustrated, Mr. Wauchope says rather doubtfully, it may turn to rage, hence, he thinks, the strange phenomena of sadism and masochism.

There is a decided streak of anti-intellectualism, even of irrationality, in Mr. Wauchope. Natural science has its limits; it is not a philosophy of ultimate reality. The best of our scientists now recognize this. Science is becoming philosophically, even religiously humble, as religion is becoming scientifically humble. But natural science is at present the healthiest of human activities, and it is threatened by a crowd of superstitions, masquerading in a pseudo-scientific dress. If we live as we ought we shall see things as they are, and if we see things as they are we shall live as we ought. The two live or die together; and *ratio* is the instructor, not the enemy, of *intellectus*.

W. R. INGE.

RELIGION AND CULTURE, by Christopher Dawson. *Sheed & Ward*. 10s. 6d.

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Lectures for 1947. The book will certainly and most deservedly attract wide attention not only for the contemporary urgency of its theme and for its generous and eirenic temper, but, above all, for what can only be called its masterly treatment of the basic questions to be settled on that frontier where religion and the secular life of a community meet.

By "culture" Mr. Dawson means "an organized way of life which is based on a common tradition and conditioned by a common environment", and by "religion" that complex of intellectual, emotional and practical responses to a real spiritual world believed in on the twin warranty of man's experience of the cosmos itself, and of his own mind. He has no difficulty in showing that every social culture is at once a material way of life and a spiritual order, for, historically speaking, the religious tradition is built into every historic culture. Religion on the whole has provided a stabilizing influence, but, in time of cultural crisis, it has also proved itself to be capable of great revolutionary force and activity. This is so because, of the three great "carriers" of religious tradition, the prophet, the priest and the king, the first named is not only the oldest and the most abiding factor in all religions, but, in times of cultural crisis the persuasion that he is uttering an immediate and authentic word of God lends to his word peculiar authority and weight and this may be creative of a new tradition, leading in the end to a new culture. That very intensity however, because it is focussed on the specifically religious elements of culture too narrowly, may easily bring its own nemesis of allowing culture to be secularized, just as the danger of the predominance of the priest and the king (through law) is that the culture will be petrified and religion come in turn to be too closely identified with the cultural *status quo*.

In our day, the ancient connection between culture and religion has been broken and the two worlds of religion and culture go their separate ways to the

vast impoverishment, not to say to the self-stultification of both. A world created by scientific techniques finds itself unable to solve the problems those techniques have raised, and religion, bereft of its natural outlet and field in culture, turns inward upon itself. There is no salvation from that frustration unless we rediscover and accept the transcendental values of religion, and Mr. Dawson is not without hope that that process has begun.

Emphatically this is a book to be read and it will be no great matter if here and there the reader feels that Mr. Dawson has over-simplified his problem and that once at least, in his insistence that religion affects culture and culture affects religion, he has failed to realize the logic of that admission, for it raises the vast issue as to what at any time in religious thought and practice is purely relative and what absolute.

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DENT

the authors of the first of them point out, "does not mean government by Parliament"; secondly, a tendency expressed by Mr. Harrison but implicit in the work of the other authors, to write "with a bias against certain types of criticism or certain emphases in some criticisms that represent what might be called the 'rationalist' attitude towards government Proposals to reform by nationalization are similar in character; they are directed towards neat and tidy solutions which, indeed, fit the problem as posed; only the problems to which they are directed are different in fact from what they are as posed." The machinery of government may need reforming and certainly does need continuous adaptation to new problems and changing needs; but before it can be reformed or adapted it must be understood. Each of these books, in its different way, will help to form and spread such understanding.

It is a little unfair to the authors of the other two books to review theirs in the same article as Sir Cecil Carr's new edition of the late Sir Courtenay Ilbert's *Parliament*; this is a classic. Sir Courtenay Ilbert, after a career distinguished both academically and in public life, became Clerk of the Commons; Sir Cecil Carr, eminent both as a lawyer and a scholar, is the present Speaker's Counsel. Both men possess a combination of gifts and experience ideal for the purposes of such a book as this, and they have exercised their great talents to the full in writing it. Parliamentary history and procedure are put into the perspective of the wider problems both of our history and of our current political life. The book is written concisely but vividly and not without humour, and it is full not only of learning but of practical wisdom and human understanding. There is a wholesome corrective to what is rightly termed the "cant" about "party tyranny."

A member of parliament is not a puppet, but a human being, very human, influenced by the same kind of considerations and actuated by the same kind of motives as his fellow mortals outside the House. He recognizes the importance of combination and organization

in politics, as in the other affairs of life; he is willing to subordinate, on many points, his individual preferences and opinions to those of his leaders; he knows that debate is teamwork and that he must submit to discipline if he is to be an effective member of an organised body. But no one knows better than a political leader what arts of persuasion, what tactics of conciliation and compromise, are required to keep a party together.

And the fundamental problem of contemporary Parliaments is stated in terms which could not be bettered.

Our House is a more "popular" introduction to Parliamentary procedure; that is to say, the type of reader who wants to know what is going on in the House of Commons but who is not so interested to inquire "why?" would probably enjoy Mr. Bossom's book more than *Parliament*. There are some minor inaccuracies, and Mr. Bossom tries, but not always successfully, to be impartial; for instance he displays some strange misconceptions about Labour Party organization; and he gives a slightly exaggerated picture of the admittedly strenuous life a good Member leads. None the less, a man seldom succeeds in holding his seat for seventeen years without having some pretty distinctive qualities; Mr. Bossom has them, and he has written a good little book.

Mr. Harrison's book is concerned with the whole field of government and not primarily with Parliamentary institutions as such: "the present basic predicament of British government is how it can continue to meet the increasing demands made upon it without loss of effectiveness and without departing from the principles of responsibility on which it has rested." It is a vast field to try to cover, and although certain problems, notably that of combining freedom from outside day-to-day interference in the conduct of publicly owned industrial enterprises whilst ensuring the ultimate public control over policy, do not seem to be quite adequately stated, it is a useful, sane and stimulating book, marred here and there by slipshod writing which may be a sign of not wholly clear thought. Whilst *Parliament* is a book to be com-

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mended to all persons of normal intelligence past the age of childhood and *Our House* is a book for the general reader, *The Government of Britain* is essentially an introduction for the student.

W. T. WELLS.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE EAST: From the Rise of Islam to Modern Times, by George E. Kirk. *Methuen*. 16s.

Mr. Kirk describes his book on the Middle East as a "Short History" and in just under three hundred pages he has spread his net from Turkey to the Sudan and from Iran by way of Arabia to Egypt and has covered thirteen and a half centuries of tense history in amazing detail.

We start from the rise and fall of the Arab Empire. Then comes the story of the Ottoman Empire and the gradual impingement on the Middle East of European commercial and later political and strategic interests. Then we pass to the wide-spread renaissance of local nationalist movements. These phases of the story are painstakingly described in Chapters I to V—albeit with a lamentable paucity of full-stops. The remainder of the book gives a review of the struggles of the various Middle East countries towards independence leading up to the more general topics of economic and social reactions in the Middle East of to-day and, secondly, of the Soviet's interests and aspirations in those parts. As Mr. Kirk advances towards events about which he can speak from a personal experience dating from about 1940, his story gains in conviction and impetus and what he has written of Egypt, Palestine, Iraq and Iran since the Italian declaration of war is, if he will allow me, a model of first-class journalistic rapportage.

On the whole the story is well-documented; though there will be those who know Egypt well who will question the infallibility of the authority (page 120) on which Mr. Kirk bases his somewhat tepid account of Lord

Kitchener's mission from 1911 to 1914. Again in the second part of the book (page 145) Mr. Kirk makes the personal statement that in March 1924 Sir Percy Cox "had taken pains to 'make' a pro-treaty majority", which may not be welcome to those who know Iraqi history of those days well; while the account (page 167) of Lord Allenby's ultimatum to Zaghul Pasha's Egyptian Government after the murder of Sir Lee Stack, has been so heavily compressed as to be almost misleading.

There remains the question whether Mr. Kirk has succeeded in the object which he set himself to attain—"to interest a wider public whose attention has been drawn to the Middle East by current political questions and for whom no general introduction to the subject exists." It is certain that his book will be of interest and value to those who have specialized on the Middle East and need a "refresher course" to bring them up to date. Again it will be a helpful guide to more leisurely reading for those who, for instance, may be studying Middle East history at one of the universities. But—though I hope that I am wrong—in view of the ambitious effort of self-imposed compression which Mr. Kirk has applied to his work, I fear lest the wider public whom he is addressing, may not be able to see the Middle East wood for the Middle East trees.

OWEN TWEEDY.

SWITZERLAND. Edited by L. Russell Muirhead. *The Blue Guides: Ernest Benn*. 25s.

Memories do not require a passport "to allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him or her every assistance and protection of which he or she may stand in need" and even in the days of uneasy peace there is a need to call upon these reserves rather than undertake the difficulties of travel occasioned by war and its aftermath. A guide book is no bad prop to such a pleasant exercise and this one has all the qualities necessary for the purpose of planning future

holidays or re-creating past ones.

If the experience is still to come the information is set out clearly and concisely with transport and other amenities in their important and proper place. Money, hotels, Swiss wines, postal details, summer and winter sports and mountaineering are some of the items which have chapters to themselves. Swiss art and history, too, help to create the right atmosphere for an approach to what may be a strange country. The maps are copious; the index seems adequate. To those who cling to their memories the cool guide book technique only serves as a magic wand to summon up the past: the childish disappointment at the failure to keep awake during the passage of the Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world; of Mont Blanc, Pilatus, Matterhorn and Jungfrau; of toy towns, sheltered against the slopes, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Les Avants; of the lakes, Lucerne, Geneva and Lugano, whose blueness must be seen to be believed; of the Villa Carlotta and William Tell's chapel; of trips into Italy, Maggiore in the sunshine and the climb on ten-year-old legs to the top of Milan Cathedral—none of them off the beaten track but part of the magic that the name of Switzerland invokes. Then, finally, the memory of the Swiss people—a nation of perfect hosts.

FELICIA M. McADAM.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS, by E. S. Turner. *Michael Joseph*. 10s. 6d.

When, in 1881, I was reading the instalments of *Treasure Island* as they came out week by week in *Young Folks Budget*, but by 1881 "Budget" had been dropped from the title, the literature read by boys for their own entertainment fell into two classes: (1) writings not disapproved by parents and schoolmasters, and (2) other writings. Among the former were the works of Jules Verne, W. G. H. Kingston, R. M. Ballantyne and T. B. Reed. The latter, which were concerned with what was called "blood

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and thunder", and were termed "penny dreadfuls" or "bloods", form the subject of Mr. Turner's entertaining and instructive book, which, obviously, is the outcome of much painstaking research.

Mr. Turner traces the rise of nineteenth century penny dreadfuls to Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* and Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*—he goes back no further—which in the eighteen-forties inspired Edward Lloyd to publish at a penny a week a large range of sensational fiction. His most prolific writer, J. M. Rymer, who kept as many as ten serials running at the same time, wrote the popular "thriller", *Varney the Vampire*, which as a book filled 828 closely printed pages. Another of Lloyd's writers was T. P. Prest, the creator of Sweeney Todd, the barber who had the remains of his murdered customers made up into meat pies. Sweeney Todd stories had an enormous circulation. It was Lloyd's practice, when in doubt whether a manuscript would succeed with his public, to take the opinion "of an illiterate person—a servant, or machine boy, for instance. If they pronounce favourably upon it we think it will do." Lloyd's writers were paid at the rate of 10s. for eight book-size pages. Tales of highwaymen were very popular. Edward Viles's Dick Turpin story, *Black Bess*, which ran to 254 weekly instalments, with about two and a half million words, is said to be the longest penny dreadful written by one author.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century, the penny dreadful began to appeal specially to boy readers. Charley Wag, the Boy Burglar, appeared in 1860 and became a hero of international repute. But he was eclipsed by Jack Harkaway, who began his career in E. J. Brett's weekly magazine, *Boys of England*, in 1871. Jack, who, Mr. Turner assures us, was "free of the aura of the *Newgate Callender*," became the hero of no fewer than eighteen stories, which came out in penny instalments or in magazines, and his popularity was as great in America as in this country. It

was he who definitely established the penny dreadful as a means by which publishers may find a profitable market for their wares among boys. Mr. Turner describes the development of this industry up to the present time. He gives many examples of the defects of this kind of literature, but he does not condemn it, and concludes with a quotation from Chesterton's essay *In Defence of Penny Dreadfuls*:

The vast mass of humanity, with their vast mass of idle books and idle words, have never doubted and never will doubt that courage is splendid, that fidelity is noble, that distressed ladies should be rescued and vanquished enemies spared. . . . [Their literature] will always be a blood and thunder literature as simple as the thunder of heaven and the blood of man.

G. F. McCLEARY.

THE MAKING OF A GARDEN, by Ethelind Fearon. Macdonald. 15s.

Mrs. Fearon writes charmingly and with a wealth of knowledge and experience. She gives us a series of talks on the various aspects of her subject, with plenty of good advice relieved by a spice of humour and malice when she expresses her dislikes or gives a warning against creating monstrosities.

Essentially a landscape gardener she is, I think, at her best in showing how the distance, middle distance and mass effects can be exploited even when the potentialities of site are limited. Those are matters in which the amateur can follow her advice with the least expenditure of labour and money. On the other hand when she deals with the foreground, the cultivation of the soil, the selection of what to grow and how to grow it—her advice, though admirable may prove somewhat daunting to beginners. Out of the many aspiring to start their own gardens or to improve gardens they have acquired, few I am afraid will have time, energy or financial resources to aim at such high standards which approach a counsel of perfection. Yet they should not be discouraged. An open fire is said to produce efficiently only twenty-five per cent. of the heat of the fuel it burns. Still, that per-

centage can be very gratifying and we can get pleasure in poking the fire. So it is with gardens: if we do not neglect them and avoid the grosser errors we can get an immense amount of satisfaction from them. Nevertheless we should be foolish not to listen to Mrs. Fearon's advice even if we cannot follow it in its entirety.

An attractive feature of the book is that, in the course of her talks, she turns to her bookshelves to see what others have said on the particular subject about which she has given her own views, and she gives us the benefit of her investigations in many quotations. I was pleased to read that A. Cowley, who lived from 1616 to 1689, had always the desire "that I might be the master at last of a small house and large garden with very moderate conveniences joined to them." That is an ambition I personally had, and almost achieved, and I suspect in these days it is shared not only by those embarking for the first time on the adventure of ownership but also by the new poor, forced to give up more extensive properties.

Mrs. Fearon will help them to visualize what they should look for, but I would add a word of warning that it were better that the house should be too small than the garden too large. In the latter alternative much may be done, as Mrs. Fearon explains, to limit one's liabilities and improvements by growing trees and shrubs but a kitchen garden, which she also deals with, can absorb more labour than flowers, and, unless run on a commercial basis, is apt to produce an unrewarding superfluity—but it is not my business to advise.

CHARLES GWYNN.

The title of Arnold Silcock's book, published by Faber & Faber (12s. 6d.) and reviewed in the September 1948 issue, is *An Introduction to Chinese Art and History*.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE

The year 1948 started here with a note on the first part of André Gide's journals and now it enters upon its close with *THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE: Volume II 1914—1927*, also translated from the French and annotated by Justin O'Brien (*Secker & Warburg*, 30s.). When the book opens André Gide, at forty-four, is still racked by the search for truth, for God; and the stormy passage, to the period when he can say: "I have no other anxiety than that of seeing my thought misinterpreted," is plainly charted through these thirteen years. Professor O'Brien's editing shows no sign of fatigue and, as before, is invaluable in its comprehensiveness. Perhaps irrelevant and certainly unfair is the distaste for American language and spelling: it is British insularity, for instance, that jibs at a depressed Monsieur Gide saying he is fit only for the ashcan, when a dustbin is so obviously the receptacle; nevertheless, it is still hard to reconcile some examples of near-slang with the austerities of his literary style. As for his thought—he has managed to retain his extreme individualism with a deepening sense of the freedom of service for others. The maturity of his judgments on literature has now been reached, a further reason why the third volume is a hoped-for boon of 1949.

• The crossroads of a continent •

The Journals quote Mme. Edwards, the sister of Cipa Godebski, in August 1914 "speaking most passionately of the Polish cause." Those who have read Dr. W. J. Rose's other books, attended his lectures, or listened to him in conversation, will know that the saying perfectly describes the work of his life. As Director of the School of Slavonic Studies in the University of London and as Professor of Polish Literature and History there, he is equipped far more than most to write *POLAND OLD AND NEW* (*G. Bell & Sons*, 26s.), whose struggles for independence are recounted with all the stringency of a textbook and none of its pedantry or

coldheartedness. He communicates to his reader his own enthusiasm for Polish literature, folk culture, art and science, and warily indicates political and economic trends. Her religious life and the education of her children cause him misgiving which however is undistorted by the current panic or despair. The judicious photographs help to deepen the impression that this wise and clever book may be recommended without reservation to both the lover and the hater of Poland and to students old and new.

The "silver hatchet" look

Students, and lovers and haters too, of the 'nineties, must rejoice to possess *THE BEST OF BEARDSLEY*, collected and edited by R. A. Walker (*Bodley Head*, 25s.). When this lovely, lovely volume arrived at THE FORTNIGHTLY offices, the present writer was fearful lest the Editor should decree its despatch elsewhere. For, to many who were born too late there is a magic about "the Beardsley period" and, indeed, about the whole of the later years of the nineteenth century with their flowering of literature and art, which never fails of entrancement. And, unlike the literature of the time, estimates of much of Beardsley's work must be gleaned from other men's minds, except for a few examples in one or two London galleries. The set of illustrations to *Salome* here, tell us for the first time exactly why they ruffled the surface of Wilde's unfailing good humour, and throughout the book the drawings themselves discuss Beardsley's character more fully than many of the recollections about him have been able to do. Their brilliancy, the untiring detail in their execution, the delight the eye takes in following their lines, even the repugnancy they sometimes arouse in their treatment of a subject, seem to be symbolic of the feverish flush of the burning-up disease which killed this master of pen and ink at twenty-six. To be brooded over from bed, sofa, chair, floor, or on one leg, this "anthology" is only to be lent where

Argus scrutiny beforehand of the borrower's probity is possible.

Tuberculosis claimed Llewelyn Powys too and *SKIN FOR SKIN* and *THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE*, now republished in one volume (*The Bodley Head*, 8s. 6d.), have much to say of the hopes and fears that attend its dread progress. Less resigned than he was in his later *Swiss Essays*, he lets some of these harassments spill over into his meetings with people he met at Davos Platz and in America. At one moment full of reverence for Richard le Gallienne "who had sat at meat with Swinburne," immediately he can make peevish comment on other celebrities. At this period of his life he was at his best, his most serene, with nature in the shape of birds and flowers.

All the birds of the air

And what a feast of such matters now follows! First, there is *SHETLAND SANCTUARY* by Richard Perry (*Faber & Faber*, 25s.). This inquiry into the private life of skua, gannet, kittiwake, eider duck, puffin, guillemot, razorbill, accompanied by numerous photographs, has been prepared with all the innate carefulness of the true naturalist. And not even the formidable tables of breeding statistics can banish the fresh air and sea smell that pervade the book. The author thinks bird-watching is a purely British characteristic, but certain it is that even the town dwellers in these islands derive great pleasure from reading about the patient and lonely activities of the naturalist.—Then there is *COMMON BRITISH BIRDS* by Ralph Whitlock (*Paul Elek*, 7s. 6d.), for use considerably nearer home than Shetland (though sea birds have their due place in it too) and handy for the pocket or the rucksack. It is a businesslike production; each species has a section to itself, which makes for quick and easy identification, and the many illustrations are equally helpful in their clarity and with their italic index numbers.—Next comes *TROPICAL BIRDS* from Plates by John Gould, with an Introduction and Notes on the Plates by Sacheverell

Sitwell (*Batsford*, 6s. 6d.). This is one of a new series of "Batsford colour books" and is concerned with the aristocrats, cockatoos, parakeets, toucans, of the bird world. The glowing reproductions indicate something of the "unceasing industry (41 large folio volumes and no fewer than 2,999 hand-coloured plates)" of the Victorian gardener at Windsor Castle, taxidermist to the London Zoo and determined globe trotter.

Hedgerow and Garden

Also a *Batsford* colour book is *GARDEN FLOWERS*, from Plates by Jane Loudon, with an Introduction and Notes on the Plates, by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (6s. 6d.). Another early Victorian made these vivid paintings and as well as their decorative value the book has still a practical application. It is daunting but salutary, for example, to one who has grown a bed of salpiglossis from a packet of seed, marvelled at the delicately veined tall trumpets, and graciously accepted the approbation and envy of lesser gardeners, to learn that the flowers were strange and new to Mrs. Loudon too—over a hundred years ago. All the annuals depicted, in fact, are still known and loved; as are the perennials—foxgloves, pentstemons, asters, campanulas and paeonies.—And *COMMON BRITISH FLOWERS* by E. M. Turner, like *Common British Birds*, is another "life and leisure" book (*Paul Elek*, 7s. 6d.). This, too, is a welcome addition to the botanical shelf and is also a book for the pocket. It imparts learning in the kindest possible way.

Q. Have all those plants got Latin names?
A. Yes. Q. Isn't nature wonderful?

Yet it is difficult to see how one may be intelligent about them without this international classification. How else is one to be certain of the kinship of garden lavatera with the common mallow? And that beautiful little *geranium lucidum*, tenderly guarded in the two halves of the soap box through the dirtiest of weather in the Irish channel last year, and planted on a London rockery whence it dis-

appeared in the winter—the Killarney boatman could not have called it a violet had he only known the order to which it belonged. This book will correct all such delusions, solve much more complex problems and add to the delight of the flower lover.

And to cap the last five volumes comes *THE COUNTRYMAN BOOK*, a selection of Articles and Illustrations from *The Countryman* made by J. W. Robertson Scott, C.H. (Odhams Press. 10s. 6d.). To those who know that most distinguished quarterly, praise of the book will be redundant but, for the others, it should be stated that there is something here for every taste, both in subject and in authors. In and out of season and in every kind of mood, it may be dipped into with certainty of treasure.

Dates with fairies

Thence to sophistication: *THE ROMANTIC BALLET* from Contemporary Prints, with an Introduction and Notes on the Plates by Sacheverell Sitwell. This is the third *Batsford* colour book (6s. 6d.) on the table. The Victorians this time are glamour girls and include such exponents of the dance as Taglioni, Elssler, Cerrito, Frisi and Celeste. The cover illustration of Lucile Grahn in *Eoline, ou la dryade* sets the pattern for the grace and charm of the book.—It is but a step to authentic fairyland in four "Porpoise books" (Penguin. 3s. 6d. each). They are the Arabian Nights' *ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP* with illustrations by John Harwood, *THE UGLY DUCKLING* of Hans Andersen and illustrated by Will Nickless, *THE FLYING POSTMAN* written and illustrated by V. H. Drummond, and *PAUL, THE HERO OF THE FIRE* by Edward Ardizzone, who made the pictures and wrote the story. "This grown up baby has just read them all (perhaps because, also paradoxically, she could read before she could walk). The first recalled that enjoyable awe of the miraculous and the second has loved scarcely less than it did in childhood. All of them are respectfully submitted for the attention of the modern infant."

A horse and some others

Two more books are sure to be in demand as Christmas presents for boys and girls. One is *SABRE: THE HORSE FROM THE SEA* by Kathleen Herald (A. & C. Black. 8s. 6d.). This seems a remarkable tale for a girl of fifteen to have written; Liza's passion for her foundling blazes through it with unself-conscious sensuousness. That she is not quite so successful in her other contacts, particularly in her temporary home, is not surprising; they are dwarfed by an animal much more real to Liza than people. The illustrations of Lionel Edwards seem to have caught exactly the spirit of the book and the shadow of Sabre on the wet sand in the frontispiece takes on a prophetic quality. Another book is promised soon; it will be interesting to see if adolescence can repeat such single-mindedness.—The other volume is *THE CYNTHIA ASQUITH BOOK* (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.) with such practised writers as Richmal Crompton, E. H. Young, Eleanor Farjeon, Viola Meynell and John Betjeman. It is gay with colour and, apart from the verse, the contributions are stories as distinct from fairytales. Just the companion for a ten-year old in the no man's land between Christmas dinner and the rattle of teacups.

Around Princes Street

In fairyland tradition, with a castle and a palace, is the grey-green city set against Arthur's Seat. *EDINBURGH* by Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis Bamford (John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.) is a guide book to the legend-like history of the place. It is a saga of plunder, massacre and sorrow, to kings and people alike, and finishes in calmer times with the unsurpassed spectacle of the visit of George IV. In refusing to go further than the "age of Aberdeen granite" it says morosely: "The Scott monument in Princes Street, dating from 1840, is an earlier Albert memorial." But it has suddenly become *démodé* to speak disrespectfully of the shrine in Kensington Gardens.

GRACE BANYARD.