

THE  
FORTNIGHTLY

EDITED BY  
JOHN ARMITAGE

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1951  
VOL. CLXIX NEW SERIES  
(VOL. CLXXV OLD SERIES)

169

LONDON:  
THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW LTD.  
4, 5 & 6, SOHO SQUARE, W.1.  
(The Right of Translation is Reserved)

Verified  
M

## CONTENTS

| AUTHOR                       | TITLE                                           | PAGE |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|------|
| ANTCLIFFE, HERBERT           | Dickens and Music                               | 336  |
| ARLOTT, JOHN                 | Bordeaux Wine-Harvest                           | 256  |
| ATKINSON, WILLIAM C.         | Gibraltar : The Spanish Case                    | 84   |
|                              | What Next in Portugal ?                         | 372  |
| BANYARD, HERBERT T.          | Festival's London                               | 322  |
| BARTON, LADY                 | Art in the Country                              | 398  |
| BARTON, SIR WILLIAM P.       | U.S.A., Commonwealth and Muslim World           | 305  |
| BELOFF, MAX                  | Election History                                | 91   |
| BENSUSAN, S. L.              | A Lamplighter in Victoria Street                | 46   |
| BENTWICH, NORMAN             | The Third Year of Israel                        | 298  |
| BIRTWISTLE, IRIS             | Lullaby for a Country Child— <i>A Poem</i>      | 201  |
| BOND, FRED A. C.             | Everything Comes to an End                      | 400  |
| BONN, M. J.                  | The Schuman Pact                                | 357  |
| BRAYBROOKE, NEVILLE          | George Orwell                                   | 403  |
| BROCKWAY, J. T.              | The Dutch and Indonesia                         | 364  |
| BULLETT, GERALD              | Durford Mill— <i>A Poem</i>                     | 244  |
| BUTLER, SIR HAROLD           | Strasbourg in Retrospect                        | 69   |
| CHARQUES, R. D.              | Dostoevsky and the Slavic Idea                  | 272  |
| COATES, J. B.                | Logical Positivism, Ethics and Dr. Joad         | 104  |
| COOMBES, B. L.               | A Miner Considers                               | 328  |
| CULSHAW, JOHN                | Spaniards and General Franco                    | 24   |
| DENT, H. C.                  | The Language Barrier                            | 169  |
| DRUCKER, PETER F.            | America's Post-War Economy                      | 161  |
| EINZIG, PAUL                 | The Coming Slump                                | 285  |
| GEYER, A. L.                 | The Racial Problem in South Africa              | 1    |
| GIBSON, WILFRID              | The Starry Night— <i>A Poem</i>                 | 44   |
|                              | The Secret— <i>A Poem</i>                       | 335  |
| GREENE, MARC T.              | Malta's Difficulties                            | 219  |
| GREENING, W. E.              | French Canadian Culture Comes of Age            | 118  |
| GREGORY, JOSHUA C.           | Primary Matter                                  | 39   |
| GRIGSON, GEOFFREY            | The Unnatural Garden                            | 410  |
| HAARER, A. E.                | Another Dominion in Africa                      | 225  |
| HESKETH, PHOEBE              | Emily Brontë : Twentieth Century— <i>A Poem</i> | 255  |
| HIGGINS, AIDAN               | Aspects of James Joyce                          | 264  |
| HILL-REID, W. S.             | Easter Matins— <i>A Poem</i>                    | 194  |
| INGBER, DAVID AND M. BENJENK | Turkey in Transition                            | 317  |
| JAMES, WALTER                | The University and its Students                 | 292  |
| JONES, K. WESTCOTT           | Rotumah                                         | 238  |
|                              | Tarawa Atoll                                    | 391  |
| KOHN, HANS                   | The Interdependence of Civilization             | 176  |
| KOMAI, GLORIA                | The Unrevealed— <i>A Poem</i>                   | 414  |
| LANDAU, ROM                  | Morocco and the Crisis                          | 311  |
| LEVI, WERNER                 | India's Foreign Policy                          | 213  |

69531

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1951

| AUTHOR                    | TITLE                                        | PAGE |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------------------|------|
| MCALLISTER, GILBERT, M.P. | - Commonwealth Conference in New Zealand -   | 231  |
| MARTIN, E. M.             | - The Care of Children -                     | 182  |
| MENDE, TIBOR              | - A New European Attitude in Asia            |      |
|                           | I. America and the Philippines               | 76   |
|                           | II. Point 4 and the Colombo Plan             | 152  |
| MOSS, JOHN                | - The Welfare of Old People -                | 32   |
| NEWBOLD, FRANCIS          | - Emily Brontë— <i>A Poem</i> -              | 254  |
| NIBLETT, W. R.            | - Tendencies in Adult Education -            | 245  |
| NICHOLAS, H. G.           | - A Latent World Community -                 | 415  |
| NICHOLAS, H. S.           | - Aspects of Federalism -                    | 14   |
| NICHOLSON, NORMAN         | - Capability Brown -                         | 196  |
| NORMAN, SYLVA             | - Mary Shelley, 1797-1851 -                  | 112  |
| NORTHCOTT, THE REV. CECIL | - Christian Prospects in East Asia -         | 27   |
| PEERS, E. ALLISON         | - Majorca Revisited -                        | 385  |
| PERRY, RICHARD            | - Watching Stags -                           | 51   |
| RYDAL, WILLIAM            | - The Mystery of Spain -                     | 345  |
| SCOTT, S. R. CLELAND      | - Travelling Through Africa -                | 98   |
| SMOGORZEWSKI, K. M.       | - The History of Poland -                    | 57   |
| STANLEY-WRENCH, MARGARET  | - Schubert's Ninth Symphony— <i>A Poem</i> - | 117  |
| SYMES, GORDON             | - T. S. Eliot and Old Age -                  | 186  |
| THOMSON, DAVID            | - The Origins of Modern France -             | 379  |
| UTLEY, T. E.              | - Conservative Strategy -                    | 8    |
| WALLIS-JONES, EWAN        | - The Sovietization of Eastern Europe -      | 130  |
| WARD, J. D. U.            | - England's Future Oak -                     | 249  |
| WARREN, C. HENRY          | - The Old Countryman -                       | 124  |
| WELLES, ORSON             | - Thoughts on Germany -                      | 141  |
| WENTWORTH-SHEILDS, F. W.  | - Gothic and Greek Architecture -            | 202  |
| WILLIAMS, KENNETH         | - British Policy in the Middle East -        | 19   |
| Correspondence :          |                                              |      |
| GELL, C. W. M.            | - Nationalism in South Africa -              | 129  |
| THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR   | - The Spanish Case -                         | 271  |
| BROCKWAY, J. T.           | - A New European Attitude in Asia -          | 342  |

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY : Contributors to this Volume : John Armitage, Henry Baerlein, Grace Banyard, Herbert T. Banyard, Leslie Bishop, F. S. Boas, Joseph Braddock, S. Reed Brett, J. T. Brockway, J. F. Burnet, John Eales, O. M. Green, Joshua C. Gregory, Canon John Halet, W. Thomson Hill, Pennethorne Hughes, Walter James, G. F. McCleary, N. P. Macdonald, Loveday Martin, Norman Nicholson, Sylva Norman, Luke Parsons, George Pendle, The Rev. B. C. Plowright, William Rydal, R. P. Schwarz, Robert Sencourt, Charles S. Sydnor, Owen Tweedy, C. Henry Warren, W. T. Wells, M.P., F. W. Wentworth-Sheilds.

## THOUGHTS ON GERMANY

BY ORSON WELLES

"ARM THE GERMANS?" said the international munitions maker. "Arm the Germans again?" He was disgusted with the idea. He pulled at his cigar. It had gone out. There was a brief but intense little contest between several people to see who would get to light it for him. A banker from Berne won. Herr Fritz Mandel, presently of Buenos Aires, smoked in silence. Everybody watched him do this, waiting for the oracle to speak again. Finally it did. "If the Russians should march west to-day—they'd cross the Rhine tomorrow."

In Germany you were almost blinded by the glare of that political reality. Still blinking from it, you'd journeyed down from Berlin, and, in a break in the journey, you'd come upon this real, live munitions maker. How it brought back melodramas of a pre-war pacifist past! There he was, with a flower in his button-hole, an Argentine girl at his side, a respectful ring of Swiss bankers all about him, smoking an Havana cigar on the borders of an Italian lake. The eyes in the sharply drawn, solid-looking head, are set in a questing expression. They are the eyes of a shrewd hunter, but you surprise in them a curious pallid emptiness—a dead spot. It is as though the centre of a target were painted white, or like the vacuum in the heart of a tornado. It makes him look dangerous.

"Wait and see what happens this time." Mandel again. He took the cigar from its holder, carefully extinguished it, and sat back, staring across the Lake of Como at nothing. An Italian prince roared by in a speedboat towing an English mannequin on water-skis. Some Americans at the next table were wondering if their 'plane reservations for home were soon enough. Shouldn't they leave now—right now? I went down to the dock and hired a boat and put as much lake as possible between myself and Mr. Mandel.

I was still fresh from Germany. Things seen and heard there had given me a kind of indigestion. I'd brought on my trip as part of my baggage a viewpoint as out of date as Mandel's. I had an open mind but it turned out to be open in the wrong places, at the wrong hours. I'd gone looking for answers and found I'd brought the wrong questions. . . .

"Wasn't Jesus a Nazi?" When somebody asked that question I

noticed that it brought a little spasm of polite pain to the fairly frozen face of a Very High Official (British). This happened at a dinner table a few weeks before. We'd been talking about the Passion Play and somebody wanted to be told if it wasn't true that many of the actors were formerly leading Nazis in Oberammergau. Clearly the VHO felt that it didn't matter if they were or not ; he regarded the question not merely unnecessary but old-fashioned.

I was beginning to realize about then just how much times have changed. The Germans themselves have changed from a problem to a hope. Most of the other people who were saying that Europe must be saved from a strong Germany were saying now that only a strong Germany can save Europe. One read that before coming there, but still one had gone to Germany expecting to learn something new about the Nazis. But all one heard about were the Communists. Nowadays in *Mittel Europa*, the question of resurgent Fascism is simply out of style as a topic of conversation. In Italy too.

\* \* \* \* \*

I raced the prince around the lake and lost. The bankers must have been already on their way back to Switzerland. Anyway, they were gone when I passed the hotel. Mandel, the real, live munitions maker, was sitting alone. What was he thinking about ? It's no use saying it doesn't matter. It matters that he makes the guns and tanks for Perón. Perón matters. And Mandel's thinking, wrong as it may be, is somehow related to the queerly changing shape of our world. He still had the cigar in his mouth and seemed to be looking for a match. Maybe that's what he was thinking about ; or maybe he was brooding over the third war.

Brooding is the word, not gloating. Zaharoff used to gloat. But then those were different wars and he never expected the Red Russians to win any of them. Mandel says they're bound to win this next one. I went back over to the other side of the lake and did some brooding of my own.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are preparing to encourage the Germans to fight (or at least impress the Russians). That makes sense. But to fight Communism by encouraging Fascism is something else. In all innocence we might be doing that—at least, incidentally. This, it seems to me, is a practical danger worth talking over. But nobody wants to. You're misunderstood if you raise the issue. The time is past, you're told, for vengeance and retribution. You agree heartily. But that, you try to explain, isn't what you were talking about. Now, please, you would just like to be permitted to ask . . . At

this point, whoever you happen to be asking holds up his hand and the conversation is stopped. "Nobody", you are told, "can stop the German people from wanting to amount to something." And of course, nobody's trying to. Not any more. It isn't any use pointing out that encouraging the Germans doesn't need to be the same thing as encouraging the Nazis. Almost everybody agrees and almost nobody is interested.

The first phase of the Occupation is over. Its tone was frankly punitive. The idea was to keep the Germans down. Now everybody is trying to help the Germans up. (And a comic twist of history finds some of the most dangerous elements refusing to rise—except on their own conditions.) Originally the occupying powers had different ideas about how to do it. But Eisenhower spoke for all four of them when he told the Germans that we were coming not as liberators but as conquerors. That was some little while ago. A lot of meetings have been held since then.

When the Russian bloc rejected the Marshall Plan, a creative idea was changed perforce into a defensive instrument. The borders had been marked out before but now we started digging the trenches. A shifting of attitudes toward Germany followed, and on our side the very purpose of the Occupation was totally altered. We accepted its enormous costs with our avowed intention of seeing to it, by supervision, re-education, rehabilitation, and—if necessary—force, that Germany should not go Nazi again. Whether that expenditure has justified itself or not, we now find ourselves faced with the urgent necessity of spending a great deal more than before to keep Germany—the part we're responsible for—from going Communist. We came to make Germany free of Hitlerism ; we're staying to keep it free of Stalinism.

On the Russian side, the Germans are being told that they must be defended against the war-mongerings of Wall Street and the expansionist aggressions of a capitalist world. In fact, of course, two great power forces, committed to sharing the German land-mass are busy competing for German loyalty.

Nobody should be surprised if the reaction is a little cynical. "So," says the German, "the west will defend us against the east and the east wants to defend us against the west. Very interesting, *meine Herren*. But aren't you really saying that you want *us* to defend *you* ?" The truth is that both sides want Germany to defend itself against the other side. Both sides know that constructive peace cannot begin in Europe as long as Germany is cut in two. It's anybody's guess whether Russia means to promote its own version of peace by open force—to unite Germany by seizing the western half of it.

But the Russians know—and have known since Korea—what will

happen if they try. Whether or not the Kremlin is planning to make trouble (the shooting kind of trouble) in Germany, its agents there have long since been getting ready *for* trouble (the shooting kind). All that drilling isn't callisthenics. Hence the current rush to "arm Germany". I use quotation marks not only because the phrase was Herr Mandel's—it's also much overworked in editorials—but because it's an inaccuracy. Or I hope it is.

Herr Mandel has another idea; he seems to think that we're fixing to equip Germany with a shooting army of its very own. "You'll see what happens," says he darkly. "The moment the Russians take Berlin (and they can do that by telephone) your famous West Zone Free Germans are going to turn around and shoot you with your own guns." Here at least is a point of view frankly expressed concerning the state of health enjoyed by West Zone democracy (read social democracy) in contemporary Germany. But the armament manufacturer seems to imagine that the present notion of the Allies is to finance and equip another German war machine. He is exceptionally well-informed on these matters but I hope this time his information is wrong.

As I understand it, the idea is to use the German industrial potential on behalf of a Western European Army. I'd say if the Germans really are going to get some guns to play with again, that's the way it had better be. (Nobody asked me, of course, but that's what I'd say if they did.)

Mandel was still sitting alone and staring, in that dead way of his, at a dead cigar. I gave him a box of matches. He thanked me and we smiled at each other. After all, why not? We've got something in common: we've both been married in our time to movie stars.

\* \* \* \* \*

Honking like a goose, the little *Volkswagen* moved ahead of us on the autobahn. "It is a kind of compulsion," said the German girl, "every German driver simply must on the road pass every other German driver." An Opel, circling around our Mercedes, gained on the car ahead, and vanquished it. "We are lucky. They are most of them eating now," remarked my friend, passing the *Volkswagen*. "Usually on a German road it is much worse." I had been a guest at her place in the country and she was bringing me back to town for lunch. "Now," she told me, "look at his neck." She pointed to the man in the Opel. It was a real German neck. "Look at the way he holds the wheel. He is eager his home to get back to, and there to be stuffing himself with noodle soup. He wants to be the first. Every German," said she, passing the Opel, "wants to be the first." (A leading topic of conversation in Germany is the German

character. I've heard journalists and generals on this subject, to say nothing of a High Commissioner and any number of Germans.) "Here is another one," said the German girl, leaving a second *Volkswagen* behind. "He too is unhappy. He wants his noodle soup. Besides, he has no uniform and he needs one."

We'd left the piney little mountains behind and the bright lakes and crisp wooden houses. We were coming into Munich. Considering everything, there's quite a lot of Munich left: most of the phoney Gothic and some of the real Baroque. The fir trees are still tied to the arches in front of the *Hofbrauhaus*. The men still bustle about their business in *lederhosen*. At eleven sharp each morning the clock-work dancers, painted like toys, wheel gravely in the *Rathaus* tower, and in the niche above, the knights joust on schedule before their nodding iron king. You have to remind yourself that this is the city where both the Nazis and Dadaists wrote their opening manifestos.

"The German," my friend the German girl was saying, "feels naked without a uniform. He needs to march with lots of other Germans or he gets sulky. Also he must have somebody to bully. And always—always—lots of noodle soup. There's no cure for it. No cure at all for being German," she sighed, not very mournfully. "Occupation, education—nothing does any good. This is a country of noodle-souper men."

We stopped at the *Vier Jahreszeiten* for a drink. She bought a newspaper. "I want to read the jokes," she said, but she didn't turn to the comics. Her jokes were on the front page. Another Nazi, we read, had been freshly exonerated having announced himself as a long-time leader in the resistance movement . . . The western allies were discussing the immediate re-arming of Germany. . . . A former high officer of the *Wehrmacht* was advising the *Jugend* to refuse to bear arms until the Fatherland was given an equal voice in foreign affairs. Also war pensions. . . . The German girl, making no comment, drove back to the country, and I sat down to write this.

As mystic, musician and militarist, the German has made himself deeply felt. He has physical courage, creative imagination and a tendency to burst into tears. We all know about his blood-lust, his death-wish and his marvellous sentimental capacity for keeping the festival of Christmas, and let's be frank about it: we're sick to death of him. Also he seems to be fairly sick of himself.

What's to be done? If the German doesn't like himself he can't amount to anything in the world, and when he does manage to persuade himself that he's somebody, doesn't he then start right in persuading the rest of us—and in such a wise that we all wish he'd never been born? Answer: he does and we do.

At what an awesomely square angle he wears his bowler hat or

steel helmet ! Thus and by other means encouraging the fiction of his own stolidity. He believes in this himself. That "Stolid German" business is one of the many great and silly racial myths, like the Lazy Italian, the Dishonest Jew, the Dull Englishman and the Strong and Silent American.

Why on earth is it that the Italians who are forever as busy as spiders want us to believe—and themselves so much believe—that they are shiftless no-accounts, capable only of siestas and serenades ? Then there's that well-syndicated figure, the Dishonest Jew. What about him ? His God, who is a Just God, made him according to the Jewish legend, in His own image, and Mosaic Law, by which most of them live to-day, is almost the origin of honesty. Certainly, nobody has had a more vigorous ethical character than these particular "people of the book". As for the Strong and Silent Americans—well, strong we may be, but silent ? Like the Chinese, who also cultivate an undeserved reputation for not being very communicative we Americans are, in fact, among the most loquacious of humans.

The famous Dull Englishman, damn him, is dull by preference—one of the most infuriating aspects of his true character. He just doesn't think it *chic* to shine. The type of the Cold-Blooded Britisher, as a matter of fact, was invented in the nineteenth century by a public school system which had been revised to train the sons of the new rich to approximate as quickly as possible the aristocracy they were joining, and above all, not to drop their aitches. A century earlier, the Englishman was rather notoriously effusive, but the fear of being caught out as a Cockney was originally responsible for the English notion that a gentleman doesn't show what he feels, and hence to the conviction among others that the Englishman doesn't feel anything. In any mask, there are holes to look through, and behind that stupid elaborately official face we catch in some lights the gipsy glitter of eyes belonging to the real Englishman grinning out at the rest of us—the eyes of Falstaff and Hamlet. The eyes of crazy sea-dogs and wily statesmen—of a desperate, tender-hearted, naïve and demoniac people who are the world's greatest poets, its first humorists, and most thorough-going madmen.

Now nothing irritates Englishmen and Germans alike as much as being told they *are* alike. And they *are*. In so many little ways that only the rest of us notice, but most importantly in their permanent masquerade. If the Englishman wears a dull mask to hide his bright madness, the German's stolid, heavy, unemotional false-face is camouflage for a national genius which is very often hysteria.

"Whatcha writing there, Orson ?" I looked up into a couple of big, pink friendly faces. The Messrs. Schultz and Butterworth, American businessmen. "I've been trying to describe the Germans. Have a beer ?" "My God," said Mr. Schultz. "Lots of good

qualities to the German," said Mr. Butterworth. "Balkanized. Since the war I mean," said Mr. Schultz, toasting us gravely with a brimming beaker of *Lowenbrau*. "The war disrupted things, and then they're all scared of the next one. They're grabbing what they can while they can. Yes, as far as business ethics are concerned, the German is what you might call definitely balkanized."

"He never was any good," said Mr. Butterworth. "Honest maybe but nutty. Look at the Nazis and the nudists. They're all nuts." "Not all of them," said Mr. Schultz. "All of them," said Mr. Butterworth. In the restaurant behind, the orchestra began playing the *Liebestodt*. More business men, many of them German and very prosperously dressed, moved past us on the way to lunch. "I thought you said there were lots of good German qualities ?" "I did," said Mr. Butterworth, "I also say the Germans are nuts."

I stopped at Toller Litvak's table. The famous director had been sent from Hollywood to make a film in Munich. I asked him how he liked the studios. "This is the best place for movies in Europe," he told me. "There's real efficiency here—organization. Remember these are serious people."

My host for lunch is the publisher of one of Germany's most responsible weeklies. He'd brought a little group of artists and intellectuals. They all began apologizing to me for not having seen *Kane* and *Ambersons*. "We've been so terribly cut-off, you see. First Hitler, then the war. We haven't seen the Italians either. Not anything of Rossellini's or da Sicca's." Somebody else pointed out to the sculptor who said this that the pictures mentioned are all available to Germany now. To which the sculptor murmured something about the Occupation. This started quite a hubbub.

"We Germans," said my host, "are always blaming somebody. Now it's the Occupation. The trouble with the Germans . . ." And he was off. One expected that most of the talk in *Mittel Europa* to-day would be about the Russians, but I found this true only in the American Press Club. No, the chief topic in Germany is the Germans. It's very like patients in a sanatorium discussing their ailments. Germans do really seem to look upon their race as an affliction. "Poor Germans," I heard an English major saying in a club in Hamburg. "nobody likes 'em. The French don't like 'em. Americans don't like 'em. We don't like 'em. They don't like 'em. Poor blighters, it's true : they don't even like themselves."

I think the Germans are so very busy examining themselves because, having found out that they aren't super-men, they're naturally curious to discover what it is they really are. The self-loathing is a hangover. "To understand us," the publisher was telling me, "you must realize that the German believes everything he hears and nothing he sees." "And what are we up to now ?" broke

in a poet rhetorically. "What are we up to, we difficult and dangerous people?"

I said I'd heard the Germans were covering their bets. Like most Americans, my approach to the subject is less metaphysical than political, and without quoting my source (who was an American official), I said I'd been told that many people in the West Zone were contributing to Communist causes, subscribing to Communist papers, and otherwise preparing a neat little record of pro-Soviet friendliness in the event of subsequent invasion by the Red Army and/or Communist Germany's "police force". I wanted the intellectuals to tell me very frankly if this was mere shrewdness, cynicism and insurance, or did it represent genuine sentiment—secret yearnings toward the east and left?

The poet answered me. "Of course," said he, "Germans are all dreaming of a united Germany. But if there's anything new about the dream it's that our highest and most secret hope is that the worst of the battles which will make that dream come true will be fought by others—and fought elsewhere." The poet turned to the waiter. "Bring me some noodle soup," he said.

\* \* \* \*

It was past dawn, and it felt like it. The band had groaned out its last stale set of American hit-tunes when suddenly they began playing the *Horst Wessel*. I've heard since that this is regulation procedure in German night clubs for brightening up the sort of stale crowd that looks as if it wanted to stop drinking and go home. The response now was hearty. People began singing the words and one character near me went so far as to accompany his vocalizing with the Nazi salute.

I stop here to re-state the big fact in Germany: the Occupation. Another fact, even more obvious, is that Germany is a nation, and when it isn't, it wants to be. Now I've a personal viewpoint that has an application to this story: Germany is not so much a civilization as a culture.

With varying degree of success each occupying power is trying to impose in its own zone (along with its own reading of that harassed word "democracy"), its own national culture. In this, only my own people can be said to be getting anywhere. The American *manner* at least, is everywhere touching and changing the daily lives of Germans in the American zone. This is a somewhat subtler and deeper influence than coca-cola and jazz, and it is reaching very particularly the personality and view-point of the young. Like any other foreign influence anywhere, it is sometimes bad, sometimes good, and always a little confusing for everybody concerned. I think

the Germans would be happier if they had something more at hand with which to confront, resist, complement and dilute the impact of America. After those many hungry years of Hitler and Hitler's war they are not very rich in resources. Millions of them are incurably Nazi-bent. Millions more are spiritually impoverished to the point where nothing is invoked by their imagination as a substitute for America that doesn't bear the trade-mark of the swastika and march in goose-step. You can't blame a night club crowd for wanting to hear something more German than *Oklahoma*. It's just too bad that the only substitute they could think of was the *Horst Wessel*. Something had to be done about that Nazi salute, of course, but I couldn't think just what.

I was alone. I was new in Germany, and it was a numbing sort of experience. What was happening was probably not quite illegal enough to justify calling in the military police. I didn't want to make a scene but I didn't like myself at all for avoiding one. I have in my time been scrutinized by certain Government agencies for a tendency known to some investigators as "premature anti-Fascism". Only a few months earlier I had excused myself from a Venetian dinner table where the host and other guests were calling Toscanini, who was not present, a traitor.

But here I sat, a confessed premature anti-Fascist, pop-eyed, mouth-agape and doing nothing while some great roaring boor poisoned the air with Nazi war chants and stuck his stiff arm in my face. I'd been drinking only coffee, but that's certainly no excuse, and it's irrelevant that the young lady who solved my dilemma had been looking fixedly at the wine when it was red.

She now revealed herself as that rarest of German birds: an authentic anti-Nazi. Alas, I never learned her name but she knew several appropriate ones for the gentleman next to me, and these she called out long and clear inviting him to lower his arm. He did not do so, and the band played on. An advocate of direct action as a solution to political difference, the lady thoughtfully removed from a small vase a few dusty geraniums and let swing with it—swinging true. The vase rocketed across the cabaret hitting the Nazi where it could do him the least harm: behind the ears. The martial music fell silent, while cries of shame rang out from the scandalized customers. Yelling like a crazy Indian, an immense female, a good executive type for a concentration camp, rushed from behind the bar and seized the markswoman violently from behind. When she was quite safely pinioned and helpless, her outraged victim—a large man—stepped to her side, and whilst the crowd cheered, commenced striking her in the face.

Gentle reader, I hope you haven't formed such an opinion of my character that it will surprise you to learn that I didn't sit this one out.

I must tell you that one Nazi is one tooth less pretty than he was. And, I'm happy to add, he kept standing up again and asking for more. It was altogether satisfactory and remains one of the nicest memories of my German trip. A memory indeed but slightly tarnished by the fact that the fair damsel in distress, imperfectly grasping the march of events, took the geraniums out of another vase and tossed it at me.

Also the aftermath—like so many aftermaths—was a let-down. The proprietor, instead of closely superintending my very hurried exit, as would the manager of any self-respecting dive anywhere else—came cringingly forward with offers of free champagne, professing himself grateful to have had the establishment purged of such a Nazi pig. After he was patched up, I was assured this Nazi pig would be sent around to my hotel to apologize. Somehow I found this offer even more dumbfounding than the striking of the helpless girl. Over shrill protests, I paid the check, declined a ride home, and went out for a walk.

The taste of victory was already turning sour. For a short moment of foolish vanity I'd felt like a fair imitation of a brave man fighting the good fight against odds. Now it came to me with a pang of something like shame that if they all didn't pile up on me in that Nazi nest, it was only because I was an American, a member of an occupying power. But I couldn't help nursing my loss of pride with the reflection that the Germans are forever making it impossible for us to avoid knocking them down, and—worse still—making us feel guilty for doing it.

His most recent set-back is popularly supposed to have taught Fritz to abhor the sight of uniforms and forever after loathe the sound of march music. Tourists from the victorious democracies can't seem to get over their astonishment at finding German instincts less damaged than German cities. The truth is that human nature in this forest land is neither an invention of Doctor Goebbels nor an easy target for bombs.

After Berlin, my schedule takes me to another pile of ruins—to Rome, the oldest city in Europe as Berlin is the youngest. Perhaps that's why I've been reading myself to sleep with Tacitus on Germany. The observations of that Latin gentleman are just about what they would be if the *Corriere de la Sera* sent him up north on an assignment tomorrow. Germans don't seem to have changed much between Roman and Allied occupations, and the solemn consternation of Signor Tacitus on such a matter as the practical chastity of German wives indicates that Mediterranean reactions have not been subject to much alteration either.

Rome wasn't built in a day, but Berlin was. And it was sacked and pillaged only once. It took two thousand years to perfect the

ruins of Rome. I took a particularly long walk next morning and watched the city waking up and going to work in the midst of its ruins. I've seen bomb damage in London and Coventry, in the north of France and the south of Italy; nothing as total and terrible as Germany though—and Berlin seems the worst of all.

But in the tender light of early morning, these crippled streets looked not so much like the remains of a city as the beginnings of one. Not so much finished as unfinished. Not so much a ruin but a sketch. It was as if some nervous and rather vulgar god-builder had been called away suddenly from work leaving his studio a mess of half-carved forms, the floor scattered with chips. From the echoing insides of what was once some proud commercial edifice, I heard the plaintive, piping cries of young children at play. Little boys—about four years old, I guessed—dropped into Berlin after the last bomb. I may have imagined it, but they did really seem to be playing soldiers.

Why is it that if you lose a war you're supposed to lose your faults with it? Can a people be expected to surrender up their personality? I watched the children making their play battle-ground in the stone shell of that office building on Friederich-strasse, and thought of Italians chattering in some *trattoria* near the baths of Caracala—of young lovers embracing in the shadows of that old Roman *sportpalast*, the Coliseum. I thought of them all sharing the blithe innocence of never having seen the glory that was. To the lovers and the children does it matter if the silhouette of a street has been chewed to tatters by a couple of bombs or a couple of thousand years?

## A NEW EUROPEAN ATTITUDE IN ASIA

## II. POINT 4 AND THE COLOMBO PLAN

BY TIBOR MENDE

"WE must embark on a bold new programme for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available . . . to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to lighten their burdens," said President Truman when he launched the Point 4 programme. "This should be a co-operative enterprise in which all nations work together, through the United Nations . . . to help create the conditions that will lead eventually to personal freedom and happiness for all mankind." In its original conception Point 4 had in itself seeds of a magnified lend-lease to answer the widely felt need to even out the material riches of the world. Even if, as sceptics observed, it was merely another weapon in the American arsenal for the "cold war", to develop markets able to soak up some of the U.S. surplus production, it promised real benefits to under-privileged millions. Soon it became evident that this "bold new programme" was to peter out in the arid sands of Congressional procedure. Part of the fault was due to insufficient preparation. There was far too little forethought about how the plans were to be executed. Finally, it was launched with the insignificant capital of £35 million, for the first 18 months. To gauge the inadequacy of this sum, for the whole world's "under-developed areas", it should be compared to the £3,628 million U.S. contribution to European recovery in the same fiscal year (1949-1950)\*.

Notwithstanding a New York newspaper's exuberant boast that this modest beginning was "to demonstrate that a humanitarian and democratic capitalism can outdo anything that Communism (in the backward areas) can achieve," the idea behind Point 4 does indeed represent advance in American thinking concerning help to the depressed economic regions of the world.

Instead of a series of imposing public works, as was originally expected, Congress determined that the funds should go for technical assistance only. In the main, so it emerged, Point 4 was merely to

\* Point 4—Co-operative Programme for Aid in the Development of Economically Under-developed Areas—Department of State publication, January, 1950. It gets its name from the fact that it was the fourth point Mr. Truman enumerated in his inaugural address to Congress on June 24, 1949.

cover the salaries of about two to three thousand experts and technicians who were to go and advise Governments on desirable development projects. In addition through UNO and with contributions from other members, limited technical assistance programmes, so-called pilot schemes were to be financed. Capital for their extension and realization on a large scale, however, ought to be provided by private investors and the existing lending agencies, like the Import-Export Bank and the International Bank.\*

With the U.S. Senate appropriation of this disappointing sum, it became evident that the programme would encounter serious obstacles. Private capital is unwilling to venture into politically insecure lands† and the finding of sufficient numbers of suitably qualified experts for long service in backward countries poses grave difficulties. Rearmament and promising prospects for capital at home only aggravate them. Though insignificant schemes are under preparation, it seems that—in contrast to the original vision—Point 4 is likely to remain a still-born baby.

Though its proposals did not touch the basic problem of economic planning in backward areas, it insisted on socially beneficial projects. In this respect it was a step along the road toward effective economic co-operation between the industrially advanced and the economically backward peoples of the world. Judging from the effective opposition it encountered by important sections of the American legislature, it is justifiable to conclude that, on the basis of present-day U.S. economic and social thinking, Point 4 reached the extreme limits of "liberalism" that can be expected from contemporary America in her relations with depressed areas.

Together with the various schemes worked out and being executed in a number of British and other colonies, Point 4 emerges as an intermediary stage. It stands between the old-fashioned colonialism based on investment motivated by profit only and a still inadequate but more advanced stage where profits are expected from, at least, socially beneficial schemes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up to date the most realistic approach to the problem of under-developed areas was inspired by that Western European Government which has advanced furthest to a combination of political and economic democracy. It was due to the British Labour Government's initiative that in successive conferences in Colombo, Sydney

\* Import-Export Bank loans are, as a rule, tied to dollar purchases while International Bank loans carry a very high rate of interest, short period of amortization and depend on strict U.S. supervision.

† Of U.S. private long-term investments up to 1948 about one-fifth was located in Europe and the rest primarily in Latin America and Canada. Asia's proportion was insignificant. Since 1948 the trend is the same.

and London, a six-year development plan\* was worked out for 450 million peoples inhabiting the Asian parts of the Commonwealth. Countries of the region outside this association of nations—Burma, Thailand, Indo-China and Indonesia—have also been invited to join the great enterprise. Should they decide to do so, for the first time in history, plans could be laid for the co-ordinated development of the whole of south and south-east Asia, almost the entire non-Communist Asia east of Iran.

Comprising 570 millions, a quarter of the human race, this region is proverbially rich in raw materials. Apart from most of the world's jute, nearly all of its rubber, more than three-quarters of its tea, two-thirds of its tin and one-third of its oils and fats, it possesses enormous potential and probable reserves of other essential industrial raw materials. Its mineral resources remain practically unsurveyed. Despite the abundance of human resources, the enormous natural wealth of this area has not in the past been developed rapidly enough to ease the rapidly increasing pressure of population on the land. Once industrialized and the purchasing power of its masses improved, the region could constitute an insatiable market both for the consumer goods and capital equipment industries of the western manufacturing nations. The region's consumer potentiality might banish unemployment from the social structure of the west.

What, then, is new in the Colombo Plan? Nothing but the simple acknowledgment of the inevitable necessity of large-scale regional planning. To be applied to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, Singapore and North Borneo, investments of £1,868 million are planned over a period of six years.† All the participating countries have pruned their more or less unrealistic development schemes and merged them into a united regional plan based on minimum realizable and essential requirements. Though far from too much for the area's needs, the plan's targets are still in excess of what the participating countries alone can afford. They would have to import about £1,084 millions-worth of goods and services to carry out their share of the scheme. The United Kingdom's contribution over the six years is estimated at over £300 millions, including the repayment of accumulated sterling balances due to the participants. The difference, of approximately £800 million, would have to come from outside sources; from private investments, from loans by the international bank and other supra-national agencies as well as from gifts and grants from other (mainly Commonwealth) Governments interested in the success of the plan.

\* The Colombo Plan for Co-operative Economic Development in S. & S.E. Asia—London. September-October 1950. Beginning July 1951.

† Projected distribution: Transport and communications 35%; agriculture 32%; industry and mining 10%; social schemes (housing, health, education, etc.) 18%; fuel and power 6%.

In all the contributory programmes\* agriculture, transport, communications and electricity are the chief items. They account for more than two-thirds of the projected total investments. Apart from the problem of how to attract capital to bridge the financial gap, the second headache is the finding of experts and technicians. For this purpose, with an initial capital of £8 million, the Commonwealth Governments have established in Ceylon a council entrusted to select and train (mostly abroad) specialists in conformity with the plan's requirements.

The size of the problem is impressive. Backward conditions, lack of technical skill and inefficient administration are further aggravated by over-population. While the whole region's economy is based on 50 to 80 per cent. agriculture, production methods are archaic and productivity extremely low. In Ceylon, for instance, there are 1,200 people living off the land for every 1,000 acres, as opposed to 60 in Great Britain. Or India, with 306 million acres under cultivation, has 73 million agricultural workers, while the United States, with 360 million acres, has only eight millions working on them. Similar examples might be multiplied. No wonder if in most of these countries food consumption is appreciably below the least to maintain health. In countries where most people have no margin above subsistence level, savings and investment are impossible. This explains in part the relative modesty of the plan.

Nevertheless the Colombo Plan would increase the cultivable area (through irrigation, drainage and other methods) by 3½ per cent. Food grain production would be expanded by a tenth and electric generating capacity by 17 per cent. Even so, nothing more is expected than to hold the position as it is. If present rates of population increase continue, in place of the 570 millions of to-day, by 1970 as many as 720 million mouths will have to be fed. Even if fully realized, therefore, the Colombo Plan would not raise living standards. It would merely prevent their inevitable further fall with predictable social and political consequences. It would, however—and this is perhaps the plan's chief virtue—fortify the economy of the area and provide a sound basis and framework for ordered improvement in the future.

It is well to remember that the projected cost of the Colombo Plan, just over \$5,000 million, is over a hundred times the sum so far allocated for the United States' Point 4 programme. On the other hand, it is less than half of what the United States has been spending or has already appropriated for the European Recovery Programme.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Except Singapore where problems are different.

Intimate ties with some of the most populous Asian countries through the Commonwealth, practical experience in the administration of under-developed territories, and the Labour Government's ideological approach which favours enlightened co-operation with Asia, are not the only reasons for the British initiative in the field. Its underlying motives may be chiefly economic. But—it is part of that reorientation of political thinking among British Socialists which may be the prelude to certain readjustments in British foreign policy.

The Colombo Plan countries are a major source of the raw materials consumed throughout the industrialized world. Their key products—rubber, tin and jute first of all—have been traditional dollar earners of the sterling area. Against this revenue, they have purchased textiles, machinery, iron and steel and a great variety of other western European industrial products. As a whole this area has always sold more to the U.S.A. than it has purchased from her. On the other hand, its trade has always had a deficit with the United Kingdom and western Europe. Should this south-east Asian dollar surplus grow, through increased production, it might help the United Kingdom, and western Europe, to provide some of the dollars for which they now depend on U.S. grants. Thus, increased dollar earnings by south-east Asia would help to bridge the famous "dollar gap" and might, indirectly, improve western Europe's chances of independence from U.S. aid.\*

The question arises whether the required financial assistance from outside sources will be forthcoming to carry out the Colombo Plan. Then the issue has to be faced whether the participating countries will or will not really be able to carry out that part of the plan which they undertook to finance from their own resources. While it is evident that as yet the Colombo Plan is the most advanced stage in Asian-European collaboration, this is the point where certain basic, essentially political and social questions have to be considered.

\* \* \* \* \*

A quick glance at the social achievements of Marshall Aid in, let us say, free enterprise Greece and Italy or socialist Norway will eloquently demonstrate that financial aid in itself is no guarantee of socially beneficial results. Isolated attempts at planning in Asia without preliminary social change, offer similar conclusions.

A typical example is India's struggle for self-sufficiency in food. Though an agricultural country, India has to import each year about one-tenth of her food requirements to provide her population with their present miserably low level of subsistence. The yearly cost of

\* The fact that Great Britain was the first among recipients of Marshall Aid to be able temporarily to forgo such assistance (from January 1, 1951) was largely due to the increased dollar earnings of the south-east Asian members of the sterling area.

this approximately 4 million tons of imported food drains off most of the resources which ought to be used for economic development. With enormous publicity, Premier Nehru launched in 1949 a campaign for food self-sufficiency by 1951. Local experts maintained that the target could be achieved and it was declared that by this year no food would be imported. To employ the money thus freed, promising development schemes were drawn up. By now it seems evident that all the money spent on the "extra ten per cent. effort" and "grow more food" campaigns has been wasted. In 1950, partly owing to natural disasters, India had to import more food than in 1949. The producer did not respond to official exhortations for the simple reason that, whatever the "planners" may have said, he could see no valid reason to make the "extra effort". For him no incentives were provided. He still had no money for fertilizers or better implements. His physical strength remained unequal to the task. His debt to the landlord and the money-lender would not have diminished appreciably and he still had no chance to call the land he worked on his own. And here is the social aspect of Asian planning.

The road that will lead to prosperity for the backward areas of the earth must lead through economic planning. But its accompanying changes must produce the *élan* that can move people and their desires. It will remain abortive unless it can stir men's hearts and wake them out of their fatalistic lethargy. It can do it only with the vision of a future with hope. By bolstering the political systems which inherited political rule from the departed colonial powers, improvements in the faulty and self-defeating social structures of the Asian countries are denied. If Soviet Communism is not to capture all backward and under-privileged peoples, western self-interest will have to forestall it by itself sponsoring the inevitable social revolution. The "Huks" of the Philippines can only be liquidated if American advisers in Manila can convince Philippine leaders of the necessity of drastic taxation of the wealthy, the institution of some degree of social security and a radical redistribution of the land. Almost the same applied to China and applies still to most of the countries in Asia.

We have glanced at the main stages of the evolution of the western approach to Asia: from old-fashioned colonialist exploitation through the liberal economic experiment in the Philippines to the American technical assistance programme and, finally, to the Labour Government's regional development. The stage is set for the next phase where western influence and western experience will help to sponsor the social changes necessary to remove the obstacles to enlightened regional planning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some 150 million people live on the north-western confines of the Euro-Asian land-mass on an average yearly income of between 300 and 500 U.S. dollars. Most of them are citizens of actual or former colonial powers. Between them and the Asian mainland stretches a belt of peoples living on between 100 and 150 dollars. Beyond this transitory region subsist some 1,300 millions, about half of humanity, on an income less than a tenth of that of the north-western Europeans\*.

Along this steep statistical slope one descends toward the East into the bottomless human degradation that is the lot of most of the human race. Somewhere below the hundred-dollar mark one arrives in the regions of the almost universal evil of hunger, preventable disease, low productivity and illiteracy. In this region, practically the whole of Asia, multitudes live without hope and deprived of human dignity. They are overcrowded on coastal plains and in river-valleys fertile enough to respond to their ill-equipped attempts to raise some food.

Faced by this tremendous sprawling expanse of destitution is the thin layer of relatively prosperous westerners guarding the precious heritage of their civilization but on the defensive, weakened by the cancer of their economic and social contradictions. Placed between these two extremes stretches the Soviet Union, once a member of the huge under-privileged family, now engaged in the attempt to raise her living standards largely by her own carefully planned exertions. Inevitably, in the eyes of most Asians, she seems to show the way out of their economic impotence. Their way of thinking conditioned by misery, they tend to be insensitive to the horrors of the political price the U.S.S.R.'s people are paying for their economic achievements. As a rule only their young and vigorous nationalisms prevent them from accepting the economic recipe offered by the Soviet experiment. Pandit Nehru, one of the most intelligent thinkers of present-day Asia, said quite recently: "What I object to about Communism is not its economic theory. Communism minus its methods is Socialism . . ."<sup>†</sup> It is precisely this Socialist planning without Soviet methods that the industrialized western powers could help

\* From a Report to the (U.S.) Senate Committee on Finance, by the National Advisory Council on International Monetary and Financial problems, Dec. 18, 1947. Showing national *per capita* average income in U.S. dollars in the last pre-war year, 1939:

|                |     |                |     |             |    |
|----------------|-----|----------------|-----|-------------|----|
| Germany        | 520 | U.S.S.R.       | 158 | India       | 34 |
| United Kingdom | 468 | Italy          | 140 | Philippines | 32 |
| Switzerland    | 445 | Greece         | 136 | China       | 29 |
| Sweden         | 436 | Czechoslovakia | 134 | Indonesia   | 22 |
| Holland        | 338 | Hungary        | 125 |             |    |
| Denmark        | 338 | Bulgaria       | 109 |             |    |
| France         | 283 | Yugoslavia     | 96  |             |    |
| Norway         | 279 | Poland         | 95  |             |    |
| Belgium        | 261 |                |     |             |    |

† In an interview given to A. T. Steele, published in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Paris Edition, December 12, 1950.

Asians to achieve. This is the only really positive help western Europe could offer to the non-Communist parts of Asia or even to those who, for its *demonstrated* benefits, might leave the Soviet orbit.

In most of the non-Communist countries of contemporary Asia political and economic power is in the hands of a tiny minority. As a rule they are "westernized" and, in some cases, also western educated. Their outlook and their methods have been shaped by the very economic liberalism that stands in the way of the western synthesis of economic and political freedom and, in Asia, prevents a departure in the direction of purposeful economic planning. Proportionate with the forward march of Asian economic planning, the classes associated with its opposition—and regarded as Asian projections of western economic liberalism and political influence—are discarded and eliminated from all positions of influence. While western Europe is painfully edging its way toward the regeneration of the welfare State, its prestige and influence in Asia is attached to classes and personalities opposed to that development. One illustration should suffice: the Indian press, largely in the hands of the country's rich merchants and industrialists, misses no opportunity to praise Britain's Conservative Party while, with equal insistence, they overlook no chance to underrate and to emphasize the failings of the very British Labour Party to whose influence it was due that India was granted her independence. Nationalism evidently is not strong enough to make a rich Indian merchant forget that it is not Mr. Churchill but Mr. Attlee who believes in controlled economy.

Two of the three most important revolutions of modern history occurred in Asia and within the last three decades. Both of them, in Russia as well as in China, launched important segments of the human race on the road of purposeful and planned economic development toward higher standards of living. In their political aspect both revolutions have placed enormous masses under rigid regimentation by a very small, disciplined minority. What surrendered these hundreds of millions to the technological control their ruling minorities can exercise over every aspect of their individual lives, was their longing for a purpose and for material improvement. Great revolutions, however, usually wrought havoc in history through the expansive and diversionary forces they had generated. What turned contemporary Asians into rebels more than anything else, was their claim for their overdue share of human progress. If it was economic planning that seemed to them the road to salvation, the vehicle for the journey must remain the glittering prize of western industry, at the western extremity of the mass of land they inhabit. Their accumulated frustration and revolutionary *élan* might drive them one day, perhaps through the instrumentality of the Soviet

Union itself, to make that industry serve their great purpose.\* In the case of Czechoslovakia—with certain qualifications—this is what had already happened. Whether it might happen to the rest of industrialized Europe is the main theme of the current world crisis. Should it ever come to pass, what could have happened through enlightened co-operation—without strengthening the U.S.S.R.—will have been carried out by force and with the enormous material reinforcement and extension of the Soviet system.

One of the basic causes of world instability is the grossly uneven distribution of human wealth and knowledge. To leave it to the Soviet Union to appear to over half of humanity as the sole effective force attempting to rectify this situation, is to demonstrate our lack of faith in the regenerative capability of western civilization. G. D. H. Cole† summed up his opinion in his latest book: "I assume that the most universally important of all the objects of political and social activity is to raise the standards of living of ordinary people in our own country and throughout the world . . . I assume that no other object can claim any allegiance when it conflicts seriously with this primary object . . .", which comes from a leading figure of the very Fabian Society which nursed and educated British Socialism, the west's hitherto most effective attempt to extend political democracy into the economic field. It was in its name that the bulk of Britain's Asian possessions gained their independence. Also, it was the Labour Party's inspiration that gave birth to the most enlightened approach as yet to Asian-European relations.

A shrinking world imposes new degrees of interdependence. Every step to reconcile the teachings of the Gospels with contemporary society in the west, helps to fade the memory of colonialism in the East. While it reinforces the social structure of western Europe, it offers an alternative to Asia. While giving help and counsel to the man with the wooden plough to save his independence, the man with the machine tool may be helping to save his own.

(The first part of Mr. Mende's article, "America and the Philippines", appeared in the February 1951 issue of *The Fortnightly*.)

\* It is reported that both the eastern and western German industry are working on the execution of orders for China. Western Germany's shipments to Communist China (mostly machinery) during the first eleven months of 1950 amounted to \$8,953,000. They have appreciably increased since October.

† *Essays in Social Theory*. 1950.

## AMERICA'S NEAR-WAR ECONOMY

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

IT may cost the United States of America up to a quarter of her national income to be adequately prepared (1) for limited wars like the one in Korea; (2) for building up the economic and military strength of the free west and the free east; (3) for immediate conversion to full-scale total warfare, if this is forced upon her. At the present purchasing power of the dollar this may mean an annual military budget of \$65 billions or so.\* To reach such a high level of preparedness and production with the speed demanded by the urgency of the situation—say within the next twelve months—will be a tremendous strain upon the economy. Yet a \$65-billion defence budget is still less than half of what America would have to spend for total war (though because of the expansion of her economy it should yield at least two-thirds of the peak production of the 1939-1945 war). In such a limited war economy the civilian consumer would still live better and eat better than in 1941—or indeed in any period except for the past few years. And of course there would be no unemployment whatsoever. While a quarter of American annual production represents a very hefty chunk of manpower, goods, and services, the burden can be borne.

We must assume that the present state of near-war may last five years, ten years, or indeed the rest of our lives. For an unlimited period America must be prepared to swing into total war overnight, if need be; but she must never get muscle-bound or reach the pinnacle of her strength. She must increase productivity and efficiency all the time—yet never at the expense of the immediate striking power of the armed forces. All America knows so far is how to organize for total war. She is in the position of an athlete who trained for the hundred-yard dash only to find himself competing in the ten-mile run. Until she has reached a state of adequate preparedness her situation will be exactly the same as if she were preparing for immediate total war. In fact, the strain will actually be greater than it was in 1942. For she starts at the peak of a boom. In 1942 she had large reserves of idle plants and literally tremendous reserves of idle manpower: eight million unemployed and another 14 million women and old people who, while not in the visible labour pool, were available for immediate employment. To-day there are no idle plants and

\* An American billion is a thousand million.

practically no manpower reserve. In the last war total civilian consumption increased steadily right through 1944 ; this time there will inevitably be an immediate and sharp cut—with the bulk of the cut to come this year, at the start of the programme.

For the first stage of the effort there will be need for credit controls, price controls, wage controls, allocation of materials—all but consumer rationing of foodstuffs, which should remain totally unnecessary as long as America does not have to fight a global war. There will even have to be added some new controls such as an effective ban on strikes and direct allocation of plant space to military production. But by the end of 1951 she should be fairly close to the peak of her permanent effort. The period of dislocation should be about over. And the economy should settle down to a state of “normal” emergency such as Americans could live under indefinitely.

Then it must be the aim of American policy to *de-control* as much as possible. There are three reasons for this. In the first place, controls are tremendous wasters of manpower, which is the scarcest and most productive resource. Experience of the 1939-1945 war indicates that for every man employed in the Government agencies, four or five men in industry and business do nothing but administer controls. Secondly, controls—particularly price and wage controls—freeze economic pattern and inhibit change : and in a permanent war economy, economic progress is perhaps even more essential than in ordinary peacetime. Finally, controls reward the inefficient and penalize initiative. This applies to union leaders fully as much as to manufacturers.

Sufficient controls would have to be kept to ensure priority for military production. This would include allocation of materials, allocation of plant space, and priority in hiring for defence procedure. But there must be no attempt to allocate resources in the 75 per cent. of the economy that is non-war. Controls on the consumer level and plant level in particular should be abolished or kept at a minimum. Instead of wage and price controls there might be wage and price policies : yardsticks of wage and price determination which are self-administering—such as for instance the cost-of-living formula and the automatic productivity increase of the recent General Motors wage contract.

But how will inflation be prevented without price and wage controls ? The answer is that in a permanent war economy—whether limited or total—inflation is far too serious a threat to be kept under by any sort of controls, no matter how stringent. In the last war America actually had little inflationary pressure—though a great deal was talked about it. It was not until well into 1944 that she reached the limits of her manpower and plant capacity ; until then a large

part of the increase in money income was still absorbed by an increase in the production of goods. This time, with full employment, every dollar spent for military purposes will immediately turn into inflationary pressure. Controls would quickly prove impotent and would break down in black markets, in dodges to raise wages—the so-called “fringe benefits,” such as pensions, health insurance and overtime provisions, would serve admirably—and in general economic demoralization. For controls do not eliminate inflationary pressure ; they only drive it underground. Even more important: planning must be for a permanent situation—whereas in the war inflation was tackled on a temporary basis. This means that controls are not only impotent as an inflation-fighter ; they may increase the danger by building up hidden pressure.

It also means that we cannot possibly rely on Government borrowing—the sale of war bonds to the public—to “drain off excess purchasing power.” By now practically every economist in the United States has concluded that we should have paid for a far larger proportion of the cost of the war in taxes and should have relied much less on borrowing. The arguments of the “soundness” of building up post-war purchasing power through defence bonds are now recognized to have been mostly in economic rationalization of the politically expedient. If we figure on an indefinite emergency, financing through bonds becomes highly unwise, as President Truman stressed in his speech last September. After a few years people would be wanting to spend their savings. Also five years of such financing would build up a post-war inflation that would wreck the economy. Finally, it is not reliable enough. People may stop buying the bonds or may even start cashing them at the first hint that their purchasing power will go down or that the unlimited cashing privilege will be curtailed or withdrawn.

To be able really to stand a limited war-economy indefinitely we must finance the entire military expenditure out of tax income. Economically this is the only sound way ; a limited war-economy is a period of permanent inflationary boom in which, according to all economists regardless of school, the Government budget has to operate at a surplus to prevent catastrophe. It is also the only sound way politically ; inflation presents the greatest danger to social and political stability. Finally it is psychologically sound ; the tension of a permanent crisis is bearable only if people are being told the hard truths.

It should be possible to cut down the tax bill by ten billion dollars or so—partly by eliminating agricultural subsidies (which become unnecessary in a war economy), partly by cutting down on non-defence Government activities. And of course America was already spending fifteen billions or so on military expenditures before Korea.

This would however, still leave \$40 billion a year to be raised in new taxes. Higher taxes on large personal incomes, on corporation incomes, and on excess profits could at best bring in one-fifth of this amount. The excess profits tax in particular may be quite ineffectual. Right through the post-war period most of the potential war industries—steel, automobiles, chemicals, the electrical industry—have been running at capacity anyhow. They are likely to make less money on Government orders, with their fixed ten per cent. profit margin, than they have made during the past few years—and it is the earnings for these past few years which would serve as the base for determining what are “excess profits.”

The bulk of Government resources will have to come from the income groups earning less than \$7,500 a year. It is they, of course, who earn most of the total income which must be tapped, and it is they whose spending causes most of the inflationary pressure.

Either of the two ways of effective mass taxation—a higher income tax and a sales tax—has a lot to commend itself. Income taxes are easily collected and hard to evade: in the withholding method there is already an all but foolproof system of collection in operation. The income tax organization can allow taxpayers to accumulate post-war credits—as the British successfully did during the last war—which would sugar the pill a good deal and make it at least look like a combined tax and bond-buying programme. A sales tax on the other hand would require a new collecting organization. It is also fairly easy to evade and might encourage boot-legging. But it attacks inflationary purchasing power at the source. Above all it encourages and rewards non-spending—whereas a very high income tax might do the opposite. And we should be able to answer the strongest objections against its impact by borrowing another British device; subsidies to the lowest income families to bring their purchasing power up to the national minimum.

Whichever method is adopted, it will have to be on a truly heroic scale. If it is a sales tax the rate would have to be 20 per cent. or more; if an income tax, we would probably have to put a flat 20 per cent. “emergency tax” on the income left after “normal”—that is, present—taxes. Neither policy would be very palatable politically. But organized labour, at least, ought to realize that it stands to lose a very great deal more from “inflation” than from drastic taxation; inflation would wipe out all of labour’s social security and pension gains.

The most important and most difficult problems will however be the decisions within the defence programme itself. It is here that permanent strength must be balanced against immediate striking power. Intentionally I shall confine myself to some domestic

problems, leaving aside all the headaches of the division of resources and burdens between the United States and its potential allies.

For one thing, we clearly cannot afford to do again what we did in the 1939-1945 war: suspend intellectual, technical, and professional education “for the duration”. Our supply of educated and trained men is our seed corn. Even the barely three years’ interruption of the war left wide gaps which are not yet closed despite the tremendous expansion of higher education since 1945. A five-year suspension would weaken us profoundly. A ten-year suspension would cost us our intellectual as well as our technical leadership altogether—perhaps for good.

Even the armed forces admit to-day that it was a mistake to empty the colleges; but their thinking does not go beyond granting exemptions to men studying subjects of immediate military application, such as medicine, chemistry, or engineering. America needs, however, educated people as badly as technicians; even the technical schools, whether of engineering, medicine, or business, have come to realize that the generally-educated student is a better bet than the specialist—even as a technician. What is necessary is not exemption for a few skills but a programme that makes it possible to keep up the normal education of a free country.

A similar problem exists in industry. Our productivity and efficiency depend above all on the “first-line supervisor”, the foreman. That American industry has learned this explains more than anything else our recent advances. As a result we have to-day at least three times as many foremen as we had in 1941—and they are infinitely more competent and better trained. But by the same token a very large part—perhaps most—are fairly young. One of the big automobile companies has found that more than half of its supervisors are under forty. Foremen are thus threatened by the draft only a little less than students.

Against this need to preserve future strength stands the manpower requirements of the armed forces. Obviously the two groups have exactly what is needed in modern war for officers and NCO’s: intellectual training, technical skill and—in the case of the foremen—proven leadership competence. Also, the armed forces will be seriously pinched for manpower. The age group between twenty and thirty contains almost a third fewer men to-day than it did ten years ago—a result of the low birth rates of the ‘thirties. The supply of young men will go down for another seven years until the first members of the “war baby boom” reach fighting age. In case of total war America would be forced to extend conscription to young women to fill non-combat jobs. How then can we balance the need for more manpower in the services with the need to keep students and foremen studying and producing?

For the students the answer may be fairly simple. We have for fifty years been running "co-operative" programmes in some schools, especially in engineering schools. Under these programmes the student spends six months in school, six months in a job. Everywhere the result has been an increase in the scholastic achievement of the students and in the scholastic standards of the school; at the same time the "co-operative" student makes a superior employee.

The application of this idea in military service might actually be advisable even to give the armed forces the greatest immediate striking strength. Unless we are engaged in total war we have no use for an army of more than four or five million men, at the most. But we should have many more men trained to be able to convert to total warfare immediately. The "co-operative" principle would enable the armed forces to train and keep in training—subject to immediate call at any time—twice or three times the number of men needed in the period of limited warfare. In fact it is much more appropriate to our situation than universal military training.

But it would not solve the problem of the foremen—who could hardly work on a six-months-in, six-months-out basis—or the problem of doctors and teachers who are as badly needed on the home front as in uniform.

America will also face difficult decisions as to what sort of civilian goods to continue producing. For example, we know that the two most important factors making or breaking productivity—outside the things that happen right at the place of work—are transportation and housing. Workers who have a difficult time getting to or from work are unproductive workers; they arrive already tired. Workers who are badly housed—particularly workers who live in cramped quarters—are equally unproductive workers. Yet in those two areas we are worse off to-day than we were in 1941.

That the American worker depends primarily on his own car for transportation is a great asset in modern war. It gives our whole population tremendous mobility—and that is important even if we do not have to evacuate bombed cities. But the dependence on the car can be a source of weakness too. More than two-thirds of our cars are of pre-war vintage, that is at least ten years old; in 1941 the corresponding figure was about one-third. And altogether we are still some eight to ten million cars short to bring our automobile standard up to where it was then, considering the sharp increase in the number of families during the past ten years.

For any long-term defence economy we would therefore need another eight to ten million new cars and a stockpile of spare parts to keep our old cars on the road indefinitely. But the automobile industry is our major armaments industry on which we depend for tanks, planes and airplane engines, heavy ordnance, naval engines,

trucks and a hundred other essential war materials. Can we afford to reserve half of its total capacity to home-front production without seriously weakening armed strength? But can we afford a breakdown in our transportation system? There is no way around the dilemma; the much-advocated shift to a standardized "utility" car, for instance, would not free any plant capacity and would actually demand a great deal more in the way of new tools, dies, and machines than could possibly be saved in steel.

The housing problem may well be even more serious. As it is, America is short of from three to five million housing units. Warfare always means population shifts. In addition we may have to find emergency housing for bombed-out people at a moment's notice. We learned last time that there is nothing more expensive in terms of money, skilled manpower, and scarce materials than emergency housing. Private building will certainly be stopped very soon—and rightly so. But even though the housing industry is a major employer of skills and a large user of materials I consider it necessary—certainly as soon as the first stage in our economic mobilization has passed—to build up a stockpile of component parts for three to five million housing units, complete with standardized range, furnace, bathroom, sink, and refrigerator.

Another question which will face us is this: can we afford to gamble on our raw-material reserve holding up? Or do we have to divert manpower and equipment to push through substitute processes to give us a permanently adequate supply of oil and iron ore?

A war economy rests on oil and steel. But domestic reserves of oil and domestic iron-ore supplies are both low. The new Canadian field may ease the oil squeeze—but it is very far from any centre of consumption and would require a tremendous investment in transportation to be integrated with either the Canadian or the American defence effort. Middle Eastern oil is abundant—but may easily be cut off. The iron-ore situation is better as there are large deposits of high-grade ore near at hand in Labrador and in the northern part of South America. But the exploitation of these new deposits, especially of the one in Labrador, demands new transportation facilities—railways, ore docks, etc.—and efficient use of the new ore may not be possible unless we move our steel mills to deep-water ports.

America can however obtain all the oil she could possibly use from oil-bearing shales and through hydrogenizing coal—with inexhaustible supplies of both raw materials. There is an even larger potential supply of iron ore in the Taconite deposits in the Northern Great Lakes area—precisely where we are organized for iron-ore transportation. The processes needed to extract oil from shale and coal are further advanced and much better understood than was synthetic rubber production in 1942; in fact they have been in commercial

use in many countries for a considerable time. The extraction of iron ore from Taconite is not so well established ; but it is well beyond the pilot-plant stage.

Each of the three processes, however, would require an investment comparable to the synthetic-rubber investment of the last war. All these are moreover still a good bit more expensive than the traditional processes. Should we now push substitute processes—at tremendous immediate expense and at the risk of saddling the country permanently with uneconomical industries? It is not an easy decision to make. But we shall not be able to shirk it. There is too great a discrepancy between our plans for completely mechanized warfare and our military weakness in the Middle Eastern oil region.

Finally, there is the decision whether speed or security is more important in defence production. If the first we shall place our military work largely in existing industrial areas as we did the last time. If it is security, we shall disperse defence industries into new territory, which means heavy building of new plants, new housing, new transportation, new water and power supplies. In the atomic age there could hardly be a more basic decision, and thus far not nearly enough attention has been paid to it.

The crucial question may well be whether central power stations should be left near the consumer—that is, in the big cities—or whether they should be moved to the coal mines in rural West Virginia, Alabama, or Illinois. It is still cheaper to ship coal to a power station in the big city than to transmit electricity over long distances. The last war has shown that industrial production even in a badly bombed-out city can be maintained as long as power and water are supplied. Certainly if we are going to expand power production we should put the new plants well out into the country and close to the coal mines—and should at the same time build them large enough to be used as stand-bys in case of bomb damage.

Every one of these decisions—and they are illustrations rather than a comprehensive list—may have a heavy impact on America's military and economic strength. Every one will profoundly affect the future of the country. They are much too important to be left to chance. They are even much too important to be left to the generals—who, however, will have to make them if the American people and their Government refuse to do so. It would surely represent an American defeat of the first magnitude, and one that might cost us the moral and military support of the rest of the free world, were we to be forced into total war by our own inability to organize for limited war.

## THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

By H. C. DENT

MY friends looked askance at the idea. To go trekking northwards through north-west Europe in mid-December was not, they hinted, in their opinion a holiday at all. When they learned that I, whose professional business is education, was also planning to pack into my itinerary as many visits to schools, colleges and universities as could be squeezed into ten days of travel, they became quite touchingly solicitous.

"But will you get *any* rest?" asked one. "Probably not", I retorted defiantly, "but I'm not particularly interested in rest at the moment. I want to see these places, and to talk with the people running them; not only about education, but all sorts of things. I've wanted to do so for ages, and now I've got the chance I'm going to take it." And isn't that the essence of a holiday, to do what one wants to do? At least, so it seems to me. So they comforted themselves, on my behalf, with the old adage that "a change is as good as a rest," and let me go on my way, which was *via* Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden to Oslo in Norway, where a son newly gone to live there awaited me as well as some very dear friends made on a brief visit three years previously. Post-war Germany I knew something of, but Denmark and Sweden I had never seen, and Holland only from the train. And—quite why I do not yet fully understand—these countries have always had a particular attraction for me.

I landed at the Hook of Holland early on a cold, dark, damp Sunday morning—and was at once brought up against the barrier of an unknown language. I had been to the Hook before, but always as a member of an officially conducted party, and with every service laid on. Now I was absolutely on my own; and I had to find the train to the Hague, and then my hotel in that city, without the aid of a single word of Dutch. Trifling difficulties, and as it proved easily overcome, but apt to appear formidable when first met at 7 a.m. on a rain-swept foreign railway station. Don't believe it, by the way, when you are told that everyone on the Continent speaks English; quite a lot of people don't, even in Channel ports.

My momentary sense of isolation (if I were not proud I should call it fright) started up again a train of thought which had often

troubled me before. Are we English not making a great error in refusing to learn foreign languages? (It is, of course, absurd to plead that we cannot learn them.) I determined to make it my business to collect opinions about this.

I found that my Dutch and Scandinavian friends all took the line that it is quite unnecessary for us to learn their languages. "Why should you?" they ask. "Britain is a great power and English is spreading rapidly as an international language" (that is perfectly true); "ours are small countries, and the range of our languages is very limited. It is our business to learn your language, not yours to learn ours."

But I remain unconvinced. How can it be possible for us ever to get under the skin of a Dutchman, a Dane, or whatever national you like, unless we can let him talk to us in his own language? By compelling him to use English, which, however well he knows it, must always be to him a foreign language, on all occasions when he wishes to communicate with us, do we not make him, even when he is in his own country, to some extent a "displaced person"? There must be a wealth of linguistic overtone and emotional content that he cannot get across through the medium of a foreign language. And how can we ever get to know fully the ethos and the atmosphere of a country if we remain ignorant of its literature—from its daily press to its poets and its philosophers?

I remember Sir Alfred Zimmern some years ago jocularly explaining to a group of foreign students that half the misunderstandings between England and France had arisen out of the different connotations attaching to "Yes" and "*Oui*". The latter, he said, meant to a Frenchman "I understand, and agree," but to an Englishman "Yes" meant no more than "I have heard what you say." This recurred forcibly to my mind when in Copenhagen a very good Danish friend was insisting to me that unless behind the political links now being fashioned between the western European countries (everyone I met in Holland and Denmark seems to regard Western Union as certain to come sooner or later) there were established equally strong cultural links, political union would remain but a façade, insecure and probably dangerous. And I feel certain that to establish those cultural links there must be a two-way traffic in language.

It will be objected, of course, that my thesis imposes a formidable task upon us: that of becoming fluent in anything up to a dozen languages. But is it so difficult as that? The western European languages fall into two well-defined groups, the Latin and the Germanic; could they not be learned in groups instead of, as at present, singly? At London University a professorial chair has recently been established for research into the teaching of English as

a foreign language; I would dearly like to see another created for research into the teaching of groups of foreign languages to English people. The holder of the chair stated in his inaugural lecture that one of the main problems his department was studying arose out of the fact that so many foreigners wanted to acquire quickly a limited knowledge of English sufficient for specialized purposes: to study, for example, law, medicine, or technology. As English students, in common with those of other countries, increasingly go abroad for study or research, they will surely feel the same need? At two places especially on my travels this was brought home to me.

The first was the famous Technical University at Delft, so regularly cited in our domestic controversy about the teaching of advanced technology as the kind of institution we ought to imitate (and, I fear, so little known by many who, quite rightly in my opinion, applaud it). Whether or not we ought to attempt to copy Delft I will not argue here, but I certainly think, after having seen it, that we ought to try to send many more students to this superbly staffed and equipped university; and the students ought without question to be able to understand thoroughly the instruction given there, which is entirely in Dutch. Admittedly, many of the professors speak excellent English, but they could hardly be expected to slow up their courses for the benefit of a group of linguistically illiterate foreigners.

The other place was the International People's College at Elsinore, where for nearly 30 years Peter Manniche has assembled groups of students from all quarters of the globe for long or short courses having the primary aim of promoting international good fellowship and the principles of western democracy. True, you can get your instruction there in English, for that is one of the "official" languages, but as I sat at supper surrounded by Danes, Swedes and members of half a dozen other nationalities from America to Indonesia I realized acutely how much a student must miss—I know I did—who is enclosed within the confines of a single language. To know even two well must add beyond all measure to the value to be got from the companionship to be enjoyed during these admirable courses. Incidentally, what an excellent place this would be to try the experiment of teaching languages in groups. The college already offers courses in English, French, German, Danish and (on request) Russian. The winter sessions last five months, the summer three—long enough surely to get a grip on language structure—and there are invariably members of eight to ten nations (often more in summer) on whom to practise one's growing mastery.

There was another place at which I felt exasperatingly frustrated by my ignorance of foreign languages. This was the residential Folk High School at Rendsburg in Schleswig-Holstein, where young Germans from agriculture and industry come for five-months'

courses of study—conducted largely in discussion groups—of social, political and economic affairs in their historical and contemporary settings. The principal, Dr. Fritz Laack, speaks excellent English, and so was able to give me a first-rate outline of the purpose, organization, curriculum, staff and students of the school. It was when I accepted his invitation to see a class in action that my frustration began.

A group of 25 young men and women was discussing with their tutor the means by which Hitler seized power in 1933. One young man in particular could not understand why the German people did not put up a more effective resistance against the seizure of power by a minority, and a lively debate lasting some 20 minutes ensued between him and the tutor. I would have given more than I can well say to have been able to understand in detail this dialogue—it was all the more exasperating to be just able to make out scraps of it here and there. I felt I was missing something tremendously important, an insight of the utmost value into the mind of German youth. The young man remained unconvinced by all his tutor's arguments, and I could see that most of the others in the class felt as he did; but exactly why I could not know. A translated summary of the discussion was a poor substitute for the original.

To judge from what I was told that day (as on previous visits to Germany) not nearly enough is being done to understand the state of mind and the attitude towards public affairs of the thoughtful young German, the young man or woman in the twenties who is sufficiently "awakened", as Dr. Laack put it, to come to a *Heimvolkshochschule* such as Rendsburg or by other means to attempt to study objectively the political, social, economic and religious setting in which he finds himself. Briefly, this is what I was told at Rendsburg: the deepest desire in the heart of German youth is for a united Germany; for this they would be prepared to sacrifice a measure of freedom. Unhappily—here again the barrier of language interposed itself—though I pressed the question I could not discover exactly what was meant by sacrifice of freedom, though I did learn what it did not mean; when I asked if it meant that they would accept Communism as the price of union I was immediately answered by an emphatic "No!" whose sincerity could not be doubted.

There is another facet to this matter of the mind of German youth which in my opinion demands even more urgent and serious consideration. About the unity of Germany no doubt young and old think alike, but otherwise there is a terrible cleavage between the generations. The young—I have been told this over and over again, by English-speaking young Germans as well as by English people working in Germany—the young have no confidence in the old. "They

let us down," they say; and this sentence is spoken far more bitterly and carries a far greater volume of meaning than it does when it is heard, as it is occasionally, from the lips of young English people.

But young Germans, so I am told, have a further complaint against their elders. They are eager to assume responsibility in public affairs, but the old people will not allow them to do so. When I asked how the elders could prevent them I was told that they refused to nominate them for election to seats on local councils or in the Parliaments of the *Länder*; and that unless they can secure nomination they are virtually disfranchised. This is presumably a German concern, to be resolved by Germans alone, but it nevertheless intimately affects all the western nations. For the inevitable result of such exclusion from responsible participation in public affairs is that many of the more politically-minded among the young tend to turn towards the irresponsible or subversive groups on the extreme left or the extreme right. And should these young and able malcontents determine that the only way to secure responsibility is to seize it irresponsibly they will find inflammable elements in abundance to support them. There are to-day 650,000 unemployed young people in western Germany, all too many of them nursing the bitter belief that their Governments, central and local, will not take the trouble to do anything to help them.

This problem is an integral and important part of the larger problem of the future rôle of Germany in Europe. A facet of that problem of immediate interest is seen in the question which no one who has been in Germany recently can escape being asked: what is the attitude of the Germans to re-armament? I was asked this over and over in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and have been again and again since my return home.

A transient such as I was has no right to attempt any generalization. All I will say is that during the course of a long and full day in Schleswig-Holstein I had two distinct German reactions impressed upon me very clearly and emphatically. The first has been frequently expressed in print in this country. It may be briefly stated as: "You see the state our country is in; do you think we want anything more to do with war?" That, I was told, was the common reaction of the man in the street, and especially of the young. The other was said to be the reaction of the more thoughtful and more democratically-minded German: "Don't re-arm us; for if you do the marching fever will rise to German heads again, and at the call of another Hitler—who is almost certain to appear—Germany will go the 1933 way again."

It is probably impossible for English people who have not been in Europe since the war to understand the agony of mind that many Germans are suffering over the question of re-armament. It is, I

should think, just as impossible for them to appreciate how almost insuperably difficult it is for the peoples of continental Europe to feel even charitably towards the Germans, much less to regard them as friends. Yet these two hard facts cannot be left out of consideration in any discussion of ways and means towards unity in the west. I had two sharp reminders of the latter. I asked a Dutch friend, a most genial and lovable man, how cultural relations were developing between Germany and Holland. "Very little," he replied curtly, "you see, we were occupied." And a Norwegian, a typical representative of that gay, insouciant nation, in answer to a similar question snapped "I don't trust a single one of them."

I found myself at times wondering whether the Norwegians feared the Germans or the Russians more. To put it like that is probably unjust to them, for among all the peoples I know they seem least given to fear. But they have experienced a German occupation; and if I may dare to guess at their unspoken thought it is that no other occupation could be worse. They take it for granted that if war broke out between the east and the west their country would be occupied, perhaps not wholly, but certainly in the south and west. According to what I was told, many Danes and Dutch expect a similar fate. "Nothing to prevent their marching straight through," they say.

I found in all these three countries an interesting tendency, when talking about the chances of peace and war, to personify Russia. Again and again I was told, in the same words: "One man can decide whether there shall be peace or war." The Russian people were never mentioned as having any say, nor even the *politbureau*; only Marshal Stalin. Is this because the Scandinavians know the Russians so much better than we do?

Do the Swedes and the Norwegians—I did not get to Finland—think war inevitable? On the whole I would say no, though few with whom I talked would express a definite opinion. Next summer, I was assured, would probably be the most critical period. How are their sympathies aligned? It was suggested to me that the pattern changed as one moved from west to east. There can be no doubt that Norway's face is wholly turned towards the west: "That is why we have joined the Atlantic pact." Both Sweden and Finland too, I was assured, are on the whole strongly inclined to the west, though Sweden is said to entertain hopes of remaining neutral yet again, while the Finns—"It is very difficult to know what that secretive race is thinking."

I could not fail to be impressed by the evidence of the close cultural links which exist to-day between the Scandinavian countries, despite (or it may be because of) their long previous history of warfare. These surely offer matter for examination by all of us who are endeavouring

to establish similarly cordial and understanding relations between the peoples of western Europe. To take but two specific instances. UNESCO has to-day a committee actively at work on the problem of producing objectively written history texts for schools; thirty years ago the Scandinavian peoples circulated their history textbooks to each other for comment and criticism, with apparently completely successful results. Secondly, the high officials of the Scandinavian Ministries of Education regularly meet in conference together to discuss common problems and iron out differences, and the rectors of the universities also meet regularly, though less formally, for the same purposes.

This admirable example of deliberately fostered cultural co-operation led me to wonder—perhaps presumptuously—whether Great Britain ought not to be the mainspring in the efforts to achieve mutual friendship, understanding and co-operation between the peoples of all western Europe. For we derive from both the two great racial stocks, the Germanic and the Romance, which have mainly peopled all these various countries, and should therefore have temperamental affinities with them all; as in fact, there is no doubt we have. But if we are to play that rôle—and unless someone plays it Europe is doomed—we must abandon completely the cultural isolationism which for so long has separated us from our continental neighbours, and from which even to-day we are only very incompletely breaking out. And, to return to the point I stressed in the earlier part of this article, one very substantial means—perhaps, indeed, the necessary prelude—to a complete breakaway would be to set to work in earnest to learn our neighbours' languages.

## THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF CIVILIZATION

BY HANS KOHN

INDIVIDUALS grow and develop, spiritually and morally, by contact. The same holds true of nations and civilizations. In the primitive stage peoples live as strictly separated entities. They jealously guard their "own" civilization, their "original" traditions, protecting them from "alien" influences. Mankind consists of closed societies firmly welded to their pasts and localities. But with the progress of history barriers give way to a growing cross-fertilization of civilizations; meeting the challenge of other cultures they diversify their own and liberate it from limiting shackles by assimilating and adapting outside influences, often in a complex give and take process. The more in the open society grows, the further it advances towards that unity of mankind which the Bible regards as the beginning and end of human history. For not only do all men descend from the same ancestors, from Adam and Eve, and from Noah and his sons, but the difference, and mutual non-comprehension and confusion, of language has been imposed as a punishment for the building of the Tower of Babel.

Buddhism in its vitality spread its message to China and Tibet, to Japan and Thailand, to Ceylon and Bali, everywhere vivifying and transforming the native civilizations and permeating them with the same attitudes. Even more penetrating was the spread of Greek civilization after Alexander the Great, who in his brief career was inspired by the hope of uniting the peoples of the earth in a new peaceful order based upon the community of civilization. He bade Greeks and barbarians, as Plutarch wrote, "to consider as their fatherland the whole inhabited earth, and as akin to them all good men." The Stoics developed this attitude into a philosophy, and the Romans made the spread of a uniform civilization throughout the then known world possible. This civilization was no longer Greek; it had absorbed Oriental and Roman elements, with a new emphasis upon *humanitas*, the human quality in every man and the essential oneness of mankind. This cross-fertilization of civilizations made the spread of Christianity—pious Christians have regarded it as portentous that Jesus was born in the reign of Augustus—and later of Islam, possible. The latter, originally the creed of desert Arabs, became a world factor by assimilating Greek and Persian civilizations.

The flowering of Christianity in the high middle ages, with its universities, poetry and chivalry, was an outgrowth of its closer contacts with the world of Islam. Arab philosophy transmitted to the west the wisdom of Greece; the court of Frederick II in Sicily, who admired Mohammedan civilization for the greater freedom of its intellectual atmosphere, showed the first symptoms of modern government; the Crusaders brought home from the Levant sometimes a deep respect for the wealth and form of the alien civilization which they found there. It was this very recognition of the interdependence of civilization and the willingness to become open to the influence of alien cultures which made the great advance of the west possible. It was the increasing withdrawal from open contact and intercourse which weakened Islam and eastern Christianity. Around the year 1000 the leadership had been theirs, by 1500 it had definitely shifted to the west.

In the following five hundred years this leadership became more pronounced in the growing eagerness to explore other civilizations, to become enriched in this contact, and to visualize the world more and more as an open society in which the intercourse of ideas and the flow of goods should be untrammelled and continuous. It began with the fifteenth century, when western scholars eagerly learned from the Greeks who had left Constantinople after its fall to the Turks; it found a climax in the eighteenth century when Far Eastern wisdom and art was joyfully and respectfully received in the west, and its intellectuals turned to the newly discovered "primitive" civilizations for inspiration. Nor did western civilization tend to dissociate into closed entities proud of their "originality". Educated men found their cultural fulfilment in Latin or French, and scholars and diplomats could meet in understanding without the help of translators. The great achievement of the west, the recognition of individual liberty and free inquiry, was due to the interplay and interdependence of the Low Countries—where Grotius, Descartes and Locke wrote, and where Pierre Bayle launched in 1684 his *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*—and England, with its Puritan and Glorious revolutions, of the Anglo-Americans in the virgin lands across the Atlantic, and of France, where the English concepts of the rights of the individual and the limitation of government were transformed into a universal message for every man and citizen.

Germany's greatest writer, Goethe, stressed always this interdependence of civilization. He acknowledged his deep indebtedness to "alien" cultures which to him were part of the one great patrimony; he had hardly any sympathy for, or interest in, the German struggle of his time for "liberation" from the French "invader"; in his old age he expressed his admiration for French culture, and he created the term *Weltliteratur*, world literature, as a meeting ground for the

good in all civilizations and the nursery for the writers in all tongues. He did not confine himself to the west, though in many ways he was one of the representative men of western civilization; his most mature poems were influenced by his reading of translations from Persian and Arabic authors; especially in the *West-Eastern Divan*, where these celebrated lines can be found:

|                                     |                               |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>Gottes ist der Orient!</i>       | God's own is the Orient!      |
| <i>Gottes ist der Okzident!</i>     | God's own is the Occident!    |
| <i>Nord-und südliches Gelände</i>   | Northern and southern lands   |
| <i>Ruht im Frieden seiner Hände</i> | Rest peacefully in his hands. |

The other great Germans of Goethe's time, Kant and Beethoven, Lessing and Schiller, were equally devoid of any national exclusiveness. But only a few years later a new emphasis was placed on the "originality" and uniqueness of national civilizations, on the differences of cultures; the more distinct culture became faithful to its "own" origins and past and unaffected by "alien" influences, the more it was thought to be creative. This cultural self-sufficiency was also applied to the political field in the stress of undiminished national sovereignty and to economic relations, in which national frontiers became ever mounting barriers. In his *Der geschlossene Handelsstaat*, the German philosopher J. G. Fichte suggested the creation of an ideal society in complete isolation from the rest of the world so that, by as little contact as possible with foreigners, it may develop its national character to the highest degree. While it would close its frontiers to all commercial exchange with foreign lands—thus establishing its own State as a great common house of industry guaranteeing work to every citizen—he at least exempted scholarship from this extreme isolationism. Whatever belongs to the citizen, he wrote, is under the control of the State, but scholarship belongs to man and not to a citizen. In the twentieth century this distinction was given up in some cases of proclaimed self-sufficiency, as in national socialism and similar régimes, which now embraced all manifestations of civilization. Interdependence of civilization is being rejected for the sake of the absolute independence, generally identified with the precedence and superiority, of the unique and "own" civilization.

The nineteenth century, however, took on the whole a different course. Society became more and more an open market place of ideas and goods. Cobden and Bright spread fervently the gospel of free trade, not only as an economic doctrine but as a means to build the interdependence of mankind in peaceful co-operation. Marx in his *Communist Manifesto* visualized the growing interdependence: "In place of the old local and national institution and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal interdependence of all nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production.

The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures there arises a world literature."

This fertilization by interdependence enriched the civilizations which tore down the walls separating them. Peter the Great broke a first window in the wall which Orthodox Russia had erected in an attempt to isolate herself from Europe. A century later when the victory of Napoleon brought Russian armies into the heart of Europe, a more open intercourse between the two civilizations slowly began to emerge, though it continued to be hampered by prohibitive passport regulations and the fear of contact predominant in the reign of Nicholas I. But even this incipient recognition of interdependence bestowed upon both civilizations a new spiritual energy and broadened their horizons to mutual benefit. The Russian educated classes began, under European influence, to strive for liberty under law after the western model and to fight the traditional police-State autocracy. Their efforts, with all their sacrifices, hopes and dreams, seemed crowned with success in March 1917, when Czarism was overthrown. Europe, on the other hand, drew a new inspiration from the human warmth and the deep searchings of Russian literature, from Gogol to Dostoevsky, from Tolstoy to Chekhov. Russia's contact with Europe produced suddenly and almost without precedent a literature of the first magnitude: its influence radiated back to Europe, and in its turn fertilized the older literatures.

However, the fact that the interdependence of civilization releases unprecedented creative energies was not easily conceded. Many denied it, and Peter the Great's work formed in the nineteenth century the subject of much bitter controversy in Russia. An influential group of Russian patriots, often called the Slavophiles, regarded his opening-up of intercourse with Europe as a misfortune for Russia; it was believed to have hindered or destroyed a pure indigenous cultural and spiritual development with exclusive roots in the peculiar traditions of Russian character and history. The Slavophiles were convinced that the flowering of Russian culture demanded an isolation from contact with alien elements—Russian culture in itself, and only in itself, contained the seeds for world leadership and world salvation. This exclusive nationalism with its emphasis on the creative folk spirit of the Russian masses and on their deep devotion to the true faith, turned against Europe and against Slavdom's western neighbours, the Germans. Yet even this Slavophilism with all its claims to self-sufficiency was not an indigenous Russian growth; it had developed under the influence of German romantic thought by simply transferring the anti-cosmopolitanism and anti-intellectualism of German folk theories

to the Slavs as the bearers of the true spirit. Thus even the most "independent" movements bear witness to the interdependence of civilization.

It has not always been clearly seen that the very insistence upon indigenous development and its unique and exclusive originality has been the product of cultural contact and of an erroneous interpretation of the past. The idealization of the Russian peasant masses in the nineteenth century was an echo of the glorification of the unspoiled child of nature current in eighteenth century western Europe. German romanticists loved to dwell upon the truly Germanic character of the middle ages and their Gothic culture. They disregarded the essentially universal character of medieval civilization, a period in which Germany was fully integrated with the common cultural stream of Roman Christendom. Oriental nationalists have often rejected western civilization as an expression of crude materialism contrasting it with their pure indigenous spiritualism; in this attitude they were influenced by Ruskin and other European critics of certain aspects of western civilization, and they sought support for their views in the recent re-discovery and re-appraisal of the Oriental past by European scholars.

The degree to which cultural isolationism weakens and destroys a civilization that refuses to recognize cultural interdependence in a community of nations, can be seen from the attitude of the Chinese at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were then convinced that they alone had the correct doctrine and knew the true way, that all others had to learn from them, while they could gain nothing from alien guidance or influence. From the towering height of their uncritical self-confidence, which placed them in the very centre of all civilized life, they built a wall of isolation around themselves and refused intercourse with other civilizations on a footing of equality. As a result Chinese civilization, in spite of its venerable antiquity and its unsurpassed records of beauty of form and serenity of wisdom, became proverbial abroad as the model of fossil pedantry. Only more recently the intercourse with other civilizations, eagerly sought by the educated youth, re-invigorated and rejuvenated the Chinese civilization. A similar process in other Oriental countries, from Turkey to the Philippine Islands, inaugurated an entirely new period in the millenary history of Asia.

Cultural intercourse was hampered in preceding centuries by vast distances and the scarcity of means of communication. All this has changed rapidly during the last one hundred years. Ever new geographic discoveries and technical inventions have made the globe one world, thus realizing in space what has long been recognized by religion and science, the existence of one mankind. This geographic and biological unity of a common earth and a common

blood finds its spiritual fulfilment, however, in a plurality and diversity of civilizations. Each of them has its specific contribution to make, and complements the others. None of them exhausts the spiritual potentialities of man. In the intercourse and interdependence they find the stimulating challenges preserving them from ossification and arousing them to the search for new responses to ever-renewed questions and conquests. Western civilization, with its geographic centre around the North Atlantic and its emphasis on individual liberty and free inquiry, would have been much poorer without the recent meeting with the ascetic morality of Gandhi and the humanistic wisdom of Rabindranath Tagore, both the fruit of ancient India's contact with the west. The Mediterranean, once the centre from which western civilization radiated, has witnessed recently at its western and eastern extremities efforts at re-invigoration of the civilizations of Spain and of Islam, which in the past have played their great rôle. All signs portend that an African civilization arising out of a strong virgin soil under the fertilization of older civilizations will soon take its place among those which in clearly recognized and desired interdependence make their contributions to an open society based upon freedom and diversity. Such a society pre-supposes co-operation in the spirit of tolerance. No civilization must think itself in exclusive possession of the true way and endowed with an infallible insight into the course of human history. UNESCO was devised as the organ and mediator of such an open and interdependent society.

UNESCO's immediate task lies beyond the issues of politics and above the rising and ebbing conflicts of nations and classes. Yet in its concern with civilization and world outlook with education and cultural co-operation, it deals with the very foundations of all political and social life. Only a firmly established intercourse and a common understanding of the aspects and values of civilization can develop a political order on a secure basis. For the great decisions of conflict and conciliation originate in the realm of the human mind, in its awareness and its aspiration. It is UNESCO's task to sharpen the awareness of the interdependence of civilization and to direct the aspirations of all willing nations toward this goal.

*(Professor Hans Kohn's book, The Twentieth Century : A Mid-way Account of the Western World, which has already appeared in New York is soon to be published in London. He writes this article by arrangement with UNESCO.)*

## THE CARE OF CHILDREN

BY ELSIE M. MARTIN

I HAD knocked rather timorously, but hearing none of the usual noises, the shutting of doors or the clearing of the narrow hall of a dog or a child, I ventured again. This time there was the sound of the hasty opening of a badly fitting window above, and a lean but not unbeautiful head with unkempt hair was thrust out. I was ready and looking up. "What do you want? How much are you paid to come and bother me?" "I am so sorry," I said, "people always come when you get upstairs—it happens to me too." At that, Mrs. B. cuffed the two children who had managed to squeeze their heads out of the window, shut it and soon appeared at the front door.

I said what I had to say about the importance of Mary's going to see the dentist this time; she had been given so many appointments she hadn't kept. Mrs. B. now became more interested. "She aint going to have em stopped—my husband don't agree with it—have 'em out then they won't be any more trouble to her or to me." "Well, thank you, Mrs. B. very much, it was so good of you to come downstairs. I just want to help you—if I can—to do the best for Mary; we don't either of us get paid for it, you know. Goodbye."

This was one of our worst families—house poor and ill kept, lots of children who were rather like little wild animals, not unattractive but wild in manner and appearance. The father was a dull man and mother had found a boy-friend, a sailor, so the children were often left alone but the neighbours are kind. Mary did go once to have her teeth done and when I met her in the corridor at school, she came up to me and said softly, "I love you" and then ran away with a self-conscious shriek and giggle.

Mrs. H. lived in the same street. I knew her first during the war when she spent her time brushing the glass and debris from her front door. Her children were smooth and well-groomed with short straight hair and fringes. The house was clean and colourful with gay cretonne curtains at the windows. I felt Mrs. H. had a sense of pattern and design. She was a big young woman with a chin and a fiery temper but Mr. H. was neat and quiet. Money or lack of it was the great trouble and although she could really not afford the cheapest spectacle frames, she ordered the latest heaviest tortoiseshell ones for

herself. The children were all good and tidy and obedient, save one, the one most like her mother.

Mrs. H. became very angry and beat her child who stayed out late at night having adventures with older girls in bombed places. She lived her own private life, a leader of nine years of age. She walked alone. Mrs. H. became even more shocked when money was taken from her purse to finance these adventures. After all, if you keep out until midnight, you need refreshment during the evening. At last Mrs. H. began to feel an inclination to kill the child; this stealing business was such a disgrace, especially if it was your money. Jean became sullen and heavy-eyed and in school she was tiresome and could not be relied upon to speak, just shrugging her shoulders. We often met and sometimes a wry smile accompanied the shrug of the shoulders. She showed me some of her work and it was then that I ventured: "You know, Jean, I believe you would make even nicer things if you went to bed earlier. What time do you go to bed? I have to go to bed in good time, although I am ever so old." Gradually the confidence came, and as the outcome of a gift of a book of stories of Red Indians and the loan of some Red Indian dolls—authentic ones from the U.S.A.—Jean set the pace for all kinds of group work in her class. She was again the leader.

Later she went to the sea for a holiday and I visited her. She was playing on the beach with a timid little girl also on holiday, having been sent from a very poor school in London. Jean was mothering this child and when we all three went for a walk, her constant watchword was 'safety first'. It was her afternoon and she managed it excellently.

Later in the year, she came a long bus ride from her home to visit us. She thought ours a "swell house" and played croquet all the afternoon and when I prepared her a simple bouquet of flowers to take with her, she said: "Aren't they weeds? I have seen them growing where the bombs dropped." Jean is older now and has gone to a senior school. I must go and see her sometime.

There was the Irish family, too, small folk who had several underweight children. He was the man who, whenever he came to see you, talked and talked while his wife, a poor brow-beaten, cross-eyed woman, listened with mouth wide open. They both came to the Parents' Association meetings and were the centre of a little group; he talked and laughed, and the others, mostly women, giggled. One of their little boys was a darling with a dreadful temper. He was fond of warm clothing—he was so small and always shivering—and we were able to find him some rather large woolly garments which restored him and he became more confident and truthful. Later, the children were sent to an open air school and I received messages from them all through a friend.

I met Mr. and Mrs. J. when their particular street was no street at all, and with not much more than their little house standing shored up by huge wooden supports. This was a very large family with two pairs of twins—four boys—and many others in between and a small curly-headed girl in the front room with bronchitis. Mrs. J. was really down and out, although she had been inspired to paint everything in the little room with gold paint. Mr. J. was stolid, unmoved, unimaginative and a very good husband. It was all so easy, really, just for someone to care and be interested. The younger twins were evacuated to a fine castle with a moat, over which they with others scampered each day into acres of parkland amongst the cows and horses. The keeper of the castle was a witch, but a kind witch who had covered and was caring for all the precious belongings of the lords and ladies who owned the castle. In the kitchens where the children lived, she made cake and bread, biscuits and a huge wood fire.

Mrs. J. is now a fat little body. The boys have all gone or are hoping to go to sea so her troubles are over. She comes to the Parents' Association meetings and contributes so much with her gay good humour. She comes with her hair prepared for bed. "You have to be up so early, you know, in such a large household."

Many useful contacts are made at medical inspections. Here one sees the child with its mother or father, and as they have come to see the school doctor one gets an estimate of their reaction to this outside person and to one another. Christopher came by himself; his father was away, his mother had no time. This information came spontaneously, but when the doctor asked Christopher to open his mouth, the lips became compressed, the large eyes stared into space with determination and his whole attitude was one of defiance. Nothing of good could be done that day. I hastily made a note: "Home visit necessary."

The house was in an off street, dreary and leading nowhere at all because of the railway which brings it to a dead end, the trains shooting from one side to the other and appearing to pass through the upper storeys of the houses themselves. When the clatter had ceased I knocked and a bright woman came to the door with a look of recognition. I was invited into the small front room where there had been some attempt at choice and arrangement of furniture. I noticed a black and white enlarged photograph of a happy young woman with her husband and baby. At that moment, the door opened and a different woman whom I just recognized as the one in the photograph came in: at the same time, a heavy garment of depression and gloom fell upon me.

I felt I knew what was wrong, but nothing must be hurried. I listened to the story of Christopher's faults and failings, his bad

temper, his disobedience. "He's like his father" she concluded. "But I do hope your husband helps you to bear all this," I ventured. At this, the tears came and I heard of the unfaithfulness and the quarrels. Mr. K. was so often away at night—he was a transport man and always came home tired and distraught. The house, small and badly built, was quite inadequate for one family living happily together with consideration and restraint, but for two families with lots of children upstairs and downstairs, there was no privacy even in which to quarrel. These two features together create the very worst kind of difficulty in all the lives concerned but especially in those of children. They shut up like clams or shriek wildly. It is all so insecure, and life such an unknown quantity.

Much attention has been given and many letters written about this most important question of the care of children. Trained people are doing their best to cope with the numbers of delinquent and maladjusted children but there is room for so much more to be done by the voluntary worker. The essential qualification of this worker must be a love of the men, women and children with whom he or she is to make contact. This giving of oneself for the help of the other person shapes and moulds the pattern of the work to be done. It is the only way of getting to the root of the problems which lie in the hearts and homes of the parents and the teachers. Good relationships are perhaps even better than good teaching.

*(Mrs. E. M. Martin is one of the many voluntary care committee workers in London. The School Care Committees are appointed by the L.C.C. Education Committee, and are given certain responsibilities regarding the selection of children for free dinners, the provision of clothing, the following up of medical inspections, etc. In co-operation with teachers and parents, the committees are there to see that "every child obtains full benefit from the education provided." The care committee member is thus constantly visiting between school and home, forms many friendships with parents and children, and in different ways is able to meet the different needs of children.)*

*In every school of every type, there are children whose needs are not physical. Their homes have been broken by death or divorce or domestic unhappiness and they are treated with coldness or lack of sympathy. Care committee workers have found that, by friendly visiting over simple matters, a basis can be laid of friendship and understanding through which the discussion of more serious difficulties becomes easy and natural.)*

## T. S. ELIOT AND OLD AGE

BY GORDON SYMES

IN a sense, the whole of T. S. Eliot's poetry might be described as a study in the art of growing old gracefully. Nor need the sense seem to be entirely flippant, if the word "gracefully" is given its rightful religious due. It is now possible to trace throughout his poetic career, from *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* to the *Four Quartets*, a growing preoccupation with the spiritual crisis of old age. Starting from a natural fear and revulsion, the poet has moved by tentative steps towards an evaluation of old age, an elucidation of its special grace and an appreciation of its special function in the progress of the soul.

"It is generally accepted," wrote C. Day Lewis in *A Hope for Poetry* (1934), "that Eliot as a poet was born middle-aged, and has not been getting any younger since." Certainly T. S. Eliot's poetry has never burned with the ardours and idealism of youth. There is no fine frenzy or world-building about it, nothing of Dionysus or of Lucifer, nothing, in short, of what Gerard Manley Hopkins called "the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation"—nothing even of youthful cynicism or disenchantment. This makes his exemplary position in modern letters the more remarkable, since poetry is often regarded as a special property of youth. For many people and particularly since the Romantic Revival, the word "poet" continues to carry with it the image of a young man—or at least of a man who has kept alive the fire and faith of youth when for the rest of us these have turned cold. (Even the enjoyment of poetry is sometimes thought of as an exclusively youthful occupation. "The fact had better be faced," a practising poet has warned his fellows quite recently, "that very few people continue to read poetry after a certain age, after they have left their universities or have 'sold out' to their jobs or positions in the modern world.")

The poet, of course, if he is spared, has sooner or later to come to terms with age. An anthology might be—perhaps has been—compiled of the moods and attitudes with which this physical challenge is at last accepted. A great part of such an anthology would be no more than "coming to terms", balancing the mere hope of wisdom against the inescapable remembrance of things past. Nostalgia, most facile of poetic moods, is in itself a supporter of the feeling that

youth is the heyday of poetry and Sophocles' praise of old age as a release from the torments of Eros will always seem a little suspect.

It is also true, of course, that the vision of some poets is not only mellowed but enlarged and strengthened by age. One thinks at once of W. B. Yeats. He himself claimed that his poetry grew younger as he grew older and there is an extraordinary adventurousness, energy and range of attitudes in his last poems which lift them above anything he wrote in his early or middle periods. Louis MacNeice, in his book on Yeats, thinks that "Yeats' efflorescence in old age is perhaps unique in recent English poetry . . . and we might perhaps contrast Wordsworth and Tennyson, both of whom were intellectually more gifted than Yeats, but who starting, like him, as poets of sentiment, failed in their old age to pass beyond their outgrown sentimental attitude."

The case of T. S. Eliot is altogether different. In the first place, it would be presumptuous to speak of his poetry as the work of an old man—*Little Gidding*, the last of the *Four Quartets*, was completed before he was 54. His uniqueness amongst poets lies in the fact that almost from the outset of his poetic career he has set himself to explore the meaning of age, as another poet might explore sexual love. Moreover, he does not treat age as a purely personal hazard, an enemy lying in wait who must be dared into the open, as many other poets have done. Those poems of Yeats, for instance, which deal explicitly with old age are almost always highly personal—whether it is the irrepressible defiance of

I pray—for fashion's word is out  
And prayer comes round again—  
That I may seem, though I die old,  
A foolish, passionate man.

or the more positive assurance of

Grant me an old man's frenzy . . .  
A mind Michael Angelo knew  
That can pierce the clouds  
Or inspired by frenzy  
Shake the dead in their shrouds,  
Forgotten else by mankind  
An old man's eagle mind.

T. S. Eliot, however, deals much more impersonally with age as a universal problem, a problem of civilizations as well as of human beings. In both cases the symptoms and the effects seem to be much the same. In *Gerontion* the two are made one; the old man of the poem is the decrepitude of Western civilization. In later poems Eliot moves away from social and cultural senility towards the ageing individual. Accordingly an "I" is more often to be found in these poems, particularly in *Ash Wednesday* and the *Four Quartets*. But

this "I", though it certainly includes the poet, is much less an autobiographical figure than a dramatized type of Christian Man—the penitent in *Ash Wednesday*, the believer-in-waiting in *Four Quartets*. The American critic who was irritated by Mr. Eliot's line at the beginning of *Ash Wednesday*

Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings ?

failed to appreciate this distinction. ("And I am made a little tired at hearing Eliot, only in his early forties, present himself as an 'aged eagle' . . ."—Edmund Wilson in *Axel's Castle*.) In medieval emblem-fables, the eagle renewed its youth by flying up into the circle of fire and then plunging into a fountain of water. T. S. Eliot is here speaking "emblematically"—not personally—of that universal antipathy to regeneration which hardens with age, to the extent that death begins to be preferred to change. This was an implicit theme in his earlier poem *The Waste Land*, and indeed explicit in the epigraph in the complaint of the ancient Sibyl: "I wish to die." The same theme attracted W. H. Auden a decade later when he wrote in *The Dance of Death*, for instance, of a society whose members "dream of a new life but secretly desire the old, for there is death inside them."

*Prufrock*, the first of T. S. Eliot's important poems, is a study of middle age rather than old age, but a middle age informed throughout by premonitions of defeat, with which old age is synonymous in his earlier poetry. Three separate aspects of age can be elicited from this poem. First there is the paralysing ennui of habituation:

For I have known them all already, known them all—  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons ;

secondly there is the fear of old age :

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.  
Shall I part my hair behind ? Do I dare to eat a peach ?

Thirdly there is the sense of the irrecoverable loss of youth's vision, summed up in the romantic closing lines about the mermaids and the sea-girls.

The total impact of the poem is comic and it is possible to read it simply as a skit on the cultivated, middle-aged, middle-class introvert who is completely incapable of dealing with a real emotional situation. Yet it is hard to avoid the feeling that *Prufrock* means a good deal more than this, means a good deal more, even, than the allegory one critic found in it, where Prufrock is Mr. Eliot himself wooing the intelligentsia of his day. The essence of Prufrock's predicament is self-consciousness and this is precisely the predicament of western civilization in the twentieth century, an age obsessed with analysis and revaluation, an age which is aware of having outgrown its initial

inspiration of myth and religion but, trained in doubt and hardened with history, has already lost faith in its new teachers. Once Prufrock has been thought of as in some way the voice of western culture, certain of his observations begin to vibrate with a new significance.

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.

Mr. Eliot's use of the capital letter here, together with the (in this context) ambiguous word "eternal", now gives the whole passage an air of portent. The eternal Footman seems to become a sort of heavenly doorkeeper through whose hands western man has to pass. Again the "mermaids" passage at the end, which might superficially be taken to mean that Prufrock is merely a frustrated romantic, can be given a much wider reference. The mermaids and the sea-chambers stand for the mythological dawn of civilization and the "human voices" (which "wake us, and we drown") are the voices of humanism, the rationalists who uproot creative myth but leave in its place nothing but the rueful and self-deprecating scepticism of which Prufrock is a living monument.

Other poems of the *Prufrock* period abound in images, sensuous and cerebral, of the exhaustion, sterility and corruption of old age. "The burnt-out ends of smoky days," withered leaves, the rusty spring in the factory yard "hard and curled and ready to snap," the old crab with barnacles on his back, all these reflect the way in which the theme of age was forcing itself upon the poet. Both the images and the idea of personifying the old age of civilization are dramatically integrated in *Gerontion*, T. S. Eliot's next major poem and the first direct expression of this theme. In a sense, *Gerontion* is the senility of Prufrock. There are certain differences. The humour of the earlier poem has entirely disappeared and Eliot's use of the diminutive ending *-ion* seems to imply that his protagonist is not merely old but even contemptible. Moreover, *Gerontion* is made from the outset to speak quite unmistakably for the whole of western culture, whereas Prufrock's allegory is delicate and tentative. Nevertheless, *Gerontion's* doom, though correspondingly more drastic, lies like Prufrock's in the nullifying effects of excessive self-consciousness, the obverse as it were of old age's vaunted understanding.

What might be called the anti-heroism of Prufrock ("No ! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be") is found in the opening lines of *Gerontion* :

I was neither at the hot gates  
Nor fought in the warm rain  
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,  
Bitten by flies, fought.

In this respect the old man differs from Tennyson's Ulysses (in some ways his Victorian forerunner) whose latter years are haunted by memories of delightful battle. It might be objected that if Gerontion stands for the whole of western culture, then he *did* take part in that crucial battle of civilization at Thermopylae ("the hot gates"). But in the knowledge of the complete alienation of his present self from its heroic prime, the old man repudiates even the achievements of that prime.

Gerontion is trapped by the Nemesis of knowledge. "I have no ghosts," he says and "ghosts" may be taken to mean the last remnants of irrational belief. His vision of civilization's spiritual foundering is accompanied by the awareness of his own physical helplessness.

I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch :  
How should I use them for your closer contact ?

His knowledge of reality distinguishes him from those (Prufrock's "humanists", perhaps) who

Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,  
With pungent sauces, multiply variety  
In a wilderness of mirrors,

but it cannot save him. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness ?" The apocalyptic ruin at the poem's ending claims him with the rest.

The old man may be said to reappear in *The Waste Land*, in the guise of the old blind prophet Tiresias. The resemblance between the two is not merely one of age and premonition—it is also one of dramatic function. In *Gerontion*, the "action" of the poem is in the old man's brain. In *The Waste Land*, a similarly unifying rôle can be ascribed to Tiresias. T. S. Eliot's own note tells us that "Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a 'character' is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest . . . . What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem." Tiresias, as well as being a seer, has also been both man and woman in his own lifetime, and he represents therefore, even more appropriately than Gerontion, what F. R. Leavis in *New Bearings in English Poetry* has called "an inclusive human consciousness." Both poems are the thoughts of an old civilization.

Eliot's attempt to communicate these thoughts accounts for his distinctive technique, foreshadowed in *Prufrock*, developed in *Gerontion* and perfected in *The Waste Land*—its non-literary syntax, subterranean associations and multilingual memories, which are well suited to so mixed and cosmopolitan a culture as ours. The method has an immediate and impersonal effect. The poet never obtrudes himself in the rôle of editor or moralist.

Of *The Waste Land* nothing further need be said here beyond the fact that to the impotence and decay of age has now been added its

pathological fear of restoration and its hankering for death. *The Hollow Men*, published some two years later, seems at first sight to plumb still darker depths of despair even than *Gerontion*. Civilization has now become "the Old Guy", the scarecrow. Gerontion's head at least retained thoughts, however dry—the headpieces of the *Hollow Men* are stuffed with straw. Yet some critics have seen this as a poem not of despair but transition. Miss Helen Gardner in *The Art of T. S. Eliot* even suggests that in the famous closing lines

This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper

the whimper may be "that first faint querulous sound which tells us that a child is born . . ." (Surely this is more of a yelp than a whimper ?) It is true there are hints in this poem, especially in the final tug-of-war between the effort to pray and the weight of the temporal world, of what Mr. Eliot later described as the "time of tension between dying and birth"—but there is a danger in such retrospective criticism of committing him to an attitude he had not yet worked out. What might be said, however, is that the old men are hollow because they have been emptied—emptied of the secular affections, amongst other things, which still preoccupied the actors in *Gerontion*—and that they are now, conceivably, ready to be refilled.

At any rate, there is a generic change in T. S. Eliot's treatment of age in the subsequent group of poems heralded by *Ash Wednesday*. Hitherto age has been seen as a form of death-in-life ("We who were living are now dying With a little patience."). Now, although the concept perhaps remains unchanged, the references of death and life have been radically revalued, not to say reversed. From now on, his poems are continually exercised by the mysterious Christian paradox that birth is a kind of dying—the death that is necessary to spiritual life. The paradox was partially foreshadowed in *The Waste Land*, in the context of pagan vegetation ceremonies :

That corpse you planted last year in your garden,  
Has it begun to sprout ? Will it bloom this year ?

Now it is explored more profoundly, in the manner of the medieval mystics.

*Ash Wednesday*, as the title suggests, is a poem of purgation and preparation. That these are also seen as a special problem of old age may be gathered from the opening line

Because I do not hope to turn again.

This line is a rendering from a poem written by the thirteenth-century metaphysical poet and friend of Dante, Guido Cavalcanti. It was written in exile, and on the verge of death, and may therefore be taken to signify that acute sense of deprivation with which old age is first apprehended. The age *motif* is further emphasized by the

"aged eagle" reference mentioned earlier. The eagle's wings reappear towards the end of this section of the poem, and charged with peculiar meaning:

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly  
But merely vans to beat the air . . .

The flight of wings may be taken as a conventional figure for the youthful life of the senses—but in old age the wings have not entirely ceased to function. They have *changed* their function. The word "vans" is specially interesting, as it combines three notions. It is an *archaism* for "wings" (suggesting obsolescence) but it also means "winnowing fans" and even a windmill's "sails", both of which are genuinely functional. This redistribution of faculties in age, a new use for old forms, as it were, epitomizes Eliot's revised approach to age. It comes out still more strongly in the prayer which unifies *Ash Wednesday*: "Teach us to sit still." In *Gerontion*, the old man "driven to a sleepy corner" sat still by necessity. The posture was hopeless and negative. Now there are felt to be creative possibilities in that stillness.

This lesson, of course, is one of the hardest in the world. For while old age, by its release from sensuous distractions, might seem to be particularly receptive to the counsels of the spirit, it is also correspondingly subject to a profound longing for sleep and conclusion. This longing is latent in much of the poetry of the dying nineteenth century—its inconsolable languor and *accidie* have been commented on by critics from Walter Pater onwards. This crucial dilemma of age is treated most movingly in some of the so-called "Ariel" poems which belong to the same period as *Ash Wednesday*. In three of them—*Journey of the Magi*, *A Song for Simeon* and *Marina*—T. S. Eliot returns to his device of dramatizing the thoughts of an old man. The spokesman of the Magi, though aware of portent in the Birth they had come to see, speaks of it as "hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death," and, knowing that life can never now be the same, would "be glad of another death". Simeon, a believer but rooted in the old order of belief, prefers death to the terrible revolution of the New Covenant. (In *Marina*, though the old King Pericles wavers in the same ambivalent twilight, there is a fresher and more hopeful note than in any preceding poem of Mr. Eliot's.)

The remaining "Ariel" poem, *Animula*, which describes the soul's progress through a life-cycle, ends with a prayer which is a reversal of the expected: "Pray for us now and at the hour of our birth" (my italics). This paradox of a pre-natal old age informs Eliot's latest poetic work, the *Four Quartets*. It is interesting to note that the setting of each Quartet is one of temporal age in some aspect. In *Burnt Norton*, there is the silent house and deserted

garden, with its drained, dry pool. *East Coker* is the Somerset village from which the poet's sixteenth century ancestors abandoned the Old World for the New. The river in *The Dry Salvages* is in some sense the river of life or time, considered at the very point where it flows into the sea of eternity. It carries all the weight—literally the dead weight—of history, "its cargo of dead Negroes, cows and chicken coops. . . ." *Little Gidding* is the site of Nicholas Ferrar's seventeenth-century experiment in a Christian community (a place "where prayer has been valid"), now derelict and even carrying a special association of defeat in the reference to the "broken king" visiting it by night (Charles I on the eve of his surrender at Newark). Against such allusive or dominant backgrounds, the poet draws still closer to the mystery of passivity, the utterly neutral "darkness of God" (or "dark night of the soul"), the purgatorial prerequisite of divine communion.

*Four Quartets* has by now received its share of attention from the commentators and there is no need here for further analysis. T. S. Eliot's direct references to old age in these poems, however, are worth a mention perhaps. The Dantesque apparition in *Little Gidding* who converses with the poet catalogues "the gifts reserved for age" in a memorably sardonic passage which begins with an echo of *Gerontion*:

First, the cold friction of expiring sense  
Without enchantment, offering no promise  
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit  
As body and soul begin to fall asunder. . . .

Earlier, in *East Coker*, the poet has discounted equally grimly the conventional "autumnal serenity and wisdom of age":

Do not let me hear  
Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly,  
Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession,  
Of belonging to another, or to others, or to God.  
The only wisdom we can hope to acquire  
Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.

No prospect of comfortable retirement emerges from Mr. Eliot's studies of age. Whether the end is death or rebirth, there is nothing in store but pain, cold, darkness, desolation and despair. But for an ageing civilization, whose symptoms of aridity and disintegration, as mirrored by *Gerontion* or *Tiresias*, can hardly be overlooked any longer, this is the most pertinent and perhaps the only kind of poetry we have a right to expect.

## EASTER MATINS

BY W. S. HILL-REID

Here amid these Norman stones I stand  
 Afore the lectern with them cherubims  
 Resting the Holy Script upon their heads  
 As if it weighed no more nor thistledown.  
 'Tis Easter morn and though no scholar I  
 Parson he asks me read the second lesson  
 'Cause as he often says, 'twere proper thus  
 That at this gladsome time, one such as me  
 Should send the message ringing out about ;  
 A worker on the land ; a man of soil  
 Who knows the Season's, Church's festival,  
 Not by no calendar, but by the palms  
 That peep out shyly from some briar bush  
 And by their pussy heads tell us that soon  
 Summer, so rich, will flood itself upon us  
 Like a warm, golden river in its spate  
 And carry us into brown Autumn's mist  
 And then into dead Winter's cruelty.  
 'Tis proper wonderful to search the aisle  
 And con the faces of the listeners :  
 Jim Akermaster and his long wife, Sue,  
 Him and her married now these forty year ;  
 And William Roote whose great arms down at forge  
 Could lift a bullock's fore-legs off the ground  
 When he be younger than he do be now.  
 And Gratton up at garage ; he can swear  
 And drink his pint and kiss the willing gals ;  
 Aye, more'n that, my missus often says,  
 But he do sing so hearty in the psalms  
 That what he do in week don't signify.  
 Then shyly in the back hides Janet Fare  
 Grey and sharp-tongued ; a servant of the State  
 Although she do sell t'other things as well,  
 Marbles and string, sweeties and jars of ink,  
 And pills for ' screws ' laced on a cardboard square.  
 In the front pew, straight as my new-turned ridge,  
 Blue-red of skin and tidy of moustache  
 'Long with his lady and their fair boy, Tom,  
 Sits Colonel Frosdyke as his father did,  
 Aye, and his father's father too and longer still ;  
 For they do say my family have served  
 Two hundred mortal years up at the Park  
 And n'er a change of ownership, thank God !

## EASTER MATINS

195

Not that I think nought ill of Mr. Pym ;  
 He what comes down for week-ends regular  
 In his great car with lamps all over it  
 Wearing his country suit and sportsman's hat  
 As if he knowed they somehow bogerous were.  
 But t'aint the same quite ; Easter morn don't call  
 Him to this holy place ; nor do he larn  
 The names of likes of me ; nor can he say  
 Which of the fields be barley, wheat or oats,  
 Which bird be wren, or which be finch or thrush,  
 Which trees be birch or ash or oak or larch,  
 Though they do say he know a mop of things  
 That we down here have never heard about.  
 And then there's old Parson, a most reverend Sir  
 Calm in his stall ; as if he spoke to Him  
 Secretly and in such a ghostly way  
 As can be clearly heard above the sky :  
 Seems since he lost his boy at Alamein  
 He do more wistfully glance to that vast space  
 And a more gentle manner rides with him ;  
 Though to be sure he always were soft spoke,  
 Always a smiling word for worried folk ;  
 Though have I heard his pay aren't half so good  
 As many of us who can scarcely read.  
 'Tis proper shame, but 'tis how things be now  
 Yet I have never seed him argufy  
 No, nor his missus, bless her rosy heart,  
 As to the rights and wrongs of such a thing.  
 Ah ! I must keep me mind about the job,  
 Forget them snuffling angels in the choir  
 And the sharp wheezing of old Ted Egan  
 As he do blow them bellars up and down  
 In the loud chorus of the Gloria.  
 Nor watch the ruby beams of Easter sun,  
 Lovely and melting as they work their way  
 Through the sweet windows of the timbered East  
 And fall so smiling on the chancel steps ;  
 Moving across as slow as clock's small hand  
 And telling us our mortal lives be short.  
 Now do I read the words from this great book  
 And as I read there seems to come to me  
 Something so wondrous strange, and I do feel  
 That if I've got to rise again from deathly grave  
 May I return to this here gracious place ;  
 This bit of England I do love so well.

## CAPABILITY BROWN

BY NORMAN NICHOLSON

A FEW lines from "The Rise and Progress of the Present Taste in Planting" reveal how the eighteenth century regarded one of her most extraordinary men, and suggest also how his name became a legend and even something of a joke to later generations :

For both the Sister Arts in him combin'd,  
Enrich the great ideas of his mind ;  
And these still brighten all his vast designs,  
For here the Painter, there the Poet shines ! . . .  
He barren tracts with every charm illumines,  
At his command a new Creation blooms ;  
Born to grace Nature and her works complete,  
With all that's beautiful, sublime and great !  
For him each Muse enwreathes the Laurel Crown,  
And consecrates to Fame immortal Brown.

It is to explain that legend and, at least in part, to explain away that joke that Miss Stroud has written this biography\*—a work of careful and thorough research, which brings with it not so much the smell of old letters and account books, as the shade and shimmer of lakes and gardens. Brown, as Mr. Christopher Hussey says in his short but authoritative introduction, was the greatest exponent of the Ideal Landscape. After his time came the "impresarios of the Picturesque", Uvedale Price and Payne Knight, who were concerned primarily with visual values, conceiving the countryside in terms of the view, of the picture. But Brown was more of a poet than a painter, and never allowed the principles of pictorial composition to dominate his designs. Hannah More, in a letter, tells how he compared his art with that of literature. "Now *there*," said he, pointing his finger, "I make a comma, and *there*," pointing to another spot, "where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon." Such language would not come naturally to one such as William Gilpin, to whom painting was the dominant and almost all-inclusive art.

Brown's landscape, says Mr. Hussey, was a natural expression of the liberal humanism of the eighteenth century. In his work, and in that of William Kent (especially at Stowe, where, according to Miss Stroud, Brown worked under Kent's direction) there was a vision of

Paradise Regained. Man, by his Fall, had dragged down Nature with him, had defaced the beauty of Eden. And now that Man had raised himself again to the true nobility of his powers, had, to all intents, freed himself from Original Sin, he was able to raise Nature with him. He was able, in fact, to restore to Nature that Original Beauty which God (or perhaps it would be better to say the Great Artificer) had intended for her.

But, of course, even in the eighteenth century Man did not know what Eden really looked like, and he had therefore to build his conception with hints and memories drawn from painting and literature. Claude, Poussin, Salvador Rosa, Thomson, Milton, Spenser—these provided the ingredients of the Ideal Landscape if they did not already, as later, dictate the actual designs. Philosophy too, made its contribution. Burke had divided aesthetic emotion into two classes—that of the Sublime and that of the Beautiful ; the former aroused by the sensations of danger, the latter by the sensations of love and sex. The Sublime was a bit beyond the resources of the average Georgian squire, but the Beautiful was more easily achieved, depending, according to Burke, on the attributes of Smallness, Smoothness, Roundness and Gentle Graduation. These, translated into landscape, become the winding paths, the serpentine rivers and lakes, the undulating lawns and fields, the encircling belts of woodland, and the misty, swelling distances of wooded hill and hollow—all of which are typical of the Brownian method.

Such ambitious schemes involved great expense and immense labour—the grubbing up of hedges, the filling of ditches, the laying of drains, the felling and planting of trees, the turfing of slopes, the levelling of hillocks, the damming of streams, the flooding of valleys. On account of this expense and of the destruction of former gardens and of natural features, Brown was severely criticized by his immediate successors, but Miss Stroud makes a good case for believing that his 'destructions' were not as drastic or as arbitrary as has been thought. Whenever he could, for instance, he retained old avenues and copses, and, anyway, he planted much more than he felled—and it is said that when he was appointed Royal Gardener at Hampton Court, he turned down, "out of respect for himself and his profession," George III's suggestion to sweep away the formal layout on the east side. To-day, certainly, those of his works which survive are often things of great beauty, lovely archaisms, as uneasy in our civilization as a Gainsborough girl at a jitterbug session. Time, indeed, has treated them more kindly than the work of many poets, painters and composers who were Brown's contemporaries. But if we admit with Mr. Hussey that he was in a way a 'four-dimensional' artist, we must remember that time has looked kindly, too, on many a hedge, a pool, a bridge, or an old hovel that once had little to commend

\* *Capability Brown*, by Dorothy Stroud. *Country Life*. 2 guineas.

itself to the eye. I know a worked-out iron ore mine which time, in no more than fifty years, has changed into a place as enchanting as all the grottos and water-gardens of the east, with its aviary of birds and its rockery of rare flowers.

Lancelot Brown was born in 1716 at a village in Northumberland. He attended a local school, and when he left at the age of 16, became a gardener on the nearby estate of Sir William Loraine. Here he learned the rudiments of his craft, planting, ditching, draining, and horticulture, so that when, seven years later, he decided to travel south in search of fortune, he was able to find work first of all with Sir Richard Grenville at Wootton in Oxfordshire, and then with Grenville's brother-in-law, Lord Cobham, at Stowe. The gardens at Stowe, through the work of Bridgeman, Vanbrugh and Kent, were already famous throughout the country, and young Brown must have been delighted at the opportunity to show his talent. He was soon promoted from the kitchen garden to the post of head-gardener, where he had to carry out the extensive improvements planned by Kent. Whether he himself had a hand in the planning is not quite certain (though Miss Stroud convinces us of its likeliness), but soon, at any rate, he was advising Lord Cobham's friends and neighbours on the embellishment of their estates, and in 1749, he came to London and set up on his own as a professional artist in landscape. From then onwards his career was one of immense success. He re-planned 'seat' after 'seat', practised also as an architect (with greater skill than has usually been acknowledged), formed a business association with the building firm of Holland, and married his daughter to a younger member of that firm, the tasteful and talented Henry. He was industrious and thorough, personally supervising all the projects for which he was responsible, never allowing shoddy or unreliable workmanship. His fees were high, but he was careful with his expenses and scrupulous in his accounts. As the years passed, he became adviser to half the nobility in the country, the friend of the king, and, at one time, a peace-maker between him and Lord Chatham. And when he died in 1783, he had signed his name across England with a boldness and individuality which was not to be equalled till a very different landscapist, George Stephenson, arrived in the next century.

Miss Stroud tells this story with a wealth of detail and document. It surprises us when she puts Lowther Castle in Northumberland (it would have surprised Capability's son, too, when he tried to obtain Sir James Lowther's support as candidate for the borough of Cockermouth), but elsewhere she shows the most diligent scholarship and care. Her book is illustrated with reproductions of Brown's own designs, and with many photographs of his works as they appear to-day—and these latter make by far his most eloquent advocates.

Yet, when we have admitted his genius, and acknowledged his part in shaping (or should one say lifting ?) the face of England, it is still scarcely possible to think of him without a smile. That apt and slightly ridiculous nickname has not stuck throughout two centuries for no reason. His face in the portraits has an almost coy cock-sureness—the huge nose handed on like a dowry with his daughter, the prim, self-satisfied, schoolmaster mouth. His contemporaries, however much they admired his work, rarely referred to him without a raised eyebrow ; “ Mr. Brown sees great Capabilities in the stable,” they would say, quizzing him quietly even while they employed him. And there were the stories which circulated among his clients. How when he had completed the lakes at Blenheim, he exclaimed : “ Thames, thou wilt never forgive me ” ; how he told one landowner : “ My Lord, there is nothing to be done here unless you plant one half of your estate and lay the other under water.” The stories are possibly false, the legend exaggerated, but it can scarcely have been altogether unfounded.

Of course, a good deal of the criticism which was directed against Capability in the latter part of the eighteenth century came from the connoisseurs of the Picturesque. These, demanding a purely visual approach and delighting in such “ picturesque ” (in the debased sense of the word) objects as ruined towers and gothic dairies, protested against Brown's humanist landscape. True he could ‘ gothicize ’ a stable when requested, and at Alnwick he contrived to adapt the ruins of a convent into a menagerie, but on the whole he avoided the fashionable extravagances of the new school. At Kew, for instance, he quickly got rid of Merlin's Cave, a fantastic grotto-like affair, where Stephen Duck, the ploughman poetaster held court with the wax effigies of Queen Elizabeth and others. In such matters he has our complete support.

But not all the criticism came from the disciples of Gilpin or of Horace Walpole. Pope, for instance, who had a real appreciation of the principles on which Brown worked, satirizes the excesses of the movement and preaches a more practical kind of estate management :

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,  
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase . . .  
Whose ample Lawns are not ashamed to feed  
The milky heifer and deserving steed ;  
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,  
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow :  
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,  
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.

Compared with Pope, Cowper is less anxious to score a point, but more truly concerned for the fate of the countryside which he knew

and understood so well, He too, criticizes the expense of landscape gardening, but his comments probe deeper than Pope's :

Lo, he comes !  
Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears !  
Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode  
Of our forefathers—a grave, whisker'd race,  
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,  
But in a distant spot ; where, more expos'd,  
It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,  
And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd  
Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.  
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn ;  
Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise :  
And streams, as if created for his use,  
Pursue the track of his directing wand.

The arguments may be rather unfair, but taken together these two extracts expose the fundamental weakness of the movement which Brown represented. As long as it restricted itself to the garden proper, it added greatly to the art of living, but when it stretched out to more ambitious schemes, it was guilty of grave disproportion, becoming, in fact, an expression of social pride and spiritual complacency. It subdued the traditional life of the countryside for the sake of a view ; it reduced the complex reality of the natural world to mere aesthetics. Man treated Nature, in Cowper's phrase, "as if created for his use." In other words, Man aspired to the ultimate romantic heresy of playing at being himself the creator, a heresy which found its final expression in such fantasies as Frankenstein.

Moreover, all other things were sacrificed to landscape at the very time when it was beginning to decay as an imaginative force in western civilization. It is true that this decay took a long time to manifest itself and, in the meantime, Wordsworth, Constable and Turner raised Nature to a religion for many. Wordsworth, however, when he looked at Nature grew more and more to see, not landscape, but rocks and stones and trees, while science teaches us to see cells and bacteria and atoms. To-day almost everyone enjoys a view, but the imaginative man can no longer accept it as a convincing image of reality. He knows that landscape is a subjective conception, a creation of the mind and brain, very far removed from the ultimate truth about the natural world, so that when he paints it he acknowledges, quite frankly, that he is painting his own thoughts. Only by concentrating on small, concrete objects—a boulder, a bunch of mushrooms, a fallen tree—can he hope to get anywhere near representation of the thing seen, and then only from a point of view which must seem quite irrelevant to the thing itself.

Nature, in fact, in the mind of modern man, seems to be approach-

ing close to the primal chaos from which she was formed, and beside this lack of confidence in our understanding of the external world, Brown's grandiose conceptions seem curiously futile. Nevertheless, because they are a significant and beautiful product of one phase of the human spirit, we ought to preserve them as long as we can, and perhaps, some day, a new synthesis will enable us to see in them a coherence which was not dreamed of even by Capability himself.

## LULLABY FOR A COUNTRY CHILD

BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE

Sleep, Sleep,  
Let tread come soft,  
Speech come low,  
Night come swift,  
Wheel turn slow.

Sleep, Sleep,  
Call cat to fire,  
Dog to kennel,  
Bird to nest,  
Cow to byre,  
Child to cradle,  
All to rest.

69531

## THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

### GOTHIC AND GREEK ARCHITECTURE

BY F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

"**B**UILD A PORCH," wrote John Ruskin, "or point a window if you can do nothing else; and remember that it is the chief glory of Gothic Architecture that it can do anything." In the limited sense of building versatility, Ruskin was uncontestedly right. But despite its many-sidedness, as John Harvey writes in his Introduction,\* "it never assimilated the true dome and even had difficulty in using the centralized plan itself. It is clear that such limitations had little to do with structure for the ingenuity and skill of the greatest Gothic architects was unlimited. Here was rather an inhibition of the Gothic spirit."

He goes on to point out that a measurement of the confines within which the Gothic designers worked, a survey of those architectural elements which they admitted or refused is an approach to a realization of the mental foundations on which the art was built. The deliberate avoidance of some forms and the adoption of others was conditioned to some extent, perhaps, by a desire to preserve homogeneity and avoid incongruity. This selectiveness, however, set no limit on the endless variety of Gothic shapes, either in mass or detail. Such flexible and inventive use of form and ornament was only made possible by an assured mastery of new constructional methods, of which the most significant was the development of the pointed arch. That is not to say, as some have said, that the whole Gothic achievement was the result of perfecting a construction for butting two segments of an arch, one against the other, with a vertical joint at the apex. The true significance of the broken arch was that it was the perfect

idiom to express an imagination that reached heavenwards. It enabled the designers to envisage space enclosed in upward, soaring lines and to place such reliance on the nicely balanced stresses of the upright framework that the walls were no more than a sheltering fabric, pierced in elaborately patterned apertures to house the richly coloured transparency of stained glass.

John Harvey's survey of the Gothic world combines the authoritative approach of an historian with the sensitive assessments of an artist. Consequently, it is a convincing and enthusiastic work. His concern is largely with architecture because, as he says, it was the trunk from which the other arts grew as lesser branches. Using the utmost care in his choice of terms, he defines those occupied with Gothic building under the headings of architect, craftsman and worker. The architect was an artist, the creative initiator of the design, of the mental concept as distinct from the measured projections or working drawings. The craftsman was an imitator, trained in dexterity to give material expression to the artist's design. The workman served artist and craftsman as an unskilled labourer. The term architecture, John Harvey applies to building which is "the outcome of fresh creative thought", which "has been designed for a specific purpose" and which "durably fulfils its purpose". He develops his definition further to consider how far the architect was concerned with a deliberate aesthetic appeal in his design. "At the outset," he writes, "we are faced with the difficulty that men of the Gothic period did not discuss the problems of aesthetic criticism, or if they did, their views have

## THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

203

not been preserved." Judgments on art and theories of beauty were, however, freely expressed by Gothic writers and philosophers. Moreover, there is such abundant evidence of manifest aesthetic intention in the great example of Gothic building that the question is, not whether their beauty is merely extrinsic to the purpose for which they were built, but rather to what extent an idea of beauty, a desire to please the eye was a conscious part of the designer's conception.

Throughout the period, there was a conflict of views between those who, like St. Bernard and the Cistercians, maintained with passionate intensity that physical beauty was a sinful distraction and those who, like the influential Abbot Suger, the minister of Louis VI, condemned rigid asceticism and sought an intelligent compromise between extravagance and austerity. Initially, neither point of view was stated in terms of an aesthetic proposition. At a later time when scholars, suffused with Aristotelian research, sought to put a definitive outline round every aspect of life, a more or less strict code was applied to the decorative and ornamental features of architecture. But the design of buildings, conditioned as it was, by a great variety of purposes, climates and available materials, could not easily be confined to a set of formulae. Apart from this, the project of erecting a large building involved problems of planning, construction and organization of such technical complexity as to outreach the capacity and experience of the scholars' minds. Those conventions that were adopted or imposed, were they rigid or pliant, did nothing to curb the production of endless variations of form and pattern, nor did they divert the designers from making constant reference to nature, the chief and abundant source of their inventiveness. "The exquisite balance between imitation of nature and adherence to conventions," John Harvey writes, "... is the chief glory of Gothic design."

As it was with Gothic, so with Greek. "If ever architects planned or designed with true originality, they were the Greeks. But it was the conservatism, the traditionalism of the style which, after its constructive form was fixed, gave us the masterpiece of culmination in Athens." The extract is from Professor Dinsmoor's volume\* which, in a new and revised edition, has made a very welcome reappearance. Here is the whole chronicle of Greek architectural achievement from the Aegean age, up to the pinnacle of the Attic phase and thence downwards to the period of Roman annexation. This history, most deservedly called a standard work, is planned so that the characteristic civilization of each phase may be seen in close relation to its social, political and geographical environment. "For what can tell of the Greeks more worthily", Professor Dinsmoor asks, "than the actual buildings which the wants and ideals of their civilization determined?"

**THE ARABS IN HISTORY**, by Bernard Lewis. *Hutchinson's University Library*. 7s. 6d.

Professor Lewis emphasizes in his preface that his book is not so much a history of the Arabs as an essay in interpretation. It is therefore essentially for students who already know a good deal about the narrative of Arab history; and for them it is a valuable and handy contribution to knowledge of the rôle the Arabs have played. He explains in attractive argument how a change came over the Arab Empire as it first grew bigger and bigger and then smaller and smaller; how the appeal of the purely Arab character of Mohamed's mission and of the religion which he founded, gradually weakened as one foreign people after another accepted Islam; and how, particularly after the golden age of the Arab Empire, it was Islam and not that vague thing—

\* *The Gothic World*, by John Harvey. Batsford. 30s.

\* *The Architecture of Ancient Greece*, by William Bell Dinsmoor. Batsford. 30s.

Arab nationalism—that bound the Islamic world together. The Arabs had launched Islam: but once launched, Islam itself slowly became less and less Arab.

It is interesting, too, to watch the secular powers of Islam—founded on Sharia Law from the tenets established by Mohamed's teaching—gradually becoming almost as important an Islamic link as the religion itself and how for the Islamic world at large it still holds its unique position. Professor Lewis's narrative, as it unfolds itself down the centuries, is deft and arresting; and then there is a swing of the pendulum.

The nineteenth century produced the Arab renaissance; and in the purely Arab world—that is in those parts where most of the population was Moslem and Arabic-speaking—there emerges a sort of revivalist Arab movement, starting in Beirut and spreading to Damascus, Baghdad and Cairo, with all the emphasis on Arab tradition, religion and history and on the veneration of spoken and written Arabic in its purest form. It is true, as Professor Lewis points out, that cohesive Arab nationalism does not yet exist and that the Arab League is more a power-politics alliance than a national movement; but the League would never have been born had there not been between its members not only the common threat of Zionism, but also a common pride in their common heritage of the greatness of the Arab past and the sanctity of the Arabic language. The League is, in fact, Arab rather than Islamic; whereas in world-wide Islam the purely Arab character of the religion as it was conceived, has tended to disappear.

Turning to the reactions of the Arabs to western influences and western inventions, Professor Lewis stresses the extent to which anything approaching a suggestion of western tutelage provokes deep Arab resentment. This mood has undoubtedly caused vague Arab suspicions *vis à vis* the United

Nations with whom they find themselves now associated. This may be a passing phase. If it does pass, the outcome may be a renewal of their society from within and a "meeting with the west on terms of equal co-operation, absorbing something of both its science and humanism not only in shadow but in substance, in a harmonious balance with their own inherited Arab tradition."

OWEN TWEEDY.

**THE TRAVELLER'S TREE**, by Patrick Leigh Fermor. John Murray. 21s.

For centuries the galaxy of Caribbean islands has been keeper of the gates of empire; for the Aztecs and the Incas, for the Spaniards, and, in our own day, for that Pan-American world in which, inevitably, the United States has been the dominant partner. To-day the islands of the Caribbean remain the guardians not only of the Panama Canal but of the "soft under-belly" of the United States and of that storehouse of raw materials which is Latin America. It is therefore natural that many have been led to contend for their possession, and through the centuries British, French, Dutch, Danish, Spanish and American cutlasses have all flashed in the Caribbean sun. The exploits of Drake and Hawkins, Rodney and Nelson, not to mention Sir Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd, assured the islands of the Spanish Main a firm place in the imagination; the exuberance of eighteenth century England owed much to the West Indies.

But that page has been turned. To-day the fate of nations is decided by sociology, and the Caribbean has all the ingredients that have gone into the problems we now face in Asia and Africa. Where else in the modern world do we find British, French, Dutch and United States colonies existing against so diverse a background and so close together? A proximity that makes easy a comparison of one with the other, and of all with the equally close examples of West Indian indepen-

dence—Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. And where else does the population consist so preponderantly of an alien race whose forbears were so recently forcibly carried off from their old homes to slavery in their new, and who to-day are still the victims, in varying degree, of racial discrimination?

The Caribbean islands offer every opportunity for a dull analysis in terms of over-development, under-development, birth-rates, living standards, and all the rest of the paraphernalia to which we are accustomed. But Mr. Leigh Fermor gives sympathy without sentimentality and information without statistics. His is an excellent book, in which the Caribbean islands come alive in all the light and shade of their places and peoples. He has approached his subject with an understanding humanity, a humility, almost, which makes it difficult to pick out for comment any one or two passages without being unfair to something else extraordinarily satisfying.

Mr. Leigh Fermor speaks of Spanish Town, Jamaica, as possessing that "late afternoon atmosphere peculiar to towns that have lost their importance." It can hardly escape any reader of this book that it is late afternoon in all these Caribbean islands. And what of the night? Mr. Leigh Fermor says he wrote his book "to give pleasure", and this, with its excellent photographs, it certainly does. But the book has a greater importance than that; for it can be properly regarded as essential to a proper understanding of these oft-forgotten islands, whose night—if it comes—will darken our horizon as well as theirs.

N. P. MACDONALD.

**THE GREEK TRAGIC POETS**, by D. W. Lucas. *Cohen and West*. 15s.  
**VIEWS OF ATTICA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS**, by Rex Warner. John Lehmann. 15s.

To appreciate or indeed to criticize properly the works of the great classical writers, we must first give our minds and

imaginations a clear understanding of the essential differences between our own day and theirs. Only so can these works make their contribution to the modern world with effect.

The aim of Mr. Lucas's book is to give an account of the writings of the three great tragic poets of Athens for the benefit first of those who approach them simply as poets and dramatists without having learned Greek. He has also kept in mind those who have learned enough to read some of the plays in the original and in his notes has met, with all the resources of modern scholarship, a number of problems more especially for such readers. The university student in particular should therefore welcome the book, and of those who have passed beyond that stage many will no doubt agree that it would have been a godsend when they first began to study these matters seriously. (Incidentally both sorts of reader will welcome the same publisher's announcement that Mr. Lucas's translations of the *Alcestis* and of the *Electra* are to be added shortly to his admirable prose versions of Euripides which are already available.)\*

To begin, short sketches of the political, economic and religious background of the age bring out the elements of permanence and stability so lacking in our own civilization, and the energy and enthusiasm prevalent in the newly won democracy. Mr. Lucas emphasizes the hope and vitality which were such marked features of that small world, so near the time when tradition merged into myth and the natural way to express new thought was by a new myth.

This account of fifth-century Athenian society is a necessary prelude to any discussion of the nature of Greek tragedy, which the author does not see as the necessary consequence of its environment; though he is concerned to stress its importance as an activity of

\**The Medea of Euripides and The Ion of Euripides*. Translated by D. W. Lucas. *Cohen and West*. 5s. each. (Reviewed in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, January 1950, by W. Thomson Hill.)

the whole community. It is in grasping with real understanding this latter concept that the modern mind finds by contrast one of its greatest difficulties.

An account of the development of the ideas of Aeschylus and of the dramatic form in which he expressed them is followed by individual consideration of each of the plays of Sophocles and by a more general review of the many plays of Euripides, with the more important ones treated at greater length. Mr. Lucas's analysis is masterly; this is shown particularly in discussing the poets' handling of character and their comparative unawareness of the mysteries of personality, since it is here more than anywhere else perhaps that the greatest significant differences between their literature and our own lie.

Mr. Warner has made no attempt to add another guide book or another archaeological study of Greece to the existing ones; he has rather produced a declaration of affection, a personal survey of the things that made him fall in love with Greece, both when he lived in Athens from 1945-1947 and on a subsequent visit. Mr. Warner is a poet, and has purposely said nothing about the internal troubles of Greece in the last decade; this does not mean that he is unaware of them, but that he is brave enough to admit to an inability to make judgments where he is ignorant of facts. This is a welcome contrast to the prevalent tendency among some writers to visit countries with their minds politically made up in advance.

Here is not a book for political reflections, but for the delight that simple everyday scenes and customs may give to a traveller, particularly when enhanced by the imagination of a writer steeped in the literature of the country and approaching what he sees with the enthusiasm of a lover. The book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs, which can hardly fail to induce in many, who have not had the opportunity of doing so, the desire to visit Greece and see for themselves.

J. F. BURNET.

**ESSAYS BY DIVERS HANDS.** New Series, Vol. XXV. Edited by Sir Edward Marsh. *Oxford University Press* for The Royal Society of Literature. 12s. 6d.

**ESSAYS AND STUDIES.** New Series, Vol. III. Collected by G. Rostrevor Hamilton for the English Association. *Murray*. 8s. 6d.

The almost simultaneous appearance of the latest volumes in the well-known series sponsored by two leading learned societies throws interesting light on some of the subjects engaging the attention of representative members of the intelligentsia to-day. Several of the R.S.L. essays take a bird's eye survey of the centuries from the classical period onwards. The widest sweep is in the essay by Dr. H. V. Routh on "This World's Idea of the Next" wherein he distinguishes the views on the after life of Socrates, Virgil, some medieval visionaries and Dante. Dr. (now Sir) C. M. Bowra takes us back to the golden period of Attic tragedy in his glowing panegyric on Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. "Though the form is not strictly Greek, its subject and its spirit are." On the other hand Mr. L. P. Wilkinson in "The Baroque Spirit in Ancient Art and Literature" illustrates the reaction against classic perfection of form. Baroque is "grandiose, arresting, theatrical." He traces it back to the third century B.C. in the epic of Apollonius and the poetry of Callimachus.

With Dr. Beatrice White's "Fact and Fancy in Medieval English Literature" we pass to a period whose "art can be considered a response to the prevailing trend towards allegory and mysticism." Hence the mixture in it of fact and fancy, fully illustrated. From a different angle Mr. G. M. Young approaches the middle ages in his suggestive essay on "Scott and History" where Sir Walter's revolution in the writing of medieval history is ascribed to his search for historic truth impartially and unconstrainedly. It is not

with Chatterton's medieval associations but his personal side that Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein deals in his interesting "A Bristol Friendship." He there prints and discusses two previously unknown letters to the poet from John Baker who sailed to Charleston on November 11, 1768.

Three striking articles of more modern import complete the volume. Professor Gordon Ray discusses *Vanity Fair*, with the sub-title: "One Version of the Novelist's Responsibility." For ten years drawing bitterly truthful pictures of contemporary life Thackeray had achieved only a limited reputation. But in 1846, partly owing to domestic circumstances, he went through a change of heart, and when he completed *Vanity Fair*, published in 1847-1848, he adopted a new ethical tone which won for him popularity.

Mr. Somerset Maugham, himself a master in that genre, discusses the development of "The Short Story" with examples from Maupassant, Poe,

Chekhov, Kipling and Katherine Mansfield. Mr. Charles Morgan, as it were, supplements this in "Turgenev's Treatment of a Love-Story", when he examines "First Love", "the only story in the world of which I am prepared to say that it is flawless."

The English Association volume also has several essays with extensive view. Mr. Owen Barfield in "Greek Thought in English Words", traces with subtle insight the development in our vocabulary of 'idea', 'species' and kindred terms from Plato and Aristotle onwards. Mr. Neville Coghill goes back to fourth-century Latin grammarians for the "parent stock" of the concept developed through the middle ages wherein he finds "the Basis of Shakespearean Comedy" essentially romantic, illustrated by original criticism derived from his experience as a producer of plays. Mr. E. C. Pettet in "Shakespeare's Conception of Poetry" finds in the passage beginning: "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" (M.N.D.)

## GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

### The Employment of the Blind

The degree to which blind people can adjust themselves to life and contribute valuable service to the community has been consistently underrated. Attitudes to the problem are in process of being recast and this report by a Working Party is thus a timely contribution to modern thought on the subject. 1s. 9d. (1s. 11d.)

### Civil Service Selection Board

Report on a controversial examination technique which was used in the Reconstruction Competitions. 1s. 9d. (1s. 11d.)

### Landing and Taking-off of Aircraft in Bad Weather

Recent flying accidents in bad weather have led to the examination, reported here, of the relative responsibilities of those concerned in decisions to use aerodromes in doubtful weather conditions. (Cmd. 8147). 9d. (10d.)

*Prices in brackets include postage*

## HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 169, London S.E.1.); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast;

*or through any bookseller.*

an analogy with Plato's view in *Ion* of the poet as "one inspired and out of his senses." On the other hand, "Our poetry is a gum which oozes" (*Timon of Athens*) has its counterpart in A. E. Housman's view of it as "a secretion." It is with further aspects of critical theory that Professor Tillotson deals in "Arnold and Pater", showing the different implications for the two writers of the view that the critic must "see the object as in itself it really is."

From critics the volume passes to novelists. Mr. Eric Forbes-Boyd has a discriminatingly appreciative study of "Disraeli, the Novelist" which should gain him new readers to-day. Mr. R. L. Green in "Stevenson in search of a Madonna" throws from unpublished letters favourable light on the relations between R.L.S. and Mrs. Sitwell, later Lady Colvin, who in 1873 became his inspiring friend. Miss P. H. Johnson in "Three Novelists and the Drawing of Character" contrasts the respective technique of C. P. Snow, Joyce Cary and Ivy Compton-Burnett.

F. S. BOAS.

**THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY**, an Argument and an Anthology, by Anthony Bertram. *Hollis & Carter*. 15s.

**SELECTED POEMS**, by Thomas Merton. With a Foreword by Robert Speaight. *Hollis & Carter*. 12s. 6d.

While some of us may question a little wryly Blake's motto on the title page: "For Every Pleasure Money Is useless", in *The Pleasures of Poverty* Mr. Bertram, by gathering together in 380 close pages a full and original anthology of prose and verse, has proved himself an apt enough exponent of the viewpoint that "the best things in life are free." He has drawn from extensive sources, such as the Bible, the Roman poets, the Fathers of the Desert, Italian, French, and German authors, but mostly from English writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a few

passages from the Victorians and the moderns. The metaphysicals naturally are well represented, and there is much of Abraham Cowley, to whose memory there is a dedication. Though the Argument of Mr. Bertram's collection, the explicit moralizing, extols the pleasures of poverty, it must be emphasized that in these days, when we are all more or less poor, comparative poverty only is his theme, as is contrariwise the bane of riches. Destitution is not intended, which is rightly regarded as an evil. Well, Wordsworth's plain living, if not high thinking, has certainly been forced upon us, and also there is much incentive to the latter in this book. Mr. Bertram hopes that *The Pleasures of Poverty* "will not be treated as an anthology to be dipped into but as a book to be read" and there is no doubt that if his invitation to solid reading is taken, the solace and spiritual uplift will be proportionately increased. At the same time this could make an almost ideal bedside book for the curious, so unhackneyed are some of the pieces. Perhaps the most rewarding section is that devoted to the proposition: "A Mind Content both Crown and Kingdom is."

The *Selected Poems* of Thomas Merton are introduced by an admirable, understanding and revealing Foreword by Robert Speaight. Thomas Merton, Mr. Speaight suggests as "the restless *littérateur* who has found peace and fulfilment in the discipline of the Cistercian Order . . . a Columbus of the spirit, navigating a more or less uncharted sea . . . who has given us the plain record of his journey in *Elected Silence* and the plain skeleton of his doctrine (which is that of St. John of the Cross) in *Seeds of Contemplation*." But here we have his song, based upon the most difficult theme of all, the understanding and interpretation of the love of God. On the hard problem of Thomas Merton's theme Mr. Speaight usefully comments: "Any intense experience of the human kind throws a radiance upon our path and transfigures the phenomena of our daily world. But

the religious experience, more often than not, plunges us in the dark." He goes on to claim for Merton's poems a deep sincerity and integrity of emotion, reminding us that "the chief pre-occupation of Thomas Merton is not poetry but prayer" and that the poetry is still in the making.

For the layman such a central pre-occupation with visionary things makes judgment cautious and tentative. It is clear, however, that Merton's direct apprehension of a material situation is valid so long as he chooses to exercise it. One is continually startled by his keen sensibility:

Someone who hears the bugle neigh will  
know  
How cold it is when sentries die by starlight.

Or:

And lifts her eyelids like the lids of treasures.

There is beauty in "Evening" and compassion in "The Bombarded City", sometimes a note of pure, almost hushed song, as in "Advent". One is

reminded of Sidney Keyes or perhaps of the influence of Eliot on Keyes, but without quite the liquid music or the symbolic clarity of either of those poets. If the compelled vision in Merton's poems is invariably vigorous, his unrhymed metres tend to become monotonous, and there are passages of obscurity for the uninitiate. But the best poems are memorable. "To the Immaculate Virgin, on a Winter Night" is a truly fine poem. I wish I had space to quote more of it.

Lady, the night is falling and the dark  
Steals all the blood from the scarred west.  
The stars come out and freeze my heart  
With drops of untouchable music, frail as ice  
And bitter as the new year's cross.

The roads are white, the fields are mute,  
There are no voices in the wood  
And trees make gallows up against the  
sharp-eyed stars.  
Oh where will Christ be killed again  
In the land of these dead men?

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

With the freeing of European Trade comes the amazing

**CONTEX**

the Adding Machine which has swept the continent



Precision built

Adds up to  
£99,999 19s. 11½d.

Accurate

Portable

The machine with  
a thousand uses

Price £16/10/0

Full details from the distributors:-

**REPTON'S Ltd., Victoria Road, Ashford, Kent**

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Just as Somerset Maugham is giving delight to both generations with the B.B.C. readings of his own stories, and hard on the cinema's discovery that they make good 'box office' in *Quartet* and *Trio* introduced by the "old party" himself, comes a volume to show that the art of the short story is not going to die with him, nor that it has been either ill or convalescent during the last 15 years.

**In good health**

ENGLISH STORIES FROM NEW WRITING (*Lehmann*, 10s. 6d.) begins, in "almost the exact chronological order", as John Lehmann the editor says, with Christopher Isherwood's picture of "The Nowaks" in Berlin's Wasser-torstrasse just before Hitler arrived, and "A Dark Red Chrysanthemum", which symbolized a lost airman to his mother, by Anthony Thorne is the last tale. There is the atmosphere of Elizabeth Bowen's wartime London in "Mysterious Kôr", and Alec Guinness's 90-foot schooner, with "the soft sighing sound in the rigging" to herald the storm through which she ran ammunition to the resistance group on a certain island (a long, long way from Lear's Fool). Of the 24 writers here, Rollo Woolley, Denton Welch, Alun Lewis and George Orwell are already dead, but Henry Green, William Sansom, P. H. Newby and Graham Greene are among the rest, of whom two women evoke childhood most poignantly. They are Julia Strachey and Rosamund Lehmann, the one of a nightmare of mother and school, the other in a sunlit holiday reverie. Not for the first time on this page is Rosamund Lehmann's small output deplored, although over-much handling of her special, delicate and delicious Muse might well strangle it.

**The rebel**

To one who admired D. H. Lawrence as a short-story teller, comes the reawakened regret that he did not leave the novel form alone and concentrate

on the other, and also on giving the world more of his coloured travel essays. If his particular Muse had been unhindered by his health, his temperament, his prophet's mantle and his enemy-friends, who can say that the less controversial result would have been a greater artist? To sweep away some of the perplexities of a group too near to see him clearly, and to encourage the young to discover what in him is true gold under the tinsel, Anthony West's D. H. LAWRENCE (*Arthur Barker*, 6s.) is a most efficient diviner-broom. Moreover, it is a book to put all the other ones—adulatory, bitter, and half and half—into their proper place in the pattern of the criticism of his life and work. Those who were sickened by the orgies of reminiscence after his death (and who must take on trust that he was a charming person when his actions are recorded so faithfully to prove him a churl), will be glad to see the emphasis here on the work, with a serious attempt to measure and assess Lawrence's impact on English letters.

**"Rab the Rhymer"**

Catherine Carswell was one of the biographical band whose studies in other spheres were preferred—in her case, it was *THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS* (dedicated in part to Lawrence), which is now re-issued by *Chatto & Windus* (16s.). Minor revisions have been made and illustrations added to a book which in 1930 to a Sassenach, who has since known and loved the countryside of Burns's birthplace, opened, as to Arthur Bryant—who is quoted on the dust jacket—"the door of a great treasure house; the literature and culture of Scotland."

**The glory that was Greece**

From Ayrshire's lusty ploughman to  
... that blind bard did him immortal make  
With verses ...

is a step to be taken in the company of the Cambridge University Reader in English. For 25 years F. L. Lucas has

been making translations which he has now collected into *GREEK POETRY FOR EVERYMAN* (*Dent*, 16s.). This pushes wide open the doors, round whose edges most of us but tentatively look, upon 15 centuries of literature from Homer to 550 A.D. Mr. Lucas has not tried, "except with Sapphics, to reproduce Greek lyric metres exactly: only to match their general structure... without torturing English rhythm." And the result is poetry that swings and rings, asking to be read aloud, haunting, mournful and glad. His notes, chronological table and Introduction, his commentaries linking passages and making the tales complete, his lightly-worn scholarship, his wit—"in poetry, unless one can lose oneself, one is losing one's time"—and commonsense too, seem to answer all the problems that could possibly arise. To one whose second visit to Italy has only strengthened the determination to follow all that inspiration to its source in Greece itself, this volume has already become a counsellor and friend.

**F. L. Lucas**

And but one week later, after what to most men would be a lifetime's labour, there appears another large book by F. L. Lucas, *LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY* (*Cassell*, 15s.) with all its predecessor's shortcomings and fun and... like... utterly lacking in and... like... or portentousness. It is thus free from fashionable jargon, dogmatic premises and explanations that are made to fit theories. Yet, under his treatment, Shakespeare does indeed "turn out to be a better psychologist than we knew" and fairytales do "show themselves at times profounder than most professors." But his interpretations and judgments of literature whether from Addison or Zola, from Jane Austen or Wilde, from Ibsen to Joyce, from Macaulay to Virgil, or from Sade to Socrates, are poorly served by piecemeal plunder. So a reading from the Preface to the last page, on which he believes "that the future may need from writers some-

thing more than 'objectifying futility'," is immediately recommended.

**More about R.L.S.**

F. L. Lucas quotes R. L. Stevenson's down to earth desires: "(1) Good health; (2) two to three hundred a year; (3) *O du lieber Gott!* friends," and Malcolm Elwin goes behind the commonplace and the romantic legend alike with *THE STRANGE CASE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON* (*Macdonald* 12s. 6d.). If there is a case to be made for the Jekyll and Hyde counterparts in R.L.S. the author, with his previous experience in the field, is the one to present it. But, fresh from the bracingly practical winds in the previous book, the mind was unwilling to enter the steaming psychological jungle to track down poor sick, apprehensive Stevenson. For what healthy person can plumb the depths of despair of a young artist who knows that his life is short and his work unfinished? The cause of unease or distress would be obvious. However, these shrinkings were unnecessary, for Mr. Elwin has written a sensible and at the same time stimulating biography, continuing the story from well established, if evaded, suppositions. We knew with Henley that "Louis Seraph in Chocolate" was not a true picture of "the teller of tales" and we also suspected that *Virginibus Puerisque* was founded on experience of life far away from an invalid's couch; we even felt that Mrs. Stevenson may have been a curb on her husband's intellectual development, tenderly though she was guarding his physical health. So the author, so far from smashing ideals, makes his readers tolerate the "warts and all" that he came across while painting.

**A lively study**

Anyone who describes Stevenson as "a master phrase-maker whose prose has the delicacy and sheen of finely wrought silver" has the perception to turn *A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL* (*Jarrolds*, 12s. 6d.)

into something more than a catalogue of 340 pages. This is S. D. Neill's feat. She is described as "an Extension Lecturer in the University of London" with "long experience in the general field of Adult Education." But nobody need take fright by the forbidding prospect this last phrase calls up. Her opinions are not laid down as dogma—even Joyce, who most of all tempts the didactic tongue, is approached cautiously as a genius "with a certain hollowness at the core of his creation." Her book can therefore be read for fun; no spectral improver of knowledge jogs the elbow. And even Lady Catherine de Bourgh could commend the industry, though not the spelling of her surname.

#### Another Elizabethan

The Professor of English Literature in the Sorbonne is no academic spectre either, to force the interest in CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (*Chatto & Windus*, 10s. 6d.). Michel Poirier thanks "Mr. C. Day Lewis for having kindly consented to read my manuscript and for suggesting many improvements" but of a translator there is no mention. So, in addition to a survey which includes not only biography, but chapters on "The Man and his Ideas", "Apprenticeship", "Marlowe the Poet" and those on the plays, the author has clothed his wide knowledge of the subject in stately and appropriate English. He thinks Marlowe's "genius has won for him a place beside Sidney, Keats and Shelley, in that little company of poets who, beloved of the gods, died young," but that: "Unlike Shakespeare's, his plays can no longer bear the test of performance."

#### A word to Sir Laurence

Perhaps one of the reasons for this is supplied by Ronald Watkins in *ON PRODUCING SHAKESPEARE* (*Michael Joseph*, 21s.) when he says: "It is Shakespeare's constant habit to see his theme in the setting of his playhouse:

he does not write *in vacuo* (as might perhaps be said of Marlowe in *Tamburlaine*)—he is always the practical man of the theatre." Here is another absorbing book which provides a whole range of ideas for the playgoer's, no less than the producer's, consideration. The author of *Moonlight at the Globe* has already prepared us for his belief that the only right way to produce the plays is Shakespeare's way. The Globe theatre, in his mind's-eye reconstruction, puts the dramatist's intentions and instructions—his poet's stagecraft—in scene rotation, speech rhythms, characterization, and creation in words of atmosphere, and of action itself—into glorious action. The Chapter "*Macbeth* at the Globe" goes through the play with "the only prompt book", the Folio text, and the exits and entrances take on a new and intelligible significance. We are persuaded that "the wonderful detail of Shakespeare's stagecraft is waiting still to be revealed," while staying grateful for what we have.

#### Enchanted isle

And now, from the smell of grease-paint to a few lines in the open air with Charles I, Tennyson, J. B. Priestley, Queen Victoria and Keats (and my maternal relatives and forbears). As is to be expected, the illustrations, in number and excellence, both recall and invite to *THE ISLE OF WIGHT*, by R. L. P. and M. Jowitt (*Batsford*, 8s. 6d.). The history here for once takes a fair share along with the scenery, and gives a clue to the sturdy outlook of the islanders. In this most comprehensive book incidents are recounted too which have come into the family saga category; the chapter on "The coast from St. Catherine's to Bembridge" tells of wrecks, and especially of the one that harrowed my youth. A tiny child, who is now my mother, fetched from afternoon Sunday School in a high wind, learned that the *Eurydice* had gone down with 298 people in sight of the helpless people on the shore.

GRACE BANYARD.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1951

### THE COMING SLUMP

BY PAUL EINZIG

TO utter a warning against the danger of a slump during a period of rapidly rising prices is an ungrateful task. It has to be performed by somebody. For most people are too pre-occupied with the dangers of to-day to give any thought to tomorrow's. The experts are too busy trying to find a solution of the problem of existing inflation to be searching for remedies against the deflation that may follow it. As for the general public, few people among them would believe it if they were told that they would be even worse off amid falling prices than they are now. The memories of the deflationary difficulties during the 'twenties and 'thirties have faded into oblivion in face of the acute troubles caused by rising prices. And it is one of the characteristics of human nature to believe that the trend which happens to be in progress at the moment will continue indefinitely.

Admittedly it is not easy for the layman to see the end of the present period of rising prices. Day after day new increases are announced. Every new delivery of goods received by wholesale merchants from manufacturers and by retail merchants from wholesale merchants is priced higher than the previous one. Transport costs are rising, and with it rises cost of living and cost of production. We are undoubtedly caught in an inflationary vicious spiral; wages, costs and prices are chasing each other incessantly. On the face of it there appears to be no reason why it should not continue like this for years without a major break.

There have been several different types of inflation in operation concurrently since the war, feeding each other reciprocally. During the war the inevitable Budgetary deficit resulted in a purchasing power inflation, aggravated by a scarcity of goods but partly suppressed by subsidies, price controls and rationing. During the early post-war years the pent-up demand arising from accumulated purchasing power was pressing persistently on the growing output of goods. Even though high wages, over-full employment, social service benefits and profit inflation maintained a high level of purchasing power, the volume of goods has succeeded in catching up with the demand in most lines during the last year or two. Nevertheless inflation was liable to become accentuated the moment the increase in the volume

of supplies of goods for civilian consumption was halted. Rearmament and the shortage of raw materials threaten to bring about such a situation. Even before it was actually reached, a new type of inflation appeared on the scene. The sharp rise in the prices of certain imported raw materials initiated a new vicious spiral, causing a general rise in manufacture prices which, in turn, lead to fresh wages demands. Business firms find that their working capital is no longer sufficient to enable them to acquire and carry high-priced stocks and pay swollen wages and salaries. They have to apply to the banks for additional credit facilities. The result is a credit expansion which is none the less inflationary for arising as a consequence of rising prices instead of being their cause.

It is no longer possible to hope that the upward trend could be checked through an increase of the output. Owing to shortages of raw materials and to defence requirements it seems doubtful whether it will be possible to avoid a substantial decline of civilian production. Even if the workmen were willing to work longer hours it would not help in many industries, because they would merely use up sooner the limited supplies of raw materials. Knowing this, the workmen are not likely to exert themselves. They might even slow down in order to avoid working themselves out of employment. This would add considerably to the cost of production.

It is true, we experienced recently a sharp setback in the prices of wool, tin and some other materials. After their steep rise this was overdue. But if stockpiling and rearmament demands should continue the prices of these and other materials would soon recover and achieve new high records. The only hope of a lasting substantial reverse of raw material prices lies in a cessation of stockpiling and rearmament demand. Even though at their present level raw material prices are highly vulnerable, continued defence requirements would raise them to higher and higher levels. The longer rearmament and stockpiling continues the more vulnerable the price level will become, and the graver will be the danger of a violent slump that will take place when abnormal requirements come to an end. Admittedly there is no need to expect a relapse of prices to their pre-Korea level. Prices did not return to their 1914 level after the 1914-1918 war, nor did they show any inclination to return to their 1939 level after the second war. But prices may fall heavily without returning to the pre-Korea level. The present situation is different from that of 1918 or 1945. The steadily increasing supplies of consumer goods have enabled the public during the last two or three years to satisfy most overdue requirements. In fact, during recent months under the influence of the accelerated pace of the rising prices, those who could afford it have covered their requirements well in advance. The moment the consumers begin to feel that the tide has turned they are

certain to curtail their purchases in anticipation of cheaper prices.

An announcement of an agreement to relieve the international political tension would be generally regarded as a turning point of the trend of prices. Any such agreement would necessarily contain provisions for a limitation of armaments, and possibly even for actual disarmament. This would mean that buying for rearmament and stockpiling would cease overnight, which fact alone would be sufficient to produce a reaction in the markets. It would then be found that supplies of scarce raw materials are not, after all, nearly as scarce as is believed. Supplies from many unexpected directions would be thrown on the market, and prices would tumble.

It may be objected that nobody could possibly take it seriously if Moscow and Peking consented to sign a scrap of paper, and that, even if rearmament and stockpiling were suspended, everybody would be convinced that the improvement would not last. It is arguable that a return of the international tension, and with it the rearmament race, would be widely anticipated. In reality, the longing for peace in democratic countries is so strong that most people would wish to believe, against their better judgment, that "this is peace in our time." It would then become politically and psychologically impossible for the Governments of the democratic countries to continue piling up arms and strategic materials, apart altogether from any provisions in the agreement preventing them. Parliaments, depending on popular vote, would not be able or willing to approve any further expenditure for that purpose. Even those who could not believe in the possibility of permanent improvement would expect the interruption of the armament race to last at any rate for some time. They would act on this belief by liquidating any supplies which are not needed in the immediate future.

Industrial firms who hold raw materials acquired at high prices would suffer heavy losses. So would commercial firms holding stocks of manufactures produced with the aid of high-priced raw materials. They would abstain from replenishing their stocks, and demand would fall. Unemployment would rear its head. If the slump is allowed to take its course, it might produce a very ugly situation. It would breed widespread misery amidst which many people would look back on our days of rising prices as a time when they did not know how well off they were. The discontent generated would provide subversive elements with good opportunities to exploit the grievances of the victims of the slump.

The rulers of the Kremlin are no doubt fully aware of these possibilities. They are sufficiently Machiavellian to realize the possible economic consequences of a settlement with the western powers. Admittedly at present the chances of an agreement to relieve the tension and bring the cold war to an end do not appear

very bright. The Foreign Ministers' Deputies in Paris do not appear to be making any progress even towards an agreement on the agenda for the meeting of Foreign Ministers. But it would be a mistake to rule out the possibility of a change in the Russian attitude. Marshal Stalin and his advisors are reasonably aware that a suspension or reversal of the rearmament race would provoke a slump in the democratic countries. And there is nothing they would like better than a slump that might go a very long way towards facilitating the bloodless victory of Communist imperialism.

Ever since the end of the war it has been the duty of every Russian writer on the subject to forecast such a slump as an absolute certainty. Although the years passed without bringing anything worse than a trade recession in the United States or a convertibility crisis or a devaluation crisis in Britain, the true believers in dialectical materialism were still convinced that the major slump was imminent. Anybody who dared to express any doubt was denounced as a western sympathiser. There was, in fact, only one economist in the Soviet Union who had both the intelligence to realize and the courage to state openly, between 1945 and 1949, that there was no likelihood of a slump in the west. He was Professor Varga. His position was sufficiently strong, and his prestige sufficiently high, to safeguard him against anything worse than dismissal from the academic post he had occupied. Even he was forced to recant, however, early in 1949, when the slight trade recession witnessed in the United States and the dollar crisis in Britain strengthened the hands of those who based their policies on their belief in the imminence of a slump.

Conceivably civilization is indebted to this wishful thinking. The rulers of Moscow, if they had not been so convinced that the slump would help them to achieve world domination without having to fight for it, might perhaps have decided to risk a third war. Perhaps it is due to the hope that the much-delayed slump could be helped to arrive, after all, as a result of an agreement to limit armaments, that Moscow hesitates in backing the Chinese in North Korea on a really large scale. Conceivably the Kremlin is marking time, hoping that the longer an agreement is delayed the higher our prices and the sharper our slump.

However this may be, if and when the Russian negotiators change front, the democratic statesmen would have no choice but to seize upon any conciliatory gesture, irrespective of the mental reservations and after-thoughts the Russian statesmen may have behind their offer of a settlement. Even if we were certain that the settlement meant a grave economic crisis we should have no choice but to accept it irrespective of its consequences. After all, even the gravest slump is preferable to another world war. It would be politically and morally impossible to refuse to sign even if we were certain that the

agreement would be worth no more than the scrap of paper Chamberlain brought back from Munich. It is true, in agreeing to disarmament, or to a limitation of armaments in the absence of a genuine change of mind in Russia, we should expose ourselves to the risk of intensified subversive activity as a result of the discontent caused by the slump. But even that risk would be preferable to a war. Besides, it would be possible for us to reduce the risk by adopting the necessary measures to moderate the slump when it comes.

This is why it is essential that those responsible for the shaping of our economic policies should realize in time the possibility of a slump. In spite of their preoccupation with the problems of inflation they should find time for studying well in advance the measures needed in order to check it before it spells disaster. To begin with, it is essential to decide that the slump must be checked instead of welcoming it as a relief from the inflationary pressure. The popular line will be to allow prices to fall to the lowest possible level. The layman can hardly be blamed if he were to expect his Government to follow such a policy. But experts, statesmen and administrators ought to know better. To some extent the fall could and should be allowed to take its course. But a halt must be called before it has assumed such dimensions as to cause wholesale bankruptcies and large-scale unemployment. This in spite of the unpopularity of any official resistance to the fall in prices.

A single Government would not be in a position to hold up the avalanche of falling prices. Close co-operation among a number of Governments would be needed. It is for this reason that timely decision is so important. For while it is just conceivable that any one Government might be able to make up its mind at once when the emergency arises, and to follow up its decision by immediate action, any concerted action of a number of Governments inevitably requires time. In this respect the lessons of the experience with the efforts to co-operate in order to relieve the scarcity of raw materials and to check the rise in their prices are conclusive. The idea was born when Mr. Attlee paid a visit to President Truman in December 1950 and up to the time of writing in April 1951 nothing worth while has been accomplished. If any concerted action to stem the fall of prices should proceed at the same pace the slump would attain disastrous dimensions before any international action is taken.

The only way to moderate the slump would be by an agreement under which all participating Governments not only abstain from liquidating their stockpiles but acquire further large quantities of key materials thrown on the market. Admittedly, it would be politically impossible to add to the stockpiles as such. To do so would be regarded as acts of rearmament, contrary to the principles of the limitation of armaments. But there should be nothing to

prevent any Government from accumulating stocks of non-perishable commodities, or commodities the stocks of which could be turned over without material loss, for the purpose of constituting monetary reserves in addition to their gold and foreign exchange reserves. Some of us advocated such a system long before the war. Recent experience has provided ample justification for its adoption. During 1950 the British Government was so keen on accumulating a large gold reserve that it allowed essential commodity supplies to become depleted in order to reduce spending dollars and other currencies on commodity imports. When the scarcity of raw materials began to make itself felt towards the end of 1950 and the beginning of 1951 everybody realized that it would have been wiser to accumulate the monetary reserve in the form of copper, zinc, sulphur, iron ore, and so on, instead of gold. After all, the building up of a large gold reserve is not an end but merely a means of securing the financial reserves with the aid of which it is possible to import essential raw materials.

The adoption of the system of acquiring and holding monetary reserves in the form of essential commodities could be greatly facilitated if the International Monetary Fund were to pass a resolution in favour of this and if it were to modify its regulations in order to encourage the adoption of the system. There are doubtless many difficult technical problems that would require attention. Provision would have to be made to meet losses arising from a depreciation of the commodity reserves. But then the same is true concerning stock piling and every form of Government bulk-purchasing.

Besides trying to check the slump with the aid of Government purchases, other measures deserve attention. Most important among them is to time capital investments so as to ensure that they should reduce the slump instead of contributing towards the present inflation. For years the Government has been urged from various quarters to scale down its over-ambitious programme of public investment and to discourage private investment, unless they serve absolutely essential productive purposes. Even before the beginning of rearmament and of the boom in raw materials it was a mistake to proceed with capital investment on a large scale during a period of over-full employment. The Government should now call a halt, and defer all but the most urgent schemes until after the tide of prices has turned. The decline in the demand for civilian consumer goods would then make it possible to proceed with capital investment on a really large scale without interfering with the production of consumer goods. The adoption of carefully prepared investment programmes would go a long way towards moderating the slump.

The case for adopting this course is all the stronger as shortages of raw materials and rearmament requirements will tend in any case

to limit the possible extent of capital investment. Nevertheless, many schemes are proceeded with on the ground that in the long run they will justify themselves by increasing the current output. This argument reckons without the scarcity of raw materials. Unless and until that scarcity can be overcome an increase of productive capacity would not lead to an increase of output.

There are doubtless many other devices which could help towards resisting the slump when it comes. What matters is that the democratic Governments should settle down individually and collectively to work out these devices without delay. The only known step in the right direction is an attempt of the International Chamber of Commerce to elaborate a plan to deal with the slump. The commodity groups created in Washington for dealing with the rise and scarcity in raw materials might be used for the elaboration of methods to fight also the opposite danger. The western democracies cannot afford to repeat the slump of the 'thirties. In the interests of survival they must prepare for such a slump before it is too late.

*(Dr. Einzig is political correspondent of the Financial Times and the author of many economic works.)*

## THE UNIVERSITY AND ITS STUDENTS

BY WALTER JAMES

UNIVERSITIES should be viewed primarily as places where people who will one day run the country finish their education. This has not always been so. Two hundred years ago, or perhaps even only 100 years ago, a great Whig family was able of itself to provide the gist of such an education for its younger members. To-day only the university is left to do this. It is the grandest and most spacious environment that a young man or woman has met. It offers company so rare that only the best of the extinct Whig households could have kept up with it. Its travelling scholarships and bursaries are the modern key to the grand tour. There are many, of course, at universities who can in no way be described as future runners of their country. Many schoolmasters, rank and file scientific workers, dentists and minor technologists are being educated at the university; they will sustain society but hardly lead it. Naturally there is a responsibility towards these people, but it is not to be thought of as the main responsibility of the university. In the same way a grammar school is not filled with university candidates, yet the grammar school's main responsibility is towards those who are. The great educational danger of an egalitarian age is the neglect of the gifted, in the theory that the gifted should anyway be able to look after themselves. On the contrary, it could be argued that the gifted are more damageable by neglect and wrong handling than any other class. Fortunately, there is no need to fear that giving chief thought to the outstanding student is likely to harm the middling majority. They are not harmed by studying at tables prepared with the best in mind; they will come along in their own time, having gathered much that is useful and good, as do young farmers-to-be in country grammar schools.

Walking part of the way with Ortega y Gasset and suggesting that the main business of universities is to educate men and women to become good politicians, business managers, directors of education heads of scientific committees, ought not to make us decry, as Ortega seems to do, the importance of university scholarship and research. It has a place right within the university and not merely on its periphery. A university teacher's first concern is to prepare the nation's ablest young men and women to cut a good figure in life.

This sums up the English nineteenth century tradition as expressed through Oxford and Cambridge. On the other hand, the German idea of a university with its emphasis on research added a new factor of importance. Knowledge should be extended and it is a convenience that this should take place within the university, and not out of it as in the eighteenth century, because research is a good second-string to the teacher's bow. Education by itself, a giving out without a taking in, does not inevitably rot the mind, but it tends to do so. We should be warned by some, though not all, middle-aged schoolmasters. The teacher's own research seems to support his teaching, and research is a great part, though not the greatest part, of the university teacher's duty. The greatest part of his duty is education.

The main objects of this education are two. First a student must be led towards proficiency in the skill he will exercise in life; he will pursue some studies with special thoroughness. Secondly, the student must be educated in means conducive to the successful application of that knowledge. As much as possible, he must be made at home in the world. He must be given an understanding of his society and the people who make it up. He must be able to write and say effectively whatever he may wish to communicate, and he must be at ease with his fellows, catching their thoughts and making his own clear.

It is in the second main object of education that we come nearest failure. Reform begins in the school, but the university is primarily responsible for the reform being made. Let us think especially of the scientist who has the character, interest and ambition which one day will take him out of the laboratory on to the board of management or into the chairmanship of a committee, say, responsible for some aspect of national defence. We might describe him as the administrative scientist. We choose the scientist and technologist for chief consideration because they are new men, increasingly important in the conduct of great affairs.

A man who governs needs to have the widest possible knowledge of the traditions, ideas and beliefs that move a people. This is so because a governor needs to have the power of getting instantly into touch with his fellow men. Easy understanding is a great part of his trade. This aptitude will come most conveniently from history, philosophy and literature. It may be thought that this is just one more attempt at denigrating science. It is not meant to be so. It should be fairly clear that although science provides a most valuable training in logical thought, it has little content that bears on the traditions, ideas and beliefs that move a people. It is an admirable method and discipline which does not contain enough within itself for the full education of a governor. One must concede that the

total ignorance of science among many products of the arts faculties is deplorable enough. It is however not so dangerous as the absence of an arts background in a scientist, because that lack cuts a scientist off from his fellow men.

Consider the importance of stories and poems that for a long time have moulded the standards and values of society. There is no doubt that the debates in Thucydides have had their part in forming the British attitude to government. Furthermore they yield, as far as any book can, an understanding of government in the western manner, and the various types of people engaged in it. History, and Thucydides is only an example, contains much that every western man should know. There is no need for this necessary background to be given to scientists at the universities. It is, however, for the universities to make sure that it is painted in at school.

It is not enough to devote a period a week at school to studying a book of Thucydides or a dialogue of Plato. That is neither history nor philosophy; it is a smattering. If anything is to be done about ancient Greece at all, it requires a settled course covering history, art and religion; if this is stiff enough it should provide the solid background that is necessary. The Platonic dialogues can then be understood in their contexts. There is no real loss in studying the classics in translation; the harm is only when the translations are read on one afternoon a week. Another knowledge, important when it comes to understanding a people is their religion, which for us means Christianity. Its doctrines are important as are also the various social forms the Christian religion has taken. This is again an admirable subject of sixth form study. But to have any value it cannot be advantageously pursued without a time-consuming attempt to be thorough. History, religion and literature, when expansively taught, supply as much as subjects can of the background a leader of men should possess. Communication is a great part of the art of governing, and successful communication depends on having an instinctive grasp of what is already in people's minds generally. For success in the art of making bells ring you must know where the bells are. In spite of the importance of the natural sciences, they convey little help in this particular direction.

The danger of a strictly scientific education is partly that by its practice of arranging its subject matter according to the rules of reasoning it excludes the element of feeling and emotion with which the world that has to be governed is full. It is impossible to study history or literature without recognizing the part that emotion plays, or the sheer weight of tradition. History is a "carrier subject"; when well taught it carries in itself the elements of a nation's morality, its customs, its basic attitude to life. Science can be made to carry such things only with far greater difficulty; as commonly taught it

carries such things not at all. This is not to say that the study of science is without moral effect. There is a discipline of the laboratory, of the research team, of the experiment. Science demands sacrifice, even from its youngest servants. But the danger of unalloyed science as a factor in the education of governors is the danger of too much logic. It is essential to sound education that reason should always be chastened by calling to mind the power in this world of emotion and habit.

Much of this argument applies more to school education than to universities. It must be maintained, however, that universities are wholly responsible for the standards and content of the education given in the schools preparing for them. The criticism of over-specialization is of long standing—Matthew Arnold was much given to making it—and it is now universally admitted to be valid. Even so, remarkably little is done to remedy over-specialization at school, particularly by the universities. Actually the universities themselves are the proper places for specialization. The charge against them is not that they go in for specialization themselves, instead of organizing general courses, but that they have permitted too much specialization in schools. It is right to uphold a high doctrine of the universities. Some say that the schools should be left free to develop for themselves the kind of education that is good at their level. This is disputable. It is for the universities, after taking much and careful thought, to influence to a high degree the syllabus of schools preparing for them. If this is granted, what should the universities require? English universities, when considering the sort of student they want the schools to send them might well look into the results of the old Continental practice. Many of us must have met the *émigré* scientist who, until 18, has studied at his gymnasium Latin, Greek, modern languages, history and geography, as well as his maths, chemistry and physics. Even in England we have the scientist or technologist who happens by some odd chance to have been a classic until he reached the university. Some at least of the products of this broad and thorough-going school education are better than what our own system commonly turns out; you have more cultivated scientists, men more in touch with their fellows. There is no need to have the same subjects as the Continental gymnasium, but there should be the same spread, the same breadth of study.

Modern experiments in general studies in sixth forms do not go far enough. All the real slogging work, the discipline and the endeavour, are devoted to the specialism. It would be widely different if universities in their entrance examinations demanded evidence of close study in Greek history say, from a scientist, and in science from a classic. It is true that any movement towards the old Continental syllabus in the grammar schools would mean that less science was

done at school, and we know that scientific knowledge is vastly increasing. A wider range of studies between 15 and 18 at school implies four-year university courses. This would necessitate in its turn reduction in the size of the university population—a not undesirable change, seeing that, with good selection, a lowering of numbers would bring a raising of quality.

University education is for those who in different ways will take command. While studies are relevant to this future, they are not the whole part of university education. Communication, the art of dealing with men, is a social gift and a great part of university education should be social in character. The advantage of Oxford and Cambridge in 1900, much diminished to-day, was the mixing on terms of easy familiarity between dons and undergraduates. This happened usually in small groups at breakfasts and dinners, on walks and reading parties. Dons were in close touch with the world of affairs and senior common rooms were places of entertainment for famous men. The company of men whose wisdom drawn from study has been sharpened by much converse with active men is a precious preparation for young men soon to go out into the world themselves.

The appearance of the married don is a lamentable phenomenon, which has gravely harmed the ancient universities. This social change has to be accepted and probably the way to get the best of both the new and the old worlds is to build married quarters into colleges and in residential halls as well. It is one of the most important characteristics of the British academic tradition that teachers and taught should live together.

There was an interesting sidelight on its value given by recent events in Germany. As is well known the gulf between professors and students in Germany was commonly great. After this last war, however, the very severe conditions under which students lived, their lack of food and decent accommodation, led professors generally to make it a rule to have a number of students living in their houses and eating at their tables. All reports suggest that students greatly profited from this closer association with their teachers. Unfortunately the return of better living conditions for students has removed the need for their professors' hospitality and there has been some return, lamented by the students, to the old separation.

In many of our universities this social responsibility is not taken seriously enough. Of course, low salaries make entertainment difficult, but the lack of social mixing between dons and students springs more in all probability from the absence of a true corporate life at college or hostel level. The modern universities, as they build more hostels, should decentralize themselves to some extent and give their hostels the status and some of the constitutional rights of a college in an ancient university. If you wish a hostel to develop a

family and corporate life it is necessary to give it a dignity and independence of its own. Lodging in hostels, as they come to be built, should be made a condition of university appointment. It is a sad thing when a hostel warden is chosen for showing capacity as a welfare officer; he should be a scholar.

All these proposals cost money. A broader school education, demanding an extra year at the university, is a great expense to the State. Hostels are extraordinarily expensive. A don who is really going to set about having students to dinner needs money for servants, food and wine; he requires a larger stipend or at the least an expense sheet. Universities are worth spending money on. But their student numbers might be reduced and more money spent on fewer students. At present the universities are in danger of slipping into being the educators of society's middle men. They would do better to concentrate on the few of greatest promise. There are many other institutions, training colleges and technical colleges, which, if reformed and improved, can turn out the middle men. But in spite of the difficulty of choosing good material, universities should try to reserve themselves for the eminent task of polishing diamonds. A certain luxury and leisure is essential to their being.

There should be an atmosphere of privilege about a university. That is perhaps not a very popular thing in these days, but at least membership of a university is now earned, not bought. There is the subtle business of setting standards of behaviour. It is extremely difficult and easiest in communities that have hung together for many generations. But we ought to address ourselves to the question of how students from the start might be brought to realize that they are men and women who are going to act before the public eye. The attitude of university servants, the atmosphere of student refectories, and the service at them, are all deserving of careful thought. It is true that the making of subtle changes in these things cannot be done in a day. The trouble is that at present extremely little attention of any kind seems to be given to them.

The change from an atmosphere of privilege at a university to the first job is apt to be abrupt. Many to-day must be feeling that it takes a lifetime at least to recover the standard of living we enjoyed at our universities. It might seem rather absurd to produce an atmosphere of privilege and have it so quickly dispersed. Nevertheless the taste of privilege, the encouragement of the idea that students are born to the purple and that it is only their own weakness if they do not attain it, is something that will remain through sometimes extremely discouraging circumstances. It is an incentive that is supplied for life. And it is a good thing that able men should struggle fairly their life long for mastery in their several fields, for out of this struggle the nation selects its leading men.

## THE THIRD YEAR OF ISRAEL

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

IN December 1950, the 500,000th immigrant to enter Israel was registered since the declaration of the State. That policy of ingathering of the exiles is a most striking achievement, and the more remarkable when we remember that, at the moment of the Declaration of Independence, the Jewish population of Palestine was between 600,000 and 650,000, and that the total Jewish immigration during the 30 years of the British Mandate, 1918-1948, was under half a million. Last year the legislature, the *Knesset*, which was elected in January 1949, as a constituent assembly but has become in practice a single chamber parliament, passed the Law of the Return, confirming the right of every Jew to immigrate in Israel. The national home must be a home for all who want to come; an immigrant visa shall be issued to any Jew desiring to settle unless the Minister of Immigration is satisfied that the applicant has acted against the Jewish nation, or is a danger to public health or the security of the State.

The inflow in 1949 approached a quarter of a million; in 1950 it fell to 170,000: it is expected to rise in the current year to 180,000. A notable change is taking place in the type of immigrant. While in the first two years of the State, as in the Mandate period, far the greater part came from eastern and central Europe, in the later period the proportion coming from the Oriental communities has equalled, and then surpassed, the other. The Orient in this sense includes all of North Africa and Asia; stretching from Morocco in the west to China in the east, and from Turkey and Kurdistan in the north to Yemen and Aden in the south. The whole of the most ancient community of the dispersion, 60,000 of the Yemen, has been transported by the air operation "Magic Carpet", and now the larger community in Iraq is in process of being transported similarly. Oriental Jewry, undisturbed for a thousand years, on the one hand finds itself insecure in its dispersion and, on the other, believes that the Messianic Day has come.

The mass of the newcomers are quickly absorbed, although conditions of life for a great part are hard and rough. One quarter of them are regularly placed in agricultural settlements which have multiplied in all parts of the land at a rate of 150 a year. To-day there are 650 rural communities in Israel. The bulk of the people,

however, are in the towns: Tel Aviv, which with Jaffa and a group of neighbouring townships has grown to a conurbation exceeding half a million people; Haifa, with over 150,000 Jews, and Jerusalem with 130,000. They are engaged in industry of every kind. At one time a fifth of the newcomers were living in tented or hutted camps without any regular work, and maintained by the State till they could be distributed to employment. Last year a novel device was introduced in order to reduce this burden and to secure a more rapid integration. Working villages of prefabricated huts, of wood or aluminium, were erected near the highways, and here some 60,000 of the newly-arrived have their temporary habitation. The able-bodied men work three or four days in the week in road-making and afforestation, drainage works and similar forms of unskilled labour. They receive a wage at the trade union rate which, at our values, is extraordinarily high, a minimum of £1 1s. 2d. a day—but the purchasing value of the Israel pound is less than half that of the pound sterling. The employer is either the Jewish National Fund or the Jewish Agency or the Public Works Department of the State. That combination is symbolic of the practical partnership between the State of Israel and the bodies which represent, and draw their funds from, the Jews of the rest of the world. The transit hamlets, *Ma'abarot* as they are called, are a stage between the reception camps and the permanent urban or rural establishment. The practice is to take the single men and the small families straight to these places from the port. The camps are reserved for the larger families, the aged and the social cases.

The economic position of Israel would be desperate on any rational or orthodox calculation. The State was certainly not born with a silver spoon. The reception each year of an immigration that represents between a fifth and a quarter of the existing Jewish population, and arrives almost entirely without means, would put an immense strain on any country. When it is borne by a State, which is still recovering from the blows of the war of independence, has not been able to make peace with any of its neighbours, lives with them in the relation of uneasy and sometimes hostile armistice, has therefore to maintain large armed forces in a state of perpetual preparedness and at the same time is cut off from its principal and nearest markets by boycott and blockade, the survival seems to be a perpetual miracle. It has been said that the only realism in Israel is to believe in continuing miracles.

The adverse balance of payments, or—in other words—the discrepancy between exports and imports is dangerously great; some 20 millions of Israel pounds on the one side and 80 millions on the other. It is bridged partly by the gifts to Israel of the Jewish people, testifying to the sense of solidarity in building up the National home,

partly by loans of the Export & Import Bank of the U.S.A., partly by the release by the British Government of the greater part of the sterling balances of Palestine from the period of the 1939-1945 war, partly by capital investment of Jews and non-Jews in the land of promise. The Export & Import Bank has made a loan of a hundred million dollars for industrial development, and recently undertook to lend an additional 35 million for agricultural development. The Government of Israel, in order to put its development budget on a surer footing, decided last summer on a bond issue of one billion dollars, of which half, it is hoped, will be raised in the course of three years in the United States, and the rest will be distributed between Israel itself and other countries with considerable Jewish communities. The normal working budget of the State is covered by the current taxation, which is about as high as taxation in England. The Government exercise a strict and growing control over every form of consumption; food, clothing, furniture are as severely rationed as in England in the crisis of the war, and the grant of foreign currency is most severely limited so far as the Government can effect it. So much for the economic problems and prospects.

Politically, the external situation, in its most important aspect of peacemaking with the neighbouring States, has not radically improved since the armistice agreements with the Arab nations were adopted in the first half of 1949. Expectations which were then entertained for an early negotiation of terms of peace have not been fulfilled. The various efforts of the United Nations towards conciliation have not helped. On the other hand, Israel's relations to the United Nations and to the big powers have been stabilized. She was admitted as a member of the United Nations in May 1949. She has been recognized *de jure* by the four big powers, by India and most of the other members of the United Nations, except of course the Arab States. Her delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations has shown itself resourceful, not only in regard to the Middle East but perhaps even more over the tense crisis of the Far East. Her initiative in putting forward peace proposals between the powers and China attracted a most favourable response, and she is numbered with India and Turkey among the links of the west and the east.

The position of Jerusalem remains anxious and unsettled. In December 1948 and in December 1949 the General Assembly reiterated its resolution of 1947—that laid the foundation of the Independent State of Israel—in favour of an international régime for the Holy City, or rather for a Greater Jerusalem which comprised the old and the new city and an area around them including Bethlehem. The resolution expressed the concern of many States, particularly the Roman Catholic countries, for the international guardianship of the holy places in Jerusalem. But it went far beyond what was

required for that religious care. Meantime Jordan, the enlarged Arab kingdom of Abdullah, which, since the beginning of 1950, has included the Arab part of western Palestine, had established administration over the Old City; and Israel since 1948 had established her administration over the New City. In order to make her own position manifest and to satisfy the deep yearning of her people, Israel declared Jerusalem the capital of the State immediately after the United Nation's challenge in 1949. She in fact moved the seat of the legislature and most of the Government departments from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The faith is strong in the *fait accompli*. The two States most concerned made it, then, abundantly clear that they would have no truck with an international administration of their part or the whole, though both were willing to accept a High Commissioner of the United Nations to assure the rights of all religious communities in the holy places. Great Britain and the United States, and, after some strong action the other way, the Soviet Union recognized the essential facts, and therefore did not support the majority resolution about Jerusalem in 1949. At the last Assembly in December 1950 a resolution designed to keep alive the former decision did not receive the necessary two-thirds vote.

Internally, the progress of democratic government in Israel has won the appreciation of the western democracies. It has given Israel a régime which, compared with any other Middle Eastern State is remarkably stable. A Provisional Council of Government was set up in May 1948, following the declaration of independence, to carry on administration and to defend the State. It gave way in January 1949 to a democratic Assembly, elected by adult suffrage of the Jewish and Arab inhabitants. And, while a coalition Government was the inevitable result of the system of proportional representation, a working majority was obtained by the predominant *Mapai* (the Central Labour Party) with the religious bloc containing both left and right elements, and with two small groups, the Progressive or Liberals, and the *Sephardim*, that is, the oriental Jews. The coalition held together till this February, despite temporary crises which arose from the demands of the religious party. But the two main elements have fallen out over the question of religious education in the immigrant camps. And preparations are being made for a new electoral register to comprise the 400,000 newcomers; and a fresh general election will probably be held in the summer. Meantime the Prime Minister, D. Ben-Gurion, will carry on with a caretaker cabinet.

During the two years the legislature has not only dealt with urgent needs of taxation and the measures for absorbing immigrants, but has enacted some major reforms. Notable among them are the law for compulsory free elementary education—Israel is the first State in the Middle East to attain that goal—and the law of national

service, which requires every young man and woman to give two years to military or other public service. These measures are the main instruments of integration. Israel, it is said, is not a melting pot but a pressure-cooker of the varied elements of the Jewish people gathered from every part of the world.

The record of local government is less happy. Elections were held in December last throughout the country for municipal and local councils, and were conducted on the same intense party basis as those for the Legislative Assembly two years earlier. The voting system of *scrutin de liste* had been adopted in the Mandate period for the purely Jewish municipal council of Tel Aviv, and was now applied everywhere. The results were perplexing. In the three big towns a definite swing to the right was manifest, and Labour lost its pride of place. It was clear that to obtain a working majority, in local as in central Government, there must be a coalition. The public were not prepared for what followed. Weeks of hard bargaining took place between the parties as to the filling of the mayoral and vice-mayoral places. The mayoralty of Jerusalem was bandied against a mayoral place elsewhere, and persons who did not figure at all in the list of candidates were foisted in. The system of proportional representation in this peculiar form was discredited. That may lead to a healthy overhaul of the ingenious electoral device, introduced from eastern Europe, which seems aptly calculated to prevent effective administration.

Arab relations are an unresolved problem of the young republic. They are also double : external and internal. The external concerns the 800,000 refugees from the territory of Israel, of whom nearly half a million are living—somehow—within the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. The number corresponds very closely with that of the Jewish immigrants who have entered Israel. The internal problem concerns the 180,000 Arabs, mostly *fellaheen* (cultivators) and nearly one-third of them Christians, who are living in Israel. These enjoy in law equal rights with the Jews ; they vote in central and local elections ; they are represented in the Assembly by three members, one of them a Communist ; they have their schools maintained by the State, and their religious courts for matters of personal status. But the difficulties about the recovery of their land are not yet settled, and the continuation of military administration in the frontier areas involves hardship. The Israel Government have repeatedly affirmed that they recognize responsibility for payment of compensation for the lands of the Arab masses who fled, and have affirmed their desire to take part in the re-settlement which the Economic Commission of the United Nations in 1949 recognized as the realistic approach to a grave human tragedy. That would not exclude re-admission of a fraction of the refugees, particularly with a view to uniting

families that are now divided. But it would exclude any mass return, which the occupation of the soil by Jewish immigrants rules out. The re-settlement must be achieved mainly in those Arab territories in which the bulk of the fugitives have found shelter. Till it is seriously undertaken, there will be no peace, or will to peace, in the Middle East.

Israel has another fundamental problem of international relations, which concerns every small State, whether in western Europe or in the Middle East : how a Lilliputian can maintain neutrality in a world divided between two contending giants. The problem is the more acute because the predominant Labour party is passionately divided between the Mapai majority, that looks for economic and every other form of help to the western democracies, and the Mapam minority, commanding the adhesion of a large part of the idealist youth, which takes its principles from the revolutionary, social and economic democracies of the peoples. The conflict is unresolved, and it requires the intellectual agility of the most intelligent of governments to keep to the middle way. This paramount effort is one of the factors that has brought Israel nearer to Great Britain during the last two years, and caused the healing of the breach, the unhappy and unnatural breach, of good relations, which " Operation Chaos " at the ending of the British Mandate over Palestine had driven. England has pursued an understanding and generous policy towards Israel in political, economic and social relations ever since *de facto* recognition was granted to the State in the spring of 1949. On both sides the art of forgetting was wisely fostered. Friendly missions from Israel to England and of British parliamentary and trade union delegations to Israel have refashioned the old links. The social democracy of England has made a deep impression on the social democrats of the new State ; and the influence of English institutions, which is partly the heritage of the thirty years of the Mandate, and partly the tribute of genuine admiration, is strong in every aspect of Israel's public life.

A word should be said finally of the cultural life of Israel which no political or economic difficulties check or impair. The Hebrew renaissance accompanies the rebirth of the nation. The creation of the State has released aspirations and creative energies which make Israel, with but a tenth part of the Jewish population of the world, the intellectual and spiritual centre of the whole people. A supreme task is to Hebraize the polyglot bands of immigrants, and adult education to this end is developed in the fullest measure. One of its effective enterprises is the establishment of a score of residential colleges in the collective agricultural settlements for intellectual newcomers who follow there intensive courses in the language. Another is a college directed by Professor Martin Buber for the training of teachers to

give adult education. The Hebrew radio, named "The Voice of Israel", is an essential instrument in the education. The press, which includes newspapers in a dozen languages in addition to Hebrew, is constantly expanding in spite of scarcity of newsprint. The output of books is undiminished in spite of the staggering high-cost of printing. A hardship gravely suffered is the scarcity of foreign and English books. The Hebrew University, though exiled from its home on Mount Scopus, cut off from its main library, and wrestling with a financial crisis, has doubled the number of its students since 1949 from 1,000 to 2,000. The polytechnic at Haifa, which trains architects, engineers and other technical classes, has another 1,000 students. Scientific research is recognized as a major interest of the State, and is generously provided in the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehoboth.

Of the arts music has pride of place, for it is dear to the whole people. The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, which during the winter toured the United States, counts 15,000 regular subscribers in the country, and each of its concerts has to be repeated ten times. Chamber music is as popular as the orchestra. The two dramatic companies, Habimah and Ohel, have gained more than a local reputation, and play in Hebrew some of the world's dramatic masterpieces as well as Biblical and Jewish themes. Painting and sculpture, largely of the most modern school, are cultivated in the country as well as in the towns, and artists' corners are established in a number of the agricultural communities. Perversely architecture, which, in this period of building, should be the most cherished of the amenities, is the least, so that many of the new quarters of the towns of Israel are unlovely.

Israel is a creative and constructive society brimming with faith and energy, as it is brimming with material problems and spiritual difficulties. The principle of the people is to pile up the problems and let solutions take care of themselves. Man proposes, and God the Rock of Israel—to use the favourite term—disposes. It is heartening to be in a society inspired by the faith that moves man and mountains, and yet is free from the spirit of fanaticism and totalitarian tyranny. For the mass of the people believe that this is their finest hour, and the hour of their nation's destiny.

*(The Author is Professor of International Relations, Jerusalem University.)*

## U.S.A., COMMONWEALTH AND MUSLIM WORLD

BY SIR WILLIAM P. BARTON

FROM the Malay Peninsula, Indonesia in the Indian Ocean, and beyond through Pakistan, there stretches a broad belt of Islam, onwards to the Atlantic. Of this vast region, the most important element is the Middle East, comprising Egypt, Israel, the Sudan, Arabia, Turkey, Persia, Syria, the Lebanon and Afghanistan. Though geographically not included in the Middle East, Pakistan, Indonesia and Malaya, from the political and strategic standpoint are closely linked with the countries referred to.

From Malaya to Egypt, if we include the 35 millions of Muslims in India, Islam can claim over 200 million adherents. Not all the different countries have reached a high standard of political, economic and social development: the most advanced are Pakistan, Egypt and Turkey. Arabia, Afghanistan and Persia, despite its *Majlis* (Parliament), have hardly emerged from the feudal stage. The vagaries of demagogy in Indonesia are neutralizing the achievements of the Dutch in the economic and political fields in that country.

There has been little economic development on modern lines anywhere in the Middle East. No steel is fabricated: no engineering works producing machinery or machine tools, except here and there on a small scale, have been set up; no heavy plant is made, no ships built. There are some modern textile mills, and hand-loom produce a good deal of cloth, but the bulk of requirements in textiles along with the major proportion of consumer goods has to be imported. On the other hand, the region is rich in natural resources: all the countries in the group are self-supporting in food except Ceylon, Malaya and Saudi Arabia. The deficit could easily be made up from the surplus of the more fortunate. Raw cotton, hides and skins, jute, tea and rubber are exported to the west on a vast scale: Malaya produces a large proportion of the world's tin. There is a deficiency of coal but many opportunities of producing hydro-electric power to any extent required are available. The oil fields of Southern Arabia, Persia and Iraq are now the most important sources of supply in the world. They are worked under concessions from the Governments of the countries concerned by British, French and American groups. A pipe line, several hundred miles in length, has recently been built across Arabia and Iraq to Sidon in Lebanon

on the Mediterranean. Should there be a third world war, the western allies must rely on an unrestricted supply of oil from the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf. Russia needs it even more than they do : because of its oil, the fate of the world may well be decided in the Middle East.

The military potential of the countries in that region is enormous. Because of the lack of organized industry and general economic inefficiency, that potential has not been developed to any extent except in Turkey. Pakistan, it is true, has a fine army, but her differences with Afghanistan and the state of near war with India over the Kashmir issue, practically immobilizes it.

The Middle East is a key point in the world strategy of the western nations, not only because of its oil ; but because without the support of the Middle East countries the west would find it impossible to maintain communications with Australia, India, Ceylon, Pakistan and the sources of supply of essential raw materials in South-east Asia generally. Can the western nations rely on receiving that support in full measure ?

The position is, unfortunately, doubtful. A movement is in progress which has for its object the consolidating of the Muslim world : the stirrings of Pan-Islamism are noticeable. Take as an example of what is going on in this way the Islamic Economic Conference recently held in Teheran under the auspices of the Persian Government, at which twelve Muslim Governments were represented. But the desired unity has not, as its object, to oppose Communism : most Middle Eastern countries hope to be able to maintain neutrality in the event of an outbreak of a third world war. What they want is to improve economic conditions in particular as a means of dealing with agrarian unrest. They challenge western policy, or lack of policy, where their own interests are concerned.

A view widely held among the Muslim intelligentsia is that Britain and America feel that they can rely on Muslim resistance to Communism because of the antipathy of Muslims to its atheistic leanings. As a consequence, western nations do not go out of their way to strengthen their position in the Muslim world. Political circles in Karachi resent what they regard as the obvious concern of both Britain and America to cultivate Indian friendship while making no sustained effort to keep Pakistan on their side.

A common grievance is the policy of the United Nations organization, and especially of Britain and the U.S.A., in allowing the Jews to build up a State in the heart of the Muslim world, and backed by American arms and money to drive three-quarters of a million Arabs from their villages and lands. The rehabilitation of these unfortunate people, now living in conditions of incredible misery on the Israel borders, is an urgent problem. So far the western powers, who are

regarded as morally responsible for the tragedy, have done little to reinstate the refugees.

Then take the case of Egypt. Why, Egyptians ask, should Britain continue to hold the canal zone ? What right has she to deny the Sudan to Egypt ? The growing nationalism of Iraq finds it difficult to endure the existence of British military bases in that country. In Persia the trouble comes mostly from the opposition in the *Majlis* : the Prime Minister, General Razm-Ara, is, they assert, the nominee of Britain and the U.S.A. ; they resent what they describe as American objections to the trade treaty with Russia, and doubt is expressed whether America really intends to fulfil her pledges to help re-build the economic life of the country. Nationalization of the oil industry is an ambition of this particular group. But what is disturbing opinion in the Muslim world more than anything else at the moment, is the failure of U.N. to settle the quarrel between Pakistan and India over Kashmir. For this failure, the U.S.A. and Britain are considered chiefly responsible. It is generally recognized that the dispute over this unhappy country is a standing threat to world peace to say nothing of its paralysing reactions on the economic life both of India and Pakistan. All Middle East countries, with the exception of the ruling group in Kabul, strongly support the Pakistan claim for a free and impartial plebiscite. Indonesia, though she looks to India for moral support, is on the side of Pakistan. What is regarded as British and American indifference in the matter is much resented. In Pakistan generally, there is a feeling that the Commonwealth association is hardly worth while unless its influence can settle questions of the kind between two of its members. There has, in fact, been a good deal of talk in Pakistan about leaving the Commonwealth—the Chief Minister of the Frontier Province openly advocated it before Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan went to London to the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. If U.N. fails to make a real effort to see the Kashmir question through it will forfeit the support of the Muslim world, whose faith in U.N. is already waning. In Arabian political circles, for example, damaging comparisons are drawn between the promptness with which it intervened in Korea and its obvious reluctance to press the Kashmir issue to a decision. The weakness of its reactions, to what was practically defiance from Israel, is much resented. There is another matter affecting relations between Pakistan and its neighbour, Afghanistan, with regard to which the Pakistan Government complains of the lack of support from Britain and America. It concerns the demand put forward by the Kabul Government for the setting up of an independent Pathan republic on the North-west Frontier to be designated Pakhtunistan, absorbing the country to the Indus. It is a scheme which was sponsored by the Indian Congress in 1946 with the object, Pakistanis think, of weaken-

ing the Muslim position should the British decide to partition the sub-continent. The Pathans on a plebiscite decisively rejected the proposition. It was revived by the Kabul Government when the two new Dominions came into existence. The Frontier province up to the Indus was, they claimed, Afghanistan *irredenta*; it should be given back to the Afghans. Violent propaganda on the subject, both in the press and on the radio in Kabul, was re-echoed in Delhi; in point of fact political circles in Karachi suspect that India is secretly supporting the movement. Is it diplomatically correct, they ask, that a self-styled *Jirgah* or political committee of a few disgruntled *émigrés* from the Frontier should be allowed to flaunt itself in Delhi as representing the Pakhtunistan movement? Should the Afghan Ambassador to India, without protest, be allowed to proclaim to the world in the Indian capital, that his Government no longer recognized the Durand Line? There have recently been border incidents in which Afghan troops crossed into Pakistan territory. Not without reason, it is thought in Karachi that Russia is behind the movement. The American Government, apparently alarmed at recent developments, astonished Karachi the other day by suggesting that the Pakistan and Afghan Governments should get together and try to settle their boundary disputes. Are we, Pakistanis exclaim, to be called on to defend, against an absurd claim, an international boundary recognized by Afghanistan for over half a century? Are we to attempt to appease a Government that opposed our admission to U.N.? All that is necessary in the view of the Karachi foreign office is that Britain and the United States should tell the Afghans firmly to drop their claim—all the better if India could be induced to act with them. Tension is increasing and prompt intervention is necessary.

The sensitiveness of Muslim world opinion in matters affecting Muslim interests is shown by the criticism directed against U.N. policy regarding Cyrenaica, Libya and Eritrea. Here again, Muslims feel that at Lake Success they do not always get the support from Britain which they are entitled to expect. What care is necessary to avoid giving offence to Muslims is shown in the criticism appearing in the Karachi press of a recent speech by President Truman in which he discussed the moral forces in the world which might be mobilized against Communism. He referred to Christianity, Buddhism and Sanskrit Hinduism (whatever that may mean) but unfortunately made no reference to Islam which, his critics point out, comes next to Christianity in the strength of its following.

No Muslim opinion that carries weight supports Communism, but if the Muslim world is to array itself against the insidious approach of the infection it must be made to feel that it has the backing of the west. To improve relations between the Commonwealth and the

Middle East countries the first essential is to win over Pakistan completely to their side. This can only be achieved by the Commonwealth and America insisting at Lake Success on a settlement of the Kashmir issue. That brought about, the two should then turn their attention to eliminating Kabul intransigencies. Much would be gained if they went further and pledged themselves to give the Pakistan Government full support in carrying out its five years' economic development plan.

Pandit Nehru, a year or so ago, announced publicly that the interests of Pakistan and India were so closely intertwined that unless the two countries stood side by side in foreign policy and defence they must inevitably perish. With the Kashmir dispute settled the main obstacle to the establishment of friendly relations would be removed and the field opened to the co-operation suggested by the Indian Prime Minister. Other problems would, in such conditions, be solved without much difficulty.

If conditions permitted, India would wish to remain neutral should the world become involved in war. This would suit Soviet strategy and the Kremlin might, at the outset, endeavour to convince both Pakistan and India that it had no quarrel with them and so ensure that they would stand aside and refrain from assisting Persia should Soviet armies thrust forward to the Persian Gulf. Their abstention would greatly facilitate the over-running of Persia by Russian armies. Could the west get adequate forces to the Gulf in time? Once established there, Russia and its Chinese satellites could absorb India, Pakistan and South-east Asia at their leisure. In fact, the policy of neutrality on the part of India and Pakistan would be suicidal. They could best defend themselves by sending armies to Persia and helping to hold up a Russian thrust to the Persian and Arabian oil fields. Their support of the western armies would be invaluable. In any case, if Persia were invaded by Communist forces, Pakistan would feel it her duty to go to the help of a fellow Muslim country. In this connection it is believed that there has been some informal discussion between the two Governments with a view to assimilating the training and equipment of their respective air forces in case they might be called on to act together.

Winning the close friendship of Pakistan would be an immense gain to the western powers. Pakistan is regarded by Muslim countries generally as the greatest of Muslim States and as such, entitled to the leadership of the Muslim Middle East. The advice of her statesmen would carry weight with other Muslim countries. Pakistan, for example, might persuade Egypt that in present conditions she would be unwise to press her claim against Britain for the evacuation of the canal zone and for the Sudan till the foundations of world peace were firmly laid. A word of advice from Karachi to Teheran and Baghdad

would have a good effect. An improvement in relations between the Muslim powers and the west would be greatly strengthened if U.N. at the instance of the U.S.A. took a strong line in Palestine. A reference was made in an earlier paragraph to the three-quarters of a million Arab refugees driven from their country by the Jews. It is essential that these people should be rehabilitated. Israel should be responsible for providing the funds required by the measures adopted for the purpose. Is there any hope, one wonders, for the settlement of some of these outlawed Arabs on the vast areas of land to be irrigated in Iraq? They should be welcome there as belonging to the Arab kindred. But this might involve too much delay in settling a matter of extreme urgency. A clear settlement of relations between Israel and her Arab neighbours is much to be desired. On other matters of international import in which the Muslim world is interested, the Commonwealth and the U.S.A. should take steps to ensure that Muslim opinion is given due weight at Lake Success.

The importance of the growing unity in the Arab world should not be under-estimated by western diplomacy. It is worth noting in this connection that the foreign ministers of seven Arab States met recently in Cairo to discuss the evolving of a common Arab policy towards the threatening international situation.

U.N. would regard an invasion of Persia by the Soviet as an act of aggression, and it would be opposed. America has promised military aid in defending the Arab oil fields against attack. With an atmosphere more congenial to friendly co-operation between the west and the Middle East it should be possible to induce the countries exposed to attack to prepare for self-defence. They can otherwise hardly expect assistance in the economic field. Their readiness to co-operate with the western powers in defensive preparations might well act as a deterrent to an attempt by Russia to press on to the Persian Gulf. India and Pakistan should set an example; Pakistan should forget her grievances. An Indian army in the 1939-1945 war played an important part in protecting Persia and the oil fields against the Axis powers. Standing together as they could if the Kashmir trouble were out of the way, the armies of the two countries might ensure victory in the Middle East and so deny to Russia the oil without which she cannot hope to prevail against the west.

## MOROCCO AND THE CRISIS

BY ROM LANDAU

IF the year 1912, when the French Protectorate was established in Morocco, must be regarded as one milestone in the history of that country, the period between autumn 1950 and spring 1951 will no doubt prove to have been an equally significant landmark. The years that separate these two dates were years of world-wide upheaval, and the Moroccan question, ousted from mind and conscience by more pressing issues, was inevitably overshadowed. Thus the French came to take their Protectorate for granted; and the Moors themselves drifted into apathy. The world at large, basing thought—or rather absence of thought—on the mechanical formula 'Morocco is a Protectorate', forgot that the country had by no means relinquished sovereignty but had retained its own monarchy with its own king and sharifian government, or *makhzen*. The rôle of the French was specifically designed as that of guides and advisers, and they were to point the way toward reforms and general modernization.

For an understanding of the Moroccan problem it is important to remember that up to 1912 Morocco had never been occupied by a foreign power—even the Romans never succeeded in holding more than a narrow strip in the north—that for over a thousand years it has been independent, that in the Middle Ages it produced one of history's finest civilizations, and that only at the beginning of the present century did inefficiency and corruption make the establishment of a foreign Protectorate possible. In 1904 Great Britain signed a secret convention with France granting her a 'free hand' in Morocco and in 1911 Germany followed Britain's example. When in 1912 the Sultan Moulay Hafid asked France for armed assistance against the Berber tribes ready to storm the capital, Fez, doors were flung open to the French, and their occupation of the country could begin. The Treaty of Fez of 1912 legalized their status in Morocco.

The first Resident General was Marshal Lyautey, a leader of great vision and a genuine lover of the Moors. Under his aegis insecurity and inner strife were replaced by peace and security, and the country set out eagerly on the path of modernization. The French achievement in Morocco was highly impressive, and within a mere 20 years an essentially medieval country was beginning to assume the character

of a comparatively modern and efficient one. But after Lyautey's recall in 1925 the French began to treat Morocco more and more as an annexe to their own economy, and their civil servants, financiers, farmers, industrialists, and tradesmen flocked to the Maghreb in their thousands. Inevitably French interests received priority, and the natives watched uneasily their reduction to the status of a subjected people. They had hoped that after the late war France would follow the example established by Great Britain in India, Ceylon and Burma, but the colonial régime remained as rigid as ever.

So by 1950 the *status quo* as established in 1912 was no longer regarded by the natives as an inevitable concomitant of their evolution. In fact the chorus of native discontent had been growing greater in volume and more insistent in character, and Franco-Moorish relations were reaching a critical stage.

The sharpening into a sudden crisis of long-latent dissatisfaction can be attributed to no single event ; but the Sultan's State visit to France in October 1950 was a crucial occurrence, since it brought the whole problem into focus, and complaints were given their first public airing. The aim of the French Government was that the Sultan's visit should provide a visible affirmation of the unity existing between France and Morocco. The Sultan on his part was not disposed to identify himself with such an aim. For a long time he had been worried about French reluctance to lead his country towards its promised independence or, at least, towards an increased native participation in the conduct of Moroccan affairs. He had had to watch what he considered the transformation of Morocco into a French colony. Rightly or wrongly he believed that native advancement in education, social welfare, and so forth, was being sacrificed to French interests, and he concluded that within the existing framework of the Protectorate few of the often promised reforms could ever be introduced. A State visit to France was the right opportunity for discussing a possible revocation of the existing Protectorate treaty. The Sultan's principal justification was that since 1912 conditions had greatly changed both in Morocco and in the world at large, and, in consequence, a more up-to-date instrument should regulate Franco-Moorish relations.

Encouraged by the favourable reactions of his hosts, MM. Auriol, Plevin and Schuman, to his oral suggestions, the Sultan presented them with a written memorandum in which, with the utmost tact and a truly oriental finesse, he explained his point of view. The French statesmen, however, could not ignore the high-pressure influence which French circles in Morocco relentlessly exerted, and in their reply they limited themselves to promises of individual and long overdue reforms. But the Sultan was no stranger to half-fulfilled

promises and procrastinations, and maintained that the 38 year-old Protectorate had become too threadbare for half-hearted patching. Even if the few promised reforms were carried out, the old agreement would still be heavily biased in favour of the occupying power. A second memorandum explicitly requested a change in the *status quo*, and insisted on Morocco's right to a speedier progress toward independence. The French evaded the main issue by suggesting a mixed Franco-Moorish commission on proposed reforms.

This might look like defeat for Mohammed V ; in actual fact he had had no expectation of immediate success ; and it was triumph enough to have taken his stand uncompromisingly on the wide issue. It was the first time since 1912 that a ruler of Morocco had expressed his displeasure with the existing treaty and his country's desire for actual and not merely symbolic sovereignty. Thus his *démarche* in Paris represented a revolutionary event in the modern history of Morocco where, indeed, on his return he was greeted by his people with enthusiasm.

The question of independence and of politics in general—a question that the French had always tried to suppress by rigid censorship and by other means—had now come into the open. Since the Sultan himself had raised it officially, the nationalists, and especially the Istiqlal party, felt that the moment had come for blunter language.

There followed a number of incidents, each one of which represented something utterly new in the history of the formerly courteous and peaceful Franco-Moorish exchanges. The first bomb exploded during the December session of the *Conseil du Gouvernement* at Rabat, when some of the nationalist leaders strongly criticized the existing régime, and General Juin, the Resident General, evicted all the nationalist deputies from the Chamber. However disturbing this incident in itself, the factor which raised it to the status of a major affair was that as soon as the evicted deputies had left the Chamber, the Sultan received them in official audience, thus demonstrating openly that he identified himself with the views of the dissentients. For the first time the split between the *Résidence* and the Palace could no longer be kept hidden from the outside world.

The French could not attack the Sultan openly—he is not only the legally appointed secular leader, originally chosen by the French themselves, but also a Sharif and his people's spiritual head. They were, however, determined to publish their displeasure, and for that purpose employed the one native notable who is opposed to his king, powerful, and violently pro-French, namely Thami el Glaoui, Pasha of Marraksh. A typical feudal *grand seigneur*, he has repeatedly had to seek French assistance to tide him over difficulties caused by his extravagant mode of living. A man whose pride is matched only by

his despotism, he had for some time past resented the growing popularity and democratic tendencies of the Sultan. Throughout native history powerful pashas used to oppose themselves to the central authority as represented by successive rulers, and in that process made a unification and pacification of the country well nigh impossible. To prevent too marked a consolidation of the sharifian power, the French themselves have found it convenient to strengthen Moorish feudalism as symbolized by the Glaoui.

Frictions had existed between the Pasha and the Palace in the past, but the rifts were never of a fundamental nature. But the part assigned to him by his masters at the end of 1950 was to be more spectacular than any he had played in the past. On the occasion of the *Mouloud*, or anniversary of the Prophet's birthday, the Pasha appeared before his king in the somewhat unexpected rôle of a defender of the faith and of traditional Moorish morality. He accused the nationalists, with whom the Sultan was making common cause, of being antagonistic to Islam and of co-operating with the Communists. In reply to the Pasha's affront, the Sultan forbade him to enter the precincts of the imperial palace without special permission.

The French press took up the accusations of nationalist atheism and pro-Communism with martial vehemence, and since news of Moorish events is invariably coloured by the French channels through which, perforce, it is distributed, the world was almost persuaded that the Sultan and the nationalists were in league with the devil.

For a long time opponents of Moroccan independence had been using accusations of atheism and pro-Communism as a whip with which to chastise the nationalists. These accusations find their best reply in the official programme of the Istiqlal party which has the tacit approval of the Sultan himself. According to that programme, "the reconstruction of the country will be founded upon loyalty to Islam, to the Arab language and to the Throne." Another statement in that programme stresses the fact that the party is "against all totalitarian servitude." The régime envisaged for an independent Morocco is a constitutional monarchy, on the British model.

If by religious and political convictions, the Istiqlal party were not so strongly anti-Communist, it could easily obtain the powerful support that the Cominform, quite apart from any action by local Communists, would be only too delighted to provide. But there is little danger of this happening, and only those utterly ignorant of the Moorish character and of Moroccan events give credence to official allegations that Moorish nationalism is anti-religious and pro-Communist.

\*

The failure of the Glaoui mission and the more outspoken criticism

on the part of the Istiqlal party induced General Juin early this year to try to rid himself of the "nationalist incubus" once and for all. On January 26 he called on the Sultan with proposals that amounted to an ultimatum: either the Sultan condemned solemnly the Istiqlal, dismissed all the members of the *makhzen* and the *Cabinet Impérial* known for their nationalist sympathies and signed a number of *dahirs* (decrees) that he had refused to sign before, or General Juin would depose him. When the Sultan agreed to make only minor concessions, there followed a period of intimidation and artificially produced unrest which has become known as the "crisis of 1951". French troops were brought to the gates of Rabat and Fez, the Sultan's palace was surrounded by police, and Berber tribes were encouraged to move towards the two capitals in the hope of loot. It was under these threats and the prospects of bloodshed that the Sultan was forced on February 25 to accept most of General Juin's conditions. He dismissed most of his Ministers, signed a number of outstanding *dahirs*, and published a proclamation against all parties endangering Franco-Moorish relations. He refused, however, to name the Istiqlal specifically, and even a final threat that he would be deposed could not make him change his mind. Meanwhile public opinion throughout the world—and especially in the Muslim countries—became profoundly disturbed by the Moroccan crisis, and General Juin could hardly risk putting that last threat into effect.

Throughout the anxious weeks of the crisis the Sultan proved himself a statesman of outstanding calibre: by refusing General Juin's demands originally and thus unwittingly provoking the crisis, he called the world's attention to the unsatisfactory state of affairs in his country, and by making all the concessions demanded of him except the one that mattered most, the one concerning the Istiqlal, he saved both inner peace and his own throne. Though tactically General Juin could claim to have emerged as victor from the crisis, in actual fact the Sultan's popularity increased enormously whereas that of the Protectorate régime decreased proportionally.

Unfortunately, such latent differences as might have existed between mainly urban Arabs and the predominantly rural Berbers had been deepened by the measures taken by the authorities during the crisis, and it will take many years to mend these breaches. In his proposed reforms General Juin wants to strengthen the existing Berber *djemaas*, or tribal assemblies, so that at some distant future they might form the nucleus of a national parliament. But the best educated and politically most conscious natives are not the Berbers but the Arabs; by continuing to treat the Berbers with favouritism, emphasizing the differences between them and their Arab brothers, and disregarding native nationalism as cultivated chiefly by the Arabs, nothing

can be achieved, and national unification along democratic lines will be rendered well-nigh impossible.

\* \* \* \*

Because of Morocco's superlative strategic and potential economic importance\* in the defence plans of the western democracies, peace and contentment in the Maghreb have become the concern of the entire democratic world. As the natives have not been sufficiently prepared for home rule, even the most ardent nationalists would shrink before the prospect of immediate independence, and every friend of Morocco would fear a premature end of French administration. What, then, is the solution? Impartial observers consider that in order to establish real peace in the Maghreb, France should immediately undertake the thorough training of large numbers of natives for self-government; should employ them far more extensively in the administration of the country (at present such participation is of a symbolic rather than actual character); and, above all, should make a definite and dated promise of independence. Moreover, the influx of Frenchmen from France, Corsica and Algeria should be stopped before Morocco really becomes a French colony.

It is the sense of political impotence, and the uncertainty as to their national future, that are so galling to Moorish patriots. Once they realize that they are competent not merely to occupy the most subordinate positions, but also to become effective heads of government departments, and once they can look forward to the day when the Protectorate will be replaced by full sovereignty, the present uneasy truce is bound to make room for more cordial relations. Even the nationalists realize that their country will need a close alliance with France and the help of French experts and advisers. They are not anti-French, but merely anti-Protectorate.

Everyone who has the well-being of both France and Morocco at heart can only hope that the political genius of France will rise to the occasion, and that the Moors, both Arab and Berber, will be transformed from potential enemies into actual friends. They ask for nothing that has not at some time been promised, and they are wearily suspicious of attempts to whittle down their principal claim into a series of minor issues. A united Morocco in which neither Arab nor Berber is treated with favouritism, and in which both are sincerely guided toward self rule within the framework of an independent, sovereign and constitutional monarchy allied to France, would be of greater value to France than a Protectorate in which the vested interests of the small French minority decide policies.

*(Mr. Rom Landau, the author of Invitation to Morocco, has recently returned from another long visit to Morocco.)*

\*Morocco is extremely rich in mineral resources, many of which are essential to the rearmament of the western powers.

## TURKEY IN TRANSITION

BY DAVID INGBER AND M. BENJENK

**T**URKEY to-day presents the spectacle of a nation passing through a truly revolutionary transition period. In May 1950, the Democratic party took office following the first free elections ever held in that country. After 27 years of semi-dictatorial rule, the Republican People's party emerged from this contest battered and defeated. Its traditional hold on the masses had evidently been broken despite its claims to the succession of Ataturk's 'mystique'. For Turkey a new chapter had begun.

This 'landslide' was no accident, or the substitution of one party for another. The change of government meant the advent of a new class and the eclipse of its predecessor. The Republican People's party (RPP) had been founded by Kemal Ataturk, the architect of modern Turkey. After his death the leadership devolved on Ismet İnönü, his principal lieutenant, who had been Prime Minister for fourteen years. As President of the Republic and head of the one party in the State İnönü had had full control over both and could thus demand the resignation of the Government whenever this seemed desirable. He and most of the party's leading figures were former Army chiefs who had gained prominence in the war of independence (1922-1923). After the 1939-1945 war a number of younger men found their way into the RPP. But their influence carried little weight in a party dominated by the 'Old Guard'. In 1946, a general election took place in which for the first time opposition candidates were allowed. Though the RPP secured a comfortable majority there were significant signs of a turn of the tide. Further developments only accentuated this trend, culminating in the overwhelming victory of the Democratic party in last year's general election which surprised friend and foe alike.

A comparative newcomer to the Turkish political scene, the Democratic party is essentially the mouthpiece of the business community. Under the able leadership of Celal Bayar, now Turkey's third President and a highly respected statesman, it rallied to its banner a business community opposed to Government interference and the threat of nationalization. The emergence of such an element was in itself a novelty in Turkey, where in the past trade and industry had been largely controlled by Greeks, Jews, Armenians and foreign

companies. The first nationalization schemes had been carried out at the expense of foreign concerns. But the growing powers of State-sponsored public corporations which often led to unfair competition with private enterprise soon became anathema to the new merchant class which had sprung up in the war and post-war periods. This caused the Democratic party to adopt de-nationalization and reductions in the cost of living as the main plank of their election platform.

The truism that new brooms sweep clean holds good here. The last ten months have seen a clean break with the rigid system of one-party Government. On May 22, Celal Bayar was elected President of the Republic, resigning his leadership of the Democratic party to stress his impartiality as head of the State. The new Cabinet was formed by Adnan Menderes, most of its members being new to office. Following up its election pledges, the Government ordered an immediate cut in the price of bread and sugar. State controls and other forms of 'regimentation' were discarded, national expenditure drastically pruned, and military service reduced from three to two years.

Significant reforms were initiated in a variety of fields. The western notion of a liberal democracy is reflected in a new press law embodying full freedom of expression for all papers and periodicals. Another important measure was the general amnesty, which benefited large numbers of political offenders, and the appointment of a special committee to draft the Civil Liberties Bill making arrest illegal except on a magistrate's warrant. Another innovation was the recognition of the workers' right to collective bargaining. There can be little doubt as to popular opinion of the new régime. When President Bayar visited Izmir and Istanbul the welcome he received bore eloquent proof of general approval. In September the Democrats scored another striking victory in the municipal elections. There again the electorate returned a record number of Democrat candidates.

Whoever analyses the stewardship of the Democratic party is bound to conclude that it has weathered the first year of office with appreciable success. Though much has happened in the intervening period the Menderes Government are to-day as firmly in the saddle as they were 12 months ago. Transition inevitably brings its own problems but on the whole transition and progress have gone hand in hand. Early in March differences of opinion arose in the Cabinet resulting in its resignation. Three days later a second Menderes Government included all the outgoing Ministers, except those of agriculture, Marshall Aid and economy and commerce. Although this crisis was little more than a storm in a teacup, it revealed, nevertheless, latent divergencies within the party. Yet it did not affect the position of the Prime Minister whose prestige among his

followers remains unimpaired. Recent weeks have also brought about a slight improvement in the relations between Government and Opposition. The premier's budget speech in the National Assembly on February 28 contained friendly overtures to the Opposition which were duly acknowledged by the RPP.

Like most countries Turkey is faced with the twin evils of inflationary trends and a rising cost of living. High prices on world markets for scarce commodities have not been without some repercussions on her economy. In recent weeks both the RPP and dissatisfied Democrats have criticized the Government for failing to impose a stricter E.P.T. coupled with measures to curb inflation. On the other hand, Turkey is playing an active part in such international bodies as the O.E.E.C. and the E.P.U. In the past year restrictions have been lifted from 60 per cent. of all imports. Thanks to her extensive trade with the U.S. in chromium (of which she is the world's chief producer), dried fruit, tobacco and various 'stockpiling' materials Turkey is assured of a sufficient dollar revenue. Furthermore, a part of her military requirements is supplied under the military aid programme while a limited allocation of Marshall Aid covers such extra needs as may arise.

Last year's change of Government involved no change in foreign policy which remains based on Turkey's traditional alliance with Britain and France and close friendship with America. The Foreign Minister is the 61-year-old Fuat Koprulu, an outstanding historian and Oriental scholar. In his first address to the National Assembly, Premier Menderes declared: "It is our greatest desire to strengthen still further the political, economic and cultural relations binding Turkey to her great friend the U.S.A. and our great allies Britain and France, in a spirit of mutual understanding."

Continuity in foreign policy is combined with industrial development at home and larger external trade. This is of particular importance to a country like Turkey where 80 per cent. of the population are directly or indirectly engaged in agriculture. Extensive plans have been worked out to improve existing land, sea and air communications, intensify home production and to provide modern machinery for industries old and new. The geographical size of Turkey, the exploitation of her vast untapped mineral resources and her rapid industrialization have made transport her most pressing need. A road construction programme is now in progress providing for 23,000 kilometres of highways within the next few years with U.S. technical assistance. In April, Diesel trains were put into service on the Ankara-Istanbul line, reducing the journey from 17 to eight hours. Among other development schemes is the £T.151,500,000 hydro-electric project at Sariyer, in north-western Anatolia, and the large-

scale cultivation of cotton particularly in the Cukurova region. Irrigation and bridge-building are to be substantially increased in the course of 1951. A notable feature of the Government's policy is concentration on what might be called small-scale and short-term projects that pay their way.

Whereas before the war Germany held pride of place in Turkey's foreign trade, America and Britain are now her main customers and suppliers, followed by Italy, Czechoslovakia, France and Switzerland. During 1948-1949 a great shortage of sterling caused the pound sterling to become as hard if not harder a currency as the dollar. No licences were granted by the Government then in office and the fact that few Turkish goods were bought by the U.K. entailed a reduction in the volume of trade between the two countries. The general improvement in Britain's balance of trade has led to more normal Turko-British trade, which has further been helped by larger inter-European trade, O.E.E.C. and the E.P.U.

Uppermost in Turkish minds is the question of defence, as it well might be. It is generally accepted that should another conflict occur Turkey could not remain neutral as in the 1939-1945 war. A country with 1,633 miles of frontiers, 366 of them with Russia and 125 with Bulgaria, Turkey has a dual rôle to play. Though western in outlook and policy she is also the guardian of the Straits and as such a Middle-Eastern power with interests in two continents.

Whereas before the war Turkish-Soviet relations had been on the whole friendly and correct, they fast deteriorated shortly afterwards. In 1945, Russia's refusal to renew the 20-year Soviet-Turkish friendship pact was followed by a demand for joint control of the Dardanelles. Apart from being wholly unacceptable to the Turks this would have involved revising the Montreux Convention which Russia had signed along with eight other powers. To complicate matters Moscow insisted on bi-lateral talks to the exclusion of her co-signatories. Since then a ceaseless flow of propaganda has been directed against Turkey by the Soviet and satellite press and radios. A glaring example of 'pressure by proxy' was Bulgaria's decision last December to expel the 250,000-strong Turkish minority from that country. The only effect of Communist threats has been to stiffen Turkey's resolve to resist. As a result she has had to keep large forces permanently mobilized, a liability absorbing nearly half the national budget.

In recent years American economic and military aid have gone a long way to consolidate Turkey's position. Events abroad have intensified the desire to see her included in the Atlantic pact. Last year's decision of the N.A.T.O. powers to admit Turkey as an "associate" caused widespread disillusionment. Would not the

better plan, it was asked, be to include Turkey as "an Atlantic power with a difference"? There is also considerable support for a possible "Balkan Entente" of Ankara-Athens-Belgrade as an adjunct to the Atlantic pact proper. Whether such an alliance will be formed remains to be seen. Meanwhile, military expenditure weighs heavily upon Turkey's economy. The 1951 Budget provides for expenditure to the order of £T.1,272,630,633 against an estimated revenue of £T.1,344,590,000. National defence accounts for roughly £T.450,000,000.

After years of continuous Communist provocation the Turks have philosophically accommodated themselves to their "armed truce", ready to accept any sacrifice for national security. Once supplied with adequate quantities of arms and equipment Turkey could mobilize more than forty divisions. The fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier are by now common knowledge. In Korea, the Turkish Brigade has won the nickname of the "B.B. Brigade"—the "bravest of the brave". In a world of collective insecurity the one-time "sick man of Europe" is doing remarkably well.

*(The authors are research students of Turkish and Middle-Eastern affairs. Mr. Benjenk was born in Turkey and educated at Robert College, Istanbul, and at the London School of Economics.)*

## FESTIVAL'S LONDON

BY HERBERT T. BANYARD

*For 1851 the people of Great Britain invited the world to join in "The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations" by sending samples of their ingenuity and energy for display. While celebrating the centenary of this, the Festival of Britain will also tell the story of the British contribution to civilization in a number of nationally-planned displays and exhibits and by locally-sponsored activities all over the country with local men, women and children taking part. The centrepiece of the Festival being the South Bank between Westminster and Waterloo bridges, many visitors to it will take what may well be their only opportunity to catch up on London's history. Those who are unsated by the wonders of internationally famous shrines, will perhaps also enjoy leaving the beaten track to discover for themselves some of the byways.*

**T**HIRTY years ago I was invited to inspect an excavation in the centre of London, where a bank was to be provided with some new strong rooms. A small strata of charred rubble had been found 20 feet below the surface, all that was left of the place Boadicea\* sacked in A.D. 61. At what time the Romans established Britain as a fortified colony it is impossible to say; in the first century an anonymous Roman recorded that London was well known as a market with a pleasant situation, but not a single Roman name is left here from those days to help us visualize the life and character of what is buried.

Two hundred years later the Romans again asserted themselves in Britain and, to protect the reconstructed city they built a tall surrounding wall. About three miles long and taking nine years to build, this enclosed an area the size of Hyde Park, and some 70,000 citizens were able to live in comparative safety. In one form or another for nearly 1,200 years the wall remained the boundary of the city. It ran parallel with the bank of the Thames between Blackfriars and the Tower of London, with openings at Billingsgate and Dowgate. From Blackfriars it went north to cross Watling Street at Newgate and then between St. Bartholomew's and Christ's Hospital to a point where Aldersgate was subsequently made. Then it turned north and east along the road which still bears its name to Bishopsgate, and coming south it rejoined the river at the Tower. The eastern side of the wall was protected by a very broad ditch, Houndsditch in

\* The absence of any harness to the steeds of her chariot on the Westminster Bridge statue has done as much as the historians to keep her in the Londoner's memory.

fact, and the western stretch was given additional protection along the route now approximately Farringdon Street by the River Fleet. This is now a main sewer, with an outfall into the Thames through two iron gates which can be seen at low tide on the inside of the first arch of Blackfriars Bridge on the north side of the river.

By 1760 changing social conditions made the protection afforded by enclosure superfluous, and the rapidly developing commerce of the city could not afford to have its transport hampered by gates which would not permit two wheeled vehicles to pass abreast. The wall was therefore in the main pulled down, and the gates sold for rubble. Little now remains, but it is miraculous that in the destruction of many hundreds of acres of business premises in the City of London during the last war, the largest remaining portion of the medieval wall superimposed on the Roman foundations open to the public view should be spared, and to-day be standing in London Wall in splendid isolation.

Nearby in the much-bombed churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where incidentally Oliver Cromwell was married and Milton and his father are buried, stands a bastion or turning point of the wall, and the persevering sightseer going south from this bastion across scarred earth will be rewarded by the discovery of a second one which an enterprising builder a century or so ago incorporated with the foundations of a large warehouse.

A few hundred yards north of London Wall is to be found a disused cemetery of much Nonconformist interest, Bunhill (bone hill) Fields; Southey said the "Dissenters" regarded it as their *Campo Santo*. Known once as Tindal's Burying Ground, the land was granted by the Lord Mayor and Common Council for the yearly rent of 20s. to a man of that name who leased it in 1661. A hundred or more years before that date many cartloads of bones were deposited here from the charnel chapel of Old St. Paul's. Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles and 17 more children, lies here and, within a stone's throw of each other, four men who have left indelible marks on our literature: John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe, the latter beneath an obelisk erected in 1870 by the boys and girls of Great Britain; Isaac Watts, whose hymn "O God, our help in ages past" is probably familiar to all non-churchgoers, and William Blake to whose "Jerusalem" as a nation we turn in times of dedication. A touch of the macabre—on the tombstone of Dame Page we learn: "In 67 months she was tapped 66 times. Had taken away 270 gallons of water without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

The Saxons who followed the Romans did not effect any substantial alterations to the city, but during the later period the importance of London as a port, where the merchandise of the world was bartered, was growing. The most substantial remnant of

the Norman conquest is the White Tower of the Tower of London, that fortress built by William to overawe the aggressive citizens of London, to which the Festival visitor will of course be guided "officially" and comprehensively. Successive kings have added to it and lived in it, and within these walls the victims of intolerance and bigotry—of both sides—in the middle ages met death. On the third floor of the White Tower is the chapel of St. John, the most complete Norman chapel in England. It was from the altar that the Archbishop of Canterbury was seized by Wat Tyler's rebels and hurried to his death on Tower Hill, and Lady Jane Grey, the nine-day queen, kept vigil here on the night before her execution. The active life of the Tower has persisted through nearly nine centuries, much of it unseen by the outsider, and each night the gates are locked with medieval ceremony.

One of the oldest parish churches in London, St. Bartholomew's the Great, in East Smithfield, has Norman roots, for in 1120 the courtier Rahere, during the course of a pilgrimage to Rome, caught a fever and vowed to the saint that if he recovered he would build a hospital for the poor. The legend says that the saint appeared and granted his wish on these terms. In 1123 he started to build St. Bartholomew's Hospital and founded the priory of the same name close by, ultimately becoming its first incumbent. The church contains much early Norman work and inside the altar rails is the tomb of the founder, whose recumbent figure is considered to be part of the original monument. In East Smithfield, too, at the corner of Cock Lane, is the statue of the small fat boy who is supposed, when stealing a pie from the oven, to have set fire to the baker's shop of his employer and, incidentally, to London itself in 1666.

In the church of St. Sepulchre, at the east end of Holborn Viaduct, will be found the Sir Henry Wood memorial window. In a glass case on the wall is the bell which, when Newgate prison occupied the site now covered by the Old Bailey criminal court, was rung outside the cell of the condemned at midnight before execution, as an exhortation to make peace with God.

The "Westminster Abbey" of the City of London, St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, began its story in 1212 with the foundation of the priory of the name for the nuns of the Benedictine Order. The separate twin naves were used by them and the parishioners respectively and, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the king gave the church to the parish and the dividing wall was promptly taken down. The arched doorway which led to the priory can be seen, and there are some remarkable monuments. The earliest is the tomb of Sir John Crosby and his wife, dated 1475. Their show-place house in Bishopsgate was removed to Chelsea 40 years ago where it is a residential hostel for international women students. The founder of the Royal

Exchange and Gresham College, Sir Thomas Gresham, was buried here in 1774 under a fine tomb of Siena marble.

The Great Fire of London destroyed 89 churches and, of the nine pre-Fire churches standing in 1939, five only have survived bomb-destruction. One of these, St. Andrew Undershaft, has a peculiar interest for Londoners, for it contains the tomb of John Stow, the chronicler of the pre-Fire city. After a lifetime spent in acquiring the facts, he received at the age of 70 a licence from James I to beg in the streets of that very London. The balance is now adjusted, for every year the Lord Mayor pays a state visit to this church and places a new quill pen in the hand of Stow's statue, retaining the old one as a perquisite of office, and the chronicler's *Survey of London* in 60 volumes is in the British Museum Library.

Little remains of the original London Bridge, except a few stones in the churchyard of St. Magnus the Martyr, and some stone alcoves, one of which can be seen in the grounds of Guy's Hospital. A walk across the present London Bridge will disclose on the south side the finest Gothic building in London, with the possible exception of Westminster Abbey. Southwark Cathedral, Stow claimed, was founded long before the Norman conquest, and some Roman tesserae discovered there, and now in the pavement near the south aisle, suggest the possibility of a pagan temple. The side-chapel of St. John the Divine was restored in honour of John Harvard who was born in Southwark and baptised here in 1607. The memorial window shows the arms of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was educated, and of Harvard University which he founded. In 1607 Shakespeare attended the funeral of his brother Edmund here.

On the other side of Boro' High Street, tucked away in a railway yard is "The George", the last of the galleried inns to survive; Sam Weller and Pickwick are popularly supposed to have met here. The dart boards and electric light are the only false notes in the big single bar whose fireplace is large enough to roast a sheep whole. In Trinity Square, ten minutes' walk away, is probably the oldest outdoor statue in London. About a hundred years ago one of the statues of Alfred, of the burnt cakes, was removed from Westminster Hall where it had been since 1393, and set up here. The figure has lost both hands, one of which it is believed held a book and the other a sword—a tribute to his combination of scholar and soldier.

Monuments of an unusual kind will be found in Westminster Abbey in a room above the Islip chapel where a collection of wax figures is exhibited. These were funeral procession effigies, discarded afterwards in a crypt of the Abbey; many years later they were renovated and provide a secular attraction. William and Mary are together, he on a footstool to raise him to his wife's height, and among others there are Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, the Earl of

Chatham and Nelson.

There is humour to be found in a study of London's statues. Outside the Bank of England and at the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square will be found mounted figures of the Duke of Wellington and George IV respectively. The sculptor Chantry must be held responsible for the lack of boots, stirrups, saddles and saddle-girths in both cases. The equestrian statue of the Prince Consort in Holborn Circus show him in full uniform, raising his hat. In front of the Royal Exchange stands a memorial to the men of the London regiments who died in the 1914-1918 war. On either side is a bronze replica of a soldier in uniform; one stands correctly at ease, the other with his hands clasped over the muzzle of his rifle—a practice I fear not to the liking of the average sergeant major.

The wall outside St. Dunstan in the West, in Fleet Street was cut away to receive a statue of Queen Elizabeth which up to 1761 had been on the Ludgate. The clock in front of the church, whose quaint figures strike the quarters, was built in the reign of Charles II and when the previous building was pulled down in 1830 it was bought by the Earl of Hertford and set up in the garden of his new home in Regent's Park which he named St. Dunstan's. In 1935 Lord Rothermere bought the clock and had it re-erected in its original position.

The statue of Charles I in Trafalgar Square has had a chequered history. The work of Le Sueur, a Huguenot, it was cast in 1633 for Covent Garden. It was seized by Cromwell's men and sold to a scrap merchant who was named rather appropriately John Rivett. Obviously with a sense of the dramatic, he sold quantities of candlesticks and nutcrackers which he claimed were made from the statue's metal. Actually he had buried it intact and after the Restoration Charles II bought it for £1600.

In contrast to the military or naval attire of sculptured kings, outside the National Gallery there is Grinling Gibbons's James II in a Roman toga, erected in 1686 as the gift of Tobias Rustat. He was a page of the chamber of both Charles and James, and used in their honour the money he earned in their service.

It is a long time since the Strand was really the water's edge of the Thames but in the gardens outside Charing Cross, and opposite the Festival site, still stands the watergate which belonged to the town house of the Duke of Buckingham. Ninety per cent. of the city's traffic in the middle ages was carried on the river and Londoners yelled "Oars!" to the wherry-men from the steps that lined the banks. As late as 1800 over a thousand such wherry-men earned their living on the Thames.

Just by Lambeth Bridge, and opposite the Archbishop of Canterbury's Lambeth Palace, will be found, at the entrance of

the Imperial Chemical Industries house in Millbank, the finest modern doors in London. They are 20 feet high, ten feet wide and weigh five tons, and are faced with a nickel-copper alloy which is impervious to London's grime. The sculptor was W. B. Fagan and his panels describe the development of industry since earliest times; nothing on this scale has been attempted since Ghiberti executed the bronze doors of the Baptistery in Florence. The tomb of the infamous Bligh of the *Bounty* is across the bridge in Lambeth parish churchyard.

From Millbank the Festival pleasure gardens in Battersea Park are but a pleasant half-hour's riverside walk away. Their situation, west of the city, has a measure of tradition to silence the critics who regret the disturbance of quiet and beauty. They will recapture some of the charms of the Cremorne gardens, on the other side of the Thames in Chelsea, which were flourishing between 1845 and 1877 and were thus a resort of visitors to the Great Exhibition. Only their gates remain now, guarding the entrance to a wine merchant's premises in Tetcott Road. Not even the gates remain of that eighteenth century pleasure garden at Vauxhall, between Millbank and Battersea Park; the pages of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett are brightened by its popularity and gaiety, to which the song "Vauxhall in the morning" still testifies.

(Mr. Banyard lectures extensively on London and is the author of *London, Quaint and Curious*.)

## A MINER CONSIDERS

BY B. L. COOMBES

**T**HAT January morning in 1947 when I stood with about a thousand other miners and watched the new flag herald Vesting Day at our colliery I was aware of an elation which the chill of the wintry morning could not dispel. Our hopes, our keenest desire had been fulfilled. Most of those who stood around me felt the same ; so did a host of other miners and people who were not miners. The dawn came over the mountain, the short speeches ended, and with a cheerfulness that carried no doubts we went underground to the first shift as a nationalized industry.

It is full time for consideration of the miners' feelings. I hear very little of that first enthusiasm and the most embittered are the ones who worked and talked hardest for the new control. A proportion insist that this new control is worse than the old ; others say that it is the same thing under another name and that no matter what happens the old complaints will remain without remedy. Possibly most of us expected a greater share in control and possibly the majority did not realize what they meant by the nationalization that came so unexpectedly that even our Mineworkers' Union—usually so virile and efficient—had not got all its cards arranged in proper order.

It was a time when we sorely needed young mining engineers with new ideas and democratic principles. Why were there so few experienced and available? For years such bitter feeling had existed between managements and men in most of the mining areas that the young miners would not study for the certificates to qualify them as mine officials because they knew that taking such a post would create a barrier between themselves and their friends. Many excellent men refused to make the step which would take them away from their kin and into—as it then seemed—the enemy camp. So, with the new order, the officials had to be chosen from those already in control and this brought the first feelings of distrust among the miners. They would not believe that a man serving a capitalist employer so well as to be given high position could switch round to work sincerely for the success and prosperity of a system which contradicted all the old ideas. Again, some of the most ruthless former employers could show the best results in output and profits ; so when administrators

were needed their records helped their officials to gain important posts. The miners, however, did not forget the past. Each fresh appointment rankled and brought protests which the Mineworkers' Union softened by assuring us that the difficulties were necessary growing pains curable in time.

Yet the gap still widened between the miner and the administrator and nowadays the National Coal Board seems to have no more friends among the miners than did the colliery owners in the past ; which is a pity, because some sincere and excellent men have gone to make a career in the administrative side of mining. Will they be overborne by numbers and moulded into pattern ? It seems so. So much good will and intention, so much hoping and craving for a new humanity in control—and yet it has oozed away into distrust and doubt which saddens any thinking man in the industry. At first there were criticisms concerning the salary and appointment of Lord Hyndley. Yet, since that time, he has been wise in his speeches and friendly towards the miners and now he seems to be accepted. I think most miners would welcome his continuation during a second period. Not so some of his near officials, who have not been so cautious in after dinner speeches. These reported speeches are often cut out and pasted on canteen walls or underground and, as I have already said, the miner is a bad forgetter of what he considers insult. Probably some papers have made too much fuss about staff dinners and dances, or a tired miner has been jealous when he saw half a dozen N.C.B. cars outside the canteen, or when he has had to travel a greater distance to an impressive mansion with his complaint about delayed house coal instead of arguing with a clerk in a cabin on the pit yard.

Nationalization has brought better training methods for our boys and more safety officers and precautions in the mine. The miner cannot help realizing he is now of human value for a mass of propaganda has circled around him during the last few years. He has been patted and prodded, abused and praised. All the while, during the last five years he has been news. Leaflets and bulletins are issued about his behaviour and for the first time in his long and troubled history he has his own magazine with the not very suitable title of *Coal*. Splendidly edited and produced, this keeps the mining areas fresh in their knowledge of each other's doings and also manages the difficult task of interesting and pleasing the miners, the managements, and the general public.

Regular work has come to the mines again and this is a pleasant change for many. Against that it is argued that almost everyone can find work in these days. Nationalization did not bring pit head baths to us for we had them years before that event. Yet, point out the increase in pit head baths to many miners and they will reply

that if they were in some other industry they would not need to bath anyway. More canteens—but every little factory has its canteen as a first essential in these days. The five-day week? Yes, but how many other industries and professions have their five-day week, and often less than five days? Apart from that, the night and afternoon shift in South Wales had a five-day week for nearly a quarter of a century before nationalization so they did not gain although the day shift did. As everyone knows, our week has been extended to six days during the coal shortage and anyone who does not work more than the five is considered somewhat of a slacker.

The National Coal Board has helped mining social life very much with its promotions of sports, concerts, boxing matches and eisteddfods. These things have meant much to the pleasure-starved mining communities and a start has been made at clearing and beautifying the slag tips which are ugly memorials to the old control.

Much distrust has arisen because some collieries have been closed when there were still coal areas worth working left; the men felt this was an attempt to lower price lists. In cases where there have been suggestions of re-opening such pits they have felt that their suspicions were justified. Then the treatment of aged miners has been badly handled. Most of the colliery companies, whatever their other failings, had some sympathy for the men who had spent their working years in the pits. Many were kept on, cleaning haulage ways or watching small engines or oiling the rope sheaves and rollers. Much of that has ended and the old men who linger their days around the mining villages have few good words for the new system. Nor have the sick, anyway in our area, fared much better. All through my memory of miners' committees we always had a ruling that no man must be penalized through genuine sickness or accident. Many illnesses, such as rheumatism and nervous breakdown, may have a direct link with the conditions in mining but are not certified as industrial diseases; nevertheless, we felt that the sufferer should retain his job and any seniority he was entitled to have. A few months ago I was concerned with a case in which a miner with 23 years' excellent service was given notice two days after a medical certificate was handed in. In past years such a happening would have brought a pit head meeting next morning and either re-instatement or a stoppage. In this instance the case was fought by the workmen's committee, who were eager not to allow a stoppage. It took more than four months before the notice was withdrawn. Apparently no one was responsible for the happening; it was done on the orders always of someone higher up. Once such trouble starts it seems to get away from the local scene and to be discussed back and fore at long interval by the in-betweens, and they seem endless, from the workmen to the Coal Board proper.

I knew another miner who was involved in a dispute. He was a good worker and hated being idle. After some weeks a cousin who was working outside London got work for him and part of a house for his family. I saw them going from our valley on a cold morning about a fortnight ago—Matt, his wife, three sturdy boys and a girl. It saddened me because I liked them and I knew they had not wanted to go. All natives of the valley, mining was in their blood. We knew they would never come back to live with us once the link was broken. They seem to be settling down nicely in their new home; one expert miner, three potential miners and a miner's wife driven from their own life by a piece of official stupidity. Had I my way someone else would be seeking a new job. How much advertising will it take to replace that group who were right on the job? This is one way miners are lost and take their experience with them. Despite all the appeals the number of miners has been dropping alarmingly year after year. Recruiting figures have had a fillip lately but I feel it is only temporary and that the reduction will soon show again. The long and stormy winter has caused many men to abandon outdoor work for a period and go underground and there is also the war danger with the surety that anyone in mining will be exempt.

In many of our mining districts small factories have been built in an attempt to prevent any return of bulk unemployment should the mining industry have another slump. Often this has changed the way of life in that area. The early mornings, which in the past saw only crowds of grimy miners hurrying to and from the pit now has its stream of buses carrying girls, married women, and clean-dressed men to the factories. No longer is coal dominant in their lives. The companionship in work and travel lure the young men into the factories and the miner, toiling in an entirely male industry, is outside the company.

Every experienced miner knows that whatever reforms are made no-one can ever bring daylight, fresh air, and safety into mining; it will always be hard work and dangerous. To advertise it as if there was an Eldorado available is misleading. Careers there will be in mining; there have been careers in the past also, but from now on the atmosphere is to be different. Yet the most promising material for mining must always be the lad reared within hearing and knowledge of the work and with the affection for our way of life that comes only with the love of home. These will have a long start on an outsider coming fresh to mining. But everyone cannot become a manager, or under-manager or even under-official. Their numbers will be small compared to that great majority who must know how to timber the roof and to swing the shovel. Yes, shovels are still much in use, and likely to be; also they cost 8s. each now in our shops,

one item the cost of living index does not show. Before the war they were 1s. 6d.

Another cause of friction is the boosting of any single workman who has an unusual output. We know that without the eager and willing help of several other grades of workmen he would have failed to achieve his high output. I am experienced in this, for several years ago I broke a coal filling record and was given a bonus in pay for it. What happened was that one day I found the coal in my working place suddenly as free as an incoming tide. By hard labour, and a deal of co-operation I filled a large amount of coal that week and was duly boosted. Next week, however, the coal had become normal again and, despite my efforts to uphold this new reputation, so did my output. Team work is the secret, not setting one man against another. I know managements, and they have reason in their arguments, who will always see that a poor and inexperienced workman is given a good coal stall. He would have a chance to earn his wages there and he would be safer from falls of roof. If you have a hard-working and expert miner, however, then put him in a difficult working place because there is the certainty that he will be able to handle it. Sometimes he may be given some extra payment but it is safe to say that his name will never stand out with those of the record breakers. It is true that many fortunate coal-face workers earn high wages but behind each of their full pay packets is the fact that possibly two non-face workers have toiled equally hard but are not taking half that money home.

This point was proved during the recent pay increase for the fixed wage men. Amongst those on a fixed wage are the repairers and engine drivers, roadmen and fitters. Repairing, especially, is a highly skilled job usually left to the middle-aged and experienced men. They erect steel or timber arches, widen the sides and pull down low pieces of roof, and all the while they must guard against delay in the coal transport along those roadways which they are maintaining. Yet they must often put working places safe for men who earn wages so high that the comparison is ridiculous. An easy solution is often offered—of putting these repairers to work as colliers so that they may get high wages too. Although the idea is apparently sound it does not work out because only a proportion of the coal fillers have the skill needed to act as repairers. The pits must have their maintenance men if output is to continue so the repairers must stay at their dangerous and difficult job. As things are developing, coal filling will soon be one of the least skilled and less arduous jobs in mining.

Great promises have been given about the future of machine mining but many recent mistakes have been the result of forcing managements to use machines where the seam was not suitable. The trouble often is that where a seam suits machine working it is ideal

for hand working also and other seams suit neither hand work nor machine. Every week I fear to hear of some disaster in machine and conveyor mining, for a hurrying scramble under 80 or more yards of low roof with everything crashing down behind you is not enjoyable, and trouble does happen frequently. Some day a conveyor team will not get away quickly enough and the regulations may be tightened. If machine mining is used steadily, as a careful miner would work his stall, it can ease much of the hard work and can be reasonably safe; but if it becomes a continual rush it comes near to industrial manslaughter.

Machine mining does indeed increase the amount of dust in the air current. Added precautions are now in use but I feel there will always be some amount of dust. During the last nine years over 22,000 men were certified as suffering from dust diseases and the majority of these were in South Wales. Another large number failed to get certified and it is a saying with us that a man must be near the end before he is certified. In many cases a *post mortem* has shown that the Medical Board's finding was wrong and that the miner had a large amount of dust inside him—a terrible price to pay for coal this, apart from the accident figures. Having watched the last hours in agony of many sufferers, I feel that the public, and miners from dust-free areas, should be shown more of what it means.

With machine mining the problem of dirty coal, or slag and rubbish in coal, has been intensified. In hand filling such slag can be traced to the man responsible but when 20 or more men work on a conveyor this cannot be done. A great bulk of coal is cut and its falling brings down any loose pieces of slag. Much of it is shovelled on the belt which carries it along like a black river to the trams. Coming along, sometimes at more than a ton a minute, how can every bit be examined? In daylight on the screening plants a larger proportion is picked out but some passes and probably many inferior seams are being worked as well. Better screening plants are being built and in time the trouble should be eased.

I feel that one of the main causes of unrest is the treatment and delay in settling disputes, the fear of strikes having receded apparently from the minds of those responsible. I think that in each area a representative of the Board and one for the miners with an agreed chairman should be immediately available—like a rescue team—to travel swiftly to any colliery when a dispute threatens. They should sift the complaint on the very first day and both sides should be compelled to accept the decision.

I think that more humane treatment must be given to the aged miners and the disabled. Every available light job about or around a colliery should be reserved for them, and quite a number could be found. I think more of the intelligent ones could be trained as

colliery clerks and to help in the canteens. No fit man should have a job that a disabled man could do, for we have thousands lingering the days away in our mining villages and hoping for a chance to show they are still of some use.

The consultative machinery should be remodelled and made more effective. Many such committees are only rubber stamps for the manager's decisions and have become a joke to the workmen.

Many mining valleys are still very backward socially. Decent shopping centres are 10 or 12 miles away and transport is poor. I know several mining families who have lived in apartments—part of a small mining house—from the time the parents married until their children married, and still have little hope of a home of their own. Yet, will it be better to bring homes to the old mining villages or build new homes on the outside of our larger towns? Around here if you wish to see a good play, or concert, or opera (and hundreds of local folk do) it means organizing a trip of possibly 40 miles or more. Some valleys have no picture houses or libraries worth the name. With the modern outlook, how can you expect young folk to marry and settle under such handicaps? Such new developments as Nantgarw will attract men to mining, because the new colliery is in pleasant surroundings, alongside the Treforest Trading Estate, and quite near to Cardiff. The latest mining methods have been employed in opening this new coal face and safety as well as dust prevention methods have been carefully studied. The top of the colliery is planned so that none of the old spoil tips and ugly features will be present. The main roadways have been driven forward on the horizon principle. Coal production should start this summer and at least 2,000 men will be employed in as near ideal conditions as is possible in mining. Big housing schemes are going forward and high hopes are placed in this venture both by miners and the management.

Lastly, I would like the Coal Board to clear out some of the hindrances between them and the working miner; to show more clearly that we are all part of a national industry and not merely names on a sheet which can be struck out when they have served their turn. The coal drill is important as well as the official fountain pen. All the planning possible will not avail unless you have the willing co-operation of men able to develop the nation's coal industry in the darkness of the mine as well as in the office.

## THE SECRET

BY WILFRID GIBSON

As I stood listening to the wail  
Of gulls that swerved about the sail  
And idly wondered what they said,  
A seal's sleek glistening boylike head  
Bobbed from the beryl-tinted tide;  
And, as I watched him, overside  
The yawl, becalmed, his eyes to me  
Seemed dark with all the mystery—  
The peace, the peril, of the wide  
Austere inviolable sea—  
The secret, sailors, long since dead,  
Have sought through hurricane and squall  
And spells of blue tranquillity  
To fathom, unavailingly:  
And, as I dreamed there, pondering,  
Beneath the sheltering main sail  
That slackly drooped against the mast,  
It almost seemed that I at last  
In those night-deep star-sparkling eyes  
The darkling marvel might surprise;  
But, as I trembled eagerly  
Upon the brink of the unknown  
And seemed about to pierce behind  
The ever-baffling undivined  
Enigma of man's endless search,  
Caught in a gust of squally wind  
With clacking blocks and gybing boom  
*Sea Swallow* gave a sudden lurch;  
And, startled by that luckless chance,  
The seal again dived silently;  
And, baffled still, I stood alone,  
Encompassed by the mystery  
Of gulfs that gloom and waves that glance,  
Abandoned to the ancient doom  
Of the original ignorance.

## DICKENS AND MUSIC

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

THE people of Dickens's day were not interested in talking about and drawing attention to their musical talents and activities. We read less about the popular music of the time than of almost any other period in the history of England; on the whole it was an upper and middle class interest although the working class certainly had their own songs. Even among the nobility and wealthier professional circles music was practised little; piano and harp playing and the singing of simple songs or, on occasion, operatic arias, being the hobby of ladies, to which the men listened with polite attention and sometimes with admiration either of the music itself or of the executant. Dickens, though his chief interest was in the mostly banal songs of his birth-class, seems to have had some slight technical knowledge of the art, which he applied in the production of plays and in the illustration of his stories when he read them in public. During the early years, before financial disaster fell on the family, he had some lessons in violin-playing, but does not appear to have made much progress in the difficult art.

From his earliest youth he had a rare facility, inherited from his father, for singing songs which he had heard only once or twice and of telling stories that were impromptu or which he had casually heard or read. John Forster, his biographer, says that this was so remarkable that "he used to be elevated on chairs and tables, both at home and abroad, for more effective display of these talents." Abroad, indeed, for at all sorts of social parties little Charles was called upon to sing and to recite. He frequently sang duets with his sister Fanny, mounted on a dining table for a stage, not only in the private apartments of his father's friend, the landlord of the Mitre Hotel, Rochester (his native town), but also in the public bar for the entertainment and attraction of customers. This was the type of song:

Long time I've courted you, miss,  
And now I've come from sea,  
We'll make no more ado, miss,  
But quickly married be.  
Sing fal de ral . . .

John Payne Collier, the lawyer and Shakespearean authority, in *An Old Man's Diary—Forty Years Ago*, written about the same time

as Forster's biography, mentions a comic song, "Sweet Betsey Ogle", composed and sung by Dickens when but a stripling, together with what Collier calls a "monopolylogue" after the style of those of Charles Matthews. Dickens seems also to have had a particular liking for Dr. Watts's once popular morality song:

'Tis the voice of the sluggard,  
I hear him complain,  
You have waked me too soon,  
I must slumber again;

which is easily understandable when we remember how industrious and untiring a worker Dickens was himself.

When he was just 21 he wrote a burlesque on Shakespeare's *Othello*, entitled *The O'Thello*, in which, among other casual musical numbers, was a song, *When in Death I shall calm recline*, sung to the tune used for the same words by Shakespeare. At this time the theatrical performances of which he was the principal promoter, and one of the principal performers, took an important place in his life. In the first printed playbill we possess, dated April 27, 1833, we find the names of evidently the whole of the Dickens family except the mother. The pieces were *Clari* or *The Maid of Milan*, a musical drama or opera by John Howard Payne, with music by Sir Henry Bishop, in which is the song *Home, Sweet Home*, which had been introduced to the world ten years before by Ann Maria Tree, and the inevitable farce.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke said of him that "it was not only as an actor that he excelled, he was the soul of everything, was stage-manager, often stage-carpenter, property-man and bandmaster." Among other recorded practical musical activities of Dickens were the instructions he gave in 1848 about the music to be played before Mark Lemon's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and before a farce which followed. These instructions though probably 'general' could hardly have been given by anyone with no knowledge of music and its performance. He made also as complete a study as he could of the popular songs of the Seven Dials area where his family lived.

Later, in some of the readings of his own work, he was more musical in the spoken than in the printed versions. In reading about Bob Sawyer he made the young medico, as Mr. J. B. van Amerongen says in his little book *The Actor in Dickens*, "say to Jack Hopkins (who is so fond of 'chorusing') that it is all his (Hopkins') fault that they were ordered out of the house of Mrs. Raddles, *because he will sing chorus—that he was born chorus-y, lived chorus-y and will die chorus-y*, the words printed in italics being absent in the novel."

George Dolby, in *Charles Dickens as I knew him*, tells a story of how Dickens, when on a lecture tour, entertained his manager in the train to Preston by singing the drinking song and dance from *Der*

*Freischuetz*. Associating largely with musicians, one of his most intimate friends was Henry Fothergill Chorley, the well-known musical critic of *The Athenaeum* and author of many libretti and books concerned with or related to music. It is also known that Catherine Hayes, a distinguished Irish soprano, dined with the Dickens family at home during April 1848. He had previously called on Jenny Lind, along with Charles Macready, the actor. To Madame Viardot-Garcia he sent all the numbers of *Little Dorrit* as they appeared, because he had "such delight in her great genius that he was proud of the honour of giving her a moment's intellectual pleasure." Before this he had written a very appreciative account of her appearance in Gluck's *Orphée*. A couple of years later, while he was in Paris, he made the acquaintance of Halévy and his librettist, Eugene Scribe, with whom he dined.

Opera seems to have been particularly interesting to him, though he did not approve of it entirely, as in Gounod's *Faust* for example; his love of melody attracted him and it was the dramatic absurdities that he disliked. It is possible though that he was equally attracted by the abundance of *Faust's* scenic effects. If he admired *Orphée* it may have been because of his admiration of the singing of Madame Viardot. Bellini's *Il Pirata* he regarded "as good and great as it is possible for anything operatic to be," and Auber's *Manon Lescaut* he said was "perfectly charming." Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, on the other hand, he described as "rubbish". To Miss Hogarth he wrote: "I am afraid we must go to the Opera Comique on Sunday." Exactly what his fears were, aesthetic or sabbatarian, does not appear, probably the former.

He was also a keen critic in the matter of what was and what was not suitable for operatic treatment. When Bulwer (later Bulwer-Lytton) asked his opinion about turning *The Lady of Lyons* into an opera, he replied that he objected to such a scheme, but that his objection was "purely one of feeling." "Pauline trotting about in front of the float, invoking the orchestra with a limp pocket-handkerchief, is a notion that makes goose-flesh of my back. Also a yelping tenor going away to the wars in a scena half-an-hour long, is painful to contemplate. Damas, too, as a bass, with grizzled bald head bellowing about

Years long ago,  
When the sound of the drum  
First made his blood glow  
With a rum ti tum tum."

To music in the plays which he wrote he had no objection, nor to 'incidental' music for his plays or recitations. Songs were introduced into some of his plays for no other reason than that the actor could sing, or to gain time for some 'effect' which had to be made,

or for a change of scenery. Of the libretti he wrote for comic operas, the best-known is John Hullah's *The Village Coquette*, produced at St. James's Theatre on December 6, 1836. This libretto was as bad as most of the others of the time. In fact, speaking of this work some years later, Dickens said that "it is needless to say that the libretto of an opera must be, to some extent, a mere vehicle for the music," and on November 13, 1843, he wrote to R. H. Horne, the poet and dramatist: "Pray tell that besotted . . . to let the opera sink into its native obscurity. I did it in a fit of d . . . ble good nature long ago for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music for it. I just put down for everybody what everybody at the St. James's Theatre wanted to say and do, and what they could say and do best, and I have been most sincerely repentant ever since . . . I wouldn't repeat them (the opera and a farce) for a thousand pounds a piece and devoutly wish them to be forgotten." As so often happens with the wishes of famous authors this desire of Dickens was so little regarded that the opera libretto, with some of the original music, was revived by the late Sir Frederick Bridge for production by the students at the Trinity College of Music, Bridge himself composing extra numbers where no music was already available or where he considered that Hullah's was unsuitable. Thus brought up to date, it passed as a *fin-de-siècle* piece instead of as the typical mid-nineteenth century *pièce d'occasion*.

When Wilkie Collins's *Lighthouse* was produced with incidental music by Francesco Berger, Dickens attended all the rehearsals and wrote a prologue, which he recited at the first production, in which he referred to the lighthouse keepers as "solitary men" who

the long year through—  
The wind their music and the brine their view —  
Warn mariners to shun the beacon light.

For *The Frozen Deep* too he took an active and important part in fitting the music to the action. To the prologues he instructed "slow music all the time," and "slow music throughout." Directions which he gave for his own recital of *No Thoroughfare* demanded for the bedrock scene that it should be "done to the sound of the waterfall. I want the sound of the waterfall louder and softer as the wind rises and falls, to be spoken through—like the music."

Turning to the novels we find in *Martin Chuzzlewit* a stage scene with "soft music playing all the while" and in *The Old Curiosity Shop* there is another description of a play in which appears "the man who sang the song with the lady's maid and danced the chorus, who made her laugh." He had a great idea of "slow music", "soft music", "quick music" and "hurry" and of appropriate melodies in melodrama. Although he frequently made fun of the employment of these he quite appreciated the effect of music on others and felt it

upon himself. His description of David Copperfield's visit to Covent Garden Theatre after leaving his aunt is probably a recollection of such a visit paid by himself. "From the back of a centre box," he says, "I saw *Julius Caesar* and the new pantomime . . . The mingled reality and mystery of the whole show, the influence upon me of the poetry, the lights, the music . . . were so dazzling, and opened up such illimitable regions of delight, that when I came out into the rainy street, at twelve o'clock at night, I felt as if I had come from the clouds." Frederick Dorrit, the uncle of Little Dorrit, played the clarinet in the theatre six nights a week, but "had never been observed to raise his eyes above his music-book, and was confidently believed to have never seen a play . . . the frequenters of the pit supposed him to pass his whole life, night and day, and Sunday and all in the orchestra . . . In private life, where there was no part for the clarinet, he had no part at all."

In *Our French Watering Place*, says Dickens, "we have a commodious and gay theatre—or had, for it is burned down now—where the opera was always preceded by vaudeville . . . the little old man with the little cane and tassel, who always played either my Uncle or my Papa, suddenly broke out of the dialogue into the mildest vocal sketches, to the great perplexity of the unaccustomed strangers from Great Britain, who never could make out when they were singing and when they were talking—and indeed it was pretty much the same." In *Pictures from Italy* it is clear that there the *marionetti* attracted him most, with their dancing, springing and pirouetting, "coming down with a pause, on the very tips of their toes, when the music requires it . . . I shall never see a real ballet with a composed countenance again." In the French-Flemish country he came across: "*La famille P. Saley, composée d'artistes dramatique, au nombre de 15 sujets*," one of whom sings a very short song "with his eyebrows . . ."

The *Uncommercial Traveller* in Dullborough Town feels "like a tenor in an English opera" when he speaks of his boyhood's home. *Dombey and Son* provides us with a comparison of "the cart of life, shaken all to pieces" which goes on labouring towards its goal, accompanying the scene like soft music. "The orchestra," says J. B. van Amerongen, "is generally playing softly as the curtain falls" on a death scene; but "sometimes the subdued, plaintive tones of the violins swell into the loud blare of the trumpets: 'Dead, your Majesty!' etc." In *Bleak House* music seems to be chiefly associated with drunkenness, for when Rinaldodi Velasco (his real name being Pickleson) was given sixpence, "he laid it out in two threepennyworths of gin and water, which so brisked him up too that he sang the favourite Comic of Shivery Shakey, aint it cold? . . . a popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him as a Roman wholly in vain." The dwarf in *Greenwich*

*Fair* is always particularly drunk and also "pledges himself to sing a comic song." Of a very different character is the mason in *Our Mutual Friend*, who as he chips out P-A-U-L in the marble slab before him "sings and whistles." Uncle Toby is limited in his musical expression, for he is for ever singing his *Lilliburlero*; Pipes always expresses his joy by blowing his flute.

In *Gesammelte Schriften*, Otto Ludwig, the German novelist and poet, says that every chapter of a Dickens novel strikes him as the scene of a drama, and Dickens's works generally impress him like plays accompanied by music. He heard this music in the "rat-a-tat" of the coffin-maker, faintly audible in the distance, during Omer's talk with David, and when Walter Gay, holding Florence to his heart, listens to "The Blessed Sunday Bells." J. B. Van Amerongen considers that the suggestion of "music" must have been stronger still in the scene where David and Agnes are having their first talk after Dora's death, while she, sitting at the piano "played on, looking at him still," and still more in the closing lines of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, where we find Tom Pinch performing on the organ and "in those sounds with which it is thy wont to bear the twilight company, the music of the heart speaks out—the story of thy life reveals itself."

In stage adaptations of his novels music was in Dickens's own day often entirely irrelevant and especially was this the case with those based on *Pickwick*. Later the book has served as the basis of many comic operas, most of them of ephemeral. Serious composers, also, like Carl Goldmark, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Riccardo Zandonai have written operas based on *The Cricket on the Hearth*, the Scotsman and Italian keeping the title of the story intact, while the Austro-Hungarian composer, with true artistic uncertainty, wavered between merely *Das Heimchen* and *Das Heichen am Herd*. Norman O'Neill, Albert Coates and Charles Wood wrote operas based on *Pickwick* and Julian Edwards, an Englishman who settled in America and became a popular composer there, composed an operatta on the character of Dolly Varden. Quite early Gustave Schmidt, a pupil of Hummel and Mendelssohn, wrote a 'musical play' on *A Christmas Carol*, and a new opera, *The Tale of Two Cities*, has been composed by Arthur Benjamin for the Festival of Britain.

Instrumental works inspired by or based on Dickens's stories are generally of a light and humorous character. They include Hans Gal's *Dickens Overture* and Joseph Holbrooke's *Pickwick Quartet*, and for the piano Debussy's *Prelude Hommage à Pickwick* and Felix White's *Dickens Notebook*.

## CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY

## A NEW EUROPEAN ATTITUDE IN ASIA

Sir,

In a footnote on page 158 of the March number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Mr. Tibor Mende quotes figures from a report to the U.S. Senate Committee on Finance, showing the average national *per capita* income, expressed in U.S. dollars, in 1939 in 21 European and Asiatic countries. At the head of this list, above the U.K., stands Germany with a figure of 520 dollars. At the very bottom we read: Indonesia, 22.

Although the American Information Service here cannot supply me with a copy of the report quoted, I would be so bold as to challenge the accuracy of these figures even without having been able to check up to see how they were obtained.

The figure for Germany must, I assume, be based on Nazi statistics, which were notoriously fictitious. For the period 1925-1934 Professor Colin Clark calculated the relevant figure for Germany as 275. If this figure and that quoted by Mr. Mende were correct, it would mean that in the five-year period, 1935-1939, the Hitler régime in Germany had succeeded in all but doubling the average income of Germans, raising it far above the level enjoyed by the people of the U.K., Switzerland, Holland and Sweden, four of the richest nations in Europe. An unparalleled feat! However, everyone must surely know that this was not the case. (Before the war it was cheap for Dutch workers to go on holiday to Germany and thousands did.)

As for the other end of the scale: read in conjunction with Mr. Mende's account of the wretched economic circumstances of the population in the Philippines (average *per capita* income, 32), the figure given for Indonesia, 22, leads the reader to assume that the population of pre-war Indonesia suffered under conditions even worse, indeed, under what Mr. Mende terms conditions of "bottomless human degradation". This, too, is manifestly untrue. And an explanation is forthcoming.

It is, in fact, as good as impossible to calculate an accurate figure for Indonesia, since a money economy, such as exists in the west, is by no means the rule there. The great majority of the population still live partly by barter, and some entirely. The peasant needs only a limited *money* income (to pay taxes and purchase manufactured goods at the bazaars), the rest of his income being received in kind. Unless this has been taken into account in calculating the figure of 22 dollars for Indonesia, the figure is absolutely unreliable. And it is hardly likely that it has been taken into account, since those thorough-going devotees of statistics, the Dutch, are themselves obliged to admit that the average income per head in Indonesia is virtually unassessable... for this very reason.

Further, it should be remembered that 22 dollars, or their equivalent, could buy a far greater proportion of a man's needs in the east than a similar sum could in Europe. Indeed, conditions of climate, type of housing, clothing, diet, social customs all differ so hugely between east and west that statistics alone cannot provide a true comparative picture of welfare.

All this is not intended to contest Mr. Mende's main argument, with which all

people of goodwill must surely enthusiastically agree. But it does mean that statistics can lie... and certainly do when methods suitable for assessing the state of affairs in one type of society are employed to obtain a comparative picture of a society quite different in nature and structure. Finally, I would just like to remark that "human degradation" is not a purely economic matter. Perhaps, in the world of the spirit, the east might help the west.

Yours faithfully,

Riouwstraat 58,  
The Hague,  
Holland.

J. T. BROCKWAY.

*Mr. Tibor Mende writes from Paris:* I don't have before me the original report of the U.S. Senate Committee on Finance, referred to by Mr. Brockway. The relevant statistical table, however, is reproduced on pp. 113-114 of *Point Four—Co-operative Program for Aid in the Development of Economically Underdeveloped Areas*—available in American information libraries. This is a Department of State publication (No. 3719) released in January 1950 to launch the Point 4 programme. In its preparation the Department of State was assisted by an "Interdepartmental Advisory Committee in Technical Assistance and of the staff of the National Advisory Council". All this seemed to me serious enough and worth quoting. Especially so as Professor Colin Clark's figures (1925-1934)—even if, personally, I am inclined to accept them with more confidence—are out of date and hardly any other recent figures have been published on comparative incomes from any serious source.

All this said, I gladly subscribe to Mr. Brockway's incredulity concerning the accuracy of these or similar statistics. The selection of facts in research of this kind is necessarily arbitrary. Unfortunately, however, one has to rely on what is available and my purpose was merely to show the enormous difference between the western and the Asian countries.

Evidently the German workers' average *real* income did not double between 1933-1939; but I would think it credible that, after the annexation of Austria and Czechoslovakia and with the armament industries paying high wages, the income of the average German worker—expressed in U.S. dollars at the official exchange rates—may have been higher than in any other European country at the time. I repeat, I do not wish to defend the accuracy of these figures. I am merely trying to explain why I considered them sufficiently serious to illustrate the thesis of my article.

I have never visited Indonesia but from what I have seen in other Asian countries—alleged to have a higher standard of living—the expression "bottomless human degradation", when speaking of Asia as a whole, does not seem to me exaggerated. I disagree with the notion that because Asians live under different conditions, their standard of living cannot or should not be compared with that in the west. This is precisely the kind of attitude my article deplored. If the Indonesian or Burmese peasant does not need fuel for the winter, he would certainly welcome an electric fan in his house, a fridaire in his kitchen or cool transportation. The essence of the current revolt of Asia is, I think, that Asians *do* want to compare their standards of living with those prevailing in the west. And why shouldn't they? Don't they see our films and our glossy magazines? Don't they listen to western broadcasts or read newspapers? Or don't they see the sumptuous living of the tiny group of Asians who, in each country, manage to acquire sufficient wealth to imitate our "western way of living"? I agree that owing to climatic and social differences it may be difficult to find common denominators to compare standards of living. But I disagree with the implied conclusion that, because of these differences, Asian standards of living have to be lower than ours. The appeal of Communism in most Asian countries is based on the

masses' desire for higher standards of living and no-one would deny that it is highly successful.

I certainly do not wish to minimize the spiritual values of the east and gladly accept that they might help the west. But when I think of the countless mothers burying one after the other children who might have been saved; of the bright youngsters who will never have a chance to develop; of the inhuman struggle of numberless villagers against an exhausted soil; or, of the 20-odd million Indians who, while I am writing these lines, are slowly starving to death in their villages in northern India, I cannot help asking myself in what way their spiritual heritage will save them from the "bottomless human degradation" of dying for lack of food or medical care in a world where plenty is within reach. There are periods in the history of every society when certain social factors claim precedence over all others. In present-day Asia, I think, the problem of material welfare certainly conditions all other considerations.

The "idyllic contentment of the native" is as much part of the past as the methods of the opium war and the sooner we realize this the more we improve the chances of world peace. Long before the power-loom and the steamship, Asians often had higher standards of living than our forefathers in western Europe. "Conditions of climate, type of housing, clothing, diet and social customs" have not changed so radically since; it was rather that we put guns on our steamships. That advantage is now threatened. One of its symptoms is that Asians insist on comparing their living standards with ours. They may use inaccurate statistics but they certainly have a case.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

### THE MYSTERY OF SPAIN

By WILLIAM RYDAL

To the ordinary educated, and travelled, Englishman, Spain is largely *terra incognita*. His notions of the country are too often limited to a general impression of wild gaiety and colour or of semi-African scents and sounds deriving from the *flamenco* and gypsy dances of Andalusia. And, if he reflects on the Spanish as a nation, it is to surmise that there must be something radically wrong with a people that, in the twentieth century goes in for civil war and thereafter puts up for more than a decade with a dictatorship manifestly patterned on the Fascist model. To the few *cognoscenti* Spain presents a very different picture, infinitely more varied and complex both from the scenic and the political points of view, and also essentially *triste*. Indeed this is the first and essential truth about Spain: that it is *different*, both variegated in its several parts and essentially *sui generis* in relation to the rest of western Europe. (Geography, in this case, is a base deceiver.) As Mr. Brennan observes: "For centuries a mixing bowl of the cultures of Europe, Asia and North Africa, Spain to-day gives off a note which is unlike any other," and no one can understand the mystery of Spain who applies the ordinary criteria and standards of the west.

Mr. Brennan showed in his masterly study of *The Spanish Labyrinth* (1939) that he is one of those few who do understand. His new book\* describing experiences and impressions during a journey with his wife in the spring of 1949 is, again, plumb right in its

general perspective and commendably free from political prejudice. Nevertheless, the uninitiated should be warned that the conditions which he depicts, a blend of grim austerity, sadness and fearful poverty, are peculiar to central and southern Spain, between Madrid and Gibraltar, so to speak, the provinces of the historic region of Andalusia with the neighbouring regions of La Mancha in the east and Extremadura in the west. Other regions, and not merely Catalonia and the Basque Provinces, possess very different characteristics.

Two things stand out in this account of an unsentimental journey—the extreme degree of poverty obtaining—the staple food of the agricultural labourer, he tells us, consists of bread and olive oil, with a little salad and vinegar and some cheap sort of fish—and the sullen resignation with which the régime is accepted. Try as he would, the author could not escape politics. He gets Francoism into the right focus when he observes that Falange's lower middle-class idealism, genuine in its inception, has been swamped by circumstances. The unyielding selfishness of the vested interests of landowners, Church and army, and of the new pluto-bureaucracy, have combined with the shock of Hitler's defeat, black-market corruption and post-war inflation to breed a cynical disillusionment with a ramshackle dictatorship, with which, nowadays, the régime of Primo de Rivera is nostalgically contrasted. But the value of the book lies mainly in the author's appreciation of the quint-

\**The Face of Spain*, by Gerald Brennan. Turnstile Press, 15s.

essential Spanish characteristics and the fine descriptive passages of landscape, flora and jewels, of art and architecture. There are, too, numerous penetrating glances into the real conditions behind the propaganda screen, for example, the blatant selling of better quality bread under the appellation *Pan a Contrabando* and the black market shifts to which Spaniards, generally, are reduced. One man, he remarks, had snaffled for himself 32 ration books, wherefore the official statistics of a large increase of the population need to be taken with several grains of salt!

Of the two books listed below\* the less said the better. Miss O'Callaghan's effusion is above all a Panglossian tribute to the Franco régime which she describes as "a well-ordered, smooth-running welfare State [with] a people industrious, contented and, above all, well-disposed towards one another instead of envenomed with bitter feelings."

In fact the author's theme is not so much Spanish conditions, about which she does little more than parrot the propaganda and lies current, as the fallibility of the orthodox standards of democracy not merely as applied to Spain (with which most of us would agree) but in themselves. Style and substance are equally shoddy, and do disservice to the cause which Miss O'Callaghan would fain champion.

Mr. Brodrick is chatty, discursive and at the same time prodigal of historical lore, as he darts disconcertingly from Spain to Portugal, from the past to the present. The net effect, to the present reviewer at any rate, is sheer unreadability. One wonders for what class of reader the publisher can have intended this gallimaufry.

WILLIAM RYDAL

\**CINDERELLA OF EUROPE: Spain Explained*, by Sheila M. O'Callaghan. Skeffington. 12s. 6d.

*PILLARS OF HERCULES: The Iberian Scene*, by Alan Houghton Broderick. Hutchinson. 18s.

#### THE CHANGING MAP OF ASIA.

Edited by W. Gordon East and O. H. K. Spate. Methuen. 25s.

#### THE CHINESE IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA, by Victor Purcell. Oxford University Press. 50s.

Since the group of scholars completed their surveys of the main components of Asia for the first of these books much has happened to add to the questions they raise. Will Indo-China manage to hold the independence at last granted her against the Communists? Will the Burmese Government, staggering dizzily along like a top on the verge of running down, succeed in hammering its many-hued rebels into subjection? What will be the end of the war in Korea, where the power vacuum caused by the downfall of Japan has brought Russia and America face to face in conflict? Above all, what is the real aim of Communist China's new imperialism? But these questions are implicit in those actually raised, which must be faced. The only common denominator in all the fevers of Asia, as the editors point out, is the abysmal poverty of her hundreds of millions of peasants and only the co-operation of east and west offers any cure. To-day, the Communist slogan "land for the peasant" has much greater appeal than that of a totally unknown democracy.

This book cannot be hurried through but one can promise those who read it with the attention it deserves unfailing interest. Each writer is a master of his subject and there are 34 admirably illuminating maps. The background of present events is particularly well told by the two editors. They make the interesting point that it was the western rulers' need of a native bureaucracy, which of course had to be educated, that gave birth to "whole generations of the professional and clerical classes" who "wandered between two worlds and belonged to neither." The essential problem of Asiatic self-government could not be better put.

Professor East's description of

Russia's Asiatic empire is simply horrifying. If China, 1,500,000 square miles within the Wall, is undoubtedly big, what of Russia's 6,300,000 sq. miles in Asia, packed with every sort of wealth (excepting rubber) that a nation needs? Professor East does not believe that from this inexhaustible "heart-land" Russia can proceed to conquer the world. One comforting thought is that no-one has yet succeeded in that. But the Yalta Treaty may well rank in history as the blindest, most disastrous ever signed.

One of the most interesting sections is Professor Walter Fogg's on South-West Asia, 2,000,000 square miles of land-bridge between east and west, beset with rivalries and envies—the physical weakness and mental strength of Israel; the Arab discords; and the doubtful gift of the richest oil deposits in the world. But may one suggest that more attention should have been paid to Pakistan as the future leader of a Pan-Muslim bloc? Many signs indicate that that is written in her stars. Unlike India, a compost of divergent religions and peoples, Pakistan is substantially homogeneous and the rising insistence by all Muslims on "the Islamic way of life" is a notable feature in Asiatic nationalism. Considering the strategic importance of South-west Asia for the preservation of the British Commonwealth, British policy both towards Pakistan and the Arabs seems to have been singularly maladroit.

China provides another good section. The Communist régime is still too young for a formed judgment. More and more she emerges as a police State shutting herself off from foreign eyes. Dr. Wood, author of this section, well shows that, excepting in Manchuria, China is much less rich than once supposed in materials for the wholesale industrialization on which the Communists have set their heart. Of their other great aim, to stamp out Confucius with Marx and Lenin, his remark that "cultures have their defence in depth

no less than territories" expresses the feelings of many experienced observers.

An important ingredient in the multitudinous problems of Asia is the theme of Dr. Purcell's great book in which he minutely traces the history and character of the 10,000,000 Chinese spread through South-east Asia from Burma to the Philippines. Some cannot speak too highly of them (and it appears to be a fact that the economy of the countries they invade cannot do without them), others have called them every vile name in the dictionary. Submissive under political disability, from time to time the victims of horrid massacres due to fear or envy, their tireless industry, skill in amassing wealth and indomitable toughness constitute a problem which western Governments cannot continue to ignore. The revolution of Dr. Sun Yat-sen first roused the sense of nationalism in the Chinese of the Nanyang. And now comes Mao Tse-tung: will they only revere him as the great national figure that he certainly is? Or will they accept his leadership and guidance? As yet they have given no sign, though the business class are certainly chilled by the sufferings of their fellows in China under the heavy hand of State enterprise.

Dr. Purcell's book contains a wealth of facts, lightened by many amusing quotations from early travellers in South-east Asia. It is one that no-one interested in the future of Asia should neglect.

O. M. GREEN

**BRITAIN AND THE MIDDLE EAST**, by Sir Reader Ballard. Hutchinson's University Library. 7s. 6d.

**THE SECURITY OF THE MIDDLE EAST**: A problem paper published by the Brookings Institution, Washington, D.C. Faber & Faber. 4s. 6d.

Sir Reader Bullard's theme has been handled frequently, but never with a greater succinctness or a surer direction. He not only knows his own way about

the Middle East and up and down the centuries of its historical past ; but he has the gift, with a sympathy, a clarity and, at times, a wit which make him the perfect guide, to take us along with him and to show us through his eyes how things have shaped themselves and why.

There are the middle ages and the incursions of the Crusades and the wanderings of British pilgrims. Then the spacious days of Elizabethan commercial pioneering under the wing of the Levant Company and the East India Company. Then, imperceptibly almost, the pendulum swings from the east to the west and the Middle East becomes more and more a strategic chattel with Britain, France and Russia more and more stridently competing in the market. Then Germany appears and there is no nonsense about her. She is swinging into the east and she makes so little secret of her demands that Britain, Russia and France bury their differences in face of this "*Drang nach Osten*". And so we pass to the 1914-1918 war. It hatches something quite unexpected—the Arab Awakening and the renaissance of defeated Turkey which are now the *leit-motifs* of political trends in the Middle East. Between 1935 and 1945 occur the temporary adventures of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy with their plans to divide the Middle East into spheres of interest ; but their ephemeral antics left little if any lasting impressions. Now there is a new factor—the Russian threat from behind the all-too-close iron curtain ; and the problem of today is how the awakened Middle East—especially Iran—will face up to this last predicament and how—or if—it will acclimatize itself to collective security based on the west which it still regards as the lair of wicked imperialism.

Sir Reader Bullard gives a perfect background picture of all this. His book does not overlook British mistakes and miscalculations, but it does explain them ; and it is to be hoped that it may be read in the Middle East and remove

some doubts and prejudices. A valuable feature of the book are its excellent indexes.

My second book, *The Security of the Middle East*, is a different type of publication. It analyses the American position in the Middle East and its interesting and arresting opening chapter explains—in perhaps over-tabloided form—the background of the problem of Middle East security and American interest in it. The remaining chapters are more a guide for lecturers on the subject than a book to be read as a book. And it bears the obvious stamp of multi-authorship with the result that it is "blue-bookish" and lacks the personality and intimacy of Sir Reader Bullard's story. But it does bring out very strongly the necessity of America contributing "means to increase the security of the Middle East with respect to both external and internal disruptive forces."

OWEN TWEEDY

**ORDEAL BY FIRE : AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR**, by Fletcher Pratt. *The Bodley Head*. 15s.

To the innumerable books on the American Civil War, Mr. Fletcher Pratt has added another which recounts in four hundred pages the main current of event and motion that brought this war to its decision. Two assumptions assisted him in this remarkable feat of condensation. He believes that this war was decided on the battlefield and nowhere else ; thus he could deal briefly with economic, political and similar forces, and could devote most of his pages to campaigns and battles. The second assumption that saved much space was that the right was altogether on the side of the Union and that the Confederacy in its society, its politics, and its leaders was totally in the wrong. With this conviction Mr. Pratt could dispose in few words of many a difficult problem that would have required more extended treatment by a writer who did not share his certitude.

Whether or not one agrees with the author's convictions, one must respect the candour with which he presents them and must admit that they are useful tools for making history brief and comprehensible.

Mr. Pratt is obviously writing for the "general reader", and he seems to think that the general reader likes his history to be written in slangy, impressionistic and extravagant style. The book abounds in incomplete sentences and such unorthodox words and expressions as : Simon Cameron tried "a snide political trick" ; "Chancellorsville went lost" ; troops under close artillery fire "went back all raddled and teased out." Sometimes he writes as though giving stage directions for a light opera : "At the sound of the cannon that opened against Fort Sumter the bells of Charleston all pealed forth joyfully and the citizens left their beds to rush into the streets and congratulate each other that the war had begun." "But in the North, 100,000 marching men clapped their hands on musket-butts and swore it was not so." The antecedent of "it" is "the end of the world." Extravagant hyperbole is common. "A rebel sniper put a bullet through the boiler (of a steamboat and it) dissolved in a burst of steam and a fine rain of cog-wheels." "The marching columns moved light as thistledown." General Halleck "began closing in on the rebel stronghold with elaborate caution, an inch a century."

It may be argued that any reader ought to be able to tell that the author does not always mean exactly what he says. But it may be just as well to warn those who like simple, direct, exact statements that this is not the place to find them. The further warning should be given that here and there exact knowledge is needed to detect errors. Central Mississippi is not a "vast tangle of cypress and frog-swamp" ; and the clay subsoil of Duck River Valley, Tennessee, does not shed water "so rapidly as to make the

country a bowling Sahara twelve hours later." Each of these wrong statements is used to explain an important military operation.

Perhaps it is unfair to subject this sort of book to meticulous, critical examination. If it is read with an eye only to the general effect, the effect is sometimes dramatic and vivid. Furthermore, Mr. Pratt may be correct in his rather unflattering estimate of the taste of those who read history, and he is strongly supported in his estimate by Mr. Bernard de Voto, who has asserted that : "This is the best one-volume history of the Civil War I've ever read", and by Mr. D. W. Brogan who has taken the trouble to write a preface for it. But *Ordeal by Fire* reminds this reviewer of a dinner that conceals the scarcity of good red meat with a superfluity of condiments.

CHARLES S. SYDNOR

**THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY**, by S. F. Nadel. *Cohen and West*. 25s.

**INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY**, by Otto Friedman. *Sylvan Press*. 10s.

The title of Professor Nadel's absorbing volume should be carefully noted. He explicitly disavows any intention of writing a text-book of social anthropology, but sets out to discover the logical premises, and the conceptual and technical foundations on which social anthropology rests. It is with that in mind that the book must be read. It is, he declares, primarily a book about method.

The subject matter of anthropology is those standardized behaviour patterns which, taken together, form culture, and of these standardized patterns, only those are relevant which are either themselves controlled by aims, or enter into aim-controlled patterns. Such action is, of course, human action, and therefore anthropological facts fall into two main groups—those which are concerned with the human motives and techniques leading to action, and

those which are concerned with the tasks that such action seeks to accomplish. In both cases, since behaviour is standardized, we have to do with repetitive patterns of behaviour, and we have therefore to do with repetitive human relations, and with repetitive relationships between themselves and the tasks they seek to accomplish.

Because social anthropology seeks to explain this double order of facts and the relationship between the two sets of facts, and does so basically by means of observation, comparison and the forming of explanatory hypotheses, it belongs to the same general set of disciplines as natural science, but nothing in the book is more usefully said, or more carefully worked out than the firm recognition that social anthropology and the natural sciences are uneasy bedfellows. The "phenomenal regression" that is unimportant in the natural sciences is all-important in the human sciences; social and psychological phenomena are incapable of independent definition, and the reaction between them is both constant and causal, and these three marked differences from the physical and biological sciences mean that social anthropology has its own distinctive scientific methods and limitations. The "laws" of anthropology are always contingent and empirical, and there are always facts in a cultural situation which, so far as the laws are concerned, are "surds" and not to be grouped under the general laws.

The basic assumption with which social anthropology works is that of mental energy, and this mental energy works side by side with the linkage between anthropological facts or their genesis in what Professor Nadel calls "action potentials" which are preformed—"performed" on p. 311—in the human mind. The end of these potentials is the survival of man in society, and beyond that we cannot go.

So bare and schematic a presentation of the author's thesis almost inevitably

fails to represent the fullness and yet the minuteness of his discussions, and therefore one hastens to add that Dr. Nadel clothes every important conception he employs with thorough examination and explanation, and that these are greatly enriched because he brings to them not only adequate psychological equipment, but, a much rarer quality in books of this kind, a competent philosophical equipment as well. It is that which makes it a little strange that he has paid so little attention to what may be called the aesthetic references of some of his facts. "Explanation", he tells us at one point, is that which satisfies, and with that statement we are plunged straight into aesthetics, though he seems unaware of the fact.

Such cavillings however are ungracious when one recalls the solid value and stimulating effect of the book as a whole. It will probably please neither the natural scientist on the one hand nor the theologian on the other, but there can be no doubt that the author has given us one of the most stimulating studies in the prolegomena of the human sciences we have yet had.

Professor Nadel expresses his scepticism as to whether there is such a thing as social psychology, and on the whole Mr. Friedman's book tends to confirm that judgment. The fact is that Mr. Friedman gets off to a very bad start. Sentences like: "The thoughts in our minds permit us to remember past and to anticipate future anticipations" suggest that he is dealing with ideas that are not wholly familiar to himself, whilst others like "(The way) chosen by the individual depends on several innate and environmental factors" argues pretty much the same thing.

It is to be feared that it is only the veriest tyro who will find much help or enlightenment in this volume. It rarely rises above the platitudinous, and keeps rather obstinately to the path of the stock of common knowledge.

B. C. FLOWRIGHT

**DIODORUS SICULUS, Vol. V. Books XII (41 to end) and XIII.** Translated by C. H. Oldfather. Loeb Classical Library. William Heinemann. 15s.

A certain atmosphere of "Old and True" need not be resisted in our reading of the classics. When we seek refreshment from our own perplexities and find in the ancient world similar problems of war and peace, of democracies and tyrannies, of political and military disasters and economic rivalries, we are able at least to reach common ground in our contemporary experience.

The fifth century B.C. in the Mediterranean world is such a period. It produced the first great prose work in western literature in the *History* of Herodotus. Thucydides brought to a finer point the science which Herodotus had defined in his opening paragraph as the narrative of that which he had learnt by diligent inquiry. Xenophon told the story of a famous march with a soldier's eye and a born reporter's zest. In succeeding centuries many Greek authors followed these masters with varying success; and at last Greek history came to be written by Greeks in Rome.

Diodorus the Sicilian belongs to this late period—the age of Augustus, when Athens was still the university of the ancient world but many of its professors had settled in Rome, now the political capital of the world but sensible of its intellectual rawness. Diodorus set out to write, not merely a history, but a "library" as he called it, to embrace the story of the world from the earliest times to those of Julius Caesar. His books XII and XIII (of which XII is incomplete) deal with the development of the Athenian empire under Pericles, the Peloponnesian War and the disaster at Syracuse, together with the first Carthaginian invasion of Sicily. These volumes therefore challenge comparison, except for the last subject, with Thucydides.

For modern readers, familiar with Thucydides, there can be no comparison. Listen to Thucydides on Syracuse:

This was the greatest event in the war, or, in my opinion, in Greek history: at once most glorious to the victors and most calamitous to the conquered. They were beaten at all points and altogether; their sufferings in every way were great. They were totally destroyed—their fleet, their army, everything—and few out of many returned home. So ended the Sicilian Expedition.

We may search Greek, or any literature, for a passage of like vigour, compression and ruthless clarity. Diodorus has nothing equivalent. He narrates events without bringing out their significance and often buries them under a pedestrian dullness. Yet he could be forgiven far more than dull writing and sometimes muddling his sources for the sake of the speeches in which the Syracusans debated the fate of their Athenian prisoners. "If we put them to death we shall be merely indulging our anger, sating a fruitless passion; if we put them under guard we shall have the gratitude of the men we have succoured as well as the approbation of all other peoples." Other speakers and other arguments prevailed. The debate ran to many pages of Diodorus and almost every word of it has topical significance. The two Athenian generals were put to the sword. The war went forward to a more bitter end. Revenge produced its fruits then as now.

Diodorus Siculus can be read with pleasure and interest for a continuous narrative of events in the Mediterranean world at a period when that was the only known world and future history was being shaped on a grand scale. If, as in this edition, we are reading the Greek and English texts side by side we could hardly find an author more suitable to construe. Professor Oldfather's translation is admirably straight-forward and competent and his footnotes are helpful.

W. THOMSON HILL

**LATE HARVEST**, by S. L. Bensusan.  
Routledge. 16s.

In the preface to his latest collection of tales of the Essex marshlanders, Mr. Bensusan notes of them that "a certain originality has passed." It is just this originality (born, perhaps, of a direct if limited way of living) that gives Mr. Bensusan's tales their particular tang. He captures it nicely in their speech, which is as expressive as it is peculiar. He captures it too in their attitudes, which are nearly always crass and surprising. Like Jefferies before him, in fact, he does not mince matters when it comes to depicting the country cottager: his pictures of the old marshlanders show them wart and all. If their heart is occasionally kind, their tongue is invariably harsh. They nurse their antagonism to strangers like an ailing cosset. They are certainly not without malice. Even when they are proved wrong, their obstinacy is such that they go on behaving as if they were right. And the utmost of their ambition is to be considered "right-forward folk". Bearing in mind these not inconsiderable limitations it is surely no mean tribute to Mr. Bensusan's art that he should yet be able to make his marshlanders attractive to the reader, who, if he laughs at them, does so with no unkindness. It is, of course, Mr. Bensusan's good humour that does the trick—this and his sage common sense.

But "my marshland is dead", he laments, and finds nothing admirable in what has taken its place. (For this reason, maybe, all his characters seem to be past middle-age and all his happenings, despite bombings, to have taken place before the last war.) Or again: "It may be under Time's direction that our talk is of the colourful past; by comparison the present is monotonous and dull and there can be no future." Against this I would set Jefferies' repeated affirmation (who also loved the past and never wearied of recalling it for our pleasure) that his hope was in the light of the future. Without this hope, life is in danger of

being nulled; and, despite his skill and wisdom and humour, a note of nostalgia does in fact inform Mr. Bensusan's tales. His regret at the way things have gone even moves him to protest that the very birds following the plough are baffled by the pace of the tractor, whereas, of course, birds are as accommodating as men and soon use themselves to new conditions. If marshland is dead for some of us, it need not be dead for a younger generation who dance to a different tune.

This little said, however, the really important fact remains that Mr. Bensusan has made a vivid contribution to regional literature. To Hardy his Wessex, to Jefferies his Wiltshire, to Hudson his downlands; and now to Mr. Bensusan his Essex marshlands. If his theme is slight, there seems no end to the number of variations his master-hand is able to extract from it, which is a compliment both to the theme's fertility and to Mr. Bensusan's own craft and insight. His many admirers everywhere will read with mingled emotions the news that he has entrusted to his publishers the typescript of two more volumes "so that the tale may be told with or without the teller." All will unfeignedly hope that the precaution was unnecessary: may he share with us his enjoyment of the one "sweet especial rural scene" for many years yet to come.

C. HENRY WARREN

**THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS**, by Paul-André Lesort. Cassell. 15s.

**A LONG DAY'S DYING**, by Frederick Buechner. Chatto & Windus. 9s. 6d.

**A FLAME IN THE AIR**, by Allan Prior. Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.

M. Paul-André Lesort's impressive first novel suffers at the start from overcrowding and from a constant changing of viewpoint that is unnecessarily confusing. From the gathering of his relatives at Grandfather Drouot's funeral we follow their fortunes through the vicissitudes of family life and in

particular trace the story of Michel and Andrée Estienne whose marriage, due to the wife's illness after the birth of her first child, leads to an inverted Lady Chatterley situation, complicated by their Catholicism and expressed in terms not of D. H. Lawrence's inadequate vitalism but of sin and expiation.

It is fascinating to compare M. Lesort's interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with that of E. M. Forster—the well-known 'goblin' passage—in *Howard's End*. The fluent journalism of the early part of the book has much in it that is striking and affecting but it is not until the splendid and tragical theme emerges—of the family as an epitome of the human struggle—that the novel achieves artistic significance. The concluding chapters and the little, sardonic whiplash at the end have the kind of greatness that is above criticism. They rise to a grandeur that excuses, if it does not justify, the formlessness of what has gone before.

*A Long Day's Dying*, a first novel by a young American, despite its often obscure symbolism and occasional pretentiousness, introduces an intelligent writer who may become, with maturity, a considerable novelist. The title is from *Paradise Lost*. What plot there is concerns the unforeseen consequences of a casual affair between a beautiful widow and a young don who, because he is an American, is quaintly described as an English instructor. The widow is also admired by a fat man, Tristram Bone, and a waspish little novelist, George Motley, whose name signifies, perhaps, something of the cosmic jester. Her son Leander, described at one point as a "Greek godling", has little other to do than to look handsome, though he is possibly intended to have the same sort of symbolic, elemental significance as has, say, Stephen Wonham in *The Longest Journey*. Tristram Bone has a monkey, Simon, who apes humans and is simple enough to commit accidental suicide in a horrible and pathetic manner. There are other symbolic properties and a matriarchal grandmother, improbably

called Mahoo, who is obviously important to the author but whose significance is not made sufficiently clear.

The novel has some of the typical faults of an early work and of contemporary fiction. At times it is too analytical so that we meet its people at one remove from intimacy. We are conscious of the author between us and them. There is insight—and exhibitionism. It is vital for a novelist to be sincere; fatal to him, as an artist, to be merely clever. But a little brittle cleverness in a first novel is preferable to the deadly earnestness that makes many young writers such bores. Nevertheless, one can waste time reading emotional barometers. And Mr. Buechner will learn to write less about his characters; to show them to us instead and let us judge for ourselves. In his book there is that pause of self-consciousness, even of reverence, before introducing any mention of The Arts that is typically and rather touchingly American. It makes us comprehend, even to-day, Henry James's need of Europe. And Mr. Buechner's people are the defeated. They consider destiny a verdict not, as M. Lesort puts it, an invitation. With the long day's dying go the matriarch and the monkey—but the writer has as yet nothing very profound to tell us of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree.

*A Flame in the Air*, a first novel by Allan Prior, has an appearance of tidiness that belongs to something competently done on a lower level. It is about a radio script-writer who, for a feature programme, reconstructs what happened at a fire in which some friends were involved, with tragic consequences. It is partly a thriller and at the same time a semi-documentary on radio script-writing, written with an assurance that suggests actual experience. Mr. Prior's novel works up tension, achieves pathos, but has that undercurrent of cynicism and apathy that drains so many contemporary novels of much of their significance.

LUKE PARSONS

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

For too long, poetry has been the absent guest at this table, and toasting its health—or sometimes more appropriately wishing it complete recovery from obstinate sickness—is a poor substitute. So, welcomed first to this month's repast is the work of four poets which is, indeed what poetry needs to be, sound in wind and limb—able to sing, and to run without tiring.

**Hearing the music**

Lord Gorell's has these, disciplined and strengthened in the service of his preoccupation with the basic themes, with love and beauty, Jesus and death, time, the mountains, nature's rebirth, and the stars :

You are so old, the eyes that Jason knew  
When Argus watched beside the golden fleece:

What are we  
Who gaze upon you, silent, anxious-eyed,  
But tiny vessels on a boundless sea  
Surrendered up to Man's infirmity ?

These are unclamorous questions, between the covers of *IN THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH* (John Murray. 7s. 6d.), putting the hopes and fears of a couple of generations all the more surely into the narrower grooves. Not that he wastes breath on despising these days or their problems, for his is the deep, unhurried god's-eye view that has both tolerance and a talent for understanding. The style, matching the philosophy, makes him a master of slow music, whose cadences are clearly heard in the spoken word, a test for poetry new and old, and one that "moderns" too often shirk.

**Prizewinner poet**

It is passed by Valentin Iremonger in *RESERVATIONS* (Macmillan. 6s.), to whom "the AE Memorial Award of £100, made every fifth year for the best literary work, either creative or scholarly, by an Irish writer under 35" was awarded in December 1945. He does not sacrifice song for experi-

ment, and his images, too, are attractive because they are always this side of the bizarre ; so he can communicate intelligibly, and therefore to the reader made sympathetic, what he hears and sees :

And though, midnight inclining bells over the city  
With a shower of sound like the tambourines of Spain  
Gay in the teeth of the night air, I thought  
Of a man who said the truth was in the pity,  
Somehow, under the night's punched curtain,  
I was lost.  
I only knew the pity and the pain.

He too has little use for sustained bitterness, the by-product of all the thinking post-war young, and sees life through the experience of the small boy angered by the theft of his toy horse who finds his enemy playing with it :

He was so happy, I gave him also  
My vivid coloured crayons and my big glass marble

**Screwtape's forerunner**

No Dubliner, another Irishman in the 25 years' younger C. S. Lewis comes with *DYMER* (now republished by J. M. Dent (7s. 6d.) written when the Russian Revolution was fresh in his mind and where in his native Ulster he had "had opportunities of observing the daemonic character of popular political 'causes'." This narrative poem was to knock down idols and to escape illusions. The hero goes through stages of idealism, rebellion, despair, and gives a bribe for the happiness he remembers, before he realizes that he must "face his destiny" and turn away from the tempter Magician. This figure :

It was a mighty man whose beardless face  
Beneath grey hair shone out so large and mild  
It made a sort of moonlight in the place.  
And somewhat in his sauntering walk he rolled  
And toyed about his waist with seals of gold,  
Or stood to ponder often in mid-stride,  
Tilting his heavy head upon one side

bears so reminding a physical resem-

blance to the descriptions of the friends and to the photographs of W. B. Yeats, that it is no surprise to find Mr. Lewis admitting it in his new explanatory preface. It is plain also that the author of *The Problem of Pain* and *The Screwtape Letters* was already there with

The ruined limbs of Dyer, killed outright  
All in a moment, all his story done.  
But that same moment came the rising sun,

where flowers had never grown before and where the splintered woods softened into green. The author has no cause to regard this work of his "immaturity" with anything but pride and, in view of the intervening unmaskings of tyrants, could be excused even if he cried exultantly : "I told you so."

**The rich man**

It is the Jacob in Frank Kendon's dialogue *JACOB AND THOMAS : DARKNESS* (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.) who goes back—to 40 years ago when he asked Christ : "What must I do to inherit eternal life ?" and who now realizes that a bargaining question had a bargaining answer, which kind Thomas, who never saw Jesus, interprets :

In that, then, you were secretly admitted  
Into a deep and private understanding :  
By token of that—have you not guessed it  
before ?—  
Your childish device was known for tongue-tied love,

but leaves Jacob accusing himself

Have I then traitor'd so far  
To claim good upshot of a black rejection ?

of the Christ he adored. The young man of great possessions ever haunts the imagination, and those who have pondered over him since childhood will not be disappointed, nor even disillusioned, to meet the still puzzled man of sixty here.

**Poland's Pride**

Another fortunate meeting : ever since the reading of *Pan Tadeusz* in a prose translation by George Rapall Noyes, the gift of a Polish friend in

1935, the book and its author have stayed in the mind as symbols of the Polish people and their struggles, and rightly so, for their national epic poem of the last foray in Lithuania and of life among the gentlefolk in 1811 is not merely familiar to every Pole but is beloved as well. So ADAM MICKIEWICZ (*Fore Publications*. 3s. 6d.), by K. Pruszyński, was read one night—at a lying-in the town where I spent Easter, and this account of his own pilgrimage kept the cathedral clock, chiming every quarter opposite the hotel, at bay.

At first it was daunting to find that his political activities—which always seem, instinctively, to be as irrelevant in a poet as it is for Paul Robeson, singer and actor and Greek scholar, to be a Communist—should be discussed rather than his lyricism, the possible influences of the Romantic revival on a man born in 1798, and other congenial aspects of his work. But Mickiewicz, exile, with Mr. Robeson, Negro, unhappily fit into political formulae, and the story—of the Pole's years at Vilna University, his early efforts to secure the independence of his country, to which after his banishment in St. Petersburg he never returned, his stay in Paris, his share in the European revolutionary movement of 1848, with a visit to the Pope who was lectured by the poet for an hour, his addresses from balconies in Florence, Empoli, Bologna, Parma and Modena, his legion formed to fight the Austrians, his mantle as prophet and teacher, to his death in Constantinople—is all the way engrossing. A word of praise is due to the clear type, the format and the illustrations of the little book, which has a Foreword by Jack Lindsay.

**Poetry and the people**

He is one of those whose work is represented in *KEY POETS*, also a *Fore Publication* of 10 booklets (1s. each, or boxed and signed £1 1s. 0d.). His companions are George Barker, Jack Beeching, Norman Cameron, Maurice Carpenter, Dorian Cooke, Jonathan Denwood, Edith Sitwell, Stanley Snaith and Randall Swingler. As a way of

"breaking down the barriers between poet and audience, and giving poetry a chance to rediscover itself as activity" the venture deserves every encouragement. And the only way to accomplish this is to buy—and read, which, it must be stated at the risk of a charge of eccentricity, this reader has done even to every word. A Dr. Sitwell's "Poor Men's Music" we may perhaps take for granted, or "The True Confession" of a George Barker, but Stanley Snaith with a needle-sharp eye on Van Gogh, or Dorian Cooke's dying soldier :

The wind-tide  
water-calls, fall of rain,  
Are for those who remain.

or Jonathan Denwood's lively Cumbrian peasants at "Twinter's Wedding" are not to be flicked over. All these, too, are neatly, attractively produced.

#### The real conqueror

The last small book from these publishers here, reading like a crisp, clipped poem as befits a set of notes on scraps of paper, is the autobiographical record of Julius Fucik, translated from the Czech by Stephen Jolly (3s. 6d.), of sufferings in a Nazi prison. Its horror of torture-laden atmosphere is somehow intensified by the lyrical quality of the writing which breathes of tranquillity, joy in living, faith in humanity—even in the better side of German thugs—and wholly unconscious heroism. Waiting for death, beaten, bruised and rejected, this man, as James Aldridge says in the Foreword, "has left us his talisman for human dignity . . . in its essence this book is not a report from the gallows at all. It is the cry of a victor."

#### In the name of liberty

Odour of blood when Christ was slain  
drifts down the centuries around these

other sacrifices. Here is Ivan Bunin in *MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS* (John Lehmann, 12s. 6d.) saying: "I had drunk the cup of indescribable suffering and vain hope to the very dregs" after he had left Moscow in 1918, going to live in southern Russia, which was seized in turn by the "Whites" and the "Reds". His studies of such men as Tolstoy, Chekhov, Chaliapin, and Gorki, in the supple translation of Vera Traill, reveal much of his own character and story for, as one of the finest Russian writers of his generation, he brought as much to these friendships as he received; his "six miniatures" include one of our own Jerome K. Jerome. The last chapter tells of the days at Grasse when on one of them he received the telephone call from Stockholm that led to his appearance in Sweden as the literature Nobel Prizewinner of 1933. There is pathos in the speech he made in French with which he replied. Among his remarks were :

For the first time since the foundation of the Nobel Prize, you have bestowed it on an exile. For what in truth am I? An exile who enjoys the hospitality of France, towards which I have equally contracted a debt of eternal gratitude. Gentlemen of the Academy . . . it is vital for the world that there should be a few centres of absolute independence. Doubtless around this table there are representatives of every opinion, of every philosophical and religious creed. But one truth unites us all : freedom of thought and conscience.

To-day, 18 years later and in his 81st year, his words could be on the lips of refugees everywhere. And the free—those who have never been hunted and cornered, beaten and starved, and deprived of sons and mothers, who moan and groan about ten-pennyworth of meat—might start counting blessings.

GRACE BANYARD

## THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1951

### THE SCHUMAN PACT

By M. J. BONN

N EARLY 25 years have passed since the news of the conclusion of the international steel pact enthused all those well-meaning people, to whom the word "international" signifies peace and good will amongst nations. They saw in it the end of all wars, since the armament manufacturers—the merchants of death, as they were later called in the United States—no longer trying to outbid each other in the production of their murderous wares, were joining hands—at the expense of their national consumers. At that time, the steel capacity of western Europe had risen far beyond actual and even potential requirements, from 31.47 to 47.50 million tons. The makers of the pact assumed as adequate a basic production of 25,280, later raised to 29,287 million tons for the west-Continent, of which 43.18 per cent. were allocated to Germany, 31.18 per cent. to France, 11.56 per cent. to Belgium, 8.3 per cent. to Luxemburg, and 5.78 per cent. to the Saar. A fine of four dollars the ton was imposed on excess output, and a corresponding premium was allowed for each ton below the quota. The plan failed. In 1929, the five partners turned out over 34 million tons, a feat which contributed to the great depression.

The conclusion of the steel pact had been a grave defeat for France. She had hoped through the peace treaty to supplant Germany as the leading continental steel producer. But neither the re-annexation of Alsace-Lorraine's iron ore mines, the confiscation of her German owned steel plants, the separation from Germany of Luxemburg, nor the economic annexation of the Saar for 15 years and the coal deliveries exacted under the treaty, could offset the natural advantages remaining with Germany. The Germans emancipated themselves from the relatively poor Lorraine ores (30 per cent. iron content), and switched over to Spanish and Swedish ores with over 50 per cent. Once the duty-free access to Germany for five years of products from Alsace-Lorraine (which France had secured by the treaty) had lapsed the markets for land-locked Lorraine steel were limited; those of the Ruhr, accessible by sea, covered the world. In 1926, Germany

without the Saar, produced over 12 millions of crude steel, and France only 8.6 million tons.

## II

The Potsdam agreement, reducing Germany's industrial equipment, and limiting her steel production, originally to 5.8 million tons, gave France another chance for assuming the leadership of the continental heavy industries. It soothed moreover her *amour propre*. It was much more satisfactory to ascribe her defeat to Germany's "overwhelming industrial war potential" than to France's military failures. But the period of destructive planning in which the Allies had indulged, did not last long. The Anglo-American governments were prepared to accept Germany as a member of western Europe, though they wanted to retain some control over her industrial activities. They drafted and redrafted the Statute of the Ruhr Authority, which was finally embodied in the Washington agreement on April 6-8, 1949.

The Ruhr Authority is composed of 15 members, three each for France, Great Britain, the United States and Germany, and one each for Belgium, Luxemburg and the Netherlands. Its normal decisions are taken by a simple majority. It has to see to it, "that access to the coal, coke and steel of the Ruhr, which was previously subject to the exclusive control of Germany, be in the future assured on an equitable basis to the countries co-operating in the common economic good"; to prevent "the movements of Ruhr coke and steel to restricted or limited industries" and "an excessive concentration of economic power." For the first time, an industrial country was compelled to share its natural resources with its neighbours, not by way of reciprocal trade agreements, but on the assumption that it was its duty to make up for their deficiencies.

Germany has always been a land of cartels and combines; the latter enjoyed great advantages over rivals, who had to buy monopolized raw materials, received low production quotas, and had to sell processed products in competitive markets. Law 75, agreed upon by Britain and the United States in December 1948, re-grouped coal and iron by disentangling the huge combines and by severing the ties between coal and steel. It left the decision, whether these industries were to be nationalized or to be run by private enterprise, to a German government. The French objected. They neither wanted a nationalized German coal and steel industry, which would represent far greater economic power than mere cartels or combines, nor did they desire a return of the old owners or managers, whose efficiency they respected, not altogether without reason. But they could not hold out against Anglo-American pressure. Moreover in the spring of 1950, a glut in coal and steel seemed imminent. France found it

difficult to sell her steel and iron ores. When coal went begging, and when Germany for the time being was not making full use of her steel quota, the Ruhr Authority was no good to France. The question of Germany's rearmament, and her demands for equality, had to be faced. Something had to be done.

## III

The original Schuman Plan, launched behind the back of the British Government, had envisaged a high authority appointed by member governments, exercising complete control over coal, iron and steel production, distribution and indirectly transportation. This body was to be sovereign, free from the control of national governments and national parliaments. The scheme resembled the plans of the Ruhr magnates in the early days of the Weimar Republic for establishing self-governing bodies composed of employers and employees, which would be independent of the democratic government; hopes for collaboration with similar French institutions as represented by the *Comité des Forges*, had been very high. Great Britain rightly recoiled from this business-men's conspiracy; she need not have refused to join in a discussion of the plan.

At the insistence of the smaller countries, the outrageous attempt at putting parts of national sovereignties into the hands of an irresponsible board had to be dropped. The six member States, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg, now transfer the controls, which their Governments hitherto exercised over the heavy industries, to an authority to be composed of nine members, eight of them appointed by them. But this authority is responsible to an assembly of delegates from the members' parliaments; it meets once a year to discuss the report presented by the authority, and to ask for further information. By passing a no-confidence vote with a two-thirds majority of the members present, it can enforce the high authority's resignation; successors will be appointed by the Governments of the participant States. The latter moreover delegate one of their members to a council of Ministers with which the authority has to co-operate; some of its decisions depend on the council's consent. A special court of seven judges will settle issues arising out of the treaty. Both council and individual governments can appeal to it against a ruling of the authority; so can firms or trade associations affected by its decisions. The court can impose specified fines and penalties on firms which infringe its injunctions. An advisory committee, consisting from between 31 to 50 operators, workers, consumers and traders, will assist the authority, which can, and in certain cases, must consult it. A close liaison between the high authority, the United Nations and the Council of Europe is postulated. The treaty is to run for 50 years. It does not establish a supra-

national government ; it transfers parts of national sovereignties to a private international supra-government body.

#### IV

The authority has to establish a free trade area of 150 million people protected from outside for coal, iron and steel. Its size is supposed to favour larger output and lower prices, so that a considerable part of the normal output can be regularly exported. As the leading firms in every member country have reached optimum size long ago, the argument for a larger market is probably over-stressed. A simple customs union between the six countries for coal, iron and steel could rapidly establish this large market ; OEEC could easily draft a workable scheme. The result of this unification would be a shifting of coal, iron and steel production to the most favoured regions. In the present period of scarcity which will continue during the armament race, high cost producers could easily survive for some time, and their favoured rivals would make exceptionally high profits. They could modernize their plants, and by and by they would increase their share of total deliveries, at the expense of their less fortunate competitors. A simple customs union for coal, iron and steel would in no distant time restore Germany to the industrial leadership of the Continent, which neither the Versailles treaty, nor the Potsdam agreement, nor the Ruhr statute could break down. In order to stop this development, the Schuman pact had to assume a very complicated structure.

The authority will abolish all internal trade barriers and establish a common customs tariff. It will supervise rather than control the coal, iron and steel industries under its sway. It is not a planning board giving orders to dependent producers. It makes programmes, and suggests their adoption to independent firms. It permits the formation of trade associations between them. It has to adjust expansion or contraction capacity, output, distribution and consumption by information, inspection and direction. It can let prices be formed freely and it can impose ceilings or cushions. Its aims are uniform prices for identical products everywhere, allowing for zonal differences due to equitable transport rates. All price agreements, restrictions, cartels, combinations are null and void ; attempts to use them are heavily fined.

In a period of inadequate supply like the present one, the uniform price will be relatively high, and more or less monopolist. The authority can do little to change this except by modernizing and intensifying production. But it can impose ceilings. By keeping them low, it would reduce the chances of survival of weaker firms, and switch automatically their share of the common output to their better-equipped rivals. In order to avoid this, it can put a levy on low cost

producers in the same region and, with the consent of the council, on those in different regions, by which high cost producers will be subsidized. This will reduce prices for the processing industries everywhere. The council can, moreover, on the proposal of the authority, fix allocations and priorities for coal and steel, both for the home market and for export. During a redundancy on the other hand, the authority can, with the consent of the council, impose production quotas. Over-production is fined and under-production rewarded, as it was under the old steel pact, so that weak firms can retain their employees. The authority's rights over foreign trade are somewhat limited ; no dumping is permitted.

During a five-year period of transition, the weaker members are to be protected. Belgium's coal will have a sheltered market and receive subsidies to offset higher cost of production on 23.5 million tons. Her coal output must not be reduced by more than three per cent. a year, as long as the union's total remains stable ; France's production must not fall by more than a million tons a year. The Netherlands and Germany will have to pay subsidies to Belgium. Some national steel industries too will enjoy special privileges ; they can limit imports from other member States, impose special price regulations and apply exceptional quotas. Changes in production, which affect workers, must be offset by compensations for the loss of employment by aids for transferring men to new jobs and by payments for re-training them, when they have to learn a new trade. The authority can interfere when low costs of production are due to abnormally low wages, or where wage cuts are seriously reducing workers' standard of living—except when a member is resorting to such measures in order to re-establish its international equilibrium. The partners have bound themselves to permit free migration of skilled miners and steel workers ; they have moreover agreed to admit other labourers, needed for the development of the coal and steel industries. The authority evidently hopes to bring costs of production in the entire region to a more or less uniform level by judicious equalization grants and compensatory finance.

The equipment of the heavy industries becomes quickly obsolescent ; depreciation and modernization depend on an even flow of new capital. The authority aims at constituting itself the chief source of finance for all enterprises under its care. It will thus be able to help the modernization of backward areas, to see to a steady development of all regions, and to hold up too violent expansion of particular groups ; its credits will not be available to an enterprise which flouts its injunctions. Its consent is needed for fusions and amalgamations. It can fine those who refuse to accept its ruling, and withhold all financial aid from them. Its position in this respect will not be unlike that of a powerful holding company, which may not be able

to control all its subsidiaries directly, but whose price and financial policy cannot be ignored.

## V

The pact in its present shape is an extremely ambitious, ingenious and complicated instrument. It is a supra-national cartel, over which the national governments can exercise only a limited indirect control. It must be judged on its political, rather than on its economic merits. It will be more than justified if it brings about genuine reconciliation between France and Germany. Their age-long tension was of course not the result of economic rivalries of the heavy industries. This issue came to the front only in the Versailles treaty, after France had lost her ascendancy on the Continent very nearly half a century earlier. Having recognized the impossibility of recovering it on the battlefield, even with the help of her allies, she has ever since sought to win it on the coal dumps and in the engine sheds. The Germans are well aware that, from their point of view, the Schuman pact is an "unequal treaty". They have had to accept the provisional economic integration of the Saar with France. They had to consent to the dissolution of the Ruhr coal selling agency, even though this body could not exercise monopolist functions, when size and allocation of output are determined by the authority. Though there is nothing particularly wicked in the ownership of captive mines by steel plants, the French enforced an arrangement under which only 12 steel plants are allowed to retain captive mines; they must not draw more than three-quarters of their coal and coke needs from them, and must treat them as completely independent firms, from which they buy at market prices. This arrangement had to be made because such combinations, though widespread in Germany, were not in force in France, where steel and coal are frequently spatially separated. The Germans (and to a certain degree, the Dutch) must pay subsidies during the transition period, and later on if necessary equalization grants to non-German high-cost producers. They see in these measures a deliberate attempt at taxing their own natural resources for the benefit of their less favoured partners. The pact in fact, attempts not only to equalize prices, but to equalize operating costs and conditions.

Yet the German Government has accepted the pact and the German parliament will probably ratify it, notwithstanding the violent opposition of the Socialist party. For the pact will free Germany from most of the shackles (short of those on armament production) imposed on her at Potsdam. It brings the disappearance of the Ruhr Authority, which the French—as is their habit—have conceded behind the back of the British Government. It has made possible the admission of Germany as a full and equal member to the Council of Europe. It is creating an atmosphere in which German rearma-

ment can be dispassionately discussed. The Germans are moreover well aware of the weak points of the pact. They are convinced that they possess the natural advantages in the heavy industries, and that their ability, energy and industry will in the long run make them the strongest member of the union. The authors of the pact moreover hardly realize that cartellization never meant industrial peace; there was a never ending internecine struggle over quotas in most large cartels, and the stronger partners usually got their way. No doubt the pact is unbreakable for 50 years; though amendable, it might one day become unworkable. It is very progressive, as far as the provisions dealing with workers interests are concerned. Yet the future will have to show, whether national workers are willing to accept the decisions of an international body as to the closing of mines and the scrapping of blast furnaces, on which they are employed. The dissolution of the Ruhr coal selling agency has already revived a claim for nationalizing the heavy industries in Germany.

The pact is not a European pact. It invites other countries to join; but it is not likely that the peripheral States, Scandinavia, Great Britain, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey or Switzerland, will do so in the near future. It is mid-continental. It is a brilliant achievement of French draftsmanship; the German version of the original draft is a cumbersome translation. The statement of Dr. Schumacher, the Socialist leader: "When France speaks of Europe, she means France" has an almost French terseness and will appeal to many who do not usually sympathize with him. France moreover has usually been a querulous bedfellow in international affairs. She will have to mend her ways considerably, if she wants to retain the leadership in the new firm of Schuman, Adenauer and Co., Ltd., dealers in coal, ore, scrap and steel. As it stands to-day, the pact may very well become a lawyer's delight and a politician's despair.

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

## THE DUTCH AND INDONESIA

BY J. T. BROCKWAY

FROM January 25 to March 14 last the Netherlands went through a Cabinet crisis. This crisis displayed a number of curious features. In the first place, the Government had resigned after four motions criticizing their policy had been rejected in parliament by comfortable majorities. The Liberal motion, which was the more immediate cause of the Government's resignation, had, in fact, been rejected by a vote of 66—26. Secondly it took seven whole weeks—and four separate attempts by different negotiators—before a new Cabinet was formed. Thirdly, after all the complicated and protracted discussions which preceded the formation, the party composition of the new Cabinet was practically the same as that of the old, despite the appointment of five new ministers; while most of the key posts remained in the same hands. Finally, the matter which had precipitated the crisis—the suggestion that, without first consulting parliament, the Government had modified their decision not to relinquish Netherlands sovereignty over New Guinea—fell into the background, it becoming more and more clear, as week after week went by, that the real matters at issue were the grave economic and financial problems with which the country was faced and the unpopular measures any new government would be obliged to announce in consequence. In fact, the proper interpretation of the Cabinet crisis in the Netherlands is that it was a symptom of the economic crisis, while the extraordinary length of time required to form a new Cabinet was an indication of just how serious this latter crisis was.

To anyone visiting the Netherlands in the last twelve months, the news that it is now faced with an economic problem which, if unsolved, might lead to something approaching bankruptcy, must surely come as a shock. For in spite of the great damage suffered in the last war, five years of reconstruction have largely restored that outward aspect of prosperity which characterized the country in pre-war days. The great bridges were up long ago. Rebuilding has gone on apace. Fresh paint glistens everywhere. The shops are full, the people well-clothed and well-fed and rationing is but a fading memory. All this, unhappily, is a façade. The truth is that the country has been living above its income ever since the war and is likely to have to go on depending upon foreign credits for some time

to come. Those here, who not so very long ago were pitying the British for the prolonged visit of austerity to their islands, were recently taken aback at the realization that, unlike the British, they themselves were unable to announce their independence of Marshall Aid. But Marshall Aid is coming to an end—and the Netherlands budget and balance of payments still show large deficits.\*

In 1949, when the budget was as good as balanced and 70 per cent. of all imports were again being covered by exports (the pre-war situation), the Netherlands was already spending more than half its national revenues on expenses connected with war: on the armed forces, war damage and the national debt. Now, in seriously worsened circumstances, it is required to finance a large expansion of its armed forces, while the prices it is obliged to pay for essential raw material imports have risen out of all proportion to the prices it can command for its exports. The original budget for 1951 showed a deficit of 520 million guilders, approximately £50 million. In the revised budget announced after the formation of the new Government, this figure had increased to 785 million guilders—and this after all possible economies (including those on food subsidies and building) had been effected and extra taxation (income tax, profits tax, purchase tax, car tax) imposed. The 1951 expenditure on the armed forces, originally estimated at 881 million guilders and raised in October last to 1,038 million, now stands at 1,500 million guilders, or £15 per head for every man, woman and child in the country. The situation bears some resemblance to the one the British are facing. But there is one great difference: the British still own a rich empire producing many of the raw materials which are now commanding high prices on the world market. The Dutch, too, had a rich empire. Thanks in part to the British, they no longer have.

For Netherlands this economic crisis means that, notwithstanding a really vigorous effort at recovery, which has raised production to well over pre-war levels, they are now faced with very hard times indeed, though just how hard those times are going to be has probably not yet dawned on most of the people. The immediate causes of the crisis, the Korean war and the Communist threat in Europe, are clear enough. But the deeper cause, the fundamental change in the Netherlands' position as a world power, is not so generally realized—perhaps, because this change is so hard to face; perhaps, because the political parties, which bear a large part of the responsibility for it, do not wish the people to become too aware.

In 1939 the Netherlands was a flourishing maritime power with a large and well-developed overseas empire. To-day it has been transformed into a small, impoverished, over-populated creditor country at the mercy of events beyond its borders. Before this

\* The balance of payments deficit for 1950 was 1,000 million guilders, or £10 per head of population, largely due to the liberalization of trade and the rise in world prices of raw materials.

century is out, a second Motley may well be writing a new history of the Netherlands, entitled 'The Decline'; and one of the keys he will find to the understanding of this decline will bear the label, 'the loss of the Dutch East Indies'. Having found this key, he will then proceed to describe how a revolution, initiated by the Japanese and completed by the United Nations, under American leadership, deprived the Netherlands of an empire which was not only a vital part of its economy, but also of its history, its character and its being. And in seeking to explain the astounding success of this revolution, he will discover that it might never have come about had it not been for another revolution, albeit a quieter, less spectacular one, which preceded it in the Netherlands itself. This latter revolution, characterized by the so-called Socialist 'break-through', brought governments to power in the Netherlands, unlike any of their forerunners, with new men of little political experience, who entertained strange ideas about Indonesia and its significance to the welfare of their country.

The reasons which have been put forward to explain the success of the revolution in Indonesia are manifold. One of the most superficial and most commonly heard—after the event—is the defeatist: it *had* to happen. But history does not happen. It is made by man. Another is that the revolution was the result of the irrepressible development in the Far East of western ideas of freedom. Which is demonstrable nonsense.\* Another: that American business wanted the revolution to succeed, so it had to. Which at least makes more sense. Yet another: that other colonial powers with interests at stake in the Far East (Great Britain, Australia, France) sought to win reputations for themselves as promoters of Asian independence, by sacrificing the interests of the Netherlands, a small power, too weak after the war to be able to hit back and defend itself. Which is as unpleasant as truth has a habit of being.

All these reasons, however—valid as some of them may be—leave out of account the rôle played by the successive post-war governments in the Netherlands, implying that they were powerless to control the course events took; perhaps they were, but this was not solely due to the great odds against them. The Indonesian problem cried out for men of vision and stature, men who thoroughly understood the archipelago and its peoples, were fully alive to its vital importance for their own country (and *vice versa*) and who were equipped with sufficient courage and sense of purpose to pursue a consistent policy, regardless of pressure from any quarter. Such men existed in Holland

\* The revolution was sponsored by the Japanese as part of their plan for a Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere and led by men who had headed Communist risings in the 'twenties. Further, the actions of the Indonesian Government since the transfer of sovereignty in 1949 have demonstrated its totalitarian proclivities.

but the post-war political revolution which followed on the German occupation of the Netherlands prevented them from coming to the fore. But mediocre men were brought to power on the wave of idealism which came in after the Germans had gone out. So from the new Motley's second key to the understanding of the decline of the Netherlands hangs a label bearing one word: Hitler.

The post-war coalition governments have been composed in the main of members of the Catholic People's Party and the Labour Party. The Protestants, who ruled with the Catholics before the war, form, with the Liberals, the main opposition, though members of the smaller Protestant Party, the Christian Historical Union, and the Liberal Party have occupied, and still occupy, a seat or two in the Cabinet.\*

The Catholic-Labour coalitions in the Netherlands represented an alliance of opposites based, not on identity of purpose and principle, but on compromise and political expediency. An alliance of this character ruled out statesmanship, nor could it be expected to produce any virile and consistent policy for Indonesia. Besides many of the men it brought to office had only a limited knowledge—and as good as no experience—of the archipelago, while they also lacked a proper sense of historical perspective, which caused them to overlook the long-term significance of Indonesia and to concentrate on producing a semblance of recovery at home.

The Labour Party was addicted to a doctrinaire anti-colonialism, deaf to argument and blind to fact. Furthermore it was infected by an ethical idealism which had developed at an accelerated pace among many well-meaning but short-sighted 'progressives' during the war, as an emotional reaction to Nazi oppression. But it was unsuitable and unfortunate as a basis for dealing with the revolutionary situation in the post-war Indies. There it played in piteous fashion into the hands of those clever, hard-headed realists, Soekarno and Hatta, while at home it pandered to the misguided sentiment entertained by Labour's supporters, the working class, to the effect that as they themselves derived no profit from the Netherlands connection with the Indies, there was nothing to be lost by surrendering the archipelago to the revolutionaries. Jealous of its newly-won power and anxious for its popularity among the workers, the Labour Party did nothing to enlighten them as to the very real benefits they enjoyed as a result of the past endeavours of their own countrymen in the Indies. On the contrary, the Party preferred to foster the workers' prejudice on this score (since it was a political factor of considerable emotional force) and allowed its policy to be dictated by it. Thus Labour's influence on Netherlands policy regarding Indonesia reflected the opinions of the most misguided and ignorant sections of the population.

Leading Catholics, though not handicapped by this same dangerous

\* The key post of Foreign Minister, for instance, is filled by Mr. D. U. Stikker, member of the Liberal Party, the V.V.D.

idealism and far more independent of their supporters among the electorate—who would go on voting Catholic simply because they were Catholic by religion—were often, like their Labour *confrères*, notoriously inexperienced in Indonesian matters. Thus the first-hand knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Maarseveen, Minister of Overseas Territories from early in 1949 until the recent Cabinet re-shuffle, was based on a ten-day visit to the archipelago made in the thick of the crisis. While of ex-Prime Minister Beel, later High Commissioner in Indonesia, the quip went the rounds that he must have been an exceptionally clever child, since he knew as much about Indonesia at the age of five as he did as Prime Minister.

Moreover, Indonesian customs, especially those of the Javanese with whom these Dutch politicians had chiefly to deal, are highly formalized. A subtle and delicate understanding of, and respect for, Indonesian habits of thought and etiquette were, therefore, an essential part of any Dutch politician's equipment, while lack of them could have unfortunate repercussions. The Japanese had understood this and had done their best to make the Dutch lose face during the occupation of the Indies. But the clumsy behaviour of the new men in power in the Netherlands during visits to the archipelago only added to the damage done by the Japanese. Many of the highest representatives of the post-war Dutch governments in Indonesia could not even understand any Indonesian language, let alone the etiquette of the East.

The policy followed by the coalition governments is well known. Briefly they began by refusing to parley with the republican revolutionaries, Soekarno and Hatta, since they were quislings, who had actively co-operated with the Japanese against the Allies. They then wavered between the signing of two agreements with these quislings and the launching of two military campaigns against them, before finally ending up with the unconditional, irrevocable and complete transfer of sovereignty into their hands.

While all this was going on, those who had long years of experience in Indonesia and who tried to bring the archipelago's significance for the Netherlands home to the Dutch people, were dubbed reactionaries, out for their own advantage. They were not, however, the diehard capitalists and empire-builders the idealists made them out to be, but included in their ranks men of science, agricultural experts and administrators. Inside parliament the power of the Catholic-Labour *bloc* prevented men like these from exercising any effective influence, while their supporters in the country, amounting to roughly one-third of the electorate, realizing their impotence, were gradually reduced to an angry, frustrated silence. At the end of 1949 the same parliament which a year before had unanimously \* approved

\* The Communist Party excepted.

the resumption of military action against the revolutionaries, was approving the transfer of Indonesian sovereignty into the hands of the same men—because it no longer had any choice. By this time the people, in so far as they had been interested at all, were so bewildered by the continual twistings and turnings of government policy that they had given up even trying to understand what was happening. Many, in fact, could no longer bear to hear the word 'Indonesia' breathed. So it was that public opinion was immobilized and silent at a time when, in any democratic State, it should have been most active and vociferous. However great a rôle other factors played, it is an indisputable fact that one of the principal causes of the final Netherlands capitulation was the failure of one of the oldest democracies in the world to operate as a democracy at one of the most decisive moments in its history. From first to last the official handling of the Indonesian problem was uninspired, the attitude of the greater public, spiritless. Here we observe another, and graver, aspect of the decline of the Netherlands and one which, once again, can be attributed to Hitler's occupation of the country. He had destroyed the continuity of Dutch political tradition.

The Netherlands was, of course, as good as committed to granting independence to the Dutch East Indies in any case. The points at issue were not whether, but *how* this should be done; which people should exercise independence and what form the new Indonesian government should take. The choice lay between a federation of States which would reflect "the democratic equality of various groups and the dictatorship of a ruling minority", \* that is, Soekarno's Republic. For the Dutch there was also the choice between men who would co-operate with the Netherlands and those who were its declared and fanatical enemies. No political realist could fairly object to the Dutch desire to choose the former—least of all those colonial realists, the British, who have made it quite clear that they do not intend to put up with any busybodying by the United Nations in the affairs of their own colonies.

It remains true as well that the archipelago and its peoples are heterogeneous in character and that many groups had very real reasons for fearing domination by the Javanese Republic. The leaders of that Republic were, and still are, primarily motivated by considerations of power, as their deeds since the transfer of sovereignty have amply demonstrated. They have employed the methods of the totalitarian State to liquidate all opposition to their revolutionary will, such as armed violence, starvation blockade, sudden arrest at night of ministers, imprisonment without trial, censorship, and have done so, as they say, to "protect" the peoples concerned and to restore to them "peace and security"—formulas which have a

\* Van Royen in a statement to the Security Council, January 1949.

familiar ring in twentieth century Europe. But they have so far failed to show the same efficiency in putting down the armed bands which are still terrorizing the plantations and villages all over Java.

Of the multitudinous effects of the loss of Indonesia on the Netherlands economy, an important one, the loss of a source of supply of raw materials, including rubber and tin, has already been indicated. Another, directly related to the problem of re-armament, was described by the ex-War Minister, Mr. s'Jacob, who declared some months ago in Washington that as a result of the Indonesian dispute and the transfer of sovereignty, the Netherlands re-armament programme was five years behind, the greater part of Dutch armaments having been handed over to the Indonesian army for the purpose of maintaining order.

The weakness of the Netherlands' position in the archipelago has been abundantly demonstrated since the transfer. For instance, when the Amboinese attempt to resist forcible inclusion in a new corporate State of Indonesia\* was crushed by the bombardment of the island of Amboina and the landing of Indonesian Government troops (actions preceded by months of starvation blockade), all the Netherlands Government could do was to issue a protest. They were promptly told to mind their own business and accused into the bargain of having instigated the risings in the Moluccas. Later, when in March this year, the Netherlands High Commissioner protested against the increasing murder of Dutchmen and pillaging of Dutch property and requested that special measures might be taken to put an end to this, both protest and request were rudely rejected, the blame for the continuing state of disorder, murder and pillage again being laid at the Netherlands' door. In their reply, however, the Indonesian Government stated that since their troops were dispersed all over the archipelago trying to keep order, they were unable to restore order on Java—thereby inadvertently confirming the view of their incapacity in this respect, constantly voiced in recent years by those who were alive to realities in Indonesia.

The Netherlands position with regard to New Guinea is also a precarious one, for now the Republic holds sovereign power over all the rest of the archipelago, it can, if it chooses, make things impossible for the Dutch. When the question of New Guinea came up for negotiation at the end of 1950, the Indonesian Government sent a 'propaganda committee' to the Netherlands, one of whose leading members, Moh. Yamin, uttered on arrival the not so very veiled threat that, unless the Dutch handed over the sovereignty of New Guinea by December 27, his Government could not guarantee the safety of Dutch interests in Indonesia, *since the people would take matters into their own hands*. It was not surprising that the negotia-

\* A device, promulgated by emergency law, for liquidating the federal United States of Indonesia and bringing the whole archipelago under the domination of the revolutionary republic.

tions failed. After the Netherlands Government's refusal to hand over sovereignty in New Guinea, there was, however, a suggestion that this attitude might be reconsidered and sovereignty transferred to the shadowy Netherlands-Indonesian Union. It was this which precipitated the Dutch Cabinet crisis.

Since then there has been a Cabinet crisis in Indonesia as well, which, after lasting for over five weeks, resulted in the replacement of the fairly moderate Natsir Cabinet by a government of the 'old guard', likely to adopt the extreme nationalist attitude favoured by President Soekarno. This new Cabinet's programme includes revision of the special relationship with the Netherlands (which will probably mean the disappearance of the Netherlands-Indonesian Union) and the "earliest possible inclusion of West Irian (Dutch New Guinea) in the territory of the Indonesian State."

There was a moment earlier this year when it seemed that a more realistic attitude might win the day. In April the Indonesian economic journal, *Dewan Ekonomi*, considering the possible withdrawal of Dutch capital, declared as its view that, if Indonesia could not supply the necessary new capital itself, it would have to seek it from other countries which would doubtlessly impose harder conditions than the Dutch had done. And at a press conference, Mr. Sjafruddin, the Minister of Finance—the sort of man who is obliged to deal with realities—declared that Indonesia depended upon foreign investments to come through the present period of transition, asking: "But where shall we get them from? America? And what will then become of our independence?" Further, he expressed the view that a country can only be independent, if it is economically independent, and blamed, not the Dutch, but the persistence of a state of insecurity and disorder, go-slow action, strikes and industrial unrest for the failures of production output in the first year of independence. Such admissions seemed very strange coming from a member of the Indonesian Government, but they sounded a hopeful note, suggesting that extreme nationalism—so outmoded in the present-day world—was at last giving way to a more practical and reasonable attitude. But in the newly-formed Indonesian Cabinet Mr. Sjafruddin and other young realists have been dropped, and this will certainly not have been without significance.

Meanwhile the attitude of the Netherlands Government regarding New Guinea, as formulated in the new Cabinet's announcement to the nation, is 'wait and see'. This is precisely the attitude one has learnt to expect from any post-war Netherlands Government. Just what they are going to see, however, is a matter of some conjecture.

## WHAT NEXT IN PORTUGAL ?

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

THE death on April 18, 1951, of Marshal Carmona, President of Portugal since the advent of the régime now known as the "New State"—for which he was largely responsible—in 1926, confronts Dr. Salazar with his biggest problem and the Portuguese nation with its biggest interrogation mark for a quarter of a century. For exactly a hundred years, ever since Dom Pedro's Constitutional Charter of 1826, Portugal had fought a gallant but losing battle to acclimatize on her soil the British variety of parliamentary government. The handicap was not merely the inexperience inseparable from a tradition of centuries of absolute monarchy. A temperamental incapacity for constructive collective action, that "apathetic physiognomy of the nation" of which Oliveira Martins wrote in 1881, weighed even more heavily on its destinies; and with the fall of the monarchy in 1910 the country became, over the 16 years of the Republic, a byword throughout western Europe for political instability and financial chaos. An average of one revolution and more than three governments per year gave the measure of the former; the collapse of the escudo from 5½ to the £ in 1914 to 157 in 1924 was sufficiently eloquent of the latter.

These were the twin problems, of political order and financial order, the "New State" came to solve. Carmona, the soldier, applied himself to the first, suppressing parliament and the political parties and instituting a paternalist rule with the army discreetly but effectively in the background as guarantee against further upheavals. Dr. Salazar, the economist, he called in to cope with the second, and the financial nightmare gave way to solvency as the nation was taught the painful but salutary lesson that its coat thereafter was to be cut strictly according to its cloth. Dr. Salazar's insistence, as Finance Minister from 1928, that no spending Department should ever exceed its appropriation made him in effect the controller of policy, and his elevation to the Premiership in 1932 was inevitable. Since then the world has grown accustomed to hear and speak of the Portugal of Salazar, and to regard Carmona as a merely titular and ornamental figurehead. In reality he was much more: his importance to the régime may best be gauged by his importance to Salazar.

Carmona, having assumed the Presidency by decree in 1926, was

confirmed in that office by a national plebiscite two years later, while the country still had no constitutional framework. The term of election was five years, terminating therefore in 1933. Dr. Salazar on his appointment as Premier had addressed himself to the now urgent task of providing that framework; but between the promulgation of his Constitution in 1933 and the formal implementing of the "New State" it envisaged with the creation of a National Assembly and a Corporative Chamber some two years elapsed, years during which it was of vital importance that there should be no change in the higher direction of the nation's affairs. In 1933, therefore, instead of a new presidential election, the five-year term was altered by decree, afterwards approved by plebiscite, to one of seven, and this somewhat arbitrary figure was enshrined in the text of the Constitution.

The office of President, or "Head of the State", is there defined as the first of four organs of national sovereignty, the other three being the National Assembly, the Government, and the Tribunals of Justice. The President represents the nation, and directs the foreign policy of the State. He presides at opening sessions of the National Assembly, is authorized to postpone its sittings or to dissolve it, and may entrust it with constituent powers. He is not answerable in any way to the Assembly, but only to the nation, which elected him. No provision is made, however, whereby the nation may depose him (absence abroad not sanctioned by Assembly and Government, resignation, permanent physical incapacitation, and death are the only contingencies recognized), and even for crimes at common law he may only be proceeded against after his term of office is completed. But what makes him effectively Head of the State is the fact that he appoints, and dismisses, not Ministers alone (these on the recommendation of the Premier), but the Premier himself. He is, therefore, the linchpin of the whole structure.

It is from this angle that the achievement must be viewed of a stability unparalleled in Europe over the past momentous 25 years. The Portuguese have an engaging phrase, *para inglês ver* ("to impress the Englishman"), to describe reforms that become a dead-letter the moment they reach the statute-book. The intention is never mere legislative dust-throwing; it fails of effect for lack of continuity of effort. And from the beginning the "New State", realizing how slow a process is the regeneration of a nation, has made of continuity its watchword. Without continuity its every achievement was threatened. Continuity therefore there must be whatever the cost, and continuity first and foremost at the very top. The Constitution does not state that the President is eligible for re-election. The provision that criminal charges may only be preferred against him after he has demitted office becomes indeed meaningless unless a term

be set to his tenure. But as the completion of the first seven-year period approached in 1935 Dr. Salazar made it abundantly clear that no change was contemplated. In a speech a few days before the election he stressed first the reality of the President's attributes : "The Constitution has replaced a decorative and inert President by a true Head of the State, actively guiding the nation and responsible for its destinies. There has been no hesitation in entrusting to him full powers with all the guarantees necessary to allow the affirmation at all times that it is he who orders, with complete independence, the life of the State and lays down its main directives." He then paid tribute in glowing terms to Carmona and announced that at the Government's request the General had consented, in spite of his 65 years, his failing health and his desire to lay down the heavy burden of office, to offer himself again as a candidate.

The result was foregone. While any 200 electors—citizens over 21 years of age, either literate (women voters must have received a secondary education) or paying at least 100 escudos a year in taxation—may submit a candidate for the Presidency, the command by the Government nominee of all the electoral machinery of its party, the National Union, would in any case have discouraged opposition ; and Carmona entered with a striking renewal of vigour on responsibilities that were soon to be heavier than ever. Within little over a year the Spanish Civil War threatened to rock the régime to its foundations, and a "Portuguese Legion" was formed—it is still active to-day—to organize "the moral resistance of the nation." In 1938 the President gave a new reality to the significance for Portugal of her continuing possession of the fourth largest empire in the world by undertaking a prolonged tour of her Atlantic and West African possessions ; it was the first visit ever paid by a head of the State to any part of the empire. A second journey in 1939 to Portuguese East Africa allowed also of the first State visit ever paid by the head of any European nation to the Union of South Africa.

Before it was completed a new world war had broken out, and Carmona, now close on 70, was relied on as never before by Dr. Salazar and the nation to steer a course through waters more dangerous by far than the ship of State had yet encountered. In 1942, his second term at an end, the President insisted that he was no longer equal to the task. Once more Dr. Salazar insisted that now, more than ever, a change at the helm was inconceivable ; and once more Carmona accepted what was now widely recognized to be a crushing personal sacrifice. Again there was no opposition candidate. In an eve-of-the-poll broadcast Salazar voiced his satisfaction that "in a world at war the great problem of the future of the régime was resolved by the decision of the Chief of State." Those nations were happy, he added, which at critical moments were freed from irritating debates

and divisions and from the need to make a choice. A poll of over 90 per cent. of the electorate was claimed as proof that the nation was in substantial agreement.

Seven years later the position was no longer the same. The end of the war had removed the compelling reason for discountenancing change ; a war fought and won in the name of democratic freedoms strongly impelled, even in Portugal, to the fuller exercise of political rights ; and Carmona was another seven years older. Dr. Salazar was constrained to accept some measure of opposition activity, if only as a gesture of confidence in the popular support his "New State" commanded ; and in the autumn of 1948 a democratic candidate was duly nominated for the election to be held in the following February. He was General Norton de Matos, a stalwart of the old régime who had been Minister for War when in 1916 Portugal joined the Allies in the struggle against Germany, and had also served as ambassador to London. The choice was admirably calculated to polarize discontents within a régime felt by many, in spite of its notable record in the economic sphere, to be well to the right of current political realities. A measure of the concern felt in Government circles was seen in the delay of months before the Supreme Tribunal of Justice finally declared his candidature to be valid. Had the Tribunal been more fully informed, Dr. Salazar declared later, it might well have decided otherwise, for Norton de Matos soon revealed his intention, if elected, of uprooting the "New State" root and branch and returning to the political principles of the Republic of 1910-1926. It became known, moreover, that he had accepted support from Communist elements in return for a promise to grant these, on victory, freedom of organization and propaganda.

It was at once clear, therefore, that a gage had been thrown down. What the election was to decide was no longer the person of the Chief of State but the survival or destruction of the régime ; and Dr. Salazar began to have second thoughts about his own Constitution. "To my mind," he said, "it is no small evil that nations should have to choose their Heads of State." There could be no question of staking so momentous a throw of the dice on a new and untried figure, and yet once again Carmona was prevailed on to step into the breach, a veteran of 79. The Government campaign was waged with all the resources at its command. Dr. Salazar himself launched it in Oporto with one of the greatest speeches of his career, and Carmona later was accorded in that same city perhaps the most tumultuous ovation of his. Norton de Matos too had his ovations, and the reaction to a speech of his, also in Oporto, attacking Dr. Salazar underlined one of the abiding, if normally unobtrusive, realities of the "New State". An Army deputation, consisting of the Military

Governor of Lisbon, 500 officers of the Lisbon garrison, and the commanders of three of the military regions, called on the Minister of War to express its apprehension at the public excitement which was being stirred up in the country : "As watchful sentinels of security, tranquillity and the good of the nation, we shall never forget our inflexible duty to be always on the alert." The Minister hinted at possible action against the opposition. On the day before the poll Norton de Matos withdrew, alleging failure by the Government to give adequate guarantees regarding the conduct of the election. In particular he had appealed repeatedly, and in vain, for the right to consult the electoral registers, without which it was impossible for the opposition to make effective distribution of their voting papers. According to the official returns, 4,789 votes were cast for him none the less, against 941,863 for Carmona.

Whatever the unfairness of the contest, there could be no questioning the popular verdict. But uncomfortable issues had been raised notwithstanding. And now Carmona is dead, and they are raised again. Carmona was the bulwark of quiet strength in the background ; it was rare good fortune for the "New State" that he lived as long as he did, each passing year steadily enhancing those qualities of "intelligence, prestige, tact, moral integrity, rectitude, and a kindliness that did not preclude a sober, discreet energy" to which Dr. Salazar paid tribute nearly 20 years ago. But it is Dr. Salazar who for those same two decades and more has borne the heat and burden of the day, and at 62 the years are telling on him too, son of a nonagenarian though he be. Each successive re-election of Carmona was but the staving-off of the one problem to which the Constitution does not provide an answer, the problem of continuity, the Achilles heel of every non-representative régime. If it be not solved now, all that has been won for Portugal may conceivably yet be lost. And it cannot be solved merely on the expectation of longevity of any one individual well-affected to the régime. The real testing-time for authoritarian régimes comes with the second generation. Those of Mussolini, Primo de Rivera and Hitler did not survive long enough to provide any guidance. Dr. Salazar must find the answer for himself, and now.

By the Constitution the Premier assumes the presidential functions pending election of a new President, which must take place within sixty days of the vacancy's arising. Since, as already noted, a new President can dismiss the Premier, the temptation is doubtless strong on Dr. Salazar, a man void of personal ambition, his one passion the well-being of his country, to accept the mantle himself and appoint as Premier one of his trusty lieutenants in the Government. Here too, in obedience to a conception of government as tending more and more to become a scientific or technical function, continuity has been

exalted high among the virtues. But if it was Carmona who guaranteed the continuity of the régime, it was Dr. Salazar who defined its objectives and guided the nation steadily towards them. The achievements of the past 25 years would have been very different had the rôles of the two men been reversed, and a translation now to the Presidency might well prove to be a misapplication of particular talents which in the day-to-day conduct of affairs have amounted to genius. Nor would it give that certainty, beyond Dr. Salazar's own span of life, or of office, which is now become so urgently desirable.

The one obvious principle of continuity derives from still earlier Portuguese experience, and as such was explicitly rejected by the Constitution. Article 74 of this reads : "Relatives of the kings of Portugal to the sixth degree are ineligible for the Presidency." Earlier, within a few days of his appointment as Premier in 1932, Dr. Salazar had explained why : "It is as well not to leave men chained to corpses." To this the monarchists, whom he recognized as still then having a very considerable following, have their answer. "Monarchists and non-monarchists," as their organ *A Voz* has written, "friends of the New State, are in the most perfect accord in upholding and praising this. It is on the question of continuity that they diverge. Carmona and Salazar cannot, unfortunately, last for ever . . . Formerly we wished to destroy and annihilate in order to replace ; to-day we wish to replace in order to continue and secure."

It may be that time in its whirligigs is now causing the two points of view to converge. Revision of the Constitution by the National Assembly is provided for every ten years, and when Carmona died the Assembly was in fact engaged in that very task, its specific subject of debate being the proposal by Dr. Salazar himself that Article 74 be abrogated and descendants of the Portuguese royal house be declared eligible once more for the highest office in the State. This causes a new interest to attach to the figure of the present Pretender, Dom Duarte Nuno, Duke of Braganza. Born in Austria in 1907 into the "legitimist" line descended from that absolutist Dom Miguel whom the Quadruple Alliance drove into exile in 1834, Dom Duarte was accepted equally by the "constitutionalists" on the extinction of their line with the death in 1932 of Manuel II, the last king of Portugal, 22 years after he too had been driven into exile. Dom Duarte, who has always considered Portuguese his native language and claimed Portuguese citizenship, though he has never lived in Portugal, professes the fullest support for Dr. Salazar, seeing in him the saviour of his country. In 1942 he married Maria Francisca de Orléans e Bragança, Princess of the Brazilian imperial family and hence a descendant, like the wife of the Comte de Paris, Pretender to the throne of France, of the "constitutionalist" line. The election of Dom Duarte as Chief of State could easily lead

to a hereditary Presidency, advised as at present by a Council of State half of whose ten members are *ex-officio* representatives of organs of the "New State", among them, needless to say, the Premier. Little beyond verbal changes would be required elsewhere in the Constitution.

Dr. Salazar has been much maligned abroad for the allegedly reactionary tendencies of the present régime. It would be truer to see in him a profound political realist who, with a perfect understanding of the nature of the human material with which he has to deal, has ample reason to appreciate the inevitability of gradualness in any approach to those fuller liberties, resting on a fuller sense of personal and collective responsibilities, which he so much admires and envies in the British political tradition. "There are no eternal régimes," to quote from one of his recent speeches, "but there are stable and unstable régimes. There are no perfect régimes, but there are those that render service and those that render dis-service to the nation. There are no universal régimes, but there are those that take into account and those that ignore particular circumstances and the universal character of the human factor." If meantime the only alternative open to the Portuguese people is a return to the experience of the years 1910 to 1926, an overwhelming preponderance of popular support can safely be predicted for any viable solution Dr. Salazar may now discover to the constitutional dilemma posed by Marshal Carmona's death.

(The author is Stevenson Professor of Spanish at Glasgow University.)

## THE ORIGINS OF MODERN FRANCE

BY DAVID THOMSON

THE whole development of modern France, during the last century and a half, has been shaped by what happened between 1789 and 1815. From that formative generation derive the political traditions and institutions, the social and economic structure, the legends and myths, which have dominated the life and thought of modern France. Until 1870, indeed, they dominated France so much that she re-enacted, in correct time-sequence, the main phases of those years. The constitutional monarchy of the restored Bourbons and of Louis Philippe followed the pattern of the constitutional monarchy of Louis XVI between 1789 and 1792 ; the Second Republic of 1848 revived the myths of the First Republic of 1793 ; the Presidential régime of Louis Napoleon in 1851 awakened memories of his uncle's Consulate of half a century before ; and the Second Empire, like the First, moved from a phase of regimented dictatorship to a final flicker of 'Liberal Empire', recalling the 'Hundred Days'. Within a single century France experimented twice with precisely the same cycle of monarchies, republics and Bonapartist empires. And in 1875 the Third Republic emerged triumphant mainly because its opponents had failed, in turn, to create a third monarchy or a third empire.

Since 1875 the peculiar traditions and habits of the Third Republic, deeply rooted in French life by 70 years of *gouvernement d'assemblée*, have so strongly superimposed themselves upon these older traditions that even the Fourth Republic, inaugurated by a formal repudiation, on popular vote, of any mere reversion to the Third in 1945, has edged nearer and nearer to the pattern of the Third. It has been suggested that "The Fourth Republic is already dead : it has given way to the Third." But even this modern Republican tradition of the last two generations contains within itself potent elements of the older Republican tradition which dates from 1792 ; and it is a shrewd instinct which drives French historians ever back to a concern with that crucial generation which experienced the great Revolution and the first Napoleon. Year by year historians work over yet again the vast archives of that period, push forward their researches into local and specialized corners of that story, re-assess and reinterpret its events and personalities, and produce additions to the already vast

accumulation of writings about its epic themes. In recent times the fashion, as in other branches of historical study, has been to examine the economic and social developments of the period, rather than its more familiar political and constitutional aspects. M. Daniel Guérin, for example, has written of *La Lutte de Classes sous la Première République* between 1793 and 1797, and has added greatly to our understanding of the economic impulses and social conflicts which underlay the political events. The ever-increasing mass of writing calls, in turn, for a constant effort of synthesis and re-focussing if modern learning about these important events is to become available to even the serious student of history, quite apart from the general reader.

One such effort of synthesis, massive in size and yet so well organized and so lucid in presentation as to be manageable by any serious student, has recently appeared from the *Presses Universitaires de France*. It is a detailed examination of *Les Institutions de la France sous la Révolution et l'Empire*,\* by Professor Jacques Godechot of the *Institut d'Etudes politiques* of Toulouse. The 'institutions' examined comprise not only the formal constitutions, the assemblies, the judicial and administrative organizations, but also such economic institutions as peasant proprietorship, currency and the structure of industry, and such social institutions as the family, the schools, and the press. After an introductory survey of the situation in 1789, Professor Godechot examines this complex of institutions in four main phases: under the constitutional monarchy which ended in 1792; under the revolutionary government of 1793-1794; under the *bourgeois* republic of 1795-1797; and under the military dictatorship of Napoleon during the Consulate and Empire. His concern, then, is with the panorama of change during the crucial generation. His purpose, in which he admirably succeeds, is to show the inter-relation between constitutional, political, economic and social changes. Herein lies the special merit and value of his work for the student of modern France.

On the revolutionary situation in 1789, and the ferment of ideals which produced the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Professor Godechot adds little to the picture already given by such writers as M. Lefebvre in *The Coming of the French Revolution*, by M. Mornet in *Les Origines Intellectuelles de la Révolution*, or M. Sagnac in his excellent study of *La formation de la Société française moderne*. But he usefully and simply synthesizes the conclusions of these studies, and this is his method throughout. At first the middle classes saw the king as a protection against the claims of the nobility, which was indeed his traditional rôle. They looked to freedom of the press and of public opinion, and to the development of education, to modify

\* *Presses Universitaires de France*. Frs. 1,800.

royal absolutism, but they did not want to destroy strong monarchical power. The ultimate guarantee of freedom was private property, and property-rights were ranked very high among those natural and imprescriptible rights of man which the original revolutionaries hoped to use as a limitation upon all political power. Closely linked with their political concept of liberty was the liberal concept of a free economy. It is in demonstrating these links that Professor Godechot is particularly valuable.

The Declaration of Rights presupposed, as he shows, that all citizens own property. Part of the National Assembly's attack on feudalism was an attack on notions and institutions of property communally held, and the substitution of private property-rights. Enclosure became the symbol of proprietorship, and as the Law of September 28, 1791, put it: "*Le droit de clore et de déclore ses héritages résulte essentiellement du droit de propriété et ne peut être contesté à aucun propriétaire.*" Even family interests, still more the general interests of society, were subordinated to individual property-rights, and extreme individualism was the most striking feature of the economic policies of the revolutionaries before 1792. Similarly, freedom of enterprise and of trade internally were parts of their aims. But freedom of trade internationally, towards which the *ancien régime* had moved tentatively in the treaty with England of 1786, was not their aim. French middle-class liberalism was not doctrinaire, and ended abruptly when it did not serve middle-class material interests. Protectionism was maintained and even increased, and republicanism in France has never ceased to be basically hostile to free trade.

The Revolution passed through a phase when these trends were checked, and temporarily reversed. It was the phase of Robespierre's dictatorship and the Reign of Terror. Robespierre himself, by ideological inclination as well as by expediency, seems to have favoured a less individualistic view of property. He defined it as "the right which each individual has of enjoying and disposing of that portion of wealth which is guaranteed him by the law." But the law could decide; and "this right is limited, like all others, by the duty to respect the rights of others." It ceased to be sacred and inviolable, and became a matter of social utility. He spoke of the "right to work" and the "right of public assistance", rather than of the imprescriptible rights of those who have to hold. At the same time the exigencies of wartime economy, combined with revolution, called for a new degree of regulation and State interference in economic life. The still-born Constitution of 1793 showed a reaction against economic liberalism, as well as against political liberalism. Postulating a virtually Benthamite aim for the State in promotion of "*le bonheur commun*", it implied frequent State intervention to

promote the common welfare by social reforms. The right to work, the right to public assistance, and to public education, are all involved. The Convention's laws regulating prices, attacking monopolies, and establishing municipal bakeries, all have a precociously socialistic ring about them. If it did not, because of its adherence to *laissez-faire* principles, go so far as to institute rationing in time of extreme scarcity, separate municipalities did. The modern connection between the warfare State and the welfare State begins in 1793.

But the experiments in a controlled economy and in State intervention were both short-lived and half-hearted. The Convention might almost nationalize transport and directly control some war industries : at the same time, by its methods of disposing of the public lands sequestered from the *émigrés* and the Church, it multiplied the number of small landed proprietors and gave every advantage to the richer peasants to acquire the small allotments of their poorer neighbours. By the autumn of 1794 the Laws of the Maximum, controlling prices, were virtually unobserved and by the end of the year were repealed. The Thermidorian reaction brought a complete return to a free economy, accompanied inevitably by inflation and acute social distress. It did not, however, lead to free trade, and commerce remained subject to the tariffs of 1791, as well as to the even severer restrictions of the English blockade. The centralized dictatorship of Napoleon, subjected throughout most of its existence to the exigencies of war, and by nature disposed towards *dirigisme*, reversed the tendency once more. Industry was powerfully influenced by taxes, subsidies and direct controls, and foreign trade was utterly controlled. But even now agriculture remained remarkably free from State interference, other than protective tariffs which it welcomed. And controlled economy became so identified with controlled polity that it bred, after 1815, a strong reaction to liberalism and *laissez-faire*.

In these ways, as the detailed surveys of Professor Godechot abundantly prove, the zig-zags of French politics in these years had their close counterpart in fluctuating economic tendencies. In one, as in the other, there was a certain inherent bias towards liberal individualism, interrupted by periods of contrary bias towards collectivism. The final pattern of French development is that of a parallelogram of forces, and the direction ultimately taken by the course of French history is the product of divergent pulls in different directions. The heritage of the crucial generation is a national spirit and a republican tradition which are in one aspect anarchical, in another tyrannical. But anarchy and tyranny are not opposites ; they are mutually generating. It is democracy which is the opposite of both. And in France republican democracy has been the product of the divergent pulls of anarchy in one direction and of despotism

in the other. The same parallelogram of forces produced the interludes of the constitutional monarchy from 1789-1792 and of the July monarchy of Louis Philippe ; for they were attempts to reconcile the anarchical and individualistic ideals of the revolutionaries with the traditional national institutions of monarchy. But both failed. The same parallelogram of forces produced the belated experiments of the ' Hundred Days ' and the ' Liberal Empire ' ; for they were attempts to harmonize Bonapartist despotism with the ineradicable liberal individualism of France. They, in turn, both failed.

From the rapid series of experiments with different varieties of republican government after 1870 there emerged a new recipe for reconciling these forces. The ' Conservative Republic ' of M. Thiers gave way to the ' Republic of the Dukes ' under Marshal Macmahon ; and that, in turn, to the ' Republic of the Republicans ' under Jules Grévy and Léon Gambetta. This Republic, which became the Third and survived for nearly as long as all these previous experiments put together, rested on a system of parliamentary sovereignty. But it was quite unlike the British system of parliamentary government, which means cabinet government. It meant *gouvernement d'assemblée* with the cabinet for ever at the mercy of the representative assembly. The sovereignty of Senate and Chamber of Deputies could be tolerated, because they could be reconstituted every few years by electoral vote ; meanwhile, their function was to keep government ' democratic ' by keeping it weak. This governmental weakness, symbolized by a system of infinitely collapsible cabinets, could in turn be tolerated only because the public administration, inherited not intact but with much of its centralized power and discipline unimpaired from the despotism of the first Napoleon, provided a permanent framework of strong government. In this way the new republican recipe took ingredients from all phases of the period described by Professor Godechot, and blended them together into a remarkably durable and adaptable political system. It is a recipe to which the Fourth Republic increasingly resorts, even to the extent of endeavours to restore the electoral system of single-member constituencies and the second ballot, which have so far failed.

If the political traditions and institutions derive by this circuitous route from that formative generation, so too does the social and economic structure of modern France. The distinction between economic liberalism internally and hostility to free trade externally has remained constant. French agriculturalists wanting to keep food prices up and French manufacturers fearing foreign competition have equally demanded protection. Both, distrusting State regulation and interference, have favoured a free economy at home. The land which the Revolution distributed amongst the peasant proprietors has remained in their hands ; and Gambetta's success in converting

the peasants from bonapartism to republicanism after 1873 depended on his teaching them that they owed their land not, as legend had begun to suggest, to the great Napoleon, but to the First Republic which he had overthrown. Although the industrial revolution went far in France after 1870, it has never gone as far as in other major western countries, and has never destroyed the affection of the French for the small firm, the medium-sized factory and the little shop. In economic life, as in political, a certain balance remains between agriculture and industry, between a free economy and *dirigisme*, between the nationalized monopoly and the little man. The tension results in a balance, and the balance in a certain freedom.

So, too, the legends and myths of the heroic generation have never died. If the Third and Fourth Republics have been parliamentary systems it is because of the vigorous tradition of free debate and representative institutions which was born after 1789. It had not existed before. The Republicans of 1848 re-enacted the heroics of 1792, just as the Paris Commune of 1871 revived echoes of 1793. To hungry and discontented men throughout the last century the cry has been: "Bread and the Constitution of 1793"—the ultra-democratic paper Constitution, which never came to life at all. Modern Communists find links with the Babeuf Plot of 1796, and claim to be the only authentic Jacobins. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that France lives so much on her past that she lives too much in the past; that old battles go on being re-fought when energy would be more profitably spent on solving new issues more relevant to her future; that overmuch concern for historical continuity becomes a national burden, hampering fresh thought and breeding fatalism. But such being the tendency, it is necessary for all who would understand France to-day to understand her past.

For this purpose, Professor Godechot's book could scarcely be bettered. It includes excellent bibliographies, except that they show the usual French neglect of much that has been written about the subject, of high quality, in Britain and in the United States. It includes a few admirable maps, and a well contrived index. It is, perhaps, more penetrating on the Revolution than on the Empire of Napoleon. But it is likely to become an indispensable manual, a reference-work of high calibre, for those who seek to understand the heroic age from which so much that is creative, momentous and sensational in modern France has derived.

(Dr. Thomson is Fellow and Senior Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and a University Lecturer in History.)

## MAJORCA REVISITED

BY E. ALLISON PEERS

SAVE for one short week-end in March 1950 I had not been to Majorca for 26 years when I flew over from Barcelona to Palma last Easter; it was in 1925 that I had spent some seven weeks there, collecting documentation and background material for a biography of the thirteenth-century Majorcan mystic, Ramón Lull, and incidentally learning a great deal about the island and the people. That visit had been in the second year of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. Since then Spain had had a republic, several revolutions, a civil war and, for the second time, the experience of being neutral in a world war; and the "new" régime of General Franco was now 12 years old. Many changes had taken place during that time, both in the world in general and in Spain; to what extent would they have affected that peaceful spot in the Mediterranean which many years ago a well known Catalan writer named the Isle of Calm?

One thing became clear from the outset; the island was experiencing quite a new prosperity. Houses and blocks of flats are going up in Palma at a rate that probably few other towns can equal—and as Majorca lost nothing by bombings they are all net gains. Agricultural development and improved irrigation have turned what was already a fertile island into one large garden. Driving from Palma to Pollensa, or standing on the terrace in front of the recently opened caves near Campanet, one can hardly see a square yard of ground not under cultivation: on either hand, reaching out to the horizon, orchards of almonds and figs, peaches, oranges and lemons; olive-groves and vineyards; fields thick with wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, beans—there must be enough beans to feed the whole of Spain, let alone Majorca—and, in the distance, more terraces of olives cover the very slopes of the mountains. The streets of the villages are clean; the houses, though often poorly and scantily furnished, are clean too. The people, especially the children, are brown and healthy.

The tourist traffic, this winter and spring, has been enormous. The population of the capital, now 130,000, or nearly double its 1925 figure, has been temporarily increased, so the papers say, by 60,000. That figure may well be an exaggeration, but in a walk along the Borne (renamed, of course, the Paseo del Generalísimo Franco) one

seems to hear more English and French than Castilian and Majorcan, and the Terreno hotels are packed to capacity with foreign visitors.

To those who knew and loved it as an old-world city, Palma is irretrievably ruined. Ugly buildings of from six to ten storeys are appearing in all directions, too many of them badly constructed and cheaply though showily furnished. In one of them, a newly-opened hotel, the plumbing was already proving inadequate, the wardrobe fell forward when one unlocked it, the wash-basin creaked when one leaned on it and the whitewashed walls left traces on everything that touched them. For a resort making a fortune out of tourists, the amenities which all good tourists expect are sadly deficient. As Majorca grows better known, more and more people will go to the smaller resorts, and with reason.

Not that these are all what they were. Sóller, whose church, never beautiful, has grown a perfectly dreadful new façade, seems to be trying to ape Palma. Pollensa Port, the charm of which lay in its primitiveness, now has curio shops, offering (in three languages) flashy wares at high prices, and a row of hotels and bars painted a gleaming white, each with its verandah, and each emitting a different radio programme at the same time with disastrous effect. But the worst of all is Valldemosa, formerly an unspoiled little town, charmingly situated, with a disused Carthusian monastery which early in the last century was the temporary home of Chopin and George Sand. In the old days one wandered about this at will; the guide-book said "gratuity advisable", but a cigarette and a few minutes' chat would go down equally well. To-day lines of motor-coaches queue up at the monastery gates, to disgorge their occupants, who are marshalled round church, cloister and cells, to the accompaniment of a quick-fire commentary in indifferent French, with a high-pitched "English resume" for those who desire it. Stalls display picture-postcards, guide-books and "presents from Valldemosa". Village girls in costume dance in an improvised theatre, after posing at the entrance to be photographed and appropriately rewarded; and at long last the hordes re-enter their coaches without so much as having glanced at the village or the view.

Such is the debit side of the account. But fortunately there are many places, even in the most frequented part of the island, still quite unspoiled. One of them, only some 20 miles from Palma, is Mount Randa. As a prelude to visiting it, one should walk round the bay and view it from the terraces of the Terreno. On the opposite shore there is a long level stretch of low hills which runs down to the island's southernmost tip. Mount Randa, with two low peaks, most strikingly breaks the monotony of that stretch. Some describe it as a saddle; to the eyes of others, it resembles a lion stretched at full length, but few who have seen it will lose the impression of its stern-

ness and austerity.

It was to this mountain that Ramón Lull went after his conversion in order to meditate upon, and seek inspiration for, his life-work of converting heathen by argument and disputation. He must have had a genius for atmosphere, for this country south-east of Palma has none of the lushness of the north-west, but a bareness which lends itself to introspection and a grandeur which stimulates vision. As one climbs the narrow, stone-strewn path which leads to the summit, the prospect becomes ever ampler, till on the uppermost terrace, which forms the forecourt to a simple Franciscan friary, the views merge into a panorama. Stretching below and around is a vast dark plain, its uniformity relieved by the lighter green of orchards and groves and by clusters of brown and white houses. On three sides stretches the sea; on the fourth, the rocky western sierra. It is a fascinating, sometimes a fantastic sight, for the colours change with the face of the sky and the hour of the day, till the evening mists, as they slowly descend, lend an ethereal aspect to the villages before night comes to blot them out altogether.

But the supreme spell which Randa casts is one of solitude. The friars, it is true, have built a hostelry where both pilgrims and other visitors may stay; but, except in summer, when the oppressive heat drives them up from the sweltering plain, few do so. And thus one may walk out to the cave in which, as tradition has it, Ramón lived, or along the ledge that leads to the sanctuary of Gracia, overhung by rocks hundreds of feet high, and discern no sign of life but glossy black mountain goats and an occasional eagle.

The same cannot be said of Miramar, an estate cultivated for many years by an Austrian archduke, on the north-western coast, not far from that artist's paradise, Deyá, on a site which Ramón Lull, again with a great feeling for atmosphere, chose for the college founded by him in 1276 for the training of missionary friars in the languages of the infidels and in his own particular methods of converting them. But, though the charabancs hurrying from Valldemosa to Sóller often halt on the highroad above the estate, they never stay there for long, and one can walk down through the silver-grey olive groves, beneath the overhanging pines, to the very brink of a sea so softly blue and so utterly still that it hardly seems real. For hours it is possible to wander down there alone; only on climbing up to the high road does one espy the world again. But the hour at which Miramar comes into its own is at the end of the day, when a perfect sunset spreads gloriously over the entire expanse of the sea until it glows with subdued fire.

Randa and Miramar are to all intents unpeopled, for the village at Randa lies far below the friary and Miramar has no village at all—only a few houses. But there are plenty of unspoiled villages, too,

some attainable by motor-buses, some only by footpaths. Without leaving the north-western slice of the island which alone is visited by tourists in numbers, two villages, Estallenchs and Bañalbúfar, vie with Deyá for beauty of situation. Inland, Puigpuñent and Esporlas have beauty of a different kind. In the more northerly part of the sierra, Biniaratx and Fornalutx are magnificently set in the hills through which runs the first section of the mountain path leading from Sóller to Lluch. But these preferences are only personal; everyone who walks about the island and talks to the people will make his own discoveries. The welcome discovery I made myself in the spring was that, despite the sophistication of Palma, Sóller and Valldemosa, there are still many left to make.

Behind most of these preferences, one finds, lie pleasant stories of experiences with the people. One's feelings about a mountain village or a hamlet by the sea can be wonderfully illumined by the little kindnesses and tokens of welcome for which the Majorcan countryfolk are famous. Hospitality is second nature to them, and they will invite you into a cottage with the dignity of a king offering his castle. Except in the tourist centres, they would scorn to make more profit out of the foreigner than out of one of their own countrymen. More even than most Spaniards, they are peculiarly sensitive to any interest a foreigner may take in their own language, though it must be remembered that that language is not Castilian, which is spoken mainly in the towns, but the somewhat elusive Majorcan dialect of Catalan.

It must be acknowledged that the Majorcans—outside Palma, at least—are not a progressive people, and their innate conservatism has only been intensified by occasional attempts to suppress it. Nowhere in Spain, except in the other Balearic Islands, are the people more aloof from happenings of the day. Their ambitions, economic rather than political, can be summed up in a phrase current all over Spain a century ago: "Peace and pesetas."

They have little of Catalonia's nationalistic consciousness, and so, on the one hand, they sat loosely to Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, and, on the other, they had no desire, when the Second Republic came, to vote themselves into Catalonia's statute of autonomy. Notwithstanding similarities of language, and affinities of custom, they preferred being governed from Madrid to becoming the most backward, and probably the least considered, part of the autonomous region centred in Barcelona; much the same attitude was taken, four years later, to the Basque autonomy statute, by the Navarrans living under the shadow, or in the seclusion, of the Pyrenees. During the Civil War most Majorcans supported the traditionalist side and became passive spectators of much that, sometimes in an exaggerated form, achieved publicity in the foreign press. Few criticisms of the

present régime are heard there now and, wherever the next revolutionary general strike may occur, it is pretty sure not to be in Majorca.

In no commodity are the Majorcans richer than in time—all shops and office hours, all hours of meetings and entertainments, are approximate, and the *mañana*-habit is much more deeply rooted in them than in most parts of Spain. For organization, even of the most primitive kind, they have little aptitude. Instead of the orderly queue, for example, they favour groups or crowds in a state of ebullition, the degree of which varies with the reason of their assembly. One Sunday afternoon, at a tramway stop in a busy part of Palma, a group of perhaps fifty was waiting for a tramcar, eyed apprehensively by a tall but timid-looking young policeman on point duty. When the car approached, packed both inside and out, even to the step, the group spontaneously divided into two and charged madly for either platform. The policeman blew a furious blast on his whistle—for what purpose was not clear—without the slightest result. Eventually all but a handful wedged themselves in and the lurching, swaying vehicle proceeded on a perilous course down the hill.

"Why don't you organize queues?" I asked the policeman, whose timorous gaze was now fixed on those left behind and preparing for the next onslaught. "*No es costumbre*", was all he could say. "We don't do that here. It's been tried and failed. The people won't co-operate."

\* \* \* \* \*

For co-operation, go to Barcelona. On my return there, between the airport and the city centre, I noticed an extraordinary slogan chalked on a fence in letters a foot high. The slogan read: "*Death to the tramway company*." It sounds Gilbertian—one can imagine what a pretty ballad Gilbert would have made of it. But it was not. It recalled a most remarkable and significant event—a tramway boycott, followed by a two-day general strike—which had taken place in the Catalan capital a few weeks earlier.

The tramway boycott conceived as a protest against fare increases and ended only by the restoration of the original fares, caught popular imagination, and was so complete that vast crowds trudged about the city in pouring rain while the tramcars, compelled by the bye-laws to circulate, remained empty except for the police who had been told off to travel in each for the protection of its conductor and driver. But the general strike which followed was an even more remarkable phenomenon. So perfect was the organization of this that it gave the impression of being entirely spontaneous: "The atmosphere seemed right for a strike", as one observer put it to me, "so everyone struck." Had not the strikers been granted reinstatement

without penalization, the stoppage, extended after the first day until, at the end of the second, this concession was secured, might have had scarcely imaginable consequences. Mindful of Barcelona's past record as a political storm centre, the Government, taking no chances, drafted fresh police there from Madrid, whose embarrassment provided onlookers with considerable entertainment whenever strangers, in good faith or not, went up to ask the way.

Spain has always been a country of contrasts, which have been declaring themselves more and more starkly and garishly ever since the introduction of air travel. But I have seldom been more keenly conscious of such contrasts than last spring, when passing, in a flight of less than an hour, from the excited atmosphere of Barcelona to the calm of Majorca, and back again. Soon after the admirable Barcelona-Palma air service was inaugurated, a Majorcan wrote to me that the two cities had now become as close to one another as the *rive gauche* was to the *rive droite* of the Seine. The phrase may appropriately be taken in two senses; and if, in years to come, Catalonia is granted a new autonomy statute, she may feel that the reluctance to share in it of a now prosperous Majorca with a large and vocal capital city will constitute a more formidable obstacle than it could ever have been during the Second Republic.

*(The author is Professor of Spanish at Liverpool University.)*

## TARAWA ATOLL

BY K. WESTCOTT JONES

IT has become an acknowledged fact that modern warfare possesses a credit value in at least the practical teaching of geography. The name of Tarawa would convey precisely nothing to most people had it not been for the "stepping stone" advance on Japan carried out by the United States marines and naval forces during the later stages of the 1939-1945 war. Attention was suddenly focussed upon this remote atoll in mid-Pacific when a concentrated landing by American forces in November 1943 resulted in the bloodiest battle of the Pacific war being fought within the narrowest confines that any high command could reasonably conceive.

Six years after the trade winds had wafted away the smoke and stench of twentieth century combat from the tiny ruined islet, I was fortunately able to make an unexpected visit to the atoll of Tarawa, now the chief administrative and trading base of Britain's Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony. An atoll is a chain of limestone islets standing upon a circular coral reef, usually with a small break permitting entrance to the lagoon, which is, of course, the crater of a submerged volcano. Tarawa is no exception, and possesses some 60 islets forming a horseshoe, the opening facing westwards and the southerly rim almost scraping the equator. The actual islet which featured so prominently in history is called Betio (pronounced Baycio), and occupies the last position on the southerly chain, thus guarding one side of the relatively narrow lagoon entrance. All the trading and business of the colony is conducted on Betio, while its neighbour—Bairiki—less than a mile away, contains the administration. With the exception of eccentric beachcombers, a few nuns, and a scattering of natives, the total population of the atoll was located on these two islets, but a hospital is being erected on the third island in the chain, known as Bonriki, and probably a small medical staff is now in occupation.

Although the European population of Tarawa is considerable compared with many other Pacific trading centres, the isolation and lack of physical communications render it painfully self-contained to a degree not experienced elsewhere, with the possible exception of the Antarctic weather outposts. No regular calls are made by steamers, and no landing facilities exist for aircraft. The atoll can only be

reached by taking an occasional, irregular, and uncomfortable trading schooner from Ocean Island (headquarters of the British Phosphate Commission) nearly four hundred miles away to the south west, or by coming up from Fiji in the glorified launch which the Government despatches at least annually on a two thousand miles survey voyage. Since 1947, an ocean-going tramp steamer has made a call once a year for copra, but this additional transport hardly helps Tarawans, since the steamer's next port is invariably Panama. Incoming travellers do use this steamer, however, and the mailing facilities it affords are definitely appreciated. As the supply of copra increases, there may soon be sufficient inducement for a second steamer to finish off her loading tour at Tarawa within the twelve months.

Viewed from the lagoon, the contrast between Betio and the other islets is almost incredible. Nature could hardly have inflicted such devastation upon one islet only, even with the severest and most localized tornado. Nothing but the handiwork of mankind in his worst destructive mood could possibly account for the ravished desolation of Betio Islet as it appeared two years ago, and will be for a few years yet. Only a mile and a half in length, less than 300 yards wide, and scarcely 30 inches above high water—so small, in fact, that its actual surface area is doubled at low tide—palm trees, bushes, gardens and tropical houses once covered every part of the islet. When the three-day onslaught by a division of marines, supported by bombarding capital ships, flung against 8,000 entrenched Japanese was brought to a successful conclusion, only three stripped palm trunks, pitiful in their gaunt isolation, remained above the ground. Suffice it to say that all the Japanese, with the exception of seven, died in the battle, either by their own hand or that of the victors. American casualties were very heavy, too, and on the day following the capture of Betio there was insufficient space on the island for all the dead to be laid out properly and still allow the survivors with their reinforcements to move about. After as many as possible of the American dead had been removed for reburial in the United States, the only possible action that could be taken with the great mass of Japanese bodies lying under a burning equatorial sun was to bulldoze them into a communal grave along the limestone soil of the emergency airstrip, which had been laid the full length of the tiny islet.

British civilians began to return to the atoll as soon as the main military forces had moved on to Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and the production of copra was recommenced among the unscarred islands, whose tall waving palms offered so remarkable a contrast to bare flattened Betio. The task of reconstruction on this islet was undertaken slowly, but there were considerable administrative difficulties, coupled with an obvious shortage of suitable materials and imperfect communications. Numbers of colonial office officials arrived and

ensconced themselves comfortably on neighbouring Bairiki, where they began to cavort with quantities of the red tape which appeared to have been imported as priority cargo in the first re-occupying ship. Their attitude at this time led to gradually intensifying friction, with the returning traders groping among the ruins of Betio for traces of once flourishing general stores and export businesses. Australians and New Zealanders predominate among the Europeans engaged in Tarawa's commerce, with the result that outspoken comments and criticism of somewhat inexperienced or lethargic Government legislators widened the breach between the two communities until to-day the rift is evident to the most casual visitor.

Some traders abandoned their holdings and left the atoll, disheartened. One sizable firm, which had carried on a large pre-war business on this and other islands, was unable to re-establish itself, its trading licence being withheld by the Government—apparently on the representation of a section of the Gilbertese native population, who had formed a co-operative trading organization called the "Tangi-Tang" (meaning 'opposition'). However, an enterprising and later successful attempt to regain a foothold on the Mid-Pacific wholesale business commenced when the Tarawa Trade Scheme was formed with British and Australian capital backing. Becoming fully operative in 1947, the scheme acquired some small Diesel driven inter-island vessels, enlarged the Quonset huts originally erected on Betio by the Amerians, and aided by wharfage with a dredged approach prepared by the United States navy, restored Tarawa's position as chief distribution centre for the copra brought in from the islands of the Gilbert and Ellice Group. It is this collection and storage of copra in the Quonset warehouses of Betio that makes an annual visit by an ocean-going steamer worthwhile. Individual lifts from the remoter coral islets along the Micronesian chain, amounting as they do to less than two tons of copra in a year, would render the use of all but the smallest and most economically driven vessels hopelessly unremunerative. That is why schooners have endured for so long in these waters, but their monopoly is threatened to-day with the planned use of centrally-based fast loading power operated vessels of beachlanding craft design.

Meanwhile, replanting of Betio was in progress. Local government authorities were awake to this vital need, at least, and took expensive steps to encourage coconut planting among those natives who had returned to live on the islet. A payment of 6s. 8d. was made for each coconut put into the limestone soil, provided that a prescribed pattern was followed along the deserted airstrip and around the beach fringes. Unusual and totally unexpected results accrued from this policy; it normally takes from eight to ten years for cocopalms to flower and attain a height of about five feet above the ground, but

these on the airstrip appeared and flowered in less than three years. When I saw them—some four and a half years after planting—many had reached ten feet, while those occupying the beach fringes had scarcely pushed through to the surface. The gruesome but unmistakable reason was apparent to all the inhabitants; the fast-acting fertilizer in the soil of the airstrip was the late invaders' method of effecting retribution for the damage they had wrought. Most Europeans agreed with this view, and many openly boasted of the number of skulls they had recovered while rebuilding on the islet. This state of mind may appear alarming at this distance, but rather less so on the spot, where memories of Japanese occupation are still lively.

Scavenger parties attracted considerable attention shortly after the return of civilians to Betio. Some of the gun emplacements had been blown to pieces by the naval bombardment, and the great coast guns brought by the Japanese from Singapore Island were crushed against the entrances, entombing the men, most of whom had already been killed by concussion. When, these pits were tediously excavated, the human remains were sifted by Europeans and natives alike until a collection of gold teeth, rings, rusted watch rubies and other strictly personal trinkets was brought away for sale at a fairly high price to general traders. It is still possible to encounter remains of this character at odd places on the tiny islet, particularly where platoons of Japanese committed mass suicide by inserting pin-drawn hand grenades into their tunics rather than surrender. I understand that one of the minor 'sports' indulged in recently by some of the residents, after sufficient alcoholic intake, was to hunt for 'treasure'. However, isolation and loneliness, plus a strange oppressive sensation experienced after dark on the island, must be taken into consideration before passing too harsh a judgment on these activities.

Larger and more material items discarded after the battle include tanks, landing barges, cranes, and motor lorries. For several years a great number of rusting relics—some of them still useful—lay disregarded along the beaches, until an Australian salvage firm purchased the entire collection for £2,000 sterling. The firm's representative, a Czechoslovakian refugee who had once been connected with a prominent armament factory in his native country, was busily engaged in assessing the value of certain salvagable items. He pointed out to me a huge mobile crane, restored to full working order, which alone will ensure an overall profit for his firm. With the exception of a few working pieces of transport, most of the decaying material will be cut up for scrap, and only southbound shipping space—a rarity in these islands—delays its removal to Australia. Betio can then be tidied up more rapidly, and with the eventual departure of the clutter of historical wreckage a lighter, happier atmosphere may

settle over the atoll. Only a few weeks before my visit, an overturned tank lying in the surf had yielded the skeleton of an unknown marine.

A Government proposal to remove all business interests from Betio to Bonriki islet has recently been mooted. Its objects are presumably to allow unimpeded tree growth and copra production by natives only on the war-shattered islet, at the same time ensuring the proximity of the European population to the new hospital on Bonriki. Two deaths, both preventable, occurred in 1949 among the Betio residents, and the urgent need for closer medical supervision and attention was stressed. But the scheme, for which half a million pounds has been earmarked, is unlikely to reach fruition since no ships are able to penetrate so deeply into the lagoon as the third islet in the chain without prohibitively expensive dredging and, even then, there would be absolutely no room to manoeuvre between the heavy coral outcrops. Apart from agrarian considerations, it would be easier and cheaper to provide a small additional hospital on Betio, but for some unknown reason a proposal to this effect was disapproved.

Gilbertese natives appear to have settled down again quite happily after the startling interruptions a few years ago to their normally placid lives. These chocolate-skinned people are Micronesians, a strain to be found throughout the atoll chain of the mid and north Pacific. Of the four Pacific race groups, they are the poorest in stature, probably the most peaceable, and rate third in intellectual capacity. Unlike in Malaya, and in other parts of South-east Asia overrun by the Japanese, the Gilberts appear to have escaped anti-white doctrines and in consequence, respect for the Europeans has been retained. This may be due to the fact that many of them were witnesses to the violent elimination of the enemy in their territory, but more probably because of the highly creditable behaviour of those Europeans who stayed at their posts when the Japanese arrived, only to be massacred or brutally beaten without flinching. Religion plays its part, too, in the maintenance of tranquil relations among the islands. Missionaries in almost every part of the Pacific basin found their respective teachings were absorbed far in excess of their early expectations and their theological societies became energetically engaged in competition, particularly in the larger communities. In the smaller scattered groups, it was a case of first arrivals gaining an immediate foothold and retaining their monopoly over all latecomers, who usually had no recourse but to depart in quest of virgin congregations elsewhere. This occurred in the Gilbert and Ellice colony and developed to a remarkable extent, creating the peculiar situation existing at the present time. The Ellice Islands became a Protestant stronghold, with a hundred per cent. following; the London Missionary Society controls the entire group, sending a ship once a year to re-stock the churches, arrange leave for its representatives, and

attend to the various matters which this strange state of affairs requires. No person, European or native, is permitted to land on any of the islands under its control unless he is a declared Protestant. The rule is rigidly enforced, and applies even to the captains of trading vessels, who may have to conduct their business offshore if not adherents. Conditions in the Gilberts are almost exactly opposite, some islands with hundred per cent. Catholic communities enforcing similar regulations excluding any other denominations. Tarawa itself, by reason of its status as chief administrative centre for the combined colony, is not a closed island, but musters a 95 per cent. majority of Catholics. It serves to illustrate the intensity of religious fervour in the Pacific when one discovers that the five per cent. leakage on Tarawa has already been tapped by the Seventh Day Adventists, whose missionaries are struggling to expand their slight foothold.

Perhaps as a direct result of their religious environment, and possibly also because of their inherited customs, the Gilbertese are particularly honest. Thieving is a major crime in the islands, and on Tarawa, it is never necessary to lock drawers or cases against the natives for fear of loss. Occasional acts of drunken violence are another matter, but the average Gilbertese will never, however harsh his personal circumstances may be, steal anything from even the wealthiest residents. Educational standards are far from high, but all natives attend Mission and Government primary schools, where English is patiently—and in most cases—successfully taught. Very exceptional natives can be sent to Fiji for higher education, and a few have benefited from this but rare facility. One such student returned from Fiji shortly before the Japanese occupation to take up the position of meteorological officer at Tarawa radio station. His remarkable devotion to duty and ability with a self-made portable transmitter, which he operated from among the outer islets in the chain when in hiding, greatly assisted the re-taking of the atoll, earning for him a voyage to London to receive the British Empire Medal from the hands of His Majesty the King.

About 6,000 Gilbertese live at Tarawa, some 500 of them on Betio, where they used to have a village called 'Tabiteuea'. This, of course, disappeared amid the welter of destruction accompanying the 1943 landing, but an attempt is being made to re-erect it, using the typical pandanus thatching technique with high gabled roof—resulting in a remarkably cool structure, and much in demand by the European residents. The shrill cries and excited laughter of the natives holding their nightly Barterei dances—adequately fortified by violently alcoholic palm-toddy—carry to all corners of tiny Betio islet as they caper around the fires in front of the half constructed houses; the late carousals are not generally popular, since Tarawan residences

have no windows. The long overhanging eaves are intended to keep any rain out of the rooms, which they do most efficiently even when a fresh breeze is driving it across the bare islet in sheets, but a considerable lack of privacy is unavoidable, while noise has unrestricted entrance. Apart from heavy, but relatively infrequent showers, there are no weather problems to disturb the architects of Tarawa. The warmth is not only consistent and equable, but actually produces the same day and night temperatures every month of the year. Average maxima and minima show not even one degree of variation in ten years records—88 and 74 Fahrenheit respectively.

No remarks on the subject of this distant war-famed atoll could be considered complete without a reference to the group of nuns living on Eita, one of the smallest islets in the Tarawa horseshoe. They have remained there for upwards of 30 years and, through the 20 months of Japanese occupation, treated the invaders whenever contact was forced upon them with frigid disdain. They were never subjected to physical cruelties or indignities, unlike their less fortunate countrymen on Betio and Bairiki, but their food supplies were cut off, and on one occasion they became the victims of Japanese subtlety. It seems that shortly before the Christmas of 1942 the garrison commander sent word across to Eita offering them rice in exchange for a live pig which he knew the Sisters were keeping as a last resort. Desperate for a change from the eternal diet of coconuts, they reluctantly agreed to the exchange and sent the pig across the lagoon by canoe. The Japanese commander sent back his promised Christmas treat of rice—one egg-cup filled with it.

## ART IN THE COUNTRY

BY EVE BARTON

THE June evening sunshine streamed through the windows of the large school assembly hall as the orchestra tuned up. The set-up was unusual ; on the platform sat a small, privileged audience and in the body of the hall were the performers—an orchestra of some seventy players and a choir of a hundred singers. It was founder's day of the rural music school. Small orchestras and choirs from villages and towns all over the county had come to play and sing together under the baton of the director of the music school. There had been a rehearsal in the afternoon, to fit the pieces of this musical jig-saw into a harmonious whole. Now the joyous anticipation of a thrilling evening pervaded the hall. For the enthusiasm of those who pursue an end for the love of the means is always infectious and here was music pursued for its own sake.

It was a remarkable performance given by the adult members of the rural music school. (There is an equally strong youth department which gives its own concert at a different time in the year.) The programme was ambitious, but the standard high. To the director, this must have seemed a satisfying climax to all his labours of the past year, his office work, his endless journeyings, his inspections, his disappointments and successes. Here, tonight, was a tangible proof of a need fulfilled. To one who was privileged to listen, the gathering was a symbol of something vital that is now happening. It is heralded by no head-lines, it is not advertised, but it is nevertheless growing steadily, though sometimes imperceptibly and always slowly, in our midst. This growth—the cultivation of the creative instinct—has had to contend with many diseases in the last three decades. Potted mechanical music, machine-made art, commercialized amusement, the destructive influence of war, a materialistic view of life, the pace of modern living ; all these attack the roots of an instinct which, for its satisfaction, requires leisure and a single mind. If the modern man who scoffs at village children being taught the violin should stray into a rural music school concert, he might be converted to a new way of thinking.

Joseph McCulloch says : "The over-emphasis of our modern education on knowledge acquired by observation and memory and the consequent stunting of the faculties of perception and imagination

bars the road to religious experience and the knowledge of faith." Certainly, in the past, education through the emotions has been slightly suspect. Rather has there been a tendency to suppress emotion, to look upon games as the only safe outlet for the energy that might otherwise be put to dangerous uses. Even artistic channels such as music and painting were at one time viewed with mild disapproval in our schools. The "peculiar" boy who was willing to forgo his leisure and even his cricket to pursue art was not always encouraged. Modern educationalists take a different view. All the portents of our times point to the failure to teach men and women a satisfying way of life. In an industrial age, most of those who carry on the world's business must of necessity contend with monotony and soullessness in their daily work. We are now awakening to the fact that because so much of man's work is unsatisfying we must educate with a view to his leisure as well as to his vocation. It is the man with an absorbing and satisfying hobby who has learnt how to be happy, but to live richly the hobby must be creative, for there is no joy so real as the joy of creation, satisfying the spirit of man and not measurable in pounds, shillings and pence.

Why do artists never clamour for subsidies or go on strike ? Because they have (sadly perhaps) accepted long ago that art cannot be subject to union rules or Government regulations. Art made easy would turn to dross in one's hand, for the pursuit of real beauty is the pursuit of the unattainable, the divine, the goal that is ever just beyond our reach. Nothing less than this will ever really satisfy the spirit of man.

## EVERYTHING COMES TO AN END

BY FRED A. C. BOND

LIKE as not if my husband had lived, and even more my daughter, who would have been a mother herself by now I make no doubt, I'd not have felt the need for philosophy. For as you may have noticed, women of sixty when they've got a husband and a couple of grandchildren, are so taken up with what to get for dinner so as not to aggravate his arthritis or maybe his duodenal, and whether to let their mother know that the little ones are talking coarse or something of that sort, that they haven't time to sit down and ask themselves : where have we got to and how will it end ?

But I began a few years back to feel there must be something somewhere to take us out of ourselves, so that such things as not being able to get decorated china or a dress that fits, on account of the extra inches round the hips, or even this steel nationalization that makes my brother in law so depressed, would seem of no account. And my niece Althea, who always takes an interest in keeping me abreast of modern thought, said that what I was lacking was a philosophy of life. And she lent me a book by Mr. Huxley—the other one, not the man from the London Zoo they used to have on the Brains Trust.

It was a beautiful book, what you might call inspiring. Mind you, there was a lot of reading in it, but I found out after a bit that you could leave out all the quotations signed by Indian and Chinese gentlemen, and the sense of the book would be just the same. And these being, when all's said and done, heathen, I figured you needn't take much account of what they said.

But the other writers, who are Christian—Roman Catholics and Quakers and all—it's wonderful how they agree. I never read a book that made me feel so good or as if the things that worry you don't matter. As I understand it, it went to prove that past and future are all one, and we and our neighbours are all one too, which gives a new sort of meaning to texts about loving our enemies.

But philosophy isn't easy, and though I'd got more than half way through this book when they took away our basic petrol, it didn't make me take it anything but hard. I recollect that evening, and the announcement on the wireless as if it was yesterday.

We'd only had our little car six months, Althea and I. When

Arthur, my husband, was alive, of course we'd had the Armstrong, but when he died I sold it and hired when I needed. But Althea kept on at me about getting a car, saying she would drive it for me, so I put my name down, and all of a sudden the man at the garage came by an Austin Eight, and providing I push the seat well back, I can fit in as cosy as anything. And it meant I could get out on the moors, like I hadn't done for years, and there's nothing like sitting for half an hour by a burn for taking you right out of yourself so that you get an inkling of what this Mr. Huxley means by self-noughting.

When I heard that announcement about the petrol, I saw that the only thing to do was to act philosophic and become like as if it was a speck of dust that hadn't any need of a motor or any desire to ride in one—not but what specks of dust *do*, but I didn't think of this at the time. So I poured myself out a glass of sherry, for sherry is useful in making you forget about your personality, and very soon Althea came in, and one look at her and I saw she needed a sherry too. "Forget about yourself," I advised her. "Think you are someone in history, maybe, who never had a motor." "There's only one person in history I feel like," she said, "and that's Charlotte Corday." I knew who she meant. She was an aristocratic lady in France, or it may have been Russia—in fact, I think it must have been, for I believe the sweet they call Charlotte Russe is named for her—and she didn't like the goings on of these revolutionaries. And there was one she had a particular spite against and she stabbed him in his bath.

I was sure that in the morning Althea would think better of it, for being modern she's always voted labour, never mind what the rest of us have to say, and for her to go thinking of stabbing one of the Government didn't seem at all the thing. But she carried on about lack of incentive to work and ignorance of psychology until I was really sorry for her.

I tried to explain about self-noughting and past and future being one but I didn't seem to believe it myself. I couldn't picture the time when petrol would be free again. But all the same the time arrived and already we're not too clear in our own minds, was it six months ago or longer that petrol came back ?

Everything comes to an end, however unlikely it may seem. Looking back, I remember the first war and how all the boys we'd been to dances with went away to be killed and we couldn't fancy that life would ever be the same again. But the war ended, and there was all the excitement of getting engaged to Arthur. And after that of course there was my baby dying and me thinking I'd never get over it but I did, and Arthur dying too in his turn and me thinking I'd never get used to being a widow, but none the less I have. And this

last war : didn't we think sometimes that it never *would* have an end? And yet it did, and clothes rationing too, and points, which were enough to exasperate even Mr. Huxley, you'd think, except that I'm told he lives in a desert where there aren't any.

And now we wonder, will this state the world's in at present ever come to an end? For there's no denying it's the most unpeaceful peace the world has ever known, so's you can hardly be bothered to order forward for your garden in case it's been blown sky high before ever you've paid the nurseryman's account. There's some that lets themselves get so depressed thinking that the only way this state we've got into is going to end is with the atom bomb, that they just lie down and put their heads in the gas cooker. If there was a strike on at the gas works, then of course they would have to rely on the railway line, provided there wasn't a strike on the railways. But the gas oven doesn't appeal to me, and I've figured out the reason.

I was always one for surprises, for the unexpected. When I was a child, I had a regular passion for a bran tub. At children's parties and charity bazaars I'd clamour for as many dips as they would let me have. Except for the time I got a clockwork mouse, I don't recollect that I ever got much out of the tub. It was the excitement of opening the packet to see what was in it that I liked.

It spoils a book for me to have a friend tell me the plot. "Don't tell me how it ends," I've had to say time and again when I happen on a friend changing her book in the library we all belong to, here in Carlingham. I'm glad enough of a hint as to if it's a sad book or a lively one or one of those literary ones where nothing much happens, but I don't want to be told the end. I want it to come as a surprise.

As I look at it, it's the same with life as it is with books—you're kept going because you don't know what's going to happen next and you want to find out. It's difficult, I grant, to picture a good way out of the fix we're in now. You hear the talk of civilization being at its last gasp and the whole order of things about to smash up, and there's no denying that sort of talk is alarming.

But if the world *is* going to smash up I'd like to know about it. I'd like to see what hand middle-aged women make of living when their houses and incomes are gone, and like as not no playing cards or television to pass away the time. Perhaps their physiques won't be able to stand the hardships and they'll have to die, reaching the same end as they might reach to-day if they looked too long at that gas oven. As I say, I don't like to know the end of a story in advance. And to put an end to your life before your allotted span seems to me like sending a book back to the library when you've read it only half way through, and that, unpleasant though a book may be, is a thing I never do.

## GEORGE ORWELL

BY NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

THE free-lance journalist is of a dying race, but Orwell's integrity made him unwilling to sell his services outright to any one newspaper combine. He was as much a critic of Conservatism as of Socialism, so that although he was a strong supporter of the Labour Party there is no narrow political bias apparent in his work; in fact his passionate interest in the Labour Party during his lifetime was something known rather by his personal friends than by his general readers. Again, when in 1940 he lumped Hilaire Belloc "with the old duds" who were trying to pretend that the new war was the old war of 1914 all over again, he was attacking Mr. Belloc as a writer on military strategy. Apparently, in all other respects, he had the highest admiration for him as an author; but at the time this was not obvious from Orwell's book, *The Lion and the Unicorn*—it was the something known rather by his personal friends.\*

To contemporary readers, the figure which he cut was that of an English radical: he was in the tradition of Langland and Bunyan, Cobbett and Dickens. Indeed, one might be tempted to say that with Chesterton, he stood for the end of a tradition; but this is not so. For in R. C. Churchill's work—a less prolific modern author—the same tradition is being continued; and if a definition of that tradition is wanted, then one can do no better than turn to Orwell's comments on Dickens. They are equally applicable to himself. "His radicalism is of the vaguest kind, and yet one always knows that it is there. That is the difference between being a moralist and a politician. He has no constructive suggestions, not even a clear grasp of the nature of the society he is attacking, only an emotional perception that something is wrong. All he can finally say is: 'Behave decently', which . . . is not necessarily so shallow as it sounds."

It is not difficult to see at what Orwell is driving. One recalls Dickens's statement from *The Uncommercial Traveller*: "Figuratively speaking, I travel for the house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy goods way." The stress is on the observer rather than the reformer, and Dickens as a novelist was first and foremost an observer; what reforms his

\* I am indebted for this point to Mr. Geoffrey Ashe.

novels prompted were incidental to his main intention which was to record what he felt was wrong with society. Felt is the operative word. So it is, even in his travel books such as *American Notes*, that his factual observations evoke an emotional response in the reader: "Ran away, a Negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M," or: "Ran away, a Negro named Arthur. Has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk much of the goodness of God." By a similar method Orwell's novels evoke a similar response; they too are a criticism of society—awakeners to the fact "that something is wrong."

It must not be thought that Dickens and Orwell can be equated as novelists; they are in the same English radical tradition, but there is a vast difference between both their achievement and talent. At the best Orwell is a minor writer—neither the 'thirties nor 'forties have been decades of literary giants—and only in one novel does he offer himself as a serious rival to H. G. Wells. The newspaper comparisons to Swift, Voltaire and Anatole France are what one must expect of a system whereby a masterpiece is selected to be the book of the month each day of the week. Orwell knew the system inside out. As he admitted: "... if one says ... that *King Lear* is a good play and *The Four Just Men* is a good thriller, what meaning is there in the word 'good'?" And, as he went on: "nearly every reviewer says this kind of thing at least once a week." The value of Orwell's integrity is that it is infectious. One feels that as a creative writer he would like to be tested by the same standards as he himself tested other authors in his critical essays. Once more the operative word is 'feels', for there is something distinctly tactile about Orwell's work—especially his early fiction.

Early in the 'thirties in *The Adelphi* there appeared a short account of the execution of a Burmese; it was entitled "A Hanging", and the writer was Eric Blair (George Orwell was Blair's subsequent *nom de plume*). The account is short—seven pages—but it shows the mark of a writer who is also a lover of humanity. "When I saw the prisoner step aside to avoid the puddle I saw the mystery, the unspeakable wrongness, of cutting life short when it is in full tide." Later, in his novel, *Burmese Days*, the same sentiments appear. For *Burmese Days* was largely autobiographical, being based upon his experiences as a police officer in Burma. For example, in one of his off-duty hours from fiction, one finds him making this revealing aside: "I never went into a jail without feeling (most visitors to jails feel the same) that my place was really on the other side of the bars." The keynote to his work is sympathy with the oppressed, the underdogs of both the eastern and western worlds.

Coupled with this sympathy was an intense admiration for justice. He approved of law and order, but was not the man to administer it. That was the crux of the matter, for his loyalties became divided and this, in turn, led him into some paradoxical positions. In *Burmese Days* one native character is a stout defender of British imperialism, another a pure and simple villain. They are both men who owe more to the west than to the east, since the former is a doctor, the latter a magistrate. Indeed whereas these characters carry conviction, the members of the English colony tend to be stock figures. There is Verrall, spruce and handsome, a good shot and a fine polo player, but so far as women are concerned something of a cad (there are shades of Steerforth from *David Copperfield* in this portrait). There is Elizabeth whose chief reading is Michael Arlen; whose conception of foreigners is an *en bloc* one without distinction; whose eye is always on the main chance. She is both smug and a go-getter. There is Flory with his unorthodox views about natives, with a birthmark on his face and his perpetual feeling of not being quite in line with his compatriots, of not being quite out of "the same drawer" as his colleagues at the club. He suffers from an inferiority complex and, to some extent, it is an autobiographical picture of Orwell himself. By birth they both belonged to "what you may describe as the lower-upper-middle class." "Theoretically you knew how to shoot and ride, although in practice you had no horses to ride and not an inch of ground to shoot over." The solution was to go east, old man; there, if not at home, one could keep up appearances.

Yet before saying anything of Orwell's novels about England, it is perhaps worthwhile harking back to *Burmese Days*. For there is in this book one scene of such extreme tactile power that it has something of D. H. Lawrence's blood *mystique* about it. The scene occurs when Elizabeth and Flory are out hunting. She has just shot a jungle-cock. "They were kneeling face to face with the dead bird between them. With a shock they discovered that their hands ... were clasped tightly together. They had run to the place hand-in-hand without noticing it." To the blood *mystique* is added a sun *mystique*; it is as if one becomes a participant at some primitive tribal sacrifice. "A sudden stillness came over them both, a sense of something momentous that must happen. Flory reached across and took her other hand. It came yielding, willingly. For a moment they knelt with their hands clasped together. The sun blazed upon them and the warmth breathed out of their bodies; they seemed to be floating upon clouds of heat and joy. He took her by the upper arms to draw her towards him." In his portrayal of human relationships, Orwell never again reached such intensity as here. A shift of emphasis took place; it was not that he no longer wrote of lovers, but that his sympathy lay in their social plight, in the condi-

tions in which they had to love one another or die. He felt for them rather than with them.

For instance in his first novel, *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, he writes of a bookseller's assistant who takes his girl out on a Sunday with just six and tuppence on him. His early fiction was like a series of documentaries; the background was urban England—that England of which Dickens had written in *Hard Times*: “You saw nothing in Coketown but was severely workful; the jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town hall might have been either . . .” With one's best girl, with just six and tuppence, it was difficult to eke out any day in a city. Orwell who had lived as a down-and-out in London and Paris knew this well. “I had been in London innumerable times, and yet till that day I had never noticed one of the worst things about London—the fact that it costs money even to sit down. . . . We stood two hours on the street corner. It was unpleasant, but it taught me not to use the expression ‘street corner loafer’ . . .”

Nearly all Orwell's early work was based on fact. In *The Road to Wigan Pier* he tells why he chose to learn the hard way what it was to be a *Down and Out in London and Paris*: it was so that he might lose his feeling of guilt. For, as the autobiographical material used in *Burmese Days* reflects, he had known what it was to be part of an oppressive system and it had left him with a bad conscience. “Innumerable remembered faces—faces of prisoners in the dock, of men waiting in the condemned cells, of subordinates I had bullied and aged peasants I had snubbed, of servants and coolies I had hit with my fists in moments of rage (nearly everyone does these things in the East, at any rate occasionally: orientals can be very provoking)—haunted me intolerably.” As he continues: “I was conscious of an immense weight of guilt that I had got to expiate” and this led him to wish to submerge himself, “to get right down among the oppressed,” to live as a *plongeur* in Paris and as a tramp in London. Even when he was 13 he had suffered agonies because of his lower-upper-middle class squeamishness. In a train full of shepherds and pig-men who had been selling their beasts, they passed round a quart bottle of beer; as the bottle drew nearer which had touched “lower-class mouths” Orwell felt certain that he would vomit, but if offered a drink which he refused, he knew he would be offending them. Such instances were a common dilemma for him. Yet by the time he came to write of Wigan Pier in 1937, his experience of living amongst miners in the industrial north made him tentatively suggest that for “genuinely revolutionary government” to be effective, the working and middle classes must be merged, and “it will not be so dreadful as we feared, for, after all, we have nothing to lose but our aitches.” But such sentiments were not generally those of the

members of the Left Book Club under whose auspices a cheap edition of *The Road to Wigan Pier* was brought out. Victor Gollancz had to preface this reprint with an introductory essay pointing out that Orwell was neither a doctrinaire left-winger nor a strictly orthodox Socialist. He was too much of a radical for that, too concerned with justice and liberty to give his allegiance to one particularism; and, in any case, as for so-called contemporary Socialists . . . well . . . “with their eyes glued to economic facts, they have proceeded on the assumption that man has no soul, and explicitly or implicitly they have set up the goal of a materialistic Utopia.” Statistics are good servants, but bad masters, and social reforms can only be achieved when social evils are both encountered and reported upon at first hand. On the road back from Wigan Pier, Orwell travelled with first-hand knowledge.

In *Coming Up for Air*—published on the eve of the 1939-1945 war—the same sordid background is painted anew, though this time the social reportage is presented in the form of fiction. “Do you know the road I live in—Ellesmere Road, West Bletchley? Even if you don't, you know fifty others exactly like it.” Again, in the last chapter one reads: “Nothing's real in Ellesmere Road except gas-bills, school-fees, boiled cabbage and the office on Monday.” This is a repetition of Hardy's view of life foreshadowed in his character, Clym Yeobright, in *The Return of the Native* (1878)—“the view of life as a thing to be put up with” (“In Clym Yeobright's face could dimly be seen the typical countenance of the future.”). To such pessimism, Orwell had no answer. He could merely quote the jingle—

Solomon Grundy  
Born on Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,  
Took ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday,  
And that was the end of Solomon Grundy

—and add: that is “a gloomy story, but remarkably similar to yours or mine.” Which is true in a sense—especially if death is seen as a fullstop. Orwell realized this and while accepting death as a fullstop wished to make the story less gloomy. “The real problem”, he wrote, “is how to restore the religious attitude while accepting death as final.” To regard “this life as a preparation for the next” he considered as the religious believer's easy way out, adding that “few thinking people now believe in life after death, and the number of those who do is diminishing.” Further, “the Christian churches

would probably not survive on their own merits if their economic basis were destroyed." \* So it was that although he had an emotional perception that something was wrong, he had no constructive suggestions to offer; he was left with a series of question-marks: "Perhaps . . . the Earthly Paradise isn't possible . . . Perhaps some degree of suffering is ineradicable from human life . . . Perhaps the choice before man is always a choice of evils . . . ?" Neither *Animal Farm* nor *Nineteen Eighty-Four* resolved any of these problems; they merely stated them in clearer terms; they were warning-shouts of what might be expected if solutions could not be found.

In allegorical form *Animal Farm* tells the story of the betrayal of the Russian Revolution. However, its main warning is not of how a dictatorship can dupe its electorate, but of how the rulers of a dictatorship can re-write the history of the past: in short, make nonsense of the term history. Herein resides the significance of *Animal Farm*, for it is the point of departure for *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

*Nineteen Eighty-Four* is also allegorical. (Since the book was published in 1949 one takes it that the manuscript was completed the year previously—hence the juxtaposition in the title's date.) The animals have become human beings, but for all that they are living the life of animals. They are without conscience and memory, for in destroying the memory the conscience is obliterated. Winston Smith—a mixture of Flory, Bowling (from *Coming Up for Air*) and Orwell himself—attempts to remember what it *felt* like to be independent. But it is as dangerous for the State for its citizens to feel as to think. Along with the other senses, the tactile one must be destroyed; and to be sure Victory Gin may help in the annihilation of taste. "It gave off a sickly, oily smell, as of Chinese rice-spirit . . . The stuff was like nitric acid, and moreover, in swallowing it one had the sensation of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber club." To destroy memory, human emotions must be destroyed; human emotions may remind one of earlier and happier times. So it is that the sexual instinct must be crushed; everything must be brought within the control of the Central Party and, when this is achieved, the hysteria caused by sexual privation can be transformed into war-fever and leader-worship. Everything is planned to the last dot and Smith brought into subjection. The past is re-written to conform with the present and the files of all newspapers are accordingly constantly being revised. Systematically, proof of earlier civilizations is wiped out. "The command of the old despotism was 'Thou shalt not'. The command of the totalitarians was 'Thou shalt'. Our command is 'Thou art'." Negative obedience is not enough; there must be surrender, and it must be total. One must

\* See his essay on Arthur Koestler reprinted in *Critical Essays* (1946) p.160.

give up opposition not through fear of torture, but of one's own free will. There must be no martyrs. One must die loving Big Brother.

This is a depressing note on which to end, but it is the note on which George Orwell's work ends; it is what he saw as the completion of "a gloomy story", and he was far too honest a writer to allow false optimism to cloud his vision. From his standpoint, it was the logical conclusion. Moreover, it is a vision which calls to mind H. G. Wells's vision of *Things to Come*, although there are certain obvious differences between these two authors as Utopians. For it is only in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that Orwell can stand comparison with Wells—and then not in outlook so much as in imaginative insight into what *may* happen in the future.

Of the two different futures which they prophesied, there have already been signs of both. But signs can often act as warnings and that is the one heartening thing about their two horror stories. Orwell saw Wells's conception of Utopia breaking down because he had lived to see that material progress is not necessarily synonymous with material wealth. For him, *Things to Come* was a book which could be only half true. On the other hand the world of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* had not yet become a full reality; it was only half true, half fact, and there was still time to sound the alarm. Moreover, that is why the book should be described as an allegory rather than a novel. Like *Piers Plowman* and *Pilgrim's Progress* it shows how once a certain stage is reached, how once a moral deterioration has set in, the conscience can be destroyed; for such consciences have become shadows of what they should be. Naturally Orwell's premises are different from those of Langland and Bunyan, but there is as it were a point of intersection. He did not share their religious beliefs, but he was equally aware of the corrupting processes in man's nature; he could *feel* them, but not *rationalize* them. "That is the difference between being a moralist and a politician": and Orwell was a moralist without a specific religious faith. He hated all "the smelly little orthodoxies" which he saw contending for men's souls and hence fell back on his own vague brand of radicalism. Yet that form of radicalism with its exhortation to "behave decently" he knew was not enough to save men from the domination of Big Brother. He had seen his own radicalism tried and found wanting. In its place, with integrity he could say that he had no alternatives to offer and accordingly, in the circumstances, he could but shout his warnings of the impending catastrophe. That was his protest against the gradual encroachment on human rights which he witnessed everywhere. Silence would have been treason. Orwell was not a traitor; in a disintegrating world—for what it is worth—he stood as a partiot of that heartland whose rivers are the veins of human love.

## THE UNNATURAL GARDEN

BY GEOFFREY GRIGSON

**I**T seldom comes to anyone to make a new garden of many acres, to have the pleasure of transforming waste or field on that scale, to make great sheets of water or fountains or waterfalls. Most of us take over a garden, alter it or enlarge it. However excellent it may become, we can only deceive ourselves into thinking we have created it. The deception is enjoyable, but the real thing, the making, designing of a garden—what nerve it would require! Going round a diversity of gardens lately, I have been wondering if I could do it, I have been wondering what kind of garden I would make if I had several thousands to spend upon it. Where would it be, first of all? What kind of site should I buy, valley or flat, rocky and watered, inland or by the Channel?

It is a matter for self-examination. One part of me says a "natural" garden, since an English nature-romanticism dies hard. Another part of me says away with Claude Monet and Gertrude Jekyll and splashings of colour, away above all with rhododendrons. I have the misfortune only to have seen Stourhead in June, when the flaunting of rhododendrons and azaleas ruins this great landscape garden like coarse over-painting. What would Henry Hoare the younger say if he could walk again through the eighteenth century paradise he made and observe how his vistas, his waters, his islands and temples have been swallowed up in purple and pink and white and orange? The rhododendrons entered like weeds in the nineteenth and twentieth century reign of Sir Henry Hoare who so generously willed the gardens and the Palladian mansion to the National Trust. But he has destroyed the green spirit of the gardens, at any rate for a month or two in the year. Every vista is purple or pink. The water around the islands is empurpled. The cool temples are no longer emphatic. Sit in the grotto, and purple water gleams through the jagged opening.

Why not go further and give Rysbrack's Nymph of the Grot a summer dress suitable for Ascot? Why not fine the Pantheon with coloured silks, decorate the Temple of Flora with watercolours by Nolde and Matthew Smith? Why not repaint, over-paint all the Claudes in the National Gallery? It is too much, I suppose, to suggest handing Stourhead to the cleaner and restorer so that the

over-painting may be removed. Henry Hoare the younger would see in these June flauntings the final triumph of the Whites over the Blacks, the eighteenth century defeated, Turner triumphant; and he would wish every rhododendron back on the slope of its proper Chinese or Himalayan mountain.

Still if it came to making my own large paradise I have no wish for an eighteenth century landscape garden. There is something enervating in the character of such gardens, something thin, too pictorial, too imitative, too tastefully pretentious. I walk round them and see them only as canvases, and would never be surprised if a tractor came trundling in pulling a cart loaded up with gigantic gilt frames which would be disposed here and there among the trees and the temples and the statuary. A large wind, I feel, might roar through at any moment and burst the canvas and spoil all this careful Claudian illusion.

But would a Jekyll-Robinson garden be preferable? A romantic garden between the granites of a Cornish valley? More rhododendrons? Or haven't we had too much of that as well? Ascot again. At least the temples were solid, the grottoes were dramatic, the trees were green, the walks on the plane of the canvas long and cool; and I give a box on the ears to that part of me which hankers after the natural garden and the Robinsonian wilderness. Coleridge told Sir George Beaumont, in revolt against the landscape garden, that the house must belong to the country, not the country to the house. Wordsworth agreed. He pronounced that to dress a whole countryside in a nobleman's livery was substituting little things for great: the principle was to do no violation to the holiness of nature—not of nature, but Nature. Ruskin came along with his great box of verbal paints, and found before he died that Nature was not so deserving of the hallowed N. She had nasty habits as well as good, produced nasty as well as virtuous plants—even plants which made so bold as to devour insects. He was shocked when he learnt of these insectivorous trolls and wrote: "I will not be always paying her compliments—the nasty things she turns out!"

I do not much like seeing the countryside wearing either a nobleman's livery or a ready-made suit from a multiple tailor; but why after all shouldn't nature with a small *n* be bullied, kept in severe order and made to do exactly what she is told? If you walk up from the gardens at Stourhead and stand in front of the portico of the Palladian mansion, a great vista of Salisbury Plain moves away into the distance. This distance, this vast diminution gives the landscape some order. Nothing has interfered with it, it is true, but generations of nibbling sheep, from the days of the Windmill Hill culture and the Beaker folk and the Cistercians and the breeders of the Hampshire Down. How excellent it would be to have such a house

in an idiom of modern rather than classical order, with an ordered garden around it and then such a vastness of landscape in a geologic and perspective order. Here the house belongs very decently to the country, but to a country which itself is not too insolently natural. The human being is the centre. And then I think of Schloss Bruhl and Clemens August, the Elector of Cologne, of his house and his garden, still unspoilt a few miles from the ruined city. He was the centre. Around him, the expression of his gaiety of spirit, he built his phantasia of rococo saloons. There was nature enough, there were plants enough, birds enough, flattened on blue and white tiles to the ceiling, kept in an extravagant submission. The Elector walked up his wide staircase under a mythological painted ceiling. All around him were coloured incrustations, coloured veinings which would have driven Ruskin into rage or melancholic despair—colour but not colour pretending to be natural; colour deliberately made, a deliberate projection of the human will, a deliberate artifice, an unabashed fabrication of gaiety in its most intricate form, which matched the embroidered coats of the great cleric and his guests. Why should he want nature below the façade dancing to Miss Jekyll's saxophone and flowers indecently promiscuous in a fat series of long herbaceous borders?

Out he and his friends walked to a long parterre, geometrically arranged, twisted into discreet scrolls by hedgelets of box; and at this corner and that stood yews forbidden to grow tall or to grow beyond their imposed shape of elongated pyramids. Flowers in order, flowers that made patterns and could yet be individually apprehended, plucked, held to the nostrils. The parterre, low to the ground, allowed the spirit to escape after the saloons into freedom, air, sunlight. And beyond? Beyond were the solemn walks in shade, the long straight passages, or alleys, cut between the sounding foliage of the timber trees. Admirable meditative walks, green, in which nature is not importunate, does not nag, thrusts neither holiness nor beauty at you, does not exclaim at every inch and corner: "How delightful I am! How quite exceptionally adorable! How much like a debutante without morals! Please worship me and do what I tell you!"

To me this deliberate order is far more satisfactory, after a self-analysis, than either the natural or the semi-natural garden, Bodnant or Stourhead. Stourhead is having it both ways. It is playing at nature and playing at art. It is half inhuman. Bodnant and most of our gardens are the surrender of humanity. Schloss Bruhl is its assertion, not to be imitated, no doubt, but providing lessons to be attended to. It is not an imitation, not a translation of one art into another, not a pretence nor an act of self-deception. It is something made within, in its own laws, which is conducive to humanity and

does not suck its essence away like an evil spirit. The truth of the matter is you cannot make terms with nature. You are master or she is (though I deprecate giving nature either gender or personality). In one of his books Julian Huxley describes how he lay in the sun under a bird cliff in Spitsbergen, on grass which was made luxuriant by hundreds of years of droppings. Nature took no notice of him. The birds did not acknowledge that he was there, they flew in, flew out. They did not acknowledge the existence of Europe, or cities, or factories, or Bren guns, or gardens, or ideas. Nature was not so much implacable as indifferent. And nature is the gardener's opponent. The gardener who pretends he is in love with her has to destroy her climaxes of vegetation and make (if he does not like the dominance over nature represented by Schloss Bruhl) an alliance with her which she will be the first to break without warning, in the most treasonable way she can. She sneaks in and inserts her weeds, her couch-grass, her ground elder, her plantains, behind his back. I like (when I can keep my English and inescapably romantic self in order) to see this creature in gardens kept under, dictated to, obedient. I like her to be quite unable to interfere with my human prerogative and my human business, so that I can grow all the extravagance I want inside myself. She is a succubus, Sycorax or Caliban's sister, and must be treated with no half-measures; and I rather like to see her confined in a greenhouse.

The best private equivalent, within one's means, to a Schloss Bruhl I have ever enjoyed was a small, a miniature, garden which Paul Nash contrived within the Victorian garden of shabby evergreens and sullen grass behind a street in Hampstead. There was no question of who was master, no pretence of any alliance on equal terms, and no worship of a full-breasted, *décolletée* nymph. Nature's business was to grow what she was told to grow among shells and gravel and fossils, carefully arranged; and no weeds had a chance of entry. This miniature garden was not a rockery—that most shameless of all surrenders to naturalism. It was more a grotto, part dry like a New Mexican desert, part watered. It had a double advantage of being both a creation, a rococo contrivance, a theatre, and one in which the forms of individual plants could be observed and enjoyed. Certainly it was one of the most perfected works of art which Paul Nash ever made, in a complete and curious divorce from its Victorian environment. I do not remember now a single species which grew in this miniature. I remember only the effect, the astonishment, the humanity; and when I recall it I observe my own garden with some displeasure. I have compromised between my selves, my convictions and my inheritance. The garden contains neither a rockery nor an orthodox herbaceous border, rather a mixture of both with an attention to individuals, their shapes, peculiarities,

associations and history. Sometimes I think : " Pull everything up. Add to the grass. Make formal beds on a geometric plan. Insert for Heaven's sake some design and abandon all this naturalism." The naturalism goes on, the war against weed continues. I look across the grass in the sun and observe wine-coloured cranesbills, delphinium, carnation, sulphur rock-roses, peonies, white and purple foxgloves and am fairly, and treasonably, content. But I do not approve. The female, impudent as usual and blowsy, has too much of her own way, at home with her slugs, her colours, her woodlice, her weeds, an eager and not so virginal half-wit, unbound and sticky with sweets, always too ready to please, always in the sulks if I bring out the whip. I shall poison her one day along with the weeds and bury her under a monkey-puzzle or a pyramidal yew and I shall put into her grave my guide to Stourhead, Wordsworth's poems and Gertrude Jekyll's boots.

" You will ? " she says ; and begins to make love to me. And I—

## THE UNREVEALED

BY GLORIA KOMAI

As a glass shows not who has passed, angels  
Go by unseen ; the crystal air trembles  
As if to shape a sigh. . . . The flowers lean  
Upon the wind, as if their perfume took  
A fragile body to be visible,  
Denied to angels ; who, unenvious  
Yet grieved, long to be held fast by the gaze  
Of men, unseeing, seeking ; if only  
The look would last until they could absorb  
Enough of dragonfly light to appear. . . .

## THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

### A LATENT WORLD COMMUNITY

By H. G. NICHOLAS

THESE are not rosy times in which to study international relations.

Even the most convinced believer in the application of organized knowledge to human problems may falter and lose heart when he looks at the international scene. For mastering this chaos the tools of the study seem puny indeed. But more than this, agreement is lacking within the ranks of scholarship itself as to the nature of the discipline which has come into existence over the last 30 or 40 years, to be known variously as International Relations, International Politics, Foreign Affairs, or Geo-Politics—the diversity of titles indicates the confusion of approach. Above all, should the subject be approached historically and descriptively or institutionally and analytically? Two books\* illustrate admirably the advantages and disadvantages of each method. Professor Friedmann has written *An Introduction to World Politics* which is mainly descriptive and historical. He has not neglected the study of institutions, or competing philosophies, but the main emphasis of his book falls on the analysis of what he calls " the world wide power conflict." Professor Levi views the problems, as it were, from the other end. He takes his stand upon the assumption of world organization as the goal, with the nation States as ephemeral (although powerful) obstacles in the road. He analyses the institutions, the pressures and the psychological forces which may promote or retard his desired consummation. The nation State has its evil place in his world picture, but, for the purposes of his study, it is viewed not in its concrete multiplicity,

but as a somewhat disembodied abstraction.

Each approach has obvious virtues. Professor Friedmann makes us feel that we are never out of touch with the (alas, all too painful) actualities of international life, the Hobbesian " war of all against all " which still awaits its pacifying Leviathan. His analysis of the traditions, aspirations, economic ends and industrial potentialities of the rival entities is admirably done, particularly in view of the small compass into which it is compressed. Excellent appendices with clear maps provide up-to-date factual and statistical information.

Professor Levi divides international organization into its political, economic, social and cultural aspects. He traces first of all the degree of organization which the latent world community has so far reached in each of these fields. He draws out, often with singular clarity and penetration, the predisposing factors, whether friendly or hostile, which the development of world history has so far produced. He analyses the structure and functioning of the United Nations and its ancillary or rival organizations with an excellent blend of commonsense and empirical observation. Finally, he points out what seem to him to be the most promising avenues of further development. Even from this bare outline it should be obvious to any but the most doctrinaire that the treatments embodied in these two volumes are not in fact rival but complementary. They are, so to speak, the worm's eye and the bird's eye views of international affairs. Professor Friedmann performs the salutary

\* *An Introduction to World Politics*, by W. Friedmann. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.  
*Fundamentals of World Organization*, by Werner Levi. Minnesota University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 24s.

service of keeping us earthbound, or reminding us of the form in which, however large our conceptions, the problems of world development will in fact continue to present themselves to the diplomat and the politician for a very long time to come. Professor Levi, from his more exalted and detached position, enables us to do two things: by taking in all the woods he safeguards us against losing our way amidst the trees—in other words he can point out the main lines along which we should be seeking to develop; secondly, he can trace from his high altitude the shaping forces, sometimes even below the level of consciousness—as the airman may discern in the pattern of waving wheat the contours of an early British earthwork. Since no student, however distinguished, can avoid being prone to error in one or other of these directions, a parallel reading of *World Organization* and *World Politics* is a medicine that can bring nothing but benefit. But to the warm endorsement that the merits of these books demand, two notes of qualification should be added.

Any treatment of world politics in terms of the clashing claims and interests of the great powers must, if it is to be realistic, take account of the dominant rôles of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. This Dr. Friedmann's book is careful to do—but always from the outside, as they appear to or act upon the other figures on the world stage. But surely, for such gargantuan entities, that treatment is not enough. Even if the allegedly monolithic U.S.S.R. can be taken for granted as a constant force, the loosely jointed United States deserves more analytical examination. There is a certain ambivalence in Dr. Friedmann's references to the U.S.A.—sometimes he seems to regard her as a kind of ill-mannered mastiff wagged by the tail of the F.B.I., sometimes as a good-natured but erratic St. Bernard, bringing Marshall Aid to democrats lost in the snow. His prevalent inclination, however, is to regard her in rather crude power-political terms, a capitalist

colossus that needs a 'third force' to keep her from slipping into an always latent totalitarianism. Such an opinion, once formed, is not lightly shaken, but one likes to think that if Professor Friedmann had subjected the United States to the same careful analysis of its social, racial, political and economic structure that he administers, for example, to the British Commonwealth he would have modified his view—or at least provided his readers with the material to modify it for him.

My quarrel with Professor Levi is somewhat different. He believes, I suspect, that there is something which might be called the study of organization *as such*. Those who share his conviction will probably not experience the bewildering effect which his chapter on 'The Organization of Politics' had on at least one reader. Here, in immediate juxtaposition to shrewd and pungently expressed observations on international life, one may come on sentences such as the following: "Social institutions must fail if they are too inflexible to integrate the social processes. Peaceful society is the continuum of uneasy equilibria between many different forces which must be constantly adjusted by adequate institutions." To any faint hearts who may be daunted by such obstacles I can say that they constitute only occasional bunkers across the smooth fairway of Professor Levi's course.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS,**  
by Professor R. H. Soltau. *Longmans.*  
16s.

"This book," says its author, "was originally planned for use in an Introductory Course in the American University of Beirut." It reads a little more like the conversation of a clever man than a book by one. There is a stimulating superficiality which a teacher may use with the utmost advantage *viva voce* with a group of young students, and yet find it not come up to the test of print.

The book is about very nearly every-

thing. In its 300-odd pages it discusses a variety of theories of the State, and law, justice and sovereignty; it considers the difficulties of freedom; it offers sketches of parliamentary and cabinet government; it has views on class systems and leadership; it devotes a few pages to Planning and Socialist States. The natural result is a lot of irritating loose ends. For instance, in the chapter on "Law and Sovereignty" Professor Soltau asks how it may be decided whether laws are just and concludes that the concept of Natural Law is essential to objective standards of justice. "It is the tacit acknowledgment of this," he goes on to say, "which lies behind the trials of war criminals, for if there be no natural universal principles of human behaviour, irrespective of time and place, the trials are judicially and morally unjustifiable." This would be very well if the Nuremberg indictment, for example, had appealed to a Natural Law enshrined in the conscience of all men. Instead it rested in part on international law most dubiously founded, like the Kellogg Pact, for the outlawry of war. The author has adduced a thoroughly bad instance to prove his point.

In the same chapter he rightly remarks upon the connection between law and the conscience of the age in which the law is made: slavery is not to be condemned in a period when it was believed right. So far so good, but he passes on to a condemnation of the Germans for their anti-Jewish laws because the German conscience had advanced to a stage after which such laws ought not to have been made. This may sound well, but a moment's thought shows that his view allows of no regression in human affairs. Professor Soltau would demand from men living in the miserable aftermath of a world atomic war the same moral standards that they reverence now, presumably because their ancestors had once subscribed to the United Nations Charter. These arguments are

all too simple.

At the same time for all its skating over grave problems, the book has its usefulness. Take only its empirical discussion of what the State is. There are many, in adult evening classes or popular discussion groups, who will never in their lives read their Hegel and Bosanquet or even their Laski. They would however be able to read Professor Soltau and if they disagree with him on a number of points, as they certainly ought to do, so much the better for the educative process which his book will have had the merit of starting.

WALTER JAMES

**THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION,**  
1917-1923. Volume One, by E. H. Carr. *Macmillan.* 25s.

Perhaps the main interest of this critical, comprehensive, and well-balanced survey of the earlier years of the Russian Revolution lies in the light it throws on the evolution of Marxist thought in the context of Russian history and the Russian background. The classic Marxist analysis had always conceived the proletarian revolution as taking place first in the countries with the most highly developed capitalist systems. "The tragic dilemma of the Russian revolution, which neither Mensheviks nor Bolsheviks could wholly solve," writes Professor Carr, "rested on an error in prognostication in the original Marxist scheme. Marx believed that *bourgeois* capitalism, once established, would everywhere run its full course, and that, when it began to decay through its own inherent contradictions, then and only then would it be overthrown by a socialist revolution. What in fact happened was that capitalism, in the countries where it was most fully and powerfully developed, built around itself a vast network of vested interests embracing a large sector of the industrial working class, so that . . . it continued for a long period to resist without much difficulty the forces of revolution, whereas it was a

nascent and immature capitalism which succumbed easily to the first revolutionary onslaught." Hence flowed the prime practical difficulties with which the Revolution was confronted: economically, the Bolshevik government had to rely on the sparse resources of an under-developed country suffering from all the distortions of war; politically, it had to depend on a rudimentary trade union organization and on purchasing the support of a backward and mainly illiterate peasantry. Hence, too, arose the doctrinaire controversies that, but for the masterful personality and character of Lenin, would have divided the Marxists of the revolutionary era as sharply as did the difference between Marshal Stalin and Trotsky after Lenin's death.

The uncertainties occasioned both by the difficulties of the time and by the divisions of opinion among the revolutionaries revealed themselves from the beginning of the revolutionary period and were clarified only by Lenin and the logic of events. The differences of opinion, of course, had existed before even the revolutionary outbreaks of 1905. Professor Carr neatly summarizes the position of the Mensheviks:

Everyone agreed that Russia had not yet reached her *bourgeois* revolution; and it could therefore be argued, as the legal Marxists and Economists argued, that at this stage the proletariat could, so far as the socialist revolution was concerned, only play a waiting game, and in the meanwhile act as a subsidiary ally of the *bourgeoisie* in its programme for the overthrow of feudalism and autocracy.

Lenin's strength lay in his combination of theoretical skill with practical ability. Without the former he could not have exerted authority over the intelligentsia of the Revolution, steeped as they were in Marxist doctrine. Thus he never failed to distinguish, according to Professor Carr, between the *bourgeois* revolution, which was to overthrow the autocracy of the Czars, and the proletarian revolution, which was to substitute State socialism for private capitalism; but he conceived the two

revolutions as "indissolubly linked". In a situation which never failed to raise doctrinaire questions Lenin never failed to find a doctrinaire answer. But he succeeded in linking the doctrines of the professed revolutionaries with the instinctive actions of such men as the Kronstadt sailors. "Before Lenin arrived all the comrades were wandering in the dark"; and the decisions of the Petrograd and the all-Russian party conferences to support Lenin's policy of the transfer of all power to the Soviets, as against Kamenev's policy of "the most watchful control" by the Soviets over the Provisional Government, were probably the crucial events of the Revolution itself.

This volume takes the history of the Revolution far beyond the year 1917. Its readers will trace the evolution of "democratic centralism", or a system of rigid discipline imposed from above, in the Communist Party; the gradual transfer of effective power from the Soviets to executive committees they had appointed; and the series of skilful, courageous but opportunist decisions which brought Russia through revolutionary chaos to the highly disciplined dictatorship organized from the Kremlin that has continued to rule it to this day. It scarcely needs to be said that Professor Carr handles his material with objectivity, with clarity, and with a high degree of critical and analytical power.

W. T. WELLS

#### THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION.

*Essays on Literature and Society*, by Lionel Trilling. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

There are two purposes for which one may apply to literature the word first-class: to give the idea that work is really in the order of literature or to suggest that it has enough precision and vigour, enough knowledge and originality to win a first class in an examination and to entitle the writer to an academic post. It is in this latter sense that Mr. Trilling's work is first-

class.

He is in the front rank among the new writers in America, and keeps in steady view the lead and example of Mr. Eliot. But whereas Mr. Eliot finds his standard in the classics, and especially in the religious classics, Mr. Trilling is preoccupied with psychoanalysis, and the resultant question of sex. He is as much under the influence of Freud as Mr. Eliot is under that of Lancelot Andrewes. He has even a chapter on the Kinsey Report, with one on neurosis and another on Freud in their relation to art and to letters. The result is something obviously American. We turn to it not for style but for modernness, not for insight but for an apologia.

Read so, it arouses much sympathy. It admits weakened art and waning freedom. It speaks, too, of "our grim late human present." And it frankly admits that when class distinctions are obliterated the fineness of novel writing is lost, just as the quality of transcendence in literature depends on the survival of belief. It is, then, an admission that America's liberal democracy (not only America's) is stifling to creative genius. Here we have a man preoccupied in the current mode with Joyce, Proust, Lawrence, Kafka, Spengler and considering their effect on such people as O'Neill, Dos Passos and Wolfe—and nothing of extraordinary value results.

But Mr. Trilling is by no means confined to this line of thought. He has within him the sense of a classic. There are good essays on "The Princess Casamassima" and "Huckleberry Finn" as well as on Tacitus. There is even one on the Immortality Ode. But if we compare it with that of Sir Maurice Bowra on this subject, or compare his appreciation of Henry James with that lately published by Mr. Graham Greene, we see just where to put Mr. Trilling with regard to both style and penetration. But he does make the point that Wordsworth uses the idea of pre-existence as a poet and for a poetic purpose.

Mr. Trilling also points out that the famous clouds of glory are not unrelated to "the gravitation and the filial bond of Nature that connect us with the world" and which enable a child to see the world into which he comes in the light of a mother's love; but, all the same, it is surely too Freudian to suggest that the trailing clouds are but a figure for immediate physical pre-natality, and in fact Mr. Trilling does not go so far as to confuse "the imperial palace whence he came" with the organic receptacle from which he was born. What he needs is to give his sincerity and sanity freer play.

ROBERT SENCOURT

**LIBERTIES OF THE MIND**, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Morgan's main thesis, in his new volume of essays, is that the conception of tyranny has so developed that whereas, in Montesquieu's time, despotism sought only to control men's actions, to-day there is an attack on the liberty of thought itself based on a mechanistic view of personality. He points to experiments by American scientists and to the Soviet trials—but makes no mention of Stypulkowski, who withstood, and later analysed, the Soviet technique. What follows illuminates the theme, with much acute comment besides. Tennyson, for example, foresaw "a last, dim battle of the west" which, when it came, would be world wide. Who, one wonders, without Mr. Morgan, would have remarked the contemporaneity of the *Idylls of the King*?

Mr. Morgan suggests that the chief value of Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois* lies in its recognition of the need for a balance rather than separation of power between executive and legislature—on this he believes Dr. Trevelyan has been less than fair to the Frenchman—and he shows, rather terrifyingly, how that essential balance has virtually gone from our Constitution. In *The Artist in the Community* he hints at a

definition of his own aesthetic: the artist will enable men to imagine aspects of truth by communicating his own visions of truth. He "is bound by his vocation to recognize as sin the authoritarian's claim to be a monopolist of truth." It is a succinct yet penetrating statement of the artist's position. "An artist", writes Mr. Morgan, "does not renew society; he enables men to renew themselves and so, in the long run, the society in which they live." Is this not what D. S. Savage has in mind when he tells us that culture precedes civilization?

Writing of *The Dark Ages* Mr. Morgan contends that the particular barrenness of modern despair is due to the political rather than religious bias given to our sense of common humanity. In later essays he proposes a truce between romantics and classicists in the face of collective materialism. But is not this a mere playing with words? The terms denote attitudes of mind, both needed, and, as he says, not mutually exclusive. Reconciliation, in society as in art, is a private matter for each individual. Mr. Morgan's remarks on romanticism and on Maritain's classical method are inconclusive, as they must be, but waken fresh ideas. Perhaps his least satisfying pieces are those in which Menander dons his *Literary Supplement* manner.

These essays contain the mature fruit of a distinguished mind. In them we get lucid exposition from one of the finest prose-writers of our day and most readers will find it easier going than Mr. T. S. Eliot's comparable work—an attempt to define culture—published since the war. We question only one thing about a stimulating, often wise book. How long may an artist turn his mind to politics, contemporary history—to surface ripples instead of the deep-sea currents—without an eventual loss of creativeness? Didacticism, that spoilt Mr. Eliot's *Cocktail Party* has not been quite absent from Mr. Morgan's later novels.

LUKE PARSONS

**JOHN STUART MILL AND HARRIET TAYLOR**, by F. A. Hayek. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*. 18s.

Though nearly 80 years have passed since the death of John Stuart Mill, one of the most influential men of the nineteenth century, no full-length biography of him has yet appeared. It is not for lack of material; during the last 30 years voluminous collections of his papers have been made accessible in public libraries. From such sources and from private collections, Professor Hayek, in researches extending to many countries, has brought together a large mass of correspondence between Mill and Harriet Taylor, and presents the more important letters in a book that throws fresh light on Mill's many-sided personality.

No part of the correspondence had previously been published; but in his books Mill had praised Harriet extravagantly, declaring that "in thought and intellect Shelley was but a child to what she ultimately became." Nothing emerges from this book to confirm such amazing eulogy. What does emerge is that Mill was not a cold intellectualist, a hard, dry logic-chopper as many have imagined, but a hypersensitive, emotional romantic. He and Mrs. Taylor first met in 1830, both being in their early twenties. At the age of 18 she had married John Taylor, a prosperous wholesale druggist, and when she met Mill was the mother of two children. Mill was then, as described by Carlyle many years later:

An innocent young creature, with rich auburn hair and a gentle pathetic expression . . . and that man, who up to that time, had never looked a female creature, not even a cow, in the face, found himself opposite to those great dark eyes that were flashing unutterable things.

The pair found each necessary to the other; and in 1833 Taylor agreed that their friendship should continue. She went to live in the country with her young daughter, sometimes visiting her husband in London. Mill saw her frequently and travelled with her abroad.

Many years later, she assured a foreign visitor that since the beginning of her friendship with Mill, she had never been either to him or her husband "more than a *Seelenfreundin*". In 1851, nearly two years after Taylor's death, she married Mill, and in 1858, on her way with him to the Riviera, she died at Avignon. There he lived for the rest of his life, except for short visits to England, with his step-daughter, Helen Taylor, and died there in 1873.

His association with Harriet gave rise to much gossip. He resented it fiercely and broke with all whom he suspected of gossiping, separating himself from Carlyle and Roebuck, two of his most valued friends. His marriage was followed, for no apparent cause, by estrangement from his family. To those coming to know Mill through his *Autobiography*, it must be painful to contrast the overflowing affection of his letters to Harriet with the cold severity with which he treated his own relations.

Professor Hayek in recounting this drama of three lives, recreates the background against which it was enacted. In his hands it develops so naturally that some effort is required to appreciate that much laborious research and exact scholarship have gone to make his book a document of historical and psychological importance, as well as a romance of intense human interest.

G. F. MCCLEARY

**DRAMA AND SOCIETY IN THE AGE OF JONSON**, by L. C. Knights. *Chatto and Windus*. 12s. 6d.

A welcome may be extended to the reissue of this book which first appeared in 1937 and which is now republished without any change and at the original price. Apart from its own merits the intervening period (the war years excepted) has in various ways been favourable to a work of this particular type. The publication of successive volumes of the Oxford *Ben Jonson*, now nearing its conclusion, has kept Ben and his massive achievement prominently before the scholarly world.

Incidentally it is somewhat surprising that Professor Knights takes note only of the first two volumes (1925), usually from a controversial point of view. Furthermore, students of Elizabethan literature on both sides of the Atlantic have since 1937 made helpful contributions on varied aspects of Jonson's dramatic and other work. *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* have been translated into Italian, and *Bartholomew Fair* has recently been revived on the London stage by the Old Vic company.

Side by side with these literary and theatrical developments there has been an intensified interest in economic and social problems. Since 1937 the upheaval of the war, followed by the advent to power of a Labour Government, has resulted in a social revolution of which the ultimate issues cannot be foretold. We are living in a transitional age. It is another transitional age in the early seventeenth century of whose economic and social background Professor Knights presents a study in the first four chapters, approximately half, of his book. Forcibly written and amply documented, they form a valuable short treatise on their special subject. The economic life of the period falls into two patterns, of which the basic one was inherited from the middle ages. This was a local civilization chiefly founded on the manorial system in the country and on the guild organization in the towns. Upon this traditional order supervened the new pattern formed by the development of capitalist enterprise. Of the causes and growth of this, and of the consequent introduction of new elements into the national life, a vivid account is given.

Professor Knights indicates why this complex movement had its chief impact on drama about 1600 and the period that followed, especially in the plays of Jonson. He makes light of the 'humours' element in them and stresses as Jonson's main themes, "lust and the desire for wealth and their accompanying vanities." His

handling of these is illustrated, with extensive quotation, from *Sejanus*, *The Alchemist*, *Volpone*, *The Devil is an Ass* and *The Staple of News*. In each of them Professor Knights finds Jonson "drawing on the anti-acquisitive tradition inherited from the middle ages" which included more than a mere distrust of, or hostility towards, riches." It implied a conception of 'the Mean', and of 'nature' as a standard, which would find a response in his theatrical audiences.

This too is true, though with a difference, of Dekker. "He does not draw on popular thought and refine it, like Jonson; his thoughts are the thoughts of the average Londoner. Dekker's social morality is a morality that the average decent citizens would find acceptable." In the more realistic of Heywood's plays there is "the medieval tradition of neighbourliness. Economic individualism is met by arguments based on considerations of the common good." On the other hand Professor Knights denies to Middleton's comedies of intrigue the merit of photographic presentation of London life with which they have been credited. But in Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and *The City Madam*, the Jonsonian attitude finds renewed vital expression. One may demur from some of the Professor's downright literary estimates but his book re-appears in a seasonable time.

F. S. BOAS

**POETRY AND FAITH**, by Augustus Ralli. *The Bodley Head*. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Ralli's book begins from a just denunciation of the materialism of modern civilization. "The spiritual and economic troubles from which the world is suffering," he says, "react upon each other. Anxiety for self-preservation depresses the spirit, and the depressed spirit magnifies the importance of material things." Work at any rate in a capitalist society, frequently involves competition (though it is surely an exaggeration to say that it follows that the worker assumes all

men to be born enemies). Leisure, on the other hand, is not only rare, it is usually an embarrassment to the man who has it. Distance and solitude have been almost abolished, and most men are cut off from nature and from the traditional ritual of rest and growth, seed and flower, death and rebirth. The result is that significance, purpose and wonder have gone out of life. In theological terms, life lacks grace; in aesthetic terms, it lacks imagination.

In *Poetry and Faith*, Mr. Ralli sets out to search literature for this imagination, believing that it will bring with it a sense of a greater dimension, of the eternal world behind the temporal, and, eventually, that it will be a guiding and moral influence in everyday action. Indeed, he boldly challenges those who would deny all practical and utilitarian office to poetry, and claims that it is the supreme educative influence in our lives.

With all this one may agree, but Mr. Ralli then goes on to develop his ideas. "Education," he says, "should teach us to see things through a veil of idealism and imagination." For my part, I find it quite impossible to think of imagination as any sort of veil. Imagination does not obscure; it removes obscurities. It does not blur or blot out this world; it makes it clear, luminous, transparent, so that we can see the other world shining through.

This conception of the imagination as a kind of romantic haze, a subtraction from reality rather than an addition to it, makes one somewhat suspicious of the second part of his book, where he undertakes a specific study of seven poets: Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. Nevertheless, his obvious enjoyment in the poetry often conveys itself to the reader, and one gets an impression of worlds moving behind worlds in a recession of implication, especially in the studies of Homer and Dante. But his criticism is altogether too backward-looking; he fails to relate it to the growing edge of

poetry. In his preface, for instance, he apologises for returning to such "old subjects" as if he were unaware of the recent work of critics like Middleton Murry on Shakespeare, Herbert Read on Wordsworth, and Charles Williams and T. S. Eliot on Dante. Moreover, the last two in particular, have had a profound effect not only on our attitude to Dante, but also on the practice and performance of poetry, a point completely ignored by Mr. Ralli. It is ridiculous to imply as seems to be implied here that there have been no 'believing poets' since Robert Bridges. We have no Homer, certainly, and no Milton, but if Mr. Ralli will listen attentively to the *Four Quartets* or even to the work of a less orthodox poet such as Yeats, he may catch something of those significant "silences" which he hears between the surges of the *Odyssey* and the great diapacons of *Paradise Lost*.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

**THE AMERICAN GENIUS: An anthology of poetry with some prose.** Edited with an introduction by Edith Sitwell. *John Lehmann*. 12s. 6d.

**THIS INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT**, by Monk Gibbon. *Phoenix House*. 10s. 6d.

Since Dr. Sitwell's book is intended only as the first of several such selections of American poetry and prose to be made by her, this one should be approached tentatively by the critic. A moment of disappointment, for example, that only a single poem of the brilliant young Robert Lowell (albeit his magnificent "The Ghost") is here included, must give place to patience. Further, since the anthologist has herself called this collection "purely personal", it would surely be heavy-handed—considering the vast extent of the field—to demand from it a systematic unfolding of the whole development of American poetry and prose. Even so, it will be surprising—bearing in mind Dr. Sitwell's intellectual and intuitive qualities—if a

clearly defined pattern of its major characteristics and achievements does not emerge from the completed series.

A great poet on poets is bound to be exciting, and Dr. Sitwell's Preface to *The American Genius* is no exception. Discussing a kinship which she discerns between Walt Whitman and William Blake, she quotes as equally applicable to both a saying of St. Catherine of Genoa: "If, of that which I am feeling, one drop were to fall into hell, hell itself would become all life everlasting." This and the other analyses are full of stimulation, as is also her illumination of some of the technical problems of the poet; and one wonders whether another great teacher has not here been lost.

The book opens with Edward Taylor's "Meditation Eight" and three poems from Edgar Allan Poe. These are the only poems earlier than Whitman which are included, and they are followed by almost thirty pages from this poet. This most satisfying selection is followed by generous readings from Herman Melville—poetry and prose, Mr. T. S. Eliot—"The Waste Land" and "Sweeney Agonistes", Mr. Ezra Pound and Emily Dickinson, among others. Many of the most interesting young American poets are also well represented, after detailed preparatory examination of their work.

Not everyone will agree with all Dr. Sitwell's findings. "At his best", she says, Mr. Kenneth Patchen has "a voice of fire." True also that Mr. E. E. Cummings is "... at his best a poet of great beauty." But about the extremely odd and self-conscious verbal contortions of these two poets at other levels, she is silent. Nor will the actual quotations chosen to illustrate Mr. Patchen's power of expression convince everyone. On the other hand, her somewhat qualified commendation of Emily Dickinson will seem to some people an under-estimate of this poet's worth.

The reading of this book is a living experience, revealing, as it does, the beginnings of the founding of a new

culture; one which, having none of the natural springs from which our own, for instance, was nourished, has to make its soil, its climate, and even—to a considerable degree—its language, as it evolves.

To turn from this vigorous book to the work of Mr. Monk Gibbon is rather like reaching harbour after a stormy crossing. For his is a much more sheltered and gentle talent than is mostly represented in *The American Genius*.

The first section of the present volume, which gives it its title, contains all Mr. Gibbon's more recent poetry, none of which has previously been published in book form. The sections which follow it reproduce much of his best earlier work, long out of print. The result is a volume of sufficient dimensions to enable the reader to stand back from it, so to speak, and attempt to assess Mr. Gibbon's achievement, up to the present. Without doubt, this poet—who has always spoken with his own voice and never as the mouthpiece of any "school" or "ism" or fashion—emerges as a lyric poet of impressive beauty: sincere, direct, and, above all, with an exquisite, calm clarity—an authentic minor voice.

LOVEDAY MARTIN

#### NINETEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN by Reginald Turnor. Batsford. 21s.

There must be a certain trepidation at opening a book about the architecture of our grandfathers. The tempo of resurrecting fashions has been increased by the Festival, and it was to be feared that someone might rush into anxious print to find Butterfield 'quaint', or admire the architecture—anyone can respect the history—of the Albert Memorial. And indeed it is proper that strict Betjemanites should stimulate us to re-examine our values, and to re-assess those architects at whom it was too easily conventional to sneer, in the full flush of concrete and of functional building, 20 years ago.

Mr. Turnor, however, resists affectation, and has written a very good book. He sees three great revolutions in English architecture. The first is that of the Renaissance, coming to its peak in the eighteenth century. The second is the Gothic revival, and the moral preoccupations of the Victorians. The third, for which Mr. Turnor has only tepid hopes, lies in the structural development of to-day, when perhaps the architect may again be allowed to think of putting up a beautiful building, escaping from the sense of guilt, shared by Ruskin and the strict 'functionalists', that decoration for its own sake is a crime. Mr. Turnor is excellent in his definitions of the relationship between the engineer and the architect, in which the architect, from being the rather snobbish senior partner, has seen the position entirely reversed. He wisely hopes for an adjustment of these extremes, and bravely suggests that after all the creator is more important than the executive. Since his book was published Mr. Turnor has no doubt seen the buildings of the South Bank exhibition, which may give him a sense of greater optimism.

The leading architects of the turn of the century—Wyatt, Soane, Rennie, Telford and Nash—are faithfully dealt with. The lesser ones are recorded. Mr. Turnor is not uncritically enthusiastic about all of Nash's work. But with a rare virtue he quotes with acknowledgment Mr. John Summerson, who admires Nash very much indeed. He is firm in his disapproval of the middle Victorians, and discreet in his praise of their successors.

He has not room for everything, and as an architect he eschews sociological generalizations. He does not therefore consider what was being built at the beginning of the nineteenth century as well as the mansions, bridges and prisons which preoccupied the leading architects—the back to back slums of the cities, and the black pit-heads. Nor does he write of the other things that were being erected while the Victorian big-wigs

were at their churches and their universities. Still less does he consider the suburban rashes which coincided with the stockbroking building of the end of the century. His is, in fact, a conventional history of leading architects and their works, with something of the trends which directed them.

It is well and vigorously written, and not, as sometimes in books which are full of illustrations, a rather formless commentary on the pictures. These are excellent, but would have been better still, perhaps, with less ample margins.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

#### ME AND MR. MOUNTJOY, by Ethelind Fearon. Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

One of the problems confronting the country writer, whether he is concerned with nature or agriculture or country life in general, is the finding of a suitable framework for his material. The day to day diary of the seasons has been rather overdone—which is not to say that it is not still one of the best devices or that it will not continue to be used with success. But it was at any rate ingenious of Ethelind Fearon to use the life of a pig (for such is Mr. Mountjoy) as a thread of developing interest on which to hang her observations and reflections on what may be called the lighter side of the rural round. For though Mr. Mountjoy is the hero of the book and we are shown her development (name being at odds with sex) from that day when she was rather surprisingly won at the village flower show to that other day, two years later, when the excessive heat at the county agricultural show carried her off, she is not the book's major theme. This concerns harvests and turkeys and farm life in general, village pantomimes and morris dancing and certain more domestic goings-on, to all of which the author brings a keen observation and an unusually blended appreciation of the realistic and the humorous, the hard facts and the fun.

Perhaps the fun tends to get the upper hand—even to the extent of becoming farcical. If Mrs. Fearon makes some home-made wine, of course she uses washing soda instead of sugar. If she spring-cleans the house, no sooner has she got everything spick and span again when of course the chimney catches fire. Or if she provides the bouquet which is to be presented to Lady Potton after the amateur theatricals, of course she forgets (until a bout of sneezing reminds her) that she has dusted the flowers with derris powder. All of which is nicely, and journalistically, calculated to raise a laugh; but it is not by any means the whole of the book; and those readers who look to a book for something more than a laugh which is unlikely to be repeated on a second reading will probably prefer Mrs. Fearon's less italicized pages. In these he will find ample justification for the excitement he felt when, some five years ago, a new and authentic country writer swam into his ken with her first book, *Most Happy Husbandman*.

Mrs. Fearon's strength lies, surely, in the fact that she is able to treat serious matters seriously—but at the same time lightly. We all know those country writers, for instance, to whom the mention of the midden and the compost heap is at once an occasion for genuflection. Similarly, in this mechanical age there is the real danger of a reactionary adulation of the hand craftsman, for whom no praise is too high and whose slightest word must hush the listener into a reverent silence. But Mrs. Fearon knows better. She can write of the oneness of nature, against whom all wastefulness is a sin that will bring its own retaliation, and of a wheelwright's loving use of his materials in a manner as lacking in unction as it is knowledgeable of the facts. So perhaps after all, one ought not to object to the touch of high jinks in this excellent book; it may purchase the interest of many a reader who will pause to ponder after the laugh.

C. HENRY WARREN

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

If the challenge of Russian Communism is in part responsible for the searching examination which goes on into our own way of life and into that of the Commonwealth and American democracy, it is not without benefit. The route of the west is in need of finger posting if its goal is to be reached.

**Colonial systems**

In this respect Messrs. *Faber and Faber* have recently put us often in their debt. A new work by Kathleen Stahl, *BRITISH AND SOVIET COLONIAL SYSTEMS* (12s. 6d.), adds to the number of their studies and offers two interesting and contrasting sections as the title suggests. Whether the reader supports Mrs. Stahl's contention that a true basis of comparison between the two exists depends largely on whether he can accept the view that the outlying republics of the U.S.S.R. are colonies and whether he believes that 'policy' is always the right term for British treatment of the heterogeneous and scattered lands under its control. The U.S.S.R. policy is rigid and based upon the expectation of conformity; the British is so elastic that it is likely to be pulled in a number of directions according to circumstances. As a single example of the doubt felt by many about the continuity of British policy we may quote Professor W. L. Burn who writes in *THE BRITISH WEST INDIES* (*Hutchinson's University Library*, 7s. 6d.) that in 1946 "we in Great Britain appeared to be discharging our obligations to the satisfaction of our own consciences and to the comfort of our fellow-subjects in the West Indies" but "the historian . . . cannot venture to predict how long this attitude will be maintained or what other will follow it."

Yet, even if British policies for the Commonwealth seem largely to have been rationalizations following events and compromises between British interests and the aspirations of individual member territories, the right of the Commonwealth to be regarded as the

most successful teacher of responsible government in the world is not to be denied. And this, notwithstanding that the time has now arrived when, as Mrs. Stahl says, "the great problem for imperial policy in the British Empire is no longer what will allow for the development of its free and equal members, but what will hold it together." As a factual study her book is pleasing and decidedly helpful; it is none the worse for seeing Britain's effort in so favourable a light. All the same, if we wish to be realistic, it is as well to moderate our enthusiasm for the ideal by a reading of operational shortcomings such as Professor Burn's history unfolds.

**Monsters not men**

A book to be picked up from the table and read by as many people as possible before they are completely deceived into thinking that Marshal Stalin's Russians — like Hitler's Germans and Napoleon's Frenchmen — are monsters "not honour'd with a human shape" — so powerful is the necromancy of the word 'communism' — is *MOSCOW CLOSE-UP* (*Dennis Yates*, 9s. 6d.). Harold Laycock, for seven months assistant editor of the *British Ally* in Moscow, is the author. His is not a political book; it is a pen-picture of Moscow as he knew it. There is plenty in it to regret; the constant surveillance, the effect of propaganda, the inability of Englishmen to enter Russian homes: yet Russians are not revealed as hard and menacing. On the contrary, like the rest of us they enjoy being friendly, when they dare, and enjoy being liked.

Lastly in this overseas section is a symposium edited by Sydney D. Bailey on *ASPECTS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT* (*The Hansard Society*, 6s.). Here is just about everything that one wants to know by way of introduction, tough going in parts, meaning that it is a book of instruction and not of entertainment, though relieved by Professor

Brogan's chapter title "The Wayward Child: Congress".

**Forgery**

Still abroad but on a very different mission John Godley relates the astonishing story of Han van Meegeheren, *THE MASTER FORGER* (*Home and Van Thal*, 9s. 6d.). John Godley's presumption in knowing just what was passing in van Meegeheren's mind at every stage of these perplexing proceedings, will be vexing to some, convention though it may be in biographical writing. But I am far from sorry that I read the book. Van Meegeheren, as many will remember, was a Dutch painter. Scorned by the critics he began forging by producing paintings which he attributed to Vermeer and others. He sold them for nearly £1 million and it was not until one was found among Goering's collection after the war that the truth came out. Van Meegeheren was anxious to be found guilty; to prove his guilt he painted yet another picture before witnesses. There seems little reason to doubt that the original motive was not greed but the desire for revenge, by proving the critics wrong.

**Police efficiency**

Once the Goering picture had been discovered the police showed the efficiency that one readily expects after a reading of Anthony Martienssen's book *CRIME AND THE POLICE* (*Secker & Warburg*, 10s. 6d.). Those who take a pride in the British police forces and readers of detective stories, even if they do not, will find much to admire in this story of competence; in sum it is the old definition of genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains. So, in part, can the success in the 1939-1945 war of No. 5 BOMBER GROUP R.A.F. (*Faber and Faber*, 15s.) be explained; but not wholly. Endurance, courage and unconquerable spirit were also needed and so was leadership, supplied at the start, as the author, W. J. Lawrence tells us, by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris, a

builder of the Group's valiant tradition. This is a great story of duty well done; many of the tasks set No. 5 Bomber Group, the daylight raid on the main engine-assembly shop at Augsburg, the attacks on the Mohne and Eder dams, the bombing of the *Tirpitz*, will be discussed and marvelled at long after, let it be hoped, the need for such heroic deeds has passed.

**A schoolmaster reflects**

A quieter theme is that of *THE SCHOOLMASTER* (*John Lehmann*, 8s. 6d.). Aubrey de Selincourt, with knowledge of four schools though not, I think, of county ones, brings the wisdom and tolerance of long experience to his subject. His is not a particularly profound or original book. Others have said before him: "In human relationships—and teaching is pre-eminently a human relationship—it is persons that count," but others are often without his harmony of mind and it is this quality more than his opinions that will benefit readers, who should be many.

**Harmony**

Harmony of mind, too, is often associated with those who seek their pleasure in rock climbing and mountaineering far from most of their fellows who prefer no greater solitude than that provided by Blackpool or Southend. *Seeley Service's Week-End Library*, which has been going, is it twenty years? is incapable of failure. *THE MOUNTAINEER'S WEEK-END BOOK* by Showell Styles (12s. 6d.) is yet another triumph for author, decorator (Thomas Beck) and publisher. The printers (J. & J. Gray of Edinburgh) can be proud of the volume also. But this is a case of publishers who know their authors' subjects so well that they can lend their whole weight to make the production apt. Lay-out and type selection are first class and if harmony is sought in book production as well as for minds, here it is.

**Summer passion**

But for many cricket not moun-

taineering is the summer passion and this must be the excuse for reference to a little book published some months ago. THE FIRST TEST MATCH against Australia was played at Melbourne in March 1877 when about a thousand people were gathered to watch the All England Eleven captained by James Lillywhite play a Combined Team selected from Victoria and New South Wales. Nobody, of course, called it a test match then but its fame has grown so that our thanks go out to Stanley Brogden who has compiled the account of the match from contemporary sources and to John Arlott who has supplied the English background. The

book is published at 4s. 6d. by *Phoenix House*.

#### Many men's problems

Finally, if you are thinking of BUYING AND SELLING A HOUSE, yet wish to avoid the pitfalls by knowing rather more about it before you do, you cannot do better than to buy the book of that name which appears in *Stevens and Sons* series: This Is The Law. It has been written by M. Basil Evans and costs 6s. 6d.

Away on a brief holiday, Grace Banyard returns to the job of writing these columns next month.

JOHN ARMITAGE

69531

## IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

*Incorporated by Royal Charter 1939*

*Patron*—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING

*President*—THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

*Chairman of the Council*—PROFESSOR H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.

*Honorary Treasurer*—SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

*Director*—DR. JAMES CRAIGIE, O.B.E., F.R.S.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

**LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EXTENSION OF OUR WORK.**

Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.2.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST.

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt.), at Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2., for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.