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JOHN ARMITAGE

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1951

THE INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY C. W. M. GELL

INDIANS first came to South Africa in 1860 as indentured labourers for the Natal sugar plantations for which Native labour was too scarce and unreliable. Between 1866 and 1874 the Government of India, which was never keen about the enterprise, suspended emigration and only allowed its resumption after powerful representation from Natal. There is much evidence from private persons and public commissions that the prosperity of Natal in the closing decades of the nineteenth century was largely based on "coolie" labour. Even in the face of considerable anti-Indian agitation after 1880 the planters (and later the mine owners and railways) successfully urged that immigration continue and the supply of indentured labour was only finally stopped in 1911 by the Government of India (despite the urgent entreaty of the South African Government) because of the treatment which Indians were then receiving in the Union. Up to that time over 12,000 Indians had come to South Africa as indentured labourers. When the three, and later five, years of their indentures finished, the Indians were free to work as ordinary salaried labourers, to return to India or to obtain a grant of Crown land in the Colony in lieu of their passage home. These free Indians became artisans, agricultural workers, market gardeners, fishermen and domestic servants. Their numbers were augmented from 1880 by the arrival of Indian traders from Mauritius and the Bombay Presidency and some of these latter spread into the Cape Province and the Transvaal. The growth of the Indian community in Natal is shown thus (in thousands) :

Year	* No. of I's			Year	No. of I's		
	Europeans	Indians	per 100 E's		Europeans	Indians	per 100 E's
1870	14	6	43	1911	98	133	136
1880	25	21	84	1921	137	142	104
1891	47	41	87	1936	191	184	96
1904	97	101	104	1946	233	228	98

In 1911 there were 11,072 Indians in the Transvaal and 6,609 in the Cape. Up to 1911 immigration was the chief factor ; thereafter the increase was almost entirely natural. Of these totals after 1911 approximately 52 per cent. are Tamils and Telugus from the Madras Presidency

* These figures are for Asiatics but, as less than 0.5% are non-Indians, they are quoted as for Indians.

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and 29 per cent. are Hindi-speaking Biharis. Nearly all these are Hindus and are original indentured labourers or their descendants. The South African belief that these "coolies" (as all Indians are derogatorily known throughout South Africa) came from the lowest castes is not well-founded. They came naturally enough from the most poverty-stricken parts of India but, although reliable statistics do not exist for the whole period of immigration, of the 7,947 who passed through Calcutta from Bihar and Orissa in 1875-1876, 21 per cent. were Brahmins, 41 per cent. Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, and 38 per cent. Sudras. The remaining 19 per cent. of the total figures are Gujaratis from the Bombay Presidency, mostly Muslims, who came as free immigrants. They belong predominantly to the commercial and clerical classes.

The figures support Hofmeyr's verdict that: "If our history proves anything it is this—that however we may regard our Asiatic problem, the fact that it came into existence is due to the European, and to the European alone." There is, however, one proviso: from as early as 1885 the Transvaal Republic had passed discriminatory legislation to segregate Indians residentially "on account of their neglect of sanitary measures and loathsome mode of living." Nor could they ever aspire to the rights of citizenship; and there was obvious force in Lord Milner's comment: "The Asiatics are strangers forcing themselves upon a community reluctant to receive them." However, the Transvaal Government did not take effective steps to exclude them and cannot, therefore, disclaim all responsibility for their arrival. The Orange Free State on the other hand expelled its few Indians in 1891 and allowed no more to enter. To this day there are virtually no Indians in the Free State.

The population of the Union at the last census, in 1946, was:

	Natal	Transvaal*	Cape	OFS	Total	% of Total
Indians	228,119	37,505	16,901	14	282,539†	2.5
Europeans	232,923				2,335,460	20.8
Coloureds					905,050	8.0
Natives					7,735,809	68.7
					11,258,539	100

Although in the whole population they are only 2.5 per cent., owing to their history and the later restrictions on their inter-provincial movement, 80 per cent. of the Indians are concentrated in Natal, where they nearly equal the European population—and 54 per cent. of the Natal Europeans and 50 per cent. of the Indians live in Durban. These areas of special density, and the fact that the Transvaal Indian community almost entirely derive from the Gujarati free immigrants

* About half in Johannesburg.

† The mid-1950 estimates gave a total of approx. 323,000.

and therefore have a wealth level well above the average for the whole Indian population, must be remembered when studying figures for the country as a whole. As long ago as 1932 it was estimated that 80 per cent. of the Indians had been born in South Africa and the proportion must be nearer 90 per cent. to-day.

The economic depression of the mid-eighties saw the first outburst of European antipathy to the Indians, whose economic competition was feared. As soon as Natal received self-government in 1893, it imposed an annual poll-tax on all Indians who had completed their indentures—the purpose being to encourage them to return to India. In 1897 free immigration was restricted. Meanwhile the Free State had ejected its Indians and in 1906 the Cape prohibited the entry of Asiatics who could not pass a writing test (a device for stopping immigration similar to that employed by Australia to-day). In 1907 the Transvaal, which in 1903 had made the entry of Indians subject to permit, ordered all Asiatic residents to register and record their finger-prints in order to curb the illegal entry of Indians claiming previous residence—though the scale on which this was occurring was as much the fault of the corrupt immigration staff as of the ingenuity and persistence of the Indians. However, for the first and almost the last time in its turbulent history the Indian community was really united behind a great leader and against these regulations Gandhi led the first campaign of that form of passive resistance which we came to know so well in India as *satyagraha*. The campaign culminated in the Indian General Strike of 1913 and the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement of the following year. Under it the £3 poll-tax in Natal was abolished and marriages according to Indian rites were recognized in law. The various immigration regulations of the four provinces were consolidated in the Immigrants Regulation Act (1913), which effectively prohibited Indian immigration altogether and the inter-provincial movement of Indians but did not single out Asiatics or Indians by name—a fact that meant much to sensitive Indian feelings. The Act is still in force.

There is no doubt that General Smuts, who retained a lasting respect for Gandhi, intended that this agreement, by removing the Europeans' fear of being swamped by Indian immigration, should open the way for a more liberal treatment of the resident Indian population. But the Nationalist Government of 1923 showed that he had under-estimated the stubbornness of racial prejudice. Dr. Malan in introducing a punitively segregational Bill, said in 1924: "The Bill frankly starts from the general supposition that the Indian as a race in this country is an alien element in the population and that no solution of the question will be acceptable to the country unless it results in a very considerable reduction of the Indian population in this country." He and his followers have consistently said the same

ever since. After the intervention of the Government of India and a Round Table Conference the Bill was dropped under the Cape Town Agreement of 1927 in return for the Indian Government's recognition of the Union Government's right to maintain western standards of life and their co-operation in working a scheme for voluntary repatriation. "The whole object of the agreement is to get as many Indians repatriated as possible," said Dr. Malan; but in the next five years only 10,738 returned permanently to India. The second Cape Town Agreement of 1932 admitted that repatriation had failed because 80 per cent. of the South African Indians had been born in the Union. Since then repatriation, although it has remained the nominal policy of both the main political parties, has been dead as a practical programme, short of compulsion which no-one has yet suggested. The fact is that not only are most of the Indians Union-born, but they know that for all their troubles they are economically better off than they would be in an India in which they have no economic roots. There is certainly some disguised compulsion in the economic and social legislation of recent years but, having survived so much discriminatory treatment and increased their numbers without the assistance of immigration, it is not likely that discriminatory measures alone will force them to emigrate.

Discrimination against the Indians, as against the other coloured races, is made possible by their lack of effective representation. In the Free State and Transvaal the vote has always been reserved for the white population alone. In the Cape the Indians have always had the same franchise rights as the Coloured community. In Natal, before self-government, Indians had the vote subject to certain property and educational qualifications. In 1896, however, (when there were 9,309 European and 251 Indian electors on the register) Indians were disfranchised by an Act withholding the vote from "natives of countries which have not hitherto possessed elective representative institutions." In 1924 the municipal franchise in Natal was limited to those who qualified for the parliamentary vote and so Indians, except those already registered, lost the municipal vote as well. In some respects this means more personal and social hardship than the lack of political representation, since they are a small minority in the country as a whole but a considerable element in many urban areas. For, as the Broome Commission of 1944 said: "The civic purse is not bottomless, and of the many calls made upon it some must be refused or postponed. Refusal or postponement is perhaps less likely if the consequent disappointment can be expressed through the ballot box." A Natal member of General Smuts's last cabinet said: "If Durban had shown a sense of responsibility and tried to tackle the housing problem in so far as it affected the Indians, there would have been no Indian problem in Durban to-day." As

part of the Cape Town Agreement of 1927 the Union Government admitted responsibility for the welfare and development of the Indian community and the fact that so little has been done to implement that admission is largely due to the lack of Indian representation in national or municipal affairs.

There was a move to restore a limited municipal franchise in 1944 but a referendum of the white municipal electorate defeated it by a large majority. In 1946, as part (and not a very honest part, since General Smuts had been warned by the Broome Commission that the Indians would not accept communal representation) of a measure to restrict Indian purchase and occupation of land, the Indians were given the right to be represented by two Europeans in the Senate, three in the House of Assembly and two (who might be Indians) in the Natal Provincial Council. Condemning the property clauses of the Act as ghetto-creating, the Indians boycotted this limited franchise completely and the first act of the Malan Government in 1948 was to repeal it (while leaving the property clauses intact). Indians have always (and reasonably) made it clear that, while they will accept a franchise on the common roll subject to qualifications (thus meeting European fears of being swamped in certain areas—European franchise being universal), they will not accept communal representation on a separate roll. The history of the Native Representatives since 1936 and the motives behind the recent removal of the Cape Coloureds on to a separate roll substantiate the Indian contention that a small say in several constituencies is far more effective than monopoly of one or two for safeguarding and promoting their interests.

The third main group of restrictions to which the Indians are subject concerns trade, residence and the occupation of land, and constitutes the most damaging of their disabilities. The history of the legislation attempting to segregate the Indians residentially and commercially and to curtail their economic competition by a licensing system is so complicated and the result of the most recent Act so uncertain as yet that here can only be summarized the present position, which has resulted from the dissemination throughout the Union of the illiberal policies of the old Boer republics. The early segregatory laws were badly framed and ineffectively administered so that Indians circumvented them by various devices. Much of the later legislation sought to close existing loopholes, and the whole position was consolidated in the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act of 1946. The property clauses prohibited the sale of land, except in certain exempted areas, between Europeans and Asiatics in the Transvaal and Natal unless under permit from the Minister of the Interior. Nor might Indians occupy property (unless they were already in occupation when the Act came into force) in areas where

they might not purchase it—and the trade licensing laws restrict Indian trading to areas where they may legitimately occupy land.

While Indians unanimously opposed this "Ghettos Act", and many went to prison for passively resisting it (and the Government of India broke off trade relations and withdrew its High Commissioner), the Director of the Institute of Race Relations made the following trenchant criticisms :

(1) Experience has shown that the possible advantages of social separation, such as group solidarity making for self-respect and social progress, have always been offset by denial of the elementary rights of decent housing, sanitation and amenities generally, so that segregation, or separation, has become synonymous with inferior treatment, if not neglect. (2) The Bill does not face squarely the problem of social separation, for the areas exempted from the restrictions against Asiatics, that is, the areas in which Asiatics may live, will also be the areas in which Europeans and other races may live. The main effect of the Bill will be to raise enormously the cost of land, housing and other amenities in these areas. (3) We look in vain in this Bill for the equality of sacrifice of which the Prime Minister speaks. What do the Europeans of the Transvaal and Natal sacrifice ? Can it be claimed that the grant of the restricted franchise is to be measured against the withdrawal in Natal of the Indians' present unrestricted right to live, own land and invest their savings in property ? (*South Africa Faces U.N.O.* (1947) p. 13-14)

The latest legislation in this class, the Group Areas Act of 1950, apparently meets the second of these criticisms, since it purports to segregate each racial group, including the Europeans. But it is open to the serious objections that it extends residential and commercial distinctions to the Cape (where none previously existed) and that it clearly does not safeguard (as all previous legislation did) already established rights in whatever "area" they may fall. Furthermore, one may well doubt that any racial group in the world could be trusted to administer such a measure in the just interests of other groups in the same society equally with its own, and it is the virtual certainty (based on a long history of discrimination in favour of the European) that the measure will be selectively administered.

This whole question of the social and commercial segregation of different racial groups raises most difficult issues. Few friends of the Indians would claim that cleanliness and quietness are their most prominent virtues, though whether it is just to segregate all Indians because of some individual failings in these respects is quite another matter, especially in view of all the other motives involved. Of these, where prejudice is not merely emotional, fear of economic competition is the most persistent factor. In the debate on the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement, Mr. C. G. Fichardt said : "When Europeans and Asiatics come together, the Europeans invariably go to the wall." In the budget debate of 1929 Mr. Anderson asked the Minister of the Interior : "Whether under this voluntary repatriation scheme (the Cape Town Agreement of 1927) any of the Indian trading classes, or the classes who perform skilled work, have taken advantage of the

scheme ? If this agreement is not going to touch these classes, it is no solution of the Asiatic problem."

Yet in 1921 the Lange Commission reported : "In the Transvaal the evidence and statistics should go far to remove the misconception and allay the ill-founded alarm prevailing among some sections of the community regarding the 'Asiatic menace'." The Young Commission reported in 1934 : "It is clear that the avenues of Indian employment are gradually closing. In all unskilled occupations the Indian is giving place to the Native. In the semi-skilled and better paid occupations there has been no expansion of Indian employment nor, owing to the white labour policy, is there any immediate prospect of further expansion." The Broome Commission of 1940 reported : "The Indian penetration (of European areas) in Natal does not appear to be serious if the total number of cases is considered in relation to the population." To which Mr. J. Fyfe replied in the Durban City Council : "The Broome Commission showed that there were 570-odd cases of penetration in Durban and I am quite prepared to say that that is penetration, even if the Commission is not prepared to say so." Srinavasa Sastri, the first Indian Agent-General in the Union, truly commented : "White people in South Africa reject the testimony of facts without hesitation." On this subject, about which South Africans feel so strongly, the writer deliberately chooses to quote South Africans. In a campaign against discriminatory legislation in 1939, which caused his expulsion from the caucus of his party, Hofmeyr wrote : "The Asiatics fear segregation because to them it means economic strangulation. The Asiatic community in the Transvaal consists mainly of traders and, apart from trade, the economic opportunities available to them are considerably restricted. At the back of the segregation agitation trade rivalry is a very important factor. For all too many South Africans the motive in supporting segregation is that of self-interest." There is an obvious parallel with anti-Semitism. As a former President of the Institute of Race Relations wrote recently : "Anti-Semitism in Europe is so like anti-Indian feeling in Natal that it would be possible for any Natalian to advance all the arguments of the anti-Semite without ever having seen a Jew."*

Anti-Indian feeling in South Africa is primarily among the Europeans. It is said by some who dislike the Indians that the Natives are equally antipathetic to them and episodes like the Durban riots of January 13-16, 1949† are quoted to support the view. It is of

* *South Africa Faces U.N.O.*, p. 28.

† Excited by a trivial incident, large numbers of Natives attacked the Indians, killing over 50 and injuring more than 500. Some 90 Natives were killed and over 550 injured, mostly by the police. These figures only account for ascertained casualties. More than 700 stores and 1,500 dwellings (mostly Indian) were destroyed or damaged and many poor Indian households lost all they possessed. The most probable causes of the riots were (a) accumulated resentment at the rising cost of foodstuffs which Natives ordinarily buy at Indian stores ; (b) jealousy of certain Indian advantages (as against

course true that individual Indians have mulcted their Native customers and that others have been guilty of adopting an attitude of racial superiority little less arrogant than that of many Europeans. On the other hand Natives are usually treated in Indian stores with a courtesy and patience not often shown them in European-owned shops and, if the Indian proprietor follows the oriental custom of quoting too high a price and then slowly reducing it to secure a sale, it is a procedure which leaves both parties satisfied that they have driven a good bargain.

When considering the present status of the South African Indian, one sees that, like the other coloured races, he is subject to regulations designed to preserve the European monopoly of skilled labour and that, in common with other non-Europeans, he receives a considerably smaller proportionate share of social welfare benefits than does the European. To catalogue such disabilities and the various social and administrative implications of the colour bar would be tedious. The stigma of inferior status naturally bears most heavily upon a very sensitive people with a long tradition of culture and civilization behind them—such as the other non-Europeans have not yet got.

Turning to their economic status, we see a fairly prosperous commercial community in the Transvaal, whose security of tenure is in jeopardy. In Natal there are great discrepancies between a small number of very wealthy Indian merchants and industrialists and a large mass of very poor labourers, small holders and petty traders. The industrial census of 1936 gave the percentages (to nearest thousand) of Indians in various employments thus :

	Total	%	% of all races
Farming, forestry, fishing	18	28.1	0.5
Commerce and finance	18	28.1	11.4
Manufacturing	11	17.2	4.4
Domestic and hotel service	7	10.9	1.5
Public service, professions	4	6.3	2.4
Transport	3	4.7	1.6
Mining	1	1.6	0.6
Miscellaneous	2	3.1	2.1
	64	100	1.2

The size of families being governed not only by the number of children, but by the custom, especially among Asiatics, of several generations living together as a joint family, the result of a one in two sample survey of Indian family incomes in 1945-1946 in seven rural

the Natives) in such matters as trading licences and freedom from passes ; (c) provocation of the anti-Indian speeches of Europeans (notably in the Nationalist election campaign of 1948) ; (d) the belief that because of his weakness and the attitude of the Europeans (some actually cheered the rioters on) the Indian could be attacked with impunity. The background is the appalling slum conditions in which most of the Durban Indians and Natives live, and the frustration which all the coloured races feel at the lack of opportunities for social and economic advancement.

towns show this :

	Average size of family	Average family income p.a.	Net per Capita income p.a.
Europeans	3.39	£529	£156
Asiatics	6.96	£269	£39 *
Coloureds	4.28	£143	£33
Natives	3.96	£85	£21

In an economic survey in 1943-1944 the Economic Department of Natal University College estimated that 71 per cent. of the Durban Indian community (which is half of the Natal Indian population) lives below the poverty line†—as against 5 per cent. of the Europeans, 38 per cent. of the Coloureds and a quarter of the Natives. According to the Municipal Housing Regulations, 42 per cent. of the Indians live in overcrowded conditions (34 per cent. living in one room per family), against 5 per cent. of the Europeans, 24 per cent. of the Coloureds and 39 per cent. of the Natives. Eighty-one per cent. of the Indian houses and 23 per cent. of the European houses were of wood and iron. To remove these conditions 2,800 new houses were then required for Indians, 1,620 for Natives, 520 for Europeans and 200 for Coloureds.‡ Another 1,400 new houses are wanted annually to meet the natural increase of the Asiatic population. Owing to lack of facilities 40 per cent. of the Natal Indian children of school-going age are not at school and many do not receive education beyond the infant classes (only 13 per cent. reach Standard IV). There are far too few vacancies for Indians at the universities and technical colleges. Thus basically the Indian problem in Natal is one of poverty with the industrial colour bar as its chief contributory cause. The proof of poverty is further evidenced in the figures for the incidence of tuberculosis—the Indian rate being five times the European—and in the fact that out of 1,442 Indians medically examined at a survey in 1946 in the Durban district of Springfield, 1,255 were found to be seriously undernourished.

It will have been seen from the first table that between 1931 and 1936 the European population of Natal overhauled and passed the Indian population again ; but that between 1936 and 1946 the Indians were once more closing the gap.§ There is no doubt that the Indian has the highest fertility rate of the four racial groups. In 1936, 47 per cent. of the Indians and only 27 per cent. of the Europeans were under 15 years of age and in 1943 the excess of Indian births over deaths was about 25½ per thousand as against the European figure of

* Among the Durban labouring class alone this figure was only about £21.

† A minimum standard of living was assumed for each community, according to customs, diet, etc.

‡ The Europeans formed 35% of the population of Durban, the Indians 32% and the Natives the bulk of the remainder.

§ White immigration and an adverse masculinity rate of 152 Indian males to 100 females when Asiatic immigration ceased in 1911 were the chief factors. The former has now virtually ceased and the latter had fallen to 112 in 1936.

16½. While the Indian is the most prolific, all the coloured races significantly outbreed the European and it is therefore obvious that without large-scale white immigration (which the present Government discountenance in order to preserve the voting majority of the Afrikaner people) the percentage of Europeans in the total population is falling and will fall even more rapidly as better health and welfare provisions for the coloured races reduce their abnormally high mortality rates. This and the concentration of Indians in Natal* (and particularly in Durban) must be taken into account when considering European fears of being swamped by the coloured races, which (as far as the Indians are concerned) seem unreasonable in the light of figures for the whole country.

Every year at the General Assembly of the United Nations the Government of India indicts the South African Government for their treatment of the Indian population. But the time has come for Pandit Nehru to ask himself whether he does in fact further the welfare of the Union's Indian community by this sort of diplomatic bludgeoning. For the first two years (1946-1947) the UN debate certainly drew the attention of the world to South Africa's policy of racial discrimination; but the Nationalist Government, which succeeded that of General Smuts in 1948, has by their own aggressively racialistic measures made it unnecessary for others to stimulate world opinion on the subject. Those South Africans who are open to the suggestion, are already well aware that their racial policies have significance beyond their own country. Those whose minds are closed are only further angered and convinced by criticism (much of it ill-informed and coming from countries with notorious social and economic injustices of their own) that the treatment of their coloured races is a purely domestic affair. The task of those who seek to convert the majority of their white fellow-countrymen to a more liberal attitude towards the non-European races is not made easier when they are made to seem the accomplices of foreign Governments pillorying their own country; and this misrepresentation can only give gratuitous assistance to the electoral campaign of the party most uncompromisingly committed to South Africa's traditional racial policy.

(The author, a Foundation Scholar in history at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was Under-Secretary to the Government of Punjab's Political Department from 1944 to 1945; he now lives in South Africa for reasons of health.)

* The mid-1950 estimates of 261,000 Indians against 268,000 Europeans suggest that the Indians may outnumber the Europeans in Natal in the 1951 census.

BRITAIN AND THE RISE OF ARAB NATIONALISM

BY NEVILL BARBOUR

IN the two centuries which followed the establishment of Islam, the Arabs spread their faith, language and rule from Baghdad in the east to Marrakesh and Toledo in the west. The memory of former Arab administrative eminence is still embodied in the languages of Europe in such terms as "admiral", "arsenal" and "tariff". But, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, all Arabs, except those of Morocco and some parts of Arabia proper, were subject to Turkish rule. Arab nationality had been swallowed up in religion; nobody thought of the Arabic-speaking peoples as an actual or potential political entity. Meanwhile, the growing weakness of the Ottoman Empire was giving rise to the problem of who was to succeed to control of the Arab provinces, Syria, Iraq, Jerusalem with the Holy Land, Egypt, Cyrenaica, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria. The principal claimants were France and England. English attention was concentrated on the routes to India: Egypt which lay on the direct path; Syria, starting point of the route from Aleppo through Baghdad and Basra to Karachi, and, in the extreme west, Morocco (which was, however, an independent State) whose Atlantic coast faced the sea route to the east. French hopes were directed to Egypt; to Syria, where a shadowy French connection had persisted since the time of the Crusades, and to North Africa, where France, now the principal representative of Latin civilization, could claim to be the heir of Rome. In the Holy Land, Russia also came into the picture; she established herself as protector of Orthodox Christianity, invested large sums in religious and educational establishments and began to subsidize a vast annual pilgrimage of her subjects to Jerusalem. France assumed protection of the Latin Christians while Britain, not content with partnering Prussia in protection of the limited number of Protestants, set herself up, on Lord Palmerston's initiative, as protector of Jewry. This action was a factor leading eventually to British sponsorship of that Jewish National Home which the Mandatory Government then reluctantly watched growing into the State of Israel, to the great prejudice of British relations with the Arabs; while the patronage of Jewry and Israel, with whatever advantages and disadvantages it may bring, passed to the U.S.A. Of other European powers, Portugal had

retired in 1769 when she abandoned Mazagan, her last possession in Morocco. Spain was in no condition to undertake a major adventure, but her history and position made it certain that she would continue to play some part in the affairs of North Africa. Italy, heir of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Amalfi, was taken up with internal problems until 1911, when she invaded Libya. The gestures made by another latecomer, Germany, in sending the Emperor William II to Damascus in 1898 and to Tangier in 1905 failed to win her a position in the Arab world. France and England were therefore the chief beneficiaries.

The former began the conquest of Algeria in 1827, took Tunis in 1881 and Morocco (less the Riff zone which she yielded to Spain) in 1912, and received a mandate over Syria and the Lebanon in 1923. England occupied Egypt in 1882 and received mandates for Iraq and Palestine, including Transjordan, in 1923. As Italy had just gone into Libya when France occupied Morocco, the apportionment of the Arab world amongst the European powers was completed in the century from 1827-1923. Even before this consummation however there were signs that the process would be reversed and the rights of the Arab people to some degree of autonomy be increasingly recognized. It is true that Libya was taken by military conquest; this unseasonable aggression however brought rapid retribution. Elsewhere the forms of local sovereignty were increasingly respected until, at the end of the 1914-1918 war, authority was only assumed under the form of mandates from the League of Nations; these clearly envisaged the ultimate independence of countries under temporary European control. Meanwhile, a feeling of national solidarity had begun to arise amongst the Arabs themselves. The possibility of Arab nationalism had been foreseen by Ibrahim Pasha, the son and general of Muhammed Ali, founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, as early as 1833 when he announced to a French observer "his intention of reviving Arab nationality . . . and of making them into a self-reliant people." Contemporary Egyptian conquests did in fact for a short while unite Syria, Arabia, and the Sudan with Egypt and form the nucleus of an Arab empire, the memory of which probably influences Egyptian outlook in the Arab League to-day. In 1882, a French traveller, Denys de Rivoyre, called attention to the signs of incipient nationalism throughout the Arab world and urged his countrymen to take it into consideration at once, lest the opportunity should be missed and seized by the British. In the beginning of the twentieth century the idea of an Arab nation began to be openly expressed by Syrian and Iraqi intellectuals and leaders. On the outbreak of the 1914-1918 war Lord Kitchener gave instructions for an approach to be made to the Sherif Hussian of Mecca, as the possible leader of an Arab revolt against the Turks. The subsequent negotiations, recorded in the "Hussain-

MacMahon Correspondence" have attracted so much attention in connection with the Palestine question as to obscure their wider significance as the occasion on which the British Government, not really intending to do more than favour Arab self-government in the Hejaz and Arabia, committed itself to a vague support of the idea of Arab independence and unity in general. Though the Arab nation then envisaged, even by Arabs, included only Syria, Iraq and Arabia proper, it was inevitable that Egypt, as the centre of Arabic culture, would be drawn in and play a part corresponding to her importance in the area, and that it should in the end involve North Africa also. In 1936 H.M.G. went a step further by invoking the services of the Arab kings to bring about a truce in Palestine and, a little later, by inviting to London representatives of the independent Arab States, including Egypt, to discuss the whole question of Jewish-Arab relations. British approval of the principle of Arab unity was finally given in a statement issued by Mr. Eden in 1941: "It seems to me both natural and right that the cultural and economic ties between the Arab countries, and the political ties too, should be strengthened. His Majesty's Government will give full support to any scheme that commands general approval." This "*nihil obstat*" was followed in 1945 by the formation of the Arab League.

The immediate purpose of the declaration was to win Arab support in the war and to counter Nazi propaganda which was fiercely attacking Britain as the enemy of Arab unity. No doubt it was felt also to be a logical development, consistent with British as well as Arab interests. There can in fact be no doubt that it did win Arab good will. This was confirmed by the energetic action which was taken, largely owing to the resolution of Sir Edward Spears, then Minister to the Levant States, to ensure that the promise of independence made to Syria and the Lebanon should be implemented, even at the risk of serious prejudice to British relations with France. On the other hand, the Arab League has disappointed British hopes by concentrating on large and thorny external political issues while neglecting to promote Arab internal development which would have done much to raise Arab prestige at the United Nations and in face of the world in general. Political relations between Arab States have remained strained; little has been achieved in promoting economic development and integration on an inter-Arab level and the League has even failed to persuade the Arab States to abolish the formality of visas for one another's nationals. It would, however, be a great mistake to underrate the close contact brought about by its regular meetings and the strength of family feeling engendered by public recognition of common aims and common misfortunes. In other fields, too, modern transport, broadcasting and the multiplication of international bodies are giving the various parts of the Arab

world a much more intimate knowledge of one another than they ever possessed before. A further unifying factor has been the dispersal of educated Palestinians and their employment in official and other capacities in the various States. The result is now a common dominating sentiment in favour of completing the independence of the Arab territories, of maintaining their integrity, of co-ordinating their foreign policy and defence, of containing Israel and, if possible, of regaining Palestine for her former Arab inhabitants. There does not appear to be any considerable desire on the part of the Arab leaders to deal at once with the problem of forming a larger political unit which they might perhaps find it difficult to administer. On the other hand, any action taken by an outsider which appears to render the general Arab aims more difficult of achievement is liable to provoke a violent agitation in all Arab countries. This happened for years over Zionism and in recent days there has been a similar example in connection with Morocco. These common objectives, which no individual Arab dare disown, are however not being pursued by a homogeneous body, but through a number of separate States ; these press their own claims at the expense of the general interest and frequently intrigue against one another, on account of dynastic and other local jealousies. This means that British relations with the Arabs are extremely complex. On the one hand, there is a great deal of mutual comprehension and co-operation ; but on the other a full and friendly alliance is ruled out by a number of disagreements which (with the exception of the problem of the Sudan) are all connected either with the defence bases which England finds it necessary to maintain in the Arab world or with the consequences of the establishment of the State of Israel. The former issue wrecked the proposed Treaty of Portsmouth with Iraq and the Suez Canal base is a constant bone of contention with Egypt. The disagreement with the Arab League over Libya, where Britain favours a Federal government for the three territories, Cyrenaica, Tripoli and Fezzan, while the League prefers a unitary government in Tripoli, has its origin mainly in League suspicion of possible British influence and bases in Cyrenaica. Even in Jordan, the existence of British elements which have the whole-hearted approval of the local government gives rise to suspicion in the minds of Jordan's neighbours, Syria and Egypt ; Arabs ask why Britain who has not insisted on retaining bases in independent India and Pakistan should do so in this case. Such a question overlooks the fact that India and Pakistan are members of the Commonwealth, with all the implications which that carries in the sphere of mutual assistance, and that the two States have much more powerful means of self-defence than the Arabs possess. England could not risk the oil of the Middle East falling into enemy hands or of the Suez Canal area being used as a base for operations against the

Commonwealth. Egypt's excellent communications, her agricultural wealth, her abundant manpower, and her position make her an incomparable centre for operations directed by sea to east or west or by land to Asia or Africa. It might have been hoped that the Arab States would collectively regard British bases in their territories less as an infringement of Arab independence than as a guarantee of Arab security. King Abdullah and probably the Emir Idris do hold this view, but in the case of the Arabs as a whole the position is analogous to that of Eire, both with regard to long standing grievances against a former ruling power and to what they consider the loss of a portion of their national territory. Britain has in fact to pay now for the Jewish aid which she sought in the 1914-1918 war ; for the Balfour Declaration meant in the end, as the Arabs always claimed that it would, that an Arab province was occupied by strangers and that three-quarters of a million Arabs were condemned to exile, many of them in actual sight of the houses and fields which are being occupied or ploughed by those who dispossessed their owners.

In the circumstances it is too much to expect that British bases will be welcomed, but it is still possible to hope that they will be tolerated. Feeling the need for support, though unwilling to admit it, Arab pride may prefer to accept the bases under protest rather than freely negotiate long term treaties. This may not be statesmanlike but it is a natural reaction and seems a possible explanation of the Iraqi refusal to replace the existing Anglo-Iraqi Treaty by the more favourable but longer-term Treaty of Portsmouth. The government in power at the time were confident that they could secure ratification by Parliament, but were defeated by a factious opposition playing on the sentiment of nationalism. The fact that Syria and the Lebanon had recently achieved independence without the necessity of accepting foreign bases may have contributed to this result.

Disagreement is most serious in the case of Egypt where it leads to fractious and irritating hostility in unrelated spheres and is accompanied by violent press and wireless attacks on British policy which are capable of leading to a crisis. In this case the problem of the Sudan is a further complication, though it is a specifically Egyptian rather than a general Arab issue. Since the Sudan is in any case developing into an Arab State, it is of little importance to Arabs outside Egypt whether it is associated with them as a separate State or as a federated or integral portion of Egypt. But even if, in private, Arab leaders exert a moderating influence, Arab solidarity compels them to support Egypt in public. The logical as opposed to the emotional basis of the Egyptian viewpoint on the Sudan is suspicion that Britain is deliberately setting the Sudanese against her. No British purpose would in fact be served by such an action and it is

certainly right to encourage good relations between the two Nile Valley countries, while making it clear that, if there are difficulties, these arise from differences of opinion between Egyptians and Sudanese, not between Egyptians and British. Success was in fact nearly reached in the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations in 1946; with patience, magnanimity and determination it may be achieved yet. A further source of ill-feeling between Britain and Egypt is the Egyptian refusal to allow tankers to carry oil to Israel through the Suez Canal. Troublesome as this is, it is not quite certain that Egypt is not within her rights in the matter, and the putting out of action of the Haifa refinery was a risk which was taken when Britain abstained from giving a lead on the Palestine question at United Nations. To the Arabs, the issue is fundamental and when we complain of the loss of refining capacity to Europe, it has to be remembered that Iraq, by cutting off the supply of oil, is herself sacrificing millions of pounds annually on top of the expense of the Jewish war. It is hard to see that any purpose would be served by an emotional reaction to the issue and by refusing arms which we are bound by treaty obligations to supply; they are in fact a consideration in return for which we have the right to maintain troops in Arab countries.

The most dangerous issue arising from the Palestine tragedy is the Arab-Israeli hostility; to this no end is in sight. The continued ineffectiveness of the Security Council in the matter gives no cause for confidence. More hope is to be placed on the Three Power Declaration by the United Kingdom, United States and France; this, by guaranteeing existing frontiers, limits the possibility of aggression.

Internally Communism does not seem to be a substantial menace in the Arab countries; in this respect, at least, Arab governments act with decision. Nor will the Arab States have any desire, or indeed opportunity, to be other than on the western side in case of war, though this may not prevent them from occasionally using the suggestion in order to gain some new concession from the west.

Arab desire for Anglo-Saxon support in seeking to persuade the French to adopt in North Africa a policy analogous to British policy towards the Arabs in the Middle East is likely to prove embarrassing, but not to raise a major problem for this country. It is rather the United States, with her recently established bases in North Africa, who are likely to be deeply involved; the British rôle will probably be confined to urging moderation.

When Anglo-Arab relations are thus regarded as a whole and in the setting of history, there are seen to be many favourable as well as some unfavourable features. While in the nineteenth century Britain was one of several European countries competing for position in the eastern Arab world, her prestige there to-day is incomparably

greater than that of any other European power and her influence is based on esteem for her moral qualities and social progress as much as on respect for her power. Much criticism was levelled at Mr. Ernest Bevin for his handling of Middle Eastern affairs during the years which followed the end of the war; yet it appears chiefly due to his unruffled determination and refusal to be diverted from a well-established line of policy that the position to-day is as favourable as it is. In Palestine, he inherited an intolerable position for which the responsibility was in no way his. In the face of unprecedented difficulties and a babel of conflicting counsel, he extricated His Majesty's Government in circumstances which have enabled the Israelis to be rapidly reconciled with this country, if not with his own memory, and though he was Foreign Minister at the moment when the disaster which the Arabs had always anticipated from the Balfour Declaration at last befell them, he was the first British statesman ever to be eulogized by Arab leaders after his death as a friend of their nation. The solution was tragic, but no-one has suggested any means by which a less painful issue could have been found. The treaties which he endeavoured to negotiate with Iraq and Egypt were not concluded, but it was surely better to have deserved success and for the moment failed rather than to let things drift. He set his heart also on raising the standard of living in the Middle East; this is a project which is difficult of realization, but it was surely worth initiating. As social conditions and education improve in the Arab countries—and they are improving, if slowly—it is reasonable to suppose that political maturity will increase also. It is perhaps not altogether beyond hope that in time Anglo-Arab relations will take the form of an entirely free alliance based on common interest and mutual advantage.

In any survey of Arab affairs, the emergence of Pakistan as an independent and important member of the Commonwealth is a factor which must be taken into consideration. As an essentially Muslim State, Pakistan is certain to express sympathy with Arab and Egyptian aims and to be a powerful advocate in their cause. But at the same time, Pakistan is a member of the Commonwealth and has every interest in a fair settlement of differences between the Muslim world and the United Kingdom. If from a short term point of view her advocacy may sometimes seem inconvenient, it may well turn out that in the long run her influence may reduce dissension between the individual Arab States and between this country and the Arab world as a whole.

(The author has lived thirteen years in the Arab world; his book Nisi Dominus is a discussion of the problems of Palestine.)

ANGLO-CANADIAN TRADE AND THE WHEAT CONTRACT

BY LESLIE BISHOP

THE decisions taken at the recent Torquay conference constitute a clear warning of Canada's dilemma, which we would be wise to heed before it is too late. Canadian opinion varied as to whether the conference will prove to be a turning-point in Anglo-Canadian trade relations. On May 11, the influential Liberal *Winnipeg Free Press* summed up the results as follows :

Apart from the various minor tariff agreements now announced, the Torquay conference foundered on that ancient and stubborn reef, Protectionism. Britain was unwilling to give up any part of its protected position in the Commonwealth and sterling areas. Countries like Australia, New Zealand and South Africa were unwilling to give up similar advantages in the British market. All these countries clung to their narrow Commonwealth and sterling areas rather than risk greater competition in the world market, and especially in the markets of North America. Under the current circumstances of British politics nothing else perhaps could have been expected. The Labour Government is wedded, by socialist ideology, to protectionism, trade discrimination and strict State control of the movement of all goods. The Conservative opposition, while opposed to socialism, is even more protectionist than the Government and still more deeply entrenched in a preferential tariff system which apparently is regarded as a closed British or sterling trading bloc. Events will demonstrate that the cost of maintaining this closed bloc is very high. Sooner or later the folly of confining their trade to the narrow sterling zone will become evident to the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and the sterling countries generally. They will come to see that in trying to maintain the spirit if not the letter of Joseph Chamberlain's idea of an Empire or sterling Zollverein or customs union, they are attempting vainly to turn back the hands of the clock while time moves inexorably on.

As for Canada, it has shown at Torquay its determination to avoid imprisonment in this Preference cage. It has held wisely to the original conception of the Laurier government in launching the British Preference. It was done to reduce not increase tariffs.

Thus Canada has negotiated an agreement with the United States which will increase somewhat the flow of goods across the friendly border. This is to the good, but the St. Laurent government did not go far enough. Now that Canada's trade—the largest *per capita* in history—is so heavily concentrated in the United States market, now that the hope of expanding trade with the sterling area has been diminished if not blocked altogether by the attitude of the U.K. and other Commonwealth countries at Torquay, and now that the Canadian tariff is a major factor in our high cost of living, the Government should seek a much larger trade agreement with Washington. We should seek still wider United States markets and, by reducing our own tariff, should reduce the price of many goods which are priced

far too high now simply because they are protected from any real competition. The *Montreal Gazette* commented that the Torquay results were "hardly worth hosannas". The *Ottawa Citizen* observed wistfully that

Torquay . . . may mark the fork in the road at which Canada must veer away from the Commonwealth preference system (which has been largely a Canadian invention) and move towards a partnership with the United States in a broader system of relatively freer trade. Such a system has its hazards, the most obvious being the fluctuations of American policy between enlightened self-interest and fits of isolationism that threaten destruction of self and friends. If Britain and the Commonwealth, ex-Canada, are unwilling to make significant concessions in preferential tariffs, the price offered by the United States may not be high enough. The United States is hesitant and fumbling in the face of the obvious and logical step of establishing the principles of the International Trade Organization, as the basis of American policy and the basic assurance to other nations that Congress has really reformed and put away the toys of economic warfare that delighted it so much in its childhood. It must remain the task of Canadian statesmanship to bring the American and Commonwealth commercial systems together.

Canada has not yet, by any means, abandoned the British preference system. One factor militating against her doing so is the apparent reluctance of the United States Congress to enlarge the President's tariff-reducing powers. In the words of a Toronto writer, she is "staying within the Commonwealth economic sphere as much as contiguity with the United States and artificial checks to commerce will let her." She continues to give preferential concessions in the Canadian market, as negotiated at Ottawa in 1932, notwithstanding the fact that import quotas and restrictions against dollar goods make it almost impossible to sell Canadian manufactures in other Empire countries.

Nevertheless, she has considerably modified her commitment in successive trade negotiations in recent years. Forty-seven British preference rates were abolished at Torquay. That was in addition to the 90 struck out at Geneva, bringing the total number eliminated to 137. Further, 206 other British preference tariffs were shaved down. But more than 1,000 trade items among the Commonwealth nations remain under preferential rates.

Canada has played the game according to the rules but sees herself as having been penalized by them. More than any other member of the Commonwealth she has felt the weight of the dollar-saving handicap. In order to understand why she feels as she does, we must glance beyond the terse correctness of official statements at the Canadian background. No country in the world has sounder long-term prospects than Canada. She has a gilt-edged future, secured by vast deposits of mineral wealth, but her present situation is very difficult. She has not yet tapped that mineral wealth to such an extent as would make her self-sufficient, even supposing such a thing

were possible. She remains heavily dependent on her export trade, which has been adversely affected by the restrictions on purchase of dollar goods ruling not only in Britain itself but also in the other sterling-currency areas of the Commonwealth. For instance in the case of Canada's trade with the West Indies, the restriction on dollar imports has transformed what was a big favourable balance for Canada a few years ago into a deficit of about \$30 million last year.

Under the Chancellorship of Sir Stafford Cripps Britain's guiding principle in her trade policy towards Canada was that this trade, should be brought into balance, as far as possible. No doubt, such a policy was justified in the days of acute dollar shortage—whether its continuance now is desirable, in view of the great improvement in our foreign exchange reserves, is another question. At all events, that was the Cripps policy towards Canada—that the historic deficit on Britain's ledger should be wiped out. Through the application of Spartan measures, painful alike to the British consumer and the Canadian producer, the policy has come surprisingly near to success. In 1950, for the first time in years, Canada's favourable trade balance with Britain was of small proportions. According to figures published in the *Financial Post* (Toronto), Canada's exports to Britain in that year amounted to \$470 million; her imports from Britain to \$404 million. On the other hand, Canada's exports to the United States amounted to \$2,037 million; her imports from the U.S.A. to \$2,133 million. Canada had come to the unprecedented position of transacting two-thirds of both her export and her import trade with her North American neighbour, rousing the fear in some minds that she was putting too many eggs into one basket. Her favourable balance with Britain had shrunk to \$66 million as against \$398 million in 1949. For the first time since the early 1930's, her international balance of payments showed a deficit. It amounted to \$316 million.

One who has lived on both sides of the Atlantic finds that according to where he stands Britain's trade policy appears different. On this side, he sees people courageously facing up to the need to save dollars. On the Canadian side, it looks at times as though the mother country had forgotten the existence of her overseas children, or had overlooked the necessity for them to earn a living in the world. We demand cheap bread; the Canadian farmer, in his moments of wishful-thinking, tells over in his mind the dollars he would have had with a higher British payment for his wheat. It is a question of the point of view. The Canadian farmer's wife, who had come to depend on Britain's egg-purchases for her pin-money, has seen them fade away from 86 million dozen eggs in 1946 to nothing. In bacon shipments, it is true, Canada has fallen short of the contract but this is partly, at least, the fault of Britain's food-planners in failing to give sufficient

advance notice of their requirements. It takes time to plant and harvest a crop of grain. It takes longer to raise pigs. Another reason has been that inordinate meat prices have caused Canadians to eat more of their own bacon.

We need not go over the whole catalogue of grievances—the disappointments over Britain's purchases of apples, timber, newsprint and so on. It will perhaps be more interesting to review the most important contract, whose history illustrates the whole course of Anglo-Canadian commerce in this era of inter-government trading. Needless to say, this is the United Kingdom—Canada Wheat Agreement under which, in the four-year period, 1946-1950, Britain bought 631 million bushels of Canadian wheat for a total amount of \$1,089,889,013. It has been the biggest bone of contention of them all. Sir Stafford Cripps said in the House of Commons on May 18, 1949 (Hansard Column 562), that "quite obviously" the Wheat Agreement "has been an extremely favourable deal for both countries." The Canadians were not so sure; some of them indeed contending that they had been the losers to the tune of many millions of dollars.

It is fair to note that the Canadian Government initiated discussion of the contract.* According to James H. Gray, a Western correspondent who was in Ottawa at the relevant time:

The whole idea of a long-term agreement arose from the anti-inflation thinking that dominated the Canadian capital in 1944-45-46.

As part of its post-war economic programme, the (Canadian) Government offered the farmers a floor price policy. But the economic thinkers got the jitters about what that floor price could cost when the "certain" collapse of wheat prices came to pass. To avoid that loss, they tried to find somebody to underwrite the floor price. The British agreement eventually came as a result of discussions that sprang from this search for an underwriter.

Farmers recall that, in the spring of 1946, fear of inflation dominated everything that happened in Ottawa. . . . (there was) the fear that wheat prices would start skyrocketing, that they would go up like a rocket and come down like a bomb. So all effort was made to convince the farmers that they would gain at the end of the contract what they lost at the start.

Both Canadian and British Governments appear to have thought

* The following statement by Mr. Gardiner appears on Page 1061 of the Canadian House of Commons Hansard for March 8, 1951: "We initiated the discussions. It was agreed that it would be helpful to Britain to have her main food requirements supplied at a price of \$1.55 a bushel which was then low and was likely to remain low throughout the first two years. The British were confident that the price would fall below \$1.55 in the last two years, and we were just as confident that with United States aid and a Canadian loan the price would go and remain above \$1.55. We, therefore, decided to leave the arrangement of price, as is the case in many British food long-time contracts, to be negotiated.

There is nothing new about that. By far the greater number of British contracts for food has an arrangement in them whereby prices are negotiated for all the years after the first year, and certainly for all the years after the second year. Most of these long-time contracts have a floor and ceiling and are for a price which may be varied a certain percentage upward or a certain percentage downward. That is done by negotiation. There was nothing new about that. The only thing new about this contract as compared with some of the others was the fact that there was no ceiling placed upon the price to which the wheat could go in the last two years. The reason for that will be evident."

that the trend of wheat prices during the four years of the contract would be downward.

They regarded the minimum prices, guaranteed under it, as an insurance for the Canadian farmer against this decline. Instead, as we now know, wheat prices continued to rise. Whether or not they would have continued to rise had there been no bulk contract, is a matter of opinion. We may argue that world food shortage and persistent inflation would have maintained them at high levels. But, of course, it is easy to be wise after the event.

A Canadian critic has described the Anglo-Canadian wheat contract as "Mr. Gardiner's big mistake" in reference to the fact that its chief architect was James G. Gardiner, Canada's Minister of Agriculture for 15 years. He is a remarkable man, whom Britain might well number among her benefactors, if only because he organized an abundant flow of food-stuffs from Canada during the war. He likes to call himself a Saskatchewan farmer and he has derived a measure of statesmanship from long acquaintance with the outward-looking west. An Italian professor's wife, visiting Canada and meeting Mr. Gardiner for the first time, said she thought he had personality enough to be "Prime Minister of the whole British Empire." Diminutive and sturdy, he has a fighter's build, a pleasant face, at once open and inscrutable. The impression, both in private conversation and in public, is one of complete sincerity. No-one who has heard him make a political speech will deny the grasp and lucidity of his mind. His barrage of arguments is almost overwhelming in its first impact. He must have been a good teacher in the early years, before he went into politics. Even to-day, a trace of the schoolmaster lingers, as he hammers out his points before the Canadian House of Commons. He is reported to have said once that, in a controversy, no matter how many people are against you there will always be some who see your point of view. If the Canadian public has failed to see Mr. Gardiner's point of view on the wheat contract, it is certainly not for want of clear exposition.

This spring Ottawa observers were freely predicting that "Jimmy" Gardiner's political career—which had brought him to within an ace of succeeding Mackenzie King as Prime Minister*—was ended at 67 because of the fiasco of the Wheat Agreement. They said he would resign but Jimmy stayed. He got somewhat bothered in face of the accusation that he was trying to make Britain the scapegoat for his own error of judgment, fought verbal battles with two Canadian editors, then attended a baseball match in company with his Cabinet colleague External Affairs Minister "Mike" Pearson, who advised him not to take the editors too

* He was runner-up to Mr. St. Laurent in the choice of Liberal leader.

seriously, and finally withdrew in good order to his farm in Saskatchewan, to hold undisputed sway over his little kingdom of waving grain.

Defending the Wheat Agreement in the Ottawa House on March 8, Mr. Gardiner recalled the fact that there had been an embargo against Canadian wheat going into the United States for human consumption since 1941. How would Canada have sold her wheat, had there been no British contract during those four post-war years? "If we had left the British market to Marshall aid and attempted to peddle 430 million bushels of wheat over the world under after-the-war conditions, we would have had to give much of it away or lend the dollars to countries which could never pay it back, to get rid of our wheat."

The Searle Grain Company's news-letter answered on April 11: "

Could all our wheat have been sold had it not been for the Agreement? Most certainly it could have been. During these four years the United States sold on world markets 1,932,000,000 bushels; Argentina sold 373,000,000 bushels; Australia 433,000,000 bushels and Canadian Class II wheat 196,000,000 bushels or a total of 2,934,000,000 bushels and all was sold at Class II or better than Class II price. France, India, Turkey and Russia also sold unrevealed additional amounts, again at high prices.

And so the argument continues. As Mr. Gardiner has conceded, Britain discharged her full legal obligations according to the letter of the contract. The only question is whether, in view of all the circumstances, she should not have interpreted it in a more generous spirit and paid a larger sum to compensate Canadian farmers for the fact that Chicago wheat prices remained well above those paid under the contract.

The whole affair deserves to rank as a historic example of the misunderstandings that can arise from unbusinesslike phraseology. At the root of the trouble has been the loosely-worded Clause 2 (b) of the Agreement, which had the effect of raising Canadian hopes that were doomed to disappointment and thus making unnecessary bad blood between the two countries. The clause stated that, in determining the prices to be paid for wheat in the last two years of the contract, the United Kingdom Government would "have regard to" any difference between the prices paid in the first two years and world wheat prices in those years. This was doubly vague. The phrase "have regard to" entailed no obligation. Secondly there is the technical point as to whether or not there was such a thing as a world wheat price in the relevant period. In point of fact, Britain did "have regard to" the price difference, to a certain extent, as Mr. Gardiner has noted. For 1949-1950, the last year of the contract, the United Kingdom paid Canada on 140 million bushels a margin

of approximately 25 cents per bushel above the ceiling price of the International Wheat Agreement. (Again, there are the questions : can the I.W.A. ceiling fairly be called the world price? What would have happened, had there been no international agreement?) Mr. Gardiner was prepared to concede that this amounted to a compensation adjustment of "at the outside \$35 million." He contended that it was not enough and, in this contention, many Canadians agreed with him.

In May 1950 Canadian Trade Minister C. D. Howe discussed the final settlement of the contract in London and, on his return to Ottawa, made the following statement (Canadian Hansard, June 5, 1950, page 3221) :

The matter of the have regard to clause was discussed in great detail during our sessions with Sir Stafford Cripps and other ministers of the United Kingdom Government. The whole situation was reviewed. . . . We went over the agreement while in London. We asked the United Kingdom Government what further settlement it is to make on account of the have regard to clause. The United Kingdom Government took a very strong position that they had fulfilled all obligations under that clause, and so far as the United Kingdom was concerned. We agreed on behalf of Canada that considering all the circumstances that was the case.

This statement, which stood for months unchallenged in the record of debates, was generally taken to mean that the British Government regarded the matter as closed and that the Canadian Government accepted the position. When the matter was raised by the Opposition in the Canadian House on March 8 this year, Mr. Howe told a questioner : "I was simply the messenger. I brought back Sir Stafford Cripps's positive statement that the British Government would not pay more in settlement of the contract. . . ."

The next day, (March 9, 1951), Mr. Gardiner told the House that the Hansard record of Mr. Howe's statement on June 5, 1950, was "obviously not a correct report." He maintained that seven words had been inadvertently omitted from the penultimate sentence. What Mr. Howe had actually said, according to his (Mr. Gardiner's) recollection, was :

The United Kingdom Government took a very strong position that they had fulfilled all obligations under that clause, and so far as the United Kingdom was concerned they did not intend to pay more.

He had made a mental note of it at the time, he explained, thus setting the evidence of his own (admittedly good) memory against the version of the official shorthand reporter.

The matter had been re-opened after a campaign by various farmers union leaders had roused hopes for a further compensation payment. This campaign met an eager response from prairie farmers, who were the victims of a combination of misfortunes. Their crops had been reduced by floods and frost. There was a shortage of railway rolling-stock, to carry their grain to the ports. Their

purchasing-power had been drastically reduced through devaluation and inflation.* Small wonder if some of them began to look on the wheat contract settlement as a piece of sharp trading on the part of *perfidie Albion*. Edmond Prefontaine, who farms near St. Pierre, Manitoba, was quoted by the British United Press on March 10 as saying : "I felt we were making a contribution to the British, partly sentimental. It is hard for us to judge here but I don't think Britain lived up to the business deal, regardless of the sentimental part." Mr. M. J. Coldwell, national leader of the C.C.F. (Labour) party, told of receiving letters from Western Canada "saying that some people will boycott British goods on account of the manner in which the British have treated the western farmers."†

The farmers' "losses" under the contract were variously computed. Mr. S. N. Jones, President of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, set them as high as \$700 million. Mr. Gardiner himself took the difference between the per-bushel payments received by American and Canadian farmers respectively during the contract years and, after allowing a differential in favour of the American, arrived at a loss figure of \$118 million. He suggested that the amount of compensation should be \$100 million, of which he was willing to concede \$35 million had been paid, leaving a balance due from Britain of \$65 million. The British Government did not accept this view. He made a "reckless pilgrimage" to London last February, in a vain attempt to obtain a further payment, returning empty-handed to face and, as we have seen, to survive the biggest crisis of his political career.

Looking back at the Wheat Agreement and other lesser contracts between Britain and Canada in the immediate post-war years, one cannot help feeling that too narrow a view is being taken of Anglo-Canadian trade on both sides of the Atlantic. We have allowed ourselves to become obsessed with paper calculations of "favourable" balances, overlooking the fact that profitable trade depends, in the long run, on mutual confidence and that the best bargaining-counter either country can possess is the goodwill of the other.

(The Anglo-Canadian author is a former London Correspondent of the Winnipeg Free Press.)

* Professor McDougall of The Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, has calculated that the purchasing value of the Canadian wheat dollar declined, taking 1935-1939 as the base period, to 97 cents in 1947-1948, and again to 80 cents in 1949-1950. Another authority estimated it had declined further to 71 cents in March of this year. In other words, the cost of the things the Canadian farmer has to buy, in order to produce his crop, has increased by 30 per cent. or more.

† He was alarmed by the suggestion of a boycott and felt that Britain's position had been misunderstood.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH LOCAL GOVERNMENT ?

BY LORD SILKIN

A SHORT time ago I was inquiring in a small country town in the South of England with a population of under 2,500 for the offices of the rural district council which takes its name from the town. The offices were about 300 yards from where I was. The first three local men I asked had never heard of the place and only the fourth, who happened to be an employee of the council, was able to direct me.

At the recent local elections the average number of electors going to the poll was under 25 per cent.—in some areas it was under five per cent. Ask the ordinary citizen—the man in the street—what is the name of his local councillor, or of the district council in which he is living ; it would be surprising if more than a small proportion of people gave the right answers. Often it is difficult to get suitable persons to stand for election to the council. In most places there is a contest, generally on party lines. But the fact that there is a contest is no proof of an adequate supply of satisfactory candidates. In a few instances no candidates at all have come forward for county council elections and seats have not been filled. There is a very natural confusion among electors when called upon to vote annually at municipal elections, one-third of the Council generally retiring by rotation each year. The unhappy elector can be excused at not appreciating the difference between the elections for the county council and those which come shortly after for the district council. In the end, he tends to call a plague on both of them and does not vote at all.

These things are symptomatic of the lack of interest and concern about the management of local affairs. They are indicative of the fact that local government—that is, government of the people by the people in local and domestic affairs—is in imminent danger of breaking down. Why is this so ? There is no one single simple reason. They are manifold and complex.

The existing local government authorities have been created at various times since the Municipal Corporations Act 1835 was passed. The Local Government Act of 1874, created urban and rural district councils. The Local Government Act 1888 set up the county councils and county boroughs as we know them to-day. The London County

Council was created in 1888, and the London Boroughs, that is the metropolitan boroughs, even later, in 1900. As a result of this multiplicity of legislation passed at various dates, creating different local authorities at different times with varying functions and at the same time allocating or taking away functions from them, we have a patchwork throughout England and Wales consisting of county councils, county boroughs, municipal or non-county boroughs, urban district councils, rural district councils and parish councils, to say nothing of the London County Council and the metropolitan boroughs.

The areas of these various authorities were largely, though not entirely, based upon older historic areas, and although these have changed greatly in importance and population in the past hundred years or more their status to-day rests upon what they enjoyed at the time they were created. The result is some startling anomalies. The county councils, generally speaking, administer the largest areas with the largest populations : the rural and urban districts (apart from the parishes which have only insignificant functions) the smallest. Nevertheless, there are rural districts which are larger in area and have greater populations than a number of counties. The county boroughs range in population from over one million, in Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, to under 19,000 in Canterbury. In the larger counties, the distances to be travelled from some parts to the administrative centre are so great or the journey so difficult that it is sometimes impossible to do the return journey in one day. It is quite impossible for the members of such an authority to have first-hand knowledge of the area they are administering. Whether it be highways, or health services or education, not even the chairman of a committee can make himself personally acquainted with all detailed matters upon which he and his committee have to decide. This is not local government ; the area might just as well be administered from a Regional Centre—or even Whitehall ! In the case of a number of rural districts, on the other hand, there is often no suitable or convenient place within the area for council offices, where the inhabitants can call to discuss questions with which they are concerned, arising from the council's administration of local affairs, or where the councillors can meet. The council meetings take place outside the area and sometimes at a considerable distance.

A very important reason for the lack of interest on the part of the ordinary citizen is the confusion which exists between the functions of the different types of authority. How many people can say what is the difference in function between an urban district, a rural district and a non-county borough, or even between county boroughs and county councils ? If the student of local government believes that he has it clear in his mind then legislation comes along and changes the picture. In recent years many functions have been transferred

from one authority to another, generally from the district councils to the county councils, but sometimes it has gone the other way. The result is that only the limited number of persons who write text-books on local government can say with any degree of accuracy what are the functions of the different authorities and even they are usually out of date before their book goes into print. Many important functions, as a result of nationalization or for other reasons of efficiency, have been taken entirely out of the hands of the local authorities and transferred either to the State or to public boards under the control of a Minister of the Crown. This applies particularly to such important services as electricity, gas, transport and the hospital services as well as to the majority of the services formerly administered under the Poor Law. There is little doubt that before long the supply of water will be nationalized. This process has been going on for a number of years with the result that, on balance, the powers of local authorities have become considerably depleted and, although each change could no doubt be fully justified theoretically on the score of efficiency, very few people have appreciated the cumulative effect of these transfers of functions on our democratic local government structure.

One of the inevitable consequences of a Government financial contribution towards a service is that the particular Government Department responsible for that service regards itself as a partner with the local authority and exercises varying degrees of control over its expenditure. In some cases it is so meticulous as to amount to an almost day-to-day control. In the case of other services the control is budgetary. Local authorities, especially the larger ones, regard this meticulous control as oppressive and detracting from their local responsibility and a good deal of dissatisfaction and frustration is in consequence felt. This problem is at present under discussion between the Government and representatives of local authorities with a view to giving to local authorities a greater measure of responsibility for expenditure. Clearly, complete local autonomy is impracticable where considerable national funds are involved but there is undoubtedly a trend towards a form of budgetary control in all services. Although local authorities are receiving more and more financial assistance from central funds and are left to bear less themselves, the financial resources of the local authorities vary so greatly that it is quite impossible for them to maintain anything like a uniform standard of quality or service. People living in adjoining local authority areas may find, for instance, the quality or standard of education so vastly different that it might well be a frequent factor in preventing desirable mobility. Moreover, many of the small authorities are so lacking in financial resources that they cannot afford to employ technical and administrative staff of the required

quality and members of the council have to make decisions without adequate advice. Then again, under the existing rating system, the financial resources of an area may be such that two people of equal incomes occupying similar accommodation in different areas may be paying vastly different sums by way of rates for identical services. It is obviously desirable that a pound spent by ratepayers of similar means in every part of the country should provide roughly the same benefit. A penny rate in one area with a population of 50,000 may produce ten times as much as a penny rate in another part of the country with the same population. This is a factor of great importance to industry (though less so since derating under the Local Government Act 1929) and frequently has a big influence in determining the location of a new factory.

Lastly, there are the conflicts that arise between different types of authorities which in existing circumstances are inevitable—particularly between the county councils and the county boroughs. The county councils who share local government functions with the district councils and who derive their funds from rates levied upon the inhabitants of these areas are naturally jealous of the county boroughs who are self-contained and administer all local government functions themselves, that is, what are known as all-purpose authorities and make no financial contribution to the county councils. One of the unfortunate effects of this conflict is that the county boroughs, which are generally very congested, have little land left for development and are incapable of rehousing within their own area such of their existing population as are overcrowded. They are, therefore, constantly pressing for an extension of their boundaries so as to provide themselves with the necessary space to carry out their reconstruction within an area controlled by them as well as to permit of expansion where they believe this to be in the public interest. On the other hand, they can do so only by depriving the county council of territory and of rateable value. This conflict results in great ill-feeling, resentment and indeed bitterness whenever a county borough seeks to extend its boundaries, however justified it may be, and where it feels there is a danger that it will be forced into perpetuating the existing cramped conditions. These conflicts are often fought out by way of expensive legal battles before parliamentary committees—battles in which the interests of the individual citizen tend to become subordinated to those of the dignity and status of the contesting authorities or their officials.

This is by no means an exhaustive account of what is wrong. Many students of local government have gone so far as to claim that it has completely broken down. Very few are satisfied with conditions as they are. There will probably be a very large measure of agreement about the defects which have been here set out. There might be some

disagreement as to the emphasis to be laid on them. If healthy local government consists of the people in a locality understanding—having a knowledge of and taking responsibility for the administration—of local affairs, then it must be universally agreed that local government does not seriously exist to-day. But the diagnosis of the sickness into which local government has fallen is child's play compared with the solution of the problem. The various associations of local authorities have each put forward proposals in recent years. Unfortunately, these proposals amount mainly to recommendations for leaving their own type of authority alone and reforming the others.

Although it must be obvious from what has been said that our local government structure is in need of a complete overhaul, no Government has so far been sufficiently courageous to undertake this because they have known in advance that there can be no agreed or wholly acceptable solution. It is nearly 30 years since the subject was last investigated by a royal commission. No effective action was taken as a result of the recommendations of that commission and the position has greatly deteriorated since then. It is not the purpose of this article to put forward a solution. A number of eminent writers have done so—among them G. D. H. Cole, Professor Robson and Mr. Blackburn. All one can hope to do is to lay down certain principles which should be followed in any such reorganization.

First and foremost is the need for a system of the utmost simplicity which the normal citizen can understand. This would indicate the need for at the most two types of authority: a major authority, exercising general responsibility for all the local services in the area which it covers, and subsidiary authorities to whom such services as are appropriate can be delegated. The major authorities should not be so large as to preclude the possibility of the elected representatives having personal contact with the services they administer. On the other hand, these major authorities should be viable, that is, in a financial position to carry out satisfactorily the services for which they are responsible up to at least a minimum prescribed standard. A difficulty arises here; what is a suitable area for one service is not necessarily suitable for another. For instance, for town and country planning large areas are essential, even larger in many cases than the average county. This is probably also true in the case of education, if the authority is to provide the necessary variety of types of education suitable to all children's capabilities and aptitudes. On the other hand, the same type of area is not necessarily required for the police or fire services, while in exercising powers over the highway, again a larger authority is likely to be more efficient. It will be difficult to reconcile the conflicting claims between a large major authority for the purpose of carrying out some services and a smaller one for others, and it may well be that in the

case of some of these services the creation of joint authorities, to which there are considerable objections, cannot be avoided. The subsidiary authorities should be of such a size and character as to contain a suitable administrative centre readily accessible to all the inhabitants of the area. Housing is a difficult problem; probably the solution is that the major and subsidiary authorities should each have concurrent powers, the major authority carrying out the larger schemes and the subsidiary the smaller or purely local schemes. This distribution of functions has been carried out with a considerable measure of success in the case of the London County Council and the metropolitan boroughs.

The problem of London government, while as acute as in the rest of the country, may have to be considered specially and separately. The built-up area of London consists of the London County Council, three county boroughs and 140 district councils (which include the non-county boroughs). In addition, the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Kent and Hertfordshire, as well as 28 metropolitan boroughs play a part. The boundaries of these various authorities have to-day no geographical, historic or any other significance and appear to the Londoner as quite arbitrary and unintelligible. The London County Council, while its administration is highly efficient, is responsible for administering the affairs of over four million people and has long ceased to be a local authority in any true sense of the word. While the relationship between the London County Council and the metropolitan boroughs is to-day friendly, in the past there has been a constant struggle over the allocation of functions. The London County Council has found it necessary to build housing estates in areas more and more distant from its own, up to as far as Slough, and this has created a great many financial and other problems, both for the London County Council and for the authorities in whose areas these new housing estates are situated. Obviously, the present position is quite unsatisfactory. A solution may well be found by the setting up of a number of two-tier authorities of a manageable size similar to what is proposed in the rest of the country, but the position of London is obviously going to be very much more difficult than elsewhere.

Probably the most serious criticism that will be levelled against the sort of reorganization proposed here is that it will involve the breaking up of a large number of existing recognized local government areas and the creation of entirely new ones. Many of these areas have a long history and tradition which should not be lightly destroyed but where history and tradition conflict with modern requirements and the true spirit of democracy and local government, which is to prevail?

In the present political and international situation it is very doubtful

whether any Government will be prepared to undertake this task (It is always the wrong time to undertake anything so highly controversial !) And yet if we are to revive and preserve what we claim to be the basis of our democratic way of life, and what should be a training ground for really democratic Government, we must act quickly before it is too late, before what is still left of democratic local government is wholly lost.

Perhaps the wisest course at the present time is to follow the precedent of the three great State Reports, the Barlow, Uthwatt and Scott in the field of town planning, published during the last war. They led to a great deal of thought and discussion, and, soon after the end of the war, were followed by legislation. There is a need to bring the detailed facts of local government up-to-date and to set forth in clear language the problems and the possible solutions with a view to the Government of the day making up its mind and introducing the necessary legislation. There is a growing demand for a new and strong royal commission on local government. It is to be hoped that the powers-that-be will realize the urgency and importance of the problem and set it up without delay.

(The Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin, P.C., was Minister of Town and Country Planning from 1945 until February 1950.)

SCIENTISM AND PROFESSOR BARBARA WOOTTON—I

By J. B. COATES

SCIENTISM can be described as the attitude of mind which seeks to suppress philosophy and metaphysics and denies the value of all approaches to truth and reality but that of science. Berdyaev, joining forces on this issue with Kierkegaard, Scheler and Jaspers, has condemned scientism in no measured terms. He speaks of it as the product of a slavish mentality which seeks to enslave the higher powers of the soul to one of its subordinate activities in the interest of what are called practical activities. The philosophical mode of cognition, he asserts, is distinct from and higher than the scientific mode. Philosophy has an intuitive basis, every true philosopher having an original intuition of his own, deriving from the uniqueness of his experience. While philosophy is based on the maximum experience of human existence, embracing man's affective and volitional as well as his intellectual life, science is merely the expression of one aspect of the life of the intellect. The significance of science must be assessed by philosophy, using criteria which science itself is unable either to supply or to judge. Knowledge of a scientific kind is on an inferior level of being to the existential world of the creative spirit, the world of value and of communion between persons, and should be recognized as being instrumental to it. In Berdyaev's view the tendency to make science supreme over religion and philosophy is usually an evidence of spiritual debasement as it is frequently marked by intellectual arrogance.

To attack scientism, needless to say, is not to criticize science ; indeed it is almost superfluous at this time of day to give praise to science, whether one has in mind the respect for fact, for the rigour of the scientific method, of the true scientist, or the practical benefits which science has conferred. But when the venerator of science, unable to appreciate achievements outside his own province, proceeds to belittle and denigrate a greatness and a virtue which he does not understand, the grace of what should be an honourable zeal departs, and we are left with that aridity of spirit which has been the subject of much legitimate satire, as notably in the novels of Aldous Huxley. Professor Barbara Wootton's recent *Testament of Social Science**, with all its ability and clarity, is a forbidding example of the spiritual provincialism and dogmatism of "scientism". It is unfortunate that the praise which one would gladly allow to certain parts of her

* *Testament of Social Science*. By Barbara Wootton. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

book tends to be silenced by the repulsion which other parts of it inspire.

The purpose of her book is to commend, in the first place, the scientific method, and in the second place, the application of that method to the social sciences. Scientific method has been lauded and described in innumerable treatises, and the special case for the social sciences has been often stated. Nevertheless, though Professor Wootton has contributed nothing new to these themes, we can applaud the zeal with which she pleads her case. She is clearly right in pointing out that man in society is subject to conditioning circumstances, that the correlation of these circumstances with behaviour can be scientifically studied and statistical regularities in behaviour discovered, and that this provides us with knowledge that can be of great value, as, for example, in curing juvenile delinquency and ascertaining the determining factors of good human relationships in industry. It may well be true also that the value of such investigations is insufficiently realized and that the social sciences are as yet insufficiently endowed.

What Professor Wootton says on this is worthy of commendation, however frequently it may have been said before. Unfortunately the major part of her book is a series of attacks on individual thinkers and on schools of thinkers whose approach to human problems differs from her own, involving a series of excursions on her part into fields in which she has little competence and in by no means saved from egregious blunders. She feels an aversion to metaphysicians whose investigations, she remarks, can arrive at no verifiable truth, for if the truth can be verified, we are concerned with science, not with metaphysics. She recognizes that the metaphysician can provide us with speculations, involving the asking and answering of questions where, in the nature of the case, no convincing answer can be obtained, but adds that this is irritating to persons like herself who believe that the purpose of asking questions is to get answers to them. She speaks of the curiously ineffective character of most criticism of the arts, attributing this to the weakness of its scientific backbone, and remarking that aesthetic criticism is, strictly speaking, a branch of scientific inquiry. She writes with great contempt on theology, which she clearly does not begin to understand, and shows particular obtuseness in her references to "revelation". She refers to the "superstition" of Christianity and to its "melancholy record of cruelty and intolerance." She annexes the province of ethics for science, deriving her ethical canon from biology, good behaviour being that which is directed towards physical and mental health or towards "the normal completion or actualization of the organism." In her remarks on these and other questions she takes it on herself to clear up the "muddles" left by the irrational and wish-fulfilment

thinking of those whom she selects as her victims.

Berdyayev has remarked that scientific knowledge belongs to the lowest and least personal sphere of communion; it is concerned entirely with the objective world, with what Buber calls the World of It; it is "the appropriate mode of communication of the spiritually disintegrated." "The universally binding character of cognition is found in the highest degree in mathematics and the physical sciences where cognition depends least on men sharing a spiritual community." This inability to understand the 'personal' world is strongly marked in Professor Wootton's criticisms. She is impatient at the metaphysical passion displayed by such men as Whitehead, and Berdyayev himself, men who seek to make the best picture they can of the universe as a whole, finding a place in their overall picture for their personally apprehended ethical and aesthetic values. The good metaphysician would, indeed, realize that his interpretation is incapable of being checked by any scientific test, though this does not mean that he does not take into account all available knowledge while continually testing his values existentially. Nevertheless, though he cannot prove the truth of his interpretation, he feels that it is one of man's noblest traits to seek to explain the world and to fit his valuations into a general metaphysical picture. To be lacking in the metaphysical passion, to feel no wish to make some sort of coherent picture of the universe for oneself, is a curious inhibition of the typical worshipper of science.

Even granted her scientific bias, that Barbara Wootton should overlook the essentially personal nature of aesthetic criticism is remarkable. One values the interpretation of a good critic primarily because it expresses the personal impact of some particular work on a mind sensitive to certain kinds of impressions and experiences. To apply scientific categories to such criticism is a misuse of logic and shows as little understanding of the purpose and method of science as of the purpose of art and of criticism. This is not to deny that advances in science, for example in psychology, will influence in some cases the actual content of criticism. Professor Wootton's failure to distinguish between the personal world which has the uniqueness of personality itself, and the world of scientific knowledge, which is the same for everyone, is seen in her references to revelation, which she criticizes for its lack of universality and irresistibility. The essential character of a 'revealed' truth is that it depends for its apprehension on a certain sensitiveness or insight of the personal medium, that it does not belong to the world of objective knowledge, though insight, which was at first the fruit of revelation, may later become widespread. For example, the values revealed in the poetry of Wordsworth and of Keats cannot be universally communicated as can a scientific fact, yet they exercise in the long run a considerable

effect on the general human aesthetic sensitiveness.

Barbara Wootton's attacks on Christianity are especially noteworthy for her inability to understand Christianity as a religion of personal experience as distinct from a belief in concepts and doctrines. In a passage in *The Crisis of the University* Sir Walter Moberly remarks that one cannot be genuinely agnostic about the issue of theism, that one is bound to commit oneself one way or the other. By a belief in God Sir Walter Moberly means a realization of the value of a relationship with a "living God"; the loving, creative spirit which we can find within ourselves he regards as the presence of the divine in man, and he holds that in life we must either seek a relationship with God in this sense or live without it, that there is no third alternative. Sir Walter's meaning is, I think, clear, though it might be said in answer that people might have an experience virtually identical with what he calls a "God relationship" but call it by some other name. Professor Wootton's attack on Sir Walter is based on the assumption that what the latter means by belief in God is assent to the hypothesis that God exists, and she holds that there is no sufficient evidence either for or against such a hypothesis. She remarks that worship of, or communion with, a deity of whose existence one is not absolutely convinced, is likely to be an unsatisfying experience. In this last remark she is certainly right. The worship of God regarded as a concept or hypothesis, proved or unproven, is likely to be not merely unsatisfying but impossible. But the "living God" of whom Sir Walter speaks is not a concept or hypothesis; relationship to such a God belongs to the personal world of the artist or the good critic or the seer to whom truth is 'revealed'. I am not concerned here with either the philosophical or the psychological interpretation of such religious experiences, but merely to remark that Barbara Wootton's criticisms are not relevant to them. In the terms of Sir Walter's remarks, she is rightly spoken of as an atheist, not an agnostic, for by believing in God Sir Walter means having a personal relationship with God.

Professor Wootton's treatment of ethical problems is one of many examples we could quote of the disposition of the high priests of 'scientism' to rush confidently into fields into which those better acquainted with the intellectual disciplines involved tread gingerly. She draws her canon for the good life from biology in the conception of physical and mental health. On this criterion many boxers and professional cricketers would satisfy all reasonable demands, while Pascal, Kierkegaard and D. H. Lawrence would fail miserably to qualify. The more specific ethical standard which she puts forward, that good action is that which subserves the "self-maintenance, development and reproduction" of an organism, shares the characteristic limitation of all biological criteria, a failure to distinguish

between man as mere organism and man as person. She does not, indeed, confine herself within the limits of any particular interpretation. She is impressed by the evidence that neuroses are often caused by failure to adapt oneself to the society in which one lives, and rates conformity to communal standards very highly. She refers to the investigations of anthropologists who have claimed to show that human standards and behaviour are almost entirely determined by the "culture concept" of the society in which one lives, and remarks that religious sanctions for morality are not needed as the primary moral sanction is the need to keep in step. The sense men have of the absoluteness of moral standards she attributes to the psychological mechanism of the super-ego.

Her treatment of such problems, based as it is on assorted scraps drawn from the physical and social sciences, reveals the limitations of any ethical analysis which is not based on insight drawn from the personal level of experience. The kind of experience on which she sets most store, that of adjusting oneself to the society in which one lives, is precisely the experience which personalist and existentialist thought ranks least highly and indeed describes as 'inauthentic'. Both to Kierkegaard and Sartre, both to the Christian and atheist existentialist, 'authentic' personality only begins when the individual begins to distinguish himself from custom and tradition and the codes of society, and to build a value structure that is 'personal', an individual creation. Did not Jesus, indeed, teach the same when he sought to replace the dispensation of the law by that of the spirit? Professor Wootton takes into little account the consideration that personality at its higher levels is both self regulating and unique. The more man achieves his full potentialities, the more fully he enters into the rich, individualized world of personal relations, the less is the part that social conditioning and 'moral principles' play in his behaviour. Her book is one more illustration of the truth that the scientific approach is better adapted to dealing with the simpler and more primitive modes of behaviour than with the more developed and more personal; it is certainly much more difficult in the case of highly differentiated personalities to find those statistical regularities on which the social scientist counts for the discovery of his laws.

The tendency of the social scientist to overlook the truth that the true development of the person is in the direction of replacing communal conditioning by self regulation is not without its dangers. In the first place, the scientist is apt to exaggerate the extent to which we should try to change the nature of man through what William Reich calls "a scientifically regulated social order" or a "planned economy of human biological energy." With the help of the scientist society can undoubtedly control with a very high degree of efficiency the behaviour of man. A number of contemporary

satires, for example, Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's 1984 have shown us how society can be scientifically planned. But such planning is always at the expense of the maiming of personality, the destruction of all that is most human in man. The lesson that needs to be drawn is that the rôle of the social scientist should be thought of as largely a negative one, the removal of those conditions which inhibit man's capacity for self-regulation, that prevent him from rising from the level of organism to that of 'person'.

Unfortunately the particular preoccupation and bias of the scientist, in particular when he displays a marked disposition towards 'scientism', tend to impoverish his understanding of the personal world. A hundred years ago Kierkegaard observed, among men absorbed in the study of science and the objective world, a tendency to arrested development as far as the religious, ethical and aesthetic worlds were concerned. Laboratory studies do not demand that capacity for moral decision, for personal relationships, for aesthetic appreciation and creation which are involved in a truly human existence. Professor Wootton is, of course, right in urging that the social scientist has a valuable rôle to play, but it is inadvisable either to over-emphasize it or to overlook its dangers or to give the social scientist too much power.

In his book *What Dare I Think?*, a book dedicated to the cause of 'scientific humanism', Julian Huxley remarked that unfortunately the over-specialization of our time was tending to produce one class of individuals with scientific hypertrophy and religious atrophy and another with scientific atrophy and religious hypertrophy; the former class failed to understand that values are perceived emotionally and regarded religion as a pathological phenomenon; the latter class glorified the values of aesthetic and religious experience but had an undisguised contempt for the results and methods of science. Professor Huxley added that the evils of what he referred to as the antagonism between science and a true humanism were incalculable, preventing as it did the right and vigorous application of the united faculties of the soul for the solution of our problems. With all its merits Barbara Wootton's book displays precisely the scientific hypertrophy of which Julian Huxley was speaking. In particular she fails to recognize that the scientific mode of experience, the mode of approaching reality through the observation and discovery of objective fact and reliable knowledge, differs fundamentally from the personal mode, the religious and aesthetic mode, which is concerned primarily with value and personal relationships. The error is a serious and widespread one, and an attack on it is worthy of some of that combativeness which she shows in her own cause.

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

SCIENTISM AND PROFESSOR BARBARA WOOTTON—II

BY BARBARA WOOTTON

I MUST confess that I find Mr. Coates's method of controversy rather difficult to deal with. Much of his article consists of assertion, unsupported by argument; indeed his case largely rests upon a denial of the necessity for, or even the validity of, argument. His opening summary of Berdyaev's views on the proper relations of science and philosophy, for instance, illustrates the difficulty. On the assumption that whenever Berdyaev's opinions conflict with those of someone else, Berdyaev is necessarily right and the other chap wrong, this would be helpful. But unless we make that assumption, all that emerges is that Mr. Coates prefers Berdyaev's opinions to mine. Those who do not agree with Berdyaev on this or that point are unlikely to be moved by the discovery that Berdyaev does not agree with them—unless and until some evidence can be produced which will settle the issue between them. Nor do I myself think that an intellectual argument is strengthened by personal vilification of those who find it unconvincing. Mr. Coates makes reference to my "obtuseness", and accuses me of making "a series of excursions . . . into fields" in which I have "little competence", and of writing on topics that I "clearly do not begin to understand." If these charges are well-founded, I should have thought that the fact would emerge unmistakably from the "egregious blunders" that I must have made. My book* is, as Mr. Coates says, combative; but not, I submit, on this plane.

The essential difference between Mr. Coates and myself is in the value which we place as evidence on "insight drawn from the personal level of experience." Actually he is mistaken in saying that I fail to distinguish between "the personal world, which has the uniqueness of personality itself, and the world of scientific knowledge, which is the same for everyone." On the contrary, I attach as much importance to this distinction as he does, as he may see from page 171, where I suggest that one of the fundamental reasons why much aesthetic criticism is ineffective is this very failure to distinguish between "having an experience and asking questions about that experience." The real difference between Mr. Coates and myself is not that the one does, and the other does not, recognize the existence of "personally apprehended ethical and aesthetic values", or of

* *Testament of Social Science*, by Barbara Wootton. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

man's urge to "fit his valuations into a general metaphysical picture": the real difference turns on the *interpretation* of those personal experiences, and the light which we expect them to throw upon the problems of human social life.

If I understand them rightly, Mr. Coates and Berdyaev hold that these experiences are in some sense superior to scientific knowledge, which being concerned only "with the objective world" is in fact the "appropriate mode of communion of the spiritually disintegrated." The spiritual value of personal aesthetic and religious experiences is a matter which (on Mr. Coates's argument—and also, incidentally, on mine!) everyone must judge for himself. I am concerned in my book only with their status as evidence of this very "objective world" in which we live. Part of Mr. Coates's quarrel seems indeed to boil down to a complaint that I have not written a book in praise of mysticism, instead of a study of scientific method. Actually I made no attempt to assess the spiritual value of purely personal experiences, because to do so would have been quite irrelevant to my subject; and this would indeed have been an "excursion into a field in which I have little competence." I was only led on from an analysis of method in the social sciences to a discussion of religion, morals and art because I have found from experience that there is an area here where two kinds of "knowledge" may come into conflict; and one has to find a criterion by which to judge between them. Incidentally, it may be of interest to add that this experience was quite unexpected. When I began to study and teach the social sciences some years ago, it never occurred to me that I should find myself writing a book that was largely concerned with religious and theological doctrines. My doing so was the direct result of the resistance which I found that many people offered, when it was a question of social problems, to the basic scientific principle of following the argument from observation wherever it may lead. Similarly, from their side also the Christians are coming to recognize the beginnings of a new conflict. Thus Dr. Langmead Casserley, writing from a specifically Christian standpoint in his new book on *Morals and Man in the Social Sciences*,* foresees that "a conflict between religion and the social sciences will become, as the latter develop and establish themselves, more and more of a possibility."

Leaving on one side the question of spiritual valuation (and this is an unprofitable theme for argument since it can in the nature of the case only be dealt with by assertion and counter assertion), we are thus left with these two sometimes conflicting sources of "knowledge"—science and insight. Even here I have frankly admitted (p. 104) that, where revelation does not deal with the same phenomena as science,

* *Morals and Man in the Social Sciences*, by J. V. Langmead Casserley. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

or produce accounts of phenomena which conflict with those reached by scientific method, "the scientist is in no position categorically to deny the claim of revelation as a source of knowledge." I do, however, go on to say that a scientist is bound to emphasize the universality of his own data, in contrast with the limited and contradictory character of what is revealed; and that he will naturally expect the findings of revelation or of insight to be treated, like his own laws, as hypotheses open to modification in the light of later knowledge.

This is the crux of the matter. As Mr. Coates rightly points out, I criticize revelation for its lack of universality and irresistibility. Anyone who is looking for practical help in the solution of a number of pressing social problems can hardly do otherwise, because personal experience in this context is, as Mr. Coates so aptly emphasizes, unique. And by definition you cannot learn from any unique experience, since learning consists in interpreting one situation in the light of a similar one that you have met before. The trouble about dreams and visions is just their very deficiency in that impersonal universality which makes scientific demonstration so convincing. People derive all sorts of things from their inner personal experiences. One man will be seized with an overwhelming sense of the presence and love of a divine being; another will be convinced that he is himself a re-incarnation of Napoleon; and occasionally (but not, in our society very often) one may even be found who is overwhelmed with the urge to sell all his possessions and give the proceeds to the poor. One man's vision is, in fact, another man's delusion; and this situation is not resolved by each blandly asserting that his own experience is "the truth". In view of all the conflicts, and of the very sizeable body of people who derive no conviction of truth from any such experience, it is just no use claiming that from these sources we can arrive at truths comparable to the proposition that water turns to ice when it gets very cold.

And, of course, half the time Mr. Coates doesn't claim this. One might fairly say that he first explicitly renounces this claim and then goes on implicitly to assume its validity. By way of denial, he says that "the good metaphysician would, indeed, realize that his interpretation is incapable of being checked by any scientific test . . ." and "cannot *prove* (italics mine) the truth of his interpretation" but he will "take into account all available knowledge." Yet a few paragraphs earlier J. B. Coates, following Berdyaev, has declared that "philosophy has an intuitive basis, every true philosopher having an original intuition of his own, deriving from the uniqueness of his experience. . . . The significance of science must be assessed by philosophy, using criteria which science itself is unable either to supply or to judge." Surely if that is so, it is really a confession of

weakness on the part of the metaphysician even to have hinted at the possibility of applying a scientific test to his theories, still more to "take into account all available knowledge." He should have had the courage of Berdyaev's and J. B. Coates's convictions and boldly declared: "Science says so and so, but philosophy, which is derived from my unique experience, assesses this as an observation of low significance. Kindly, therefore, pay little attention to this discovery of science." Could anyone say more plainly: "Daddy knows best"? I wonder why Berdyaev, with Mr. Coates apparently in support, accuses his opponents of "intellectual arrogance"?

Mr. Coates, having on the one hand admitted that no good metaphysician can prove his interpretations, does not shrink, when it suits his case, from proclaiming on the other his own philosophic intuitions as "truths". Thus we read of the tendency of the social scientist to overlook the "*truth* (italics mine) that the true development of the person is in the direction of replacing communal conditioning by self-regulation." What is this "truth" and where does it come from? It is unfavourably contrasted with some hypotheses of mine, which, according to Mr. Coates, are based on "assorted scraps from the physical and social sciences", and are held to be inadequate because they are not "based on insight drawn from the level of personal experience." It is, of course, a matter of opinion, but I would hold to the view that a proposition for which some scientific evidence is adduced (and I would have hoped that this was not quite so scrappy as Mr. Coates makes out) really has a better claim to consideration than one based on my own, or Mr. Coates's, or Hitler's personal intuitive insight. Significantly, Mr. Coates gives no evidence, other than his own personal insight for this "truth" that the "true development of the person is in the direction of replacing communal conditioning by self-regulation." Actually, I myself happen to think that there is a good deal of evidence for such a view (even on the psycho-biological criterion of ethics which I have tentatively suggested in my book); but Mr. Coates cannot, of course, deign to look at, or to quote any evidence, because to do so would be to admit the dilemma that his proposition must be either a personal value-judgment, which can neither be proved nor refuted by evidence; or an intellectual proposition which must stand or fall by the weight of evidence for or against it. To admit this dilemma would be fatal to a thesis in which he is in fact trying to have it both ways, claiming the authority of demonstrated truth for his private opinions. Mr. Coates has every right to believe in the value of self-regulation as opposed to communal conditioning; but he must not denounce other people because they refuse to allow this opinion, even when dressed up as unique philosophic experience, to carry the weight of conviction that attaches to truths that are scientifically demonstrated.

This "insight" business is, of course, dangerous doctrine. It carries the risk of intolerance, implicit in all authoritarian doctrines. The risk peeps out even in Mr. Coates's article. "Professor Wootton is, of course, right in urging that the social scientist has a valuable rôle to play, but it is inadvisable either to over-emphasize it or to overlook its dangers or to give the social scientist too much power." The sentence has a strangely familiar ring; the scientist is all right as long as he doesn't find out too much, and people don't get to hear of, and to set store by, what he has to say. Those are the "dangers" against which we must protect ourselves—by methods, one fears, which are only too well known. Shades of Galileo! Shades of Darwin! But shades perhaps also of King Canute!

Mr. Coates is, moreover, unduly ready to ascribe to others the dogmatism that is inherent in his own assertions. He has, in fact, seriously misrepresented the whole of my chapter on morals. Throughout my book I was extremely careful to distinguish between observations of phenomena, which are a legitimate basis for scientific discovery, and value-judgments, which are beyond the reach of science, and must in the last resort be matters of opinion, or as some would prefer to say, matters of taste. I do not see how he can say: "She annexes the province of ethics for science" if he has read the following passage which appears (p. 119) at the opening of my chapter on morals.

Science establishes laws of association, but laws of association are like maps; they show you which road leads to which destination, but they cannot tell you where you ought to go. So there comes a point, in questions of morals, or, indeed, in any choice of ultimate ends, at which science can no longer speak with authority. This much, indeed, we are bound at some point to admit, though it does not follow that science has no hints to give on the matter, still less that she has no comment to make on the authoritarian judgments made by others.

Five pages later I repeat the caution:

At some point . . . we reach an ultimate end or value which cannot be explained in terms of anything else. . . . At this point the accepted proofs of scientific demonstration are no longer available. In the natural sciences proof is finally established by appeal to primary sensory data. . . . With the best will in the world we cannot find a similar standard of direct, primary, universally recognized experience which determines our notions of morality so clearly that nobody, unless perhaps a professional philosopher, worries about their validity.

Subject *always* to that proviso, I have then set out to find a criterion of ethical value, which, though its validity cannot be scientifically demonstrated, seems likely to appeal to the scientifically-minded, and to be more consistent than are some others with a scientific approach to social questions. Stated very shortly, the ethical system which I arrive at is one that regards as moral those actions which promote

the full mental and physical development of individual human organisms ; but this summary formulation necessarily lacks precision, and to put into one sentence what demands a whole chapter of clarification and discussion is just to invite misunderstanding. I will only add that the criterion proposed is essentially a human standard, based on what appears to be good for man, without any claim that this is good in any absolute sense beyond that. It may perhaps appeal to the scientifically-minded, because it is conceived in biological terms ; and biology is the science concerned with living creatures, of which man is one species. It "brings the moral activities of our uniquely endowed species into harmony with the 'directiveness and creativeness inherent' in all life ; it is consistent with the discoveries of science in the fields of biology and psychology ; and it does not require any superfluous, still less any supernatural, hypothesis. I know no other system of moral values of which all these things can be said."

At the very least such an ethical system is, I suggest, likely to be more widely acceptable than one that is based upon our traditional Christianity. The difficulty about the Christian ethic to-day is that Christian doctrine has to be so much watered down to make it credible to anybody with even the smallest smattering of scientific knowledge—with the result that the moral precepts of Christianity are left in mid-air, robbed of any solid foundation. Our society does indeed take a tremendous risk in allowing its morality to depend either upon people pretending to believe a miraculous story which they plainly find incredible, or upon the willingness of the public at large to perform the complicated mental gymnastics by which modern theologians contrive to make this story mean something different from what it says—gymnastics, which significantly enough, figure more in learned works that are read by the few, than in sermons and exhortations addressed to the many, which still constantly imply the literal truth of the gospel story. Most of the population of this island do not normally go to Church, and show no sign of any effective belief in Christianity. There is, therefore, real danger of a moral vacuum, and a real need for this to be filled in terms that are in harmony with the magnificent body of new knowledge that the human mind has established in the past two centuries—knowledge which incidentally is itself the primary cause of the rejection of religious dogmas. I have merely suggested the conception of "the normal completion or actualization of the whole organism"—in popular terms the attainment of mental and physical health—as one person's contribution towards the important task of filling that vacuum.

Mr. Coates may quote Messrs. Berdyaev, Kierkegaard, Scheler and Jaspers to prove that all this is the product of a "slavish

mentality," "spiritual debasement" and "aridity of spirit". I can only say that it does not feel like that. The work of pushing forward the frontiers of knowledge into the territory of ignorance and superstition is always immensely exciting ; and it yields deep and lasting satisfactions—satisfactions which are greater than ever now that man has begun seriously to apply to his own nature and problems the techniques by which he has gained so amazing a mastery of his material environment. Moreover, there are plenty of witnesses to testify that the scientific approach to human problems in no way inhibits feelings of love for other human beings, or aesthetic emotion, or even a sense of awe at the majesty of the universe. Some of these experiences have been, and others may soon be, scientifically "explained" ; their quality to those who experience them remains unaffected. Maternal affection has a very obvious biological function ; but mothers do not love their children less for knowing that. I can but repeat : there is a difference—a world of difference—between having an emotional experience, and asking, or even answering, questions about it. But, notwithstanding Mr. Coates, however delightful and satisfying these inner personal experiences may be, they have repeatedly shown themselves to be unreliable foundations for propositions about the nature of man and the world in which he lives. Science continues to win every time at that.

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RACINE IN THE EUROPEAN TRADITION

BY DENIS SAURAT

THE opportunity to look into the question of Racine's qualities from both a French and a European point of view is provided by Dr. Brereton's critical biography*. This will certainly take its place among the best books in French and in English not only on Racine but on the French classical tradition generally. Since Lytton Strachey's statements in his *Landmarks in French Literature* (1912) I do not think that anything so important in this field has appeared in English. It is therefore possible, since the light skirmishing of Strachey has been followed by the thorough-going strategy of Dr. Brereton, that a certain point has been reached in the English appreciation of Racine at least among the really cultured public.

Dr. Brereton has written first of all a very lively biography. It is as entertaining as any historical novel and yet the documentation is unimpeachable. Many readers will learn with a kind of awe that at one time Louis XIV, a staunch friend and admirer of Racine, was prevailed upon to allow a royal warrant to be issued for the arrest of Racine as a poisoner. This occurred in 1680 after all his triumphs and was connected with the famous poisoning trial that centred round La Voisin. Needless to say, Racine was quite innocent and though not arrested he seems to have had a great scare. This was not really such an exceptional situation in his life as might be thought and Dr. Brereton's chapters entitled "Towards Security" and "The *Bourgeois* Years" explain only too well that Racine indeed needed peace during the last period of his 60 years' life. Much of the chatter and many of the extraordinary adventures of the century are fascinatingly presented in this book.

Alongside a narrative that will give pleasure to the most unsophisticated reader, literary criticism accompanies the analysis of the plays and culminates in an admirable last chapter on the originality of Racine. We are shown the perfect technique of his language and verse—and also why no-one can ever make use of either that language or that kind of verse again. We are shown also the technique of play construction in the hands of a master who was faultless in his great dramas—possibly the only one to be so. Besides this quality of form Dr. Brereton explains the originality of Racine in

his treatment of love and of female character. "Racine's achievement was to weave the analysis into the action so closely that the two became one—such characters, more remote from reality than any Cornelian giants or Shakespearian virgins, he presents with so masterly an illusion of life that they have become an essential factor in West European literature, which to-day would be crippled without them." Thus it would seem that the women in Meredith and in Virginia Woolf belong to a tradition really founded by Racine.

This puts the problem of European culture clearly before us. Pope's well-known lines are no longer an adequate explanation :

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms ;
Her art victorious triumph'd o'er our arms.

And if this explanation of French influence is insufficient, perhaps the repudiation of that influence is also in some measure unjustified. On many occasions Dr. Brereton quotes Mallarmé alongside Racine, and the lasting influence of the French symbolists and post-symbolists on English literature is a subject for thought. If Racine were as thoroughly repudiated as his critics thought, would the English have gone back to that France of Mallarmé which was not so different as some think from the France of Racine ?

It is not sufficiently realized that the great French classical period from Pascal to Voltaire is not only a French triumph but is also the expression of a permanent European mentality. In fact, if you compare the French middle ages and the French Renaissance with the French seventeenth century, it might be said that the French classical school is not properly French at all. This of course was held to be the truth by Victor Hugo and the whole romantic school who were partly right although largely wrong. Why did Europe in the seventeenth century, as Pope bears witness, accept so wholeheartedly the cult of Racine ? It is surely no explanation to say that it was because Louis XIV had been defeated. About 1700, the French were universally detested in Europe. Why should Europe accept their literature had it not been that in that literature Europe recognized something it had been striving after for centuries ? In Racine and Molière and Boileau, just as later in Voltaire, Europe saw what it had been looking for since 1300. A careful reading of Dr. Brereton's last chapter will lead any impartial mind to the conclusion that this ideal woman created at last in perfect artistic form by Racine is none other than the ideal woman longed for by Dante and Petrarch. Racine did not create this type by brooding over Dante and Petrarch (as far as we can tell Racine could have known very little about them). It was the whole of Europe that was trying once more to express its highest dream. We find glimpses of

* *Jean Racine* by Geoffrey Brereton. Cassell. 22s. 6d.

it in Chaucer and indeed more than mere glimpses. The dream is in Shakespeare ; and Ruskin's disquisition on Shakespeare's women and their superiority to Shakespeare's men could be applied to Racine with but a few changes. Ben Jonson, 60 years before Racine or Molière, is striving after qualities which are to be found fully grown in the great French dramatists. And Jonson represents the English intellect at least as much and possibly more than Shakespeare himself. The tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are prefigurations in English of the French achievements by Corneille and Racine. It would be easy to show that in Spain Calderon and even the awe-inspiring Lope de Vega as well as many others were also predecessors of the French and there were others in Italy whose names have not grown big enough.

Nor is this surprising. The whole of Europe had been brought up on Greek and Latin classics and the whole of Europe had added to this fundamental patrimony its own peculiar acquisition of Christian ideals. No single nation in Europe had yet disturbed this common inheritance by separatist efforts. Culture had been one from Dante to Racine and each of the European peoples had acquired as much as it could. Popular romances and individualistic poets had really had very little influence. They had been fashions for cultured ladies rather than seriously-taken trends. The other nations had had greater literary men than the French : Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, Cervantes had and have more power and more breadth than Racine and Molière. But somehow not one of them had really expressed what Europe was seeking ; probably just because their individualities were so much more powerful than those of the French classics. Europe could not recognize itself in the ferocity of Dante or in the excessive sophistication of Petrarch, any more than in the gigantic disorder of Shakespeare. It did recognize itself in Molière and Racine and Boileau. Dr. Brereton allows himself the easy taunt against Boileau. It is tempting to triumph over Boileau but Voltaire said that it brought bad luck to the blasphemer ; in his main ideas, Boileau was entirely in the right and still is. After the recognition of Racine's greatness will come the recognition of Boileau's greatness. But this can only be a parenthesis now.

So let us revert to Lytton Strachey as a witness of the solidity, so often misunderstood and even unperceived, of the French influence :

At the present day, all over Europe, the main characteristics of the average play may be traced straight back to their source in the dominating genius of Molière.

We must look, not at Shakespeare's masterpieces, for they are transfused and consecrated with the light of transcendent genius, but at the average play of an ordinary Elizabethan playwright, or even at one of the lesser works of Shakespeare himself. And, if we look here, it will become apparent that the dramatic tradition of the Elizabethan age was an extremely faulty one. It allowed, it is true, of great richness, great variety, and the sublimest heights of poetry ; but it also allowed of

an almost incredible looseness of structure and vagueness of purpose, of dullness, of insipidity, and of bad taste.

Nor can there be any doubt that Racine's view of what a drama should be has been justified by the subsequent history of the stage. The Elizabethan tradition has died out—or rather it has left the theatre, and become absorbed in the modern novel, and it is the drama of crisis—such as Racine conceived it—which is now the accepted model of what a stage-play should be.

Dr. Brereton's book thus brings us to a consideration of one of the fundamental trends of European literature—not of course the only tendency, but the only one that is constant. From the opposed tendency which may be called a romantic one and which is also a fundamental European position, no coherent picture can be drawn. The so-called "romantic" or purely individualistic element in each writer is of necessity inimitable and at enmity with the originality of every other writer. There is no common measure between what is purely Dantesque in Dante and what is purely Shakespearian in Shakespeare. (Luckily both carry also much of the *classical* tradition.) Lovers of great poetry may justifiably maintain that they care most dearly in each poet for what is peculiar and inimitable in him and none can say them nay. But they run the risk of being merely literary epicureans bent solely on enjoying themselves. A wider problem is before those who care about culture, as such, and the very future of civilization. The romantic cult leads necessarily to anarchy since each man being a law unto himself each nation is a law unto itself. Then what of the future ? Europe to-day speaks no common language, and it cannot speak a common language because it has not a common mentality. I do not mean only that we have no means of intellectual intercourse with Russia—that is too obvious—but we have none with Germany or Spain and we really know very little about Italy. Even between France and England at the present day there is really no common language and the two nations in 1951 do not understand each other at all. It may be that a more European point of view prevails among the smaller nations, the cultured people of Switzerland and Sweden with many others, but what can they do ? (Let alone the Americans, either northern or southern). We in Europe to-day do not mean the same thing, from one nation to the other, when we use apparently the same words, and more fundamentally when we seem to agree about the same ideas. Our implications are different and sometimes radically different.

It is a delusion to think that we can create a common language and understand one another if we begin by agreeing on practical things, like railway lines and the distribution of coal or the production of steel. However necessary those operations may be they will always hide potential catastrophes unless the aims behind the practical arrangements are in harmony among the different nations. Taking

this argument higher, unless the various nations are in agreement at the top about some ideal common to most of them, nothing of any permanent value will be done even in the arrangements of railways and steel. In other words, unless a common culture is once more created throughout Europe, nothing can be achieved that will put an end to our present most dangerous situation. This does not mean in the least that political problems can be solved by solving artistic ones. But it means that the work of the artist is an essential part of the solution, though it may not be sufficient in itself any more than practical arrangements are sufficient in themselves. But unless you achieve an *entente* in the domain of the mind as well as in practical affairs, nothing can be done.

The solution of the theoretical problem is therefore essential and this problem can only be solved in the realm of art and more particularly of literature. On the highest level of all, here are no dissident interests as there are in political matters. There are no ruling incompetent and haphazard mobs to change an electoral situation from month to month or from day to day. There are no would-be tyrants with power and no professional *arrivists* with irresistible intrigues. Here, quality only decides and in the course of a few years and after some oscillations quality always tells. And yet by a strange but natural phenomenon in this domain where everything is so easy if only literary or artistic genius is present, there is really very little that we can do except see clearly what the situation is. We can neither produce genius nor direct it but we can see it when it is there and long for it when it is not; it may be that the clear realization of a problem is a sort of prayer to higher powers and elicits some answer.

Let us face, however, that the fact that Europe has at some period in the past been a unity and that Racine has at one point been a spokesman of that unity at its highest, can only help us indirectly now. To try to write like Racine, or construct a play as he constructed his—even to think of women, be it ideal women, as he did—would be a ridiculous failure. Dr. Brereton notes well that these conceptions and practices are “remote from reality” and are a “masterly illusion of life.” We cannot reconstruct a culture on the forms of art or on the thoughts of the past. Racine is essentially useful to us, if we understand him, because he proves to us that our problem can be solved. He had as much of a problem—together with Corneille and Molière and Boileau and Bossuet—as we have to-day. It was possible to construct a European unity in the seventeenth century; it is possible theoretically therefore to construct a European ideal now. No doubt it will have to be totally different from the Racinian picture and no doubt the forms of expression employed will have to be quite different too. Nevertheless, there will have to be, since Europe is a continuity, something in common between

Racine and us as there was something in common between even Dante and Shakespeare and Racine. The deep soul of Europe must surely continue; otherwise a totally different “thing”—one dare not say civilization—will emerge. It will no longer be us.

Meditation over the past is consequently an essential element to our construction of the future. Hence the vital importance of Racine to-day as a model of what has been done in the past and an omen of what might be done in the future. From this point of view perhaps not sufficient attention has been paid to Mr. T. S. Eliot's very curious *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* which seems to be concerned with the past but which is really preoccupied with the future. In many ways Dr. Brereton's book on Racine, unconnected though it be with the present-day poet's meditations, is one of the best possible illustrations in practical history of the inner meaning of Mr. T. S. Eliot's book. It is perhaps not too optimistic to think that the concern with our present situation shown in works of this kind and the quality of thinking that is thereby evidenced, are hopeful symptoms for our future.

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FIRE ON THE SIERRA

BY TERENCE DENNIS

THROUGHOUT the night the train had climbed the huge Castilian plateau, had ground its way from the green Basque valleys, higher and higher into Old Castile. There were long pauses: at Burgos, at Valladolid and Medina del Campo; there were impassioned farewells and elaborate salutations at corridor windows in the small hours. The train roared on into the southern night, wound round cataracts of rock and the dried beds of rivers. And then against the skyline the city of Saint Teresa rose paper-white in the dawn to crown its hill with many towers.

Dizzy with sleep, we clambered down and stepped across the rails into the dimly-lit station. Colour was returning; it flooded the sky and striped the posters that announced forthcoming bullfights. "Si, si, Señor," cried the porter. He seized our suitcases and swung them aloft. "Avila de los Caballeros!" He grinned, pointed to the distance, and trundled his hand-cart over the paving stones. The town slept on in the rose-fire of dawn, one's footsteps echoed emptily along the narrow, twisting streets—streets that were like stone corridors. The porter stopped before a door in a wall and clapped his hands. Nothing happened. There followed another outburst of clapping, and down the cobbled hill came the night-watchman, rattling his keys. The door was unlocked, and I stepped into a small courtyard. A flight of stairs led up to the hotel entrance, and there in the lighted doorway stood Señora Miranda. Muffled in a wrapper, her hair pinned to the top of her head, and her hands extended in a gesture of welcome, she had the resigned air of one doomed to witness a perpetual series of arrivals and departures. "Ah, how very, very tired you must be after that long journey!" Without doubting her sincerity, it was evident that she had used some such phrase for many years. Drawing her wrapper round her, she waved us gently onwards into a tiled hall, urged us towards a wall sofa where, beneath a panel that depicted a glowing *señorita* gazing at a representation of dead poultry we drank thick black coffee. The hall evidently served as lounge and general meeting place, and had a certain austerity which the owner had tried to dispel by an arrangement of potted plants, balanced precariously upon bamboo tables or suspended by means of chains from the ceiling.

Awakened at midday by a murmur of many voices, I sprang out of bed and threw back the shutters. The enclosed balcony with its scrolled ironwork hung over the street, almost touched the heads of the people crowding towards the fruit and flower market at the top of the hill. Those going up met and mingled with those coming down, and above the tumult was heard the exhortation of the blind man, who was selling lottery tickets at the street corner. After a late Spanish luncheon we sat in the hotel garden, a sanded square crushed between the fortification of the cathedral wall and a blur of red, frilled roofs. It was intensely hot and still; the façade of the hotel hung like a painted backcloth in the sunlight, its shutters closed for the siesta that lay heavily upon the town. Olimpia, the waitress, stood on the railed-off platform that served as terrace, and fingered the tortoiseshell comb in her hair.

The voices of the street had given place to an occasional shuffle of rope-soled canvas shoes, or the creak of cart-wheels; then the ring of silence would again enclose us, silence that was presently broken by a faint swishing, and a short, plump figure wreathed in cigar smoke emerged from behind the hedge of bamboos. An elderly man in a floppy straw hat, he held an empty watering-can in one hand and a bunch of zinnias in the other. "Buenos dias," he said, and his heavy, contused face remained pensive and unsmiling, closed-up, as at first sight appeared to be the case with so many Castilian countenances. With seigniorial dignity he explained that he was the husband of Señora Miranda. Ah, so we were English? Not many foreigners came to the hotel nowadays—there were certain difficulties, yes, difficulties; a sprinkling of French yes, one or two Americans even, but that was all. It was different in the old days when life was not so hard. Spain was being punished, and the punishment was terrible. He lifted his shoulders and contemplated the watering-can. Well, we must see for ourselves, here in Castile, the traditional, the true Spain. He clapped his hands for Olimpia to come and refill the can. "Yes, that is so, the true Spain," he repeated, as Olimpia carried off the can to the house. "To-day now it is the *Feria*; that is something you should see. It is what you may call a cattle-fair, and the farmers and peasants come in for miles round the province. It is an occasion when many an old mule is made to look young *Señores*." And raising two yellow-stained fingers to his hat-brim, he returned to ruminate among the bamboos.

The ring of silence dwindled, and at once a hundred sounds broke loose. In the dazzling light of late afternoon I walked down to the main plaza that was set like a great open stage for processions and *fiestas*. The wind from the sierra clutched and tugged at the café awnings, stirred the dust along the arcaded pavement where the tourists clustered. Here were little shops that exhibited filigree

brooches from Salamanca, picture postcards of sequined toreadors, and trays of quince paste. Running down jerkily from the plaza the streets and lanes straggled out beyond the walls to pile themselves above the brown-flecked deserts of the Campo—a landscape rubbed threadbare, scorched and dust-laden in summer, frozen in winter, and stretching towards sharp, bare hills. The medieval houses ran out over rocks, and built into the stones were cabins where the doors were wide open and old women sat sewing in the shade.

I descended from the hilltop that was crowded with churches, monasteries and convents and where the air was thick with prayers; the walls rose like lion-coloured cliffs, enclosing the town in a flourish of towers and gateways. Rocks glinted with pin-points of light, colours ran together, the path fell steeply among boulders. Below the walls where bridge and flour mill marked the river bank the road showed moving patterns of human beings and animals. On they came slowly rounding the curves, plodding along the scooped-out channel of the road, the men in black, dusty corduroys astride donkeys or walking in groups, the women piled into mule-carts, and the children scampering beside the wheels or running on ahead. Strung out across the surrounding plain were other processions of carts and wagons all moving towards the long field beside the river.

Along the fringe of the field and grouped slightly apart from the sellers of pumpkins and melons, the Gipsies had set up their booths—nomad shrines redolent of the fortune-teller waiting behind a ragged curtain, or the stew-pot suspended over crackling twigs—a background that was like the shifting colours of the mountains. Close by were ranged the wine vendors with their sour-smelling tables, and the stalls where one could buy sunflower seeds and coloured drinks that tasted of thunder. Here and there a cloaked figure emphasized the solemn tempo of this country *Feria*, the repetition of an ancient pattern that had grown out of the stony earth, that belonged to the mountain *pueblo* rather than the walled town of the plain. One became merged in the crowd, one's foreignness forgotten as the life of the countryside was gathered up and displayed with that vividness and intensity characteristic of the Spanish temperament.

It was a scene which (to the northern imagination at least) called for castanets and a little dancing, the snapping of fingers in staccato rhythm; but the business of buying and selling, of appraising pigs, goats and sheep appeared to be a ritual in itself, a ritual that demanded the utmost concentration as well as patience and politeness. Peasant farmers clustered in the centre of the field, pausing now and then to argue and gesticulate, to drive a bargain; they moved cautiously across the fair ground for, pressing in from all sides, were the encampments of the muleteers and herdsmen—striped blankets improvised on poles and draped in the semblance of tents. Here whole

families would gather at night, sleeping beside their animals until daylight streaked the slopes of the Sierra de Gredos and the toneless invocation of a church bell sounded from behind the town walls. Along the river bank small boys were performing cartwheels and occasionally pursuing a pig that would escape squealing from the crowd. There were appreciative cries of "*Ole! Ole!*" from spectators clustered on the bridge, and an old man became so enthusiastic that he began to practise long-range spitting into the water.

Grape-coloured clouds were swarming over the wall of mountains and blotting out the sun; the sky was suffused with a dull red glow, and the wind suddenly springing up over the plain stung the face with a gritty dust. "*La tormenta!*" cried the children, as they ran towards the muleteers' tents. "*Manuel! Juanita! Antonio! Mercedes!*" screamed a dozen distracted voices, and all at once the *Feria* broke up in confusion. Under the lashing strings of the rain the crowd began to stampede this way and that, some making for the scattered cabins at the entrance to the town, others hurrying towards the Gipsy-booths.

"A summer storm, *Señor*, it will pass," said a woman, as she paused beside one of the melon stalls. A reddish cloud of dust floated from the track that bordered the fair ground where a *cortège* of mules and horses was moving towards the bridge. "You'll see, they'll be back in quarter of an hour. I know these storms." With a superb gesture of disdain she flung a cloak over one shoulder, then glanced at the mountain range now swollen and empurpled. Flamingo wings of lightning flashed down the sky. "Fire on the sierra!" said the woman. She pointed to a distant hillside where a tiny finger of flame flickered against a background of rock. "See! Ah, yes, sometimes they blaze all night those summer fires—the ground's like tinder. I live up there and I know. It's all one can do to scratch a living at Pimpollar these days, I can tell you. Well, but merciful heaven, now there's some rain, we must be thankful for small blessings as I often tell my boy Paco. Yes, that's him waiting over there with our new mule, the one we managed to buy at the *Feria*. Go with God *Señor*."

As I climbed the stony ways into the town the plain became a sea of bright amber, the thunder rolled away over the Campo, the mountains emerged from their pall of cloud. The storm was over. Up in the great square the swallows were darting against a violet sky, the empty cafés were flickering into life. One drank chocolate, a thick, oily liquid that was too sweet. It was the hour of the *aperitif*, of gossip that had been bottled all day and was now to be sipped in the dusk; the hour, too, of the evening saunter when shopkeepers and nursemaids came out to sniff the air of the hilltop

after the storm, and to linger in the Alameda. A world of small town life humming upon balconies or at street corners, or murmuring behind the massive iron grilles. Then, as at a given signal, the Gipsies gathered in small groups along the arcaded pavement—a chorus that muttered incomprehensible asides, that all at once broke off and streamed away to the other end of the town, the men walking together, the women dragging their children after them, and leaving the dusky plaza to the tourists and the beggars.

THE WEATHER HOUSE

BY DENISE FOLLIOT

Under one roof and linked together
They swing and sway, slaves of the weather ;
He in the sun, she in the rain—
A moment's respite, then back again.

For each there is a different sky,
A different climate, wet or dry ;
For every movement a different reason,
A longing for a different season.

Yet they do not fly apart,
Firmly joined heart to heart,
Not bound by intimate affection
But by their mutual rejection.

So, when you laugh I must fret
Over moments you forget,
And your tenderness decries
The sun that warms me from your eyes.

How to meet on common ground
As we pull each other round ?
How stabilize the undefined
And complex climate of the mind ?

THE CULT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY G. F. MCCLEARY

TO many of London's visitors this summer, one of the chief places of interest will be the inner of two rooms in Baker Street, fitted up by the St. Marylebone Borough Council as a memorial to one of the borough's most illustrious residents—Mr. Sherlock Holmes. There the devotees of this great man may see the strange objects, described in *The Musgrave Ritual*, that throw light on his rare personality ; the Persian slipper in which he kept his tobacco, the unanswered correspondence transfixing by a jack-knife into the wooden mantelpiece, the wall with the "patriotic V.R. done in bullet-pocks" by him in his domestic pistol practice. The place, in short, is a reconstruction of the sitting-room occupied by Holmes in Mrs. Hudson's house, No. 221B, Baker Street.

But, you may say, Sherlock Holmes never really lived ; he is but a figment of a novelist's imagination. It depends upon what you mean by "lived". Many people have taken him to be a man of flesh and blood. Conan Doyle, in his *Memories and Adventures*, tells that when visiting the French front in the 1914-1918 war he dined with General Humbert, the commanding officer, who, fixing him with piercing eyes asked : "*Sherlock Holmes, est-ce qu'il est un soldat dans l'armée anglaise ?*" The whole table waited in dead silence for the answer. The creator of Holmes was equal to the occasion. "*Mais, mon Général,*" he replied, "*il est trop vieux pour service.*" It is also recorded that a party of French schoolboys visiting London, when asked what they wished to see first, unanimously replied : "Mr. Holmes's lodgings in Baker Street."

In another sense Holmes is a living creature. "He lives", writes Louis Untermeyer in *Profile by Gaslight*, "and will live longer than those of us who wear the gross and impermanent clothing of flesh." He is the most widely celebrated character that has appeared in literature since the great days of Charles Dickens—nay, according to Alexander Woolcott, since the coming of Don Quixote. His fame has crossed the barriers of language, nationality, race, and ideology. In *The Times* of September 28, 1946, it was stated that the Red Army library editors had recommended Sherlock Holmes to the soldiers as "the exterminator of crimes and evils, and a model of magnificent strength of thought and great culture." In America there is a flourishing society, The Baker Street Irregulars of New

York, with affiliated societies in over 40 cities of the Union, dedicated to "keeping green the memory of Sherlock Holmes." Its meetings are subject to regulations, formulated by Mr. Elmer Davis, which provide, *inter alia*, that a round of liquid refreshment shall be the financial responsibility of any member who fails to identify, by title of document and context, any quotation from the Holmes chronicles propounded by another member. It is also provided that at all meetings the anthem of the Irregulars, *The Road to Baker Street*, shall be sung to the tune of *The Road to Mandalay*.

Such being the devotion inspired by Sherlock Holmes, it is not surprising that the chronicles of his exploits should be subjected to a minute and searching textual criticism. The pioneer in this field of modern scholarship is Monsignor Ronald Knox, whose first contribution, the essay *Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes*, was communicated to the Gryphon Club at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1911, and published in his book, *Essays in Satire*, in 1928. He pointed out that each of the Holmes chronicles contains a certain number of special components, to each of which he gave an appropriate name. There are eleven of these, but only in one chronicle, *A Study in Scarlet*, are they all to be found. The first he named the *Prooimion*, "a homely Baker Street scene, with invaluable personal touches, and sometimes a demonstration by the detective"; the second is the *Exegesis kata ton diakonta*, "the client's statement of the case", and the third, the *Ichneusis*, "or personal investigation". Monsignor Knox pointed out that there were various inconsistencies in the texts. For instance, in *The Man with the Twisted Lip*, Mrs. Watson refers to her husband, Dr. John H. Watson, as "James". He mentioned also "a special kind of epigram, the Sherlockismus", giving as an example this quotation from *Silver Blaze*:

Let me call your attention to the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing at all in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," said Sherlock Holmes.

The next outstanding contribution to Holmesian scholarship was made by Mr. S. C. Roberts in his booklet, *Dr. Watson*, published in 1931. He demonstrated that Watson, who had married Miss Morstan in 1887 (or in 1888, the date is a matter of controversy), made a second marriage in 1902. This revelation, as Miss Dorothy L. Sayers put it in her book, *Unpopular Opinions*, "created a literary sensation only equalled in recent times by . . . the publication of Charlotte Brontë's love-letters to M. Héger." Evidence of the second marriage may be found in *The Blended Soldier*, one of the two chronicles written by Holmes himself. Opening this case, he wrote:

I find from my notebook that it was in January, 1903, just after the conclusion of the Boer War . . . The good Watson had at that time deserted me for a wife, the

only selfish action which I can recall in our association.

Holmes evidently resented Watson's incursions into matrimony. In *The Sign of Four*, Watson records that when he told Holmes that Miss Morstan had accepted him as a husband, the great man gave "a most dismal groan" and said: "I feared as much."

Mr. H. W. Bell, continuing the discussion of Watson's matrimonial experiences, has maintained that the 1902 marriage was not the second but the third, and that the second took place in 1896.* The reasons advanced for this view, though obviously based upon a most painstaking study of the relevant texts, have, with equal learning, been controverted by Miss Dorothy Sayers, and are not generally accepted by Holmesian scholars. Mr. Bell has, however, made an important contribution to the disputed question of the date of Watson's first marriage, upon which the chronology of *The Sign of Four* depends. Monsignor Knox and Mr. T. S. Blakeney have contended that this event took place in 1888†; but Mr. Bell, in an able argument, has shown that the right year was 1887. This view is taken also by Mr. Roberts and H. Desmond MacCarthy.‡

The Holmes texts have been scrutinized for data from which inferences might be drawn throwing light upon the education and early life of the great detective. Miss Dorothy Sayers has put forward reasons for inferring that Holmes was a Cambridge man. Her case, based chiefly upon *The Gloria Scott* and *The Musgrave Ritual* first establishes the high probability that Holmes was an undergraduate of either Oxford or Cambridge, and continues with an argument that may be summarized thus: (1) In an early stage of his University career, Holmes on his way to his college chapel was bitten by a bulldog. (2) Since dogs are not allowed in the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, Holmes must at that time have been living in lodgings in the town. (3) Oxford undergraduates live in lodgings in the later stages of their university career; Cambridge undergraduates in the earlier. Miss Sayers argues also, that Holmes was born in 1853, went up to Cambridge in 1871, took the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1874, and went to live in Montague Street, London, in 1876. She mentions also various circumstances leading to the conclusion that his college at Cambridge was Sidney Sussex.

Students of the various Holmesian texts may put the extent and accuracy of their knowledge to the proof by referring to one, or both, of the two examination papers set for the purpose, one by Mr. E. V. Knox, the other by Mr. Ivor Gunn. The former first

* H. W. Bell, *Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson*.

† R. A. Knox, *Essays in Satire*, p. 155; T. S. Blakeney, *Sherlock Holmes: Fact or Fiction?*, pp. 65-64.

‡ H. W. Bell, "The Date of *The Sign of Four*", *Baker Street Studies*, pp. 203-219; S. C. Roberts, op. cit., pp. 16-18; Desmond MacCarthy, *The Listener*, December 14, 1929. Mr. Bell also contends that Watson first met Miss Morstan in September 1887. In the *National Review* of December 1946, I gave reasons for concluding that the right month was July 1887.

appeared in the number of *Punch* for October 31, 1928, and both are reprinted in Mr. Starrett's book, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. Both papers are modelled on the historic *Pickwick Examination Paper* set for the undergraduates of Christ's College Cambridge by C. S. Calverley in 1857, the winner of the first prize being Sir Walter Besant, and of the second, Professor Skeat.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

May I be permitted to correct two statements of fact contained in the Rev. B. C. Plowright's review of my *Introduction to Social Psychology*? Writing in THE FORTNIGHTLY of May 1951, he alleges that the following sentence: "The thoughts in our minds permit us to remember past and to anticipate future anticipations," occurs in my book. In point of fact, I write on p. 13: "In man, the aims and objects of instincts can be expressed in words and become associated with ideas. The thoughts in our minds permit us to remember past, and to anticipate future, satisfactions. In his day-dreams, man can imagine the most splendid satisfactions of his various wishes."

Mr. Plowright has removed the sentence from its context and replaced the word "satisfactions" by "anticipations". This double distortion permits him to argue that the writer of the quoted sentence "is dealing with ideas that are not wholly familiar to himself." I agree with this conclusion, but the sentence to which he refers has been framed, not by me, but by himself.

Equally misleading is the following statement which he also imputes to me: "(The way) chosen by the individual depends on several innate and environmental factors." Mr. Plowright has taken these words from a passage in which I discuss three types of newspaper readers and three different ways of dealing with an unconscious phantasy. I then go on to say: "Which of these ways is chosen by the individual depends on several innate and environmental factors, the most important of which are those that affect the individual in the first five years of his life. Bearing in mind that there are at least three different ways or mechanisms of dealing with the same phantasy, we shall now examine . . ." (p. 25).

By substituting "The way" for the words "Which of these ways" and by isolating a fraction of a sentence, Mr. Plowright conveys the impression that I have naively expressed a platitude—*Cui bono?*

Yours faithfully,

OTTO FRIEDMAN.

London, W.1.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

WHAT OF LIBERTY?

BY OWEN HICKEY

THE politician has triumphed over the don in Mr. Gordon Walker.

The characteristics of both are displayed in his book* but the former predominate. The theories of western political thought get a critical airing and the author has his own contribution to make to the theory of the "natural" origin and development of the State, but even these passages echo the urgency of an orator and pamphleteer, and lack the rigour of a more academic study. The gain is a vigorous, if monotonous, style.

Like other writers before him Mr. Gordon Walker sees western society on a downward declivity with a precipice ahead. It must turn aside or else go over. His diagnosis of this predicament is new and interesting. On the theoretical side he attributes it to Cartesian metaphysics and the political philosophies it has given rise to. Socially it is due to the habits and cast of mind of "Cartesian man" whose two chief failures seem to be insatiable acquisitiveness and an ungrounded belief in the possibility of exact knowledge and consequent control of his environment. Thus Descartes is exhibited once again as the evil genius of western civilization. Professor Ryle having held him responsible for our muddle about minds, Mr. Gordon Walker blames him for the mess society is in. It is a graver charge for this is more than muddle, it is "mortal crisis". We are, he argues, in a dilemma either horn of which will pitch us into intolerable tyranny. Society may be organized on the principle of Lockean individualism, but if so it will not work for long; booms and slumps, unemploy-

ment, violence, "the flight from freedom" and tyranny will surely come. Or it may be organized according to Marxian or Hegelian ideologies, but this is to embrace tyranny in an incontinent fashion. Both principles have their roots in the Cartesian duality of *res extensa* and *res cogitans*. Either individuals are made of *res cogitans*, as Locke held, autonomous, with inalienable liberties, entering into society to improve their property—a view which rules out satisfactory co-operation from the start—or *res cogitans* is assimilated into *res extensa*, as Hobbes would have it and individuals become conscripts in the "army of unalterable law"—a view which leads to totalitarianism. Those are the horns. There is no safety to be found in steering between them (we are not told very fully why not). The solution lies in a third way which breaks out of the Cartesian dilemma altogether.

The reader's intelligence is by this time stimulated with curiosity as to what this third way might be; his emotions are also to be aroused before either are satisfied. A hundred pages are spent in tracing the growth of this Cartesian "second nature", by giving an eclectic account of changing western manners and morals and the societies that gave rise to them, in which the author leans heavily on Norbert Elias and Lewis Mumford, ending in a colourful account of the present day depravity of Cartesian man. "He defiantly glories in sin and winks at evil"; he becomes "increasingly attracted by brutality"; "in peacetime . . . (he) is repossessed by his fears and phobias, his neuroses and

* *Restatement of Liberty*, by P. C. Gordon Walker, M.P. Hutchinson 21s.

his hatreds", but "the machine, his unique creature, fills him with a dread of the war for which he harbours a secret and sinful welcome." (It is significant that it is *man* and not *men* that is under discussion. One never meets *man*, only *men*; and though one may have heard of men like these the description hardly seems to fit the Cartesian man in the street.)

After all this, the third way, which lies in the creation of a "better society" with new functions for the State, peopled by "better men", sounds a little flat. The chief reforms are that men shall replace their desire for accumulating private wealth by a desire to co-operate for social ends; the State shall exert social pressure to bring about this change in human nature, the impetus coming from the workers. It shall arrogate more powers to itself and create new offences, such as the misuse of wealth; it shall increase taxation and exercise complete economic control (though the planning will be of scarcity not of plenty, so well has the lesson of the age been learnt). On the other hand, it will guarantee a sphere of privacy for each individual in which he may misconduct himself if he so wills; there shall be no interference that is not relevant to the objectives of economic planning and social pressure. Social security, full employment and a government changeable by the party system will of course be there. More interesting than the question of whether this picture is self-consistent or realizable, is the justification Mr. Gordon Walker gives for it. It is not only that he thinks this is the only alternative to ruin but, like other political philosophers, he claims that his way is the "natural" way for society to function. His theory of society is, sketchily, as follows. Men do not associate by accident nor for profit but because if they did not they would not be men. The three marks that distinguish them from brutes are speech, reason and the sense of "sin" (by which misnomer he means a sense of shortcoming, of failing to achieve ideals). These are only

possible in association with their fellows. If they do not associate they thereby cease to be men. The traditional "state of nature" is a chimera. In society a man acquires a "second nature" which is the form that his particular society gives to these basic capacities. It is acquired first of all in the social nursery, during nonage, but after graduation it must be maintained by social pressure which acts as a compulsion on men to control their irrational tendencies. The more developed the second nature of the society the greater its social pressure must be. The "social energy" which exerts this pressure and keeps society ticking over, so to speak, comes from the energy of the individual members of the society and some of it must be tapped for social ends. It seems to be a law of this form of energy that the greater the pressure the more of it is generated. "The generation and direction of social energy is the fundamental necessity of society and so its own justification." This part of Mr. Gordon Walker's argument is summary and obscure, and it seems particularly exposed to the general objections to mechanistic thinking which he deploys at such length elsewhere. He should have elucidated this crucial section of his book. For the broad justification of his "better State" is that it generates increased social energy, and confers added rationality on its members.

And what of liberty? The restatement is of Plato's doctrine that freedom consists in control of the passionate elements in man and the exercise of rational decision. The State confers freedom in so far as its pressure is towards the control of the passions. The more of this sort of pressure the more freedom. What Mr. Gordon Walker adds to this doctrine is that for rationality to be possible the factors bearing on a decision must be predictable. This is more hinted at than elaborated. It is clear that he considers conditions of economic slump and unemployment as inimical to rationality because sound calculations are not

possible. Poverty likewise extinguishes it. He does not consider the cases of a St. Francis or a Diogenes. War in one place is quoted as removing the conditions which make rationality possible, and in another as giving scope for it. On the whole it comes out that the circumstances of their lives must be predictable and secure for men to enjoy rationality and therefore freedom. There are such obvious *prima facie* objections to this doctrine of liberty that Mr. Gordon Walker should have provided it with a more organized defence.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, Vol IV: 1901-1903, by Julian Amery. Macmillan. 30s.

In 533 pages of skilful narrative and analysis Mr. Amery has covered the course of events which raised Chamberlain to the height of his fame, if not of his power, and then left him precariously poised on the edge of the tariff reform controversy. In the autumn of 1901 Chamberlain stood out among his contemporaries on account of both the largeness of his ideas "an extraordinary man—quite absolutely on the big lines," Milner called him—and the vigour of his personality. "He moves with the force of a steam puncher manufacturing rivets. But every bit of the machinery tells. There is no waste and the driving power never ceases." By the end of 1902, as a result of his cab accident, the accession of Balfour, and the political disaster to Liberal Unionism of the Education Bill, he appeared almost as an isolated figure among English politicians, a man driven irresistibly to take a new course, and to take it at the wrong time, his "prudence declining as self-confidence grew."

The scale of Garvin's original enterprise leaves Mr. Amery with plenty of space to examine minutely Chamberlain's motives and tactics. Unfortunately Chamberlain was not the sort of

person who prepared his papers for posterity. It was not only that he had no time to care about the future: it was that with his quick mind and his shrewd eye for openings, paper was dangerous to him. The Chamberlain papers tell us nothing of Chamberlain's reflections at the end of the Boer War, of his conversations concerning a German alliance and of his shift away from it, of his discussions with Milner in South Africa, or of his inner conflicts and dreams at the end of 1902. Mr. Amery has had to depend largely on the evidence of others or on conjecture. The conjecture is often subtle and always far more frank, particularly in its account of party dealings, than Garvin's sugar-coated conjecture in the earlier volumes of this biography, but so long as so much depends on conjecture, opinions about Chamberlain will continue to differ widely. Even after studying Mr. Amery's lively account of Chamberlain's skill in changing issues, diverting rebellions, fixing meetings and framing campaigns, the reader may well feel that the *Westminster Gazette* cartoon, "Joseph before the Sphinx", bearing the caption: "Really! what a family likeness!", remains a tantalizingly apposite comment.

The answers to the riddle of the sphinx lies not so much in Chamberlain's personality, to which Mr. Amery certainly gives too much weight in foreign affairs, as in the conditions and attitudes of his times. The movements from social reform to imperialism and from imperialism to tariff reform reflected pressures, which a "natural dictator" had to learn to understand. During the political crisis of the Education Bill, which undermined the Liberal Unionist party, the radical fires in Chamberlain barely smouldered. "Why could we not 'let it alone', and leave the reform of primary education to our successors?" asked the one-time pioneer of the National Education League. This was more like philosophic Conservatism of the Salisbury variety than a gospel of action,

even of conservative action, yet in his restless attempt to escape from his corner, Chamberlain created more divisions in the ranks of Unionism than even the Education Bill had done. Thinking out new lines of action, Chamberlain accepted a stop on social expenditure in order to push forward Imperial Union, and this seemed to him like a policy of "construction", but the abandonment of social reform let in militant Liberalism, and the dread of the dear loaf slashed the "great party of union" into shreds before it had time to be born. All this was implicit in the future, when Chamberlain made his choice in the winter of 1902-1903, and, by the time he had chosen, as Mr. Amery says, "the roots of his power were beginning to decay." There remained the dramatic climaxes, which Mr. Amery will describe in the concluding volume of this indispensable biography.

ASA BRIGGS

GEORGE WYNDHAM: A Study in Toryism, by John Biggs-Davison. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 18s.

Mr. Biggs-Davison, writing well and vividly, links George Wyndham's Toryism with past and present politics. Wyndham's life was lived between 1863 and 1913. His biographer's political thesis is illuminated by a valuable reminder of the conscience, ideals and work of one whose personality inevitably holds the main interest, with the picture of him and of the setting of his life and its opportunities.

He was born a romantic of romantic ancestry. Incredibly handsome and variously gifted, he had on his father's side great English Wyndham tradition; on his mother's, that of his great-grandfather, Lord Edward FitzGerald, the romantic Irish rebel whom he closely resembled. In an age that has seen the final disappearance of Wyndham's world—one of freedom from material burdens for full expenditure otherwise of gifts—this picture appears one of a

Prince Charming in a fairy castle setting, from which he rode out to do battle for his dreams. "Man of arms, of State and of letters," and countryman. "The last of the English Knights," Chesterton called him. Brought up by his mother on the tradition of Lord Edward, Ireland drew Wyndham from childhood to the passionate love that finally broke his career of brilliant promise and his heart. Having been secretary to Arthur Balfour during Balfour's Irish Chief Secretaryship, in 1900 Wyndham himself became Chief Secretary for Ireland, saw the 1903 Land Act carried, fought vainly in a thorny field for a Catholic university (two Irish projects of King Edward's personal interest) and met the traditional fate of Ireland's lovers, on the Devolution rock to which others steered the ship, unknown to him.

In Wyndham's crowded personal life, all the full cup was his to drink and share—to exhaustion point and his early death. The intense Wyndham family love was accompanied by a genius for friendship. Statesmen, men and women of letters—to which fraternity he belonged—were only among those many in his generous, catholic friendship, and deep in it were the English country people, who were part of his love for England, and the Irish peasants, who loved Lord Edward's descendant as he loved them and to whose happiness his Land Act made, perhaps, the greatest contribution in Anglo-Irish history.

A king's man and churchman, a High Anglican, he married happily Sibell, Countess Grosvenor, who shared his faith and dreams. At Saighton, when their friends gathered there were music, reading aloud, tennis, riding and laughter and talk, delight in children and all humanities. With the Wyndhams' French and Celtic blood, their conversation was French in its mountain-climbing pursuit of the peak of a thought. "Hunting all day and reading all night," was delight to a splendid horseman. Galloping alone over English downs, he would recite

aloud "The Ballad of the White Horse".

Mr. Biggs-Davison traces, with admirable clarity, the political record and the personal romance of this life, recreating that brilliant Irish Chief Secretaryship in which Wyndham moved, a prince with royal prerogatives of patronage. He died before the war which he foresaw could end his world and the brief life of his only son. That great atonement, the Wyndham Land Act, which created a country of peasant proprietors and reversed the fundamental wrong of Anglo-Irish history—land confiscation—was the monument of a Chief Secretary descended from the Norman FitzGeralds, who were among the first twelfth-century land grabbers in Ireland.

PAMELA HINKSON

THE HISTORY OF THE XII ROYAL LANCERS, by Captain P. F. Stewart, M.C. *Geoffrey Cumberlege; Oxford University Press*. 30s.

Among the oldest cavalry regiments in the British army, the XII Lancers were raised in 1715 at a time when the glory of Marlborough's armies had already had two years in which to be forgotten—time enough for the red coat to have become again, in the best English tradition "a mark for any indignity and loathing." Immediately after its formation the regiment, then the XII Dragoons, disappeared into the obscurity of eighteenth-century Ireland, from which it did not emerge for another 75 years. Captain Stewart's account of these early years displays a state of inefficiency and corruption in the army which makes it seem a miracle that we won even a minor engagement during that century.

When the regiment left Ireland in 1793 Europe was already ablaze. Of the British forces in Flanders, a report to Dundas of that year read: "Your army is destroyed—that is to say the men are. The officers and their baggage are safe"—a state of affairs which did not suggest that the British

army was in any condition in which to meet the Revolution. Yet within the next few years the regiment saw service in Corsica, Italy and Portugal and was already taking its part in the resurgence of the British army.

In his account of the part played by the XII Lancers in Egypt, at Walcheren, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, Captain Stewart has drawn not only on regimental sources but on existing military histories from Fortescue onwards—but his best material comes from personal letters and journals. A Lieutenant Caton wrote from Egypt in 1801:

Three officers lived in a soldiers' tent formed to catch every ray of heat, and for the first three weeks we were without that comfort; at all times we slept in our cloaks in the sands, overrun with scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and a thousand other noxious reptiles, never without our clothes except to change, nor any other bed but a rough mat . . . salt pork, biscuit, rum and water for breakfast, for dinner, for everything.

How easily might that same letter have been written by Lieutenant Caton's successors 140 years later.

After 1815 the XII Lancers were in action whenever England was at war. Few regiments could claim a fuller share of the King's service. Captain Stewart writes with equal vigour of the peacetime years of regimental soldiering and his pages are enlivened by descriptive flashes which are a characteristic of the book. There is the Nizam in India in the '80s who was entertained one evening by the officers giving a display of pig sticking by moonlight—mounted on bullocks. We are not told what he thought of the entertainment. And there is the unfortunate subaltern who had to get up at four in the morning and ride off to the race-course with his captain, where he held the watch while his senior rode "20 miles round and round the race-course on relays of troop horses for exercise."

Perhaps most surprising is the story of the regimental scandal of the '70s, in which two sergeants absconded with

the takings of the sergeants' mess. Having spent the money the two returned, were tried by court-martial and reduced to the ranks. But mysteriously the finding of the court-martial was not confirmed by the Inspector-General of Cavalry and the two offenders were reinstated in their rank, but junior on the list. Meanwhile the R.Q.M.S. had been ordered, by a curious justice, to make good the deficit and had committed suicide; whereupon one of the two sergeants (named Normington) was promoted in his place. "The oddest thing of the whole unhappy business," writes the author, "was that Normington was the Inspector-General's god-son." It says much for regimental pride and tradition that the morale of the unit does not appear to have suffered seriously in the following years.

GORDON WINTER.

THE CITY OF LONDON: A Record of Destruction and Survival, with a report on reconstruction by the Planning Consultants, C. H. Holden and W. G. Holford. Improvements and Town Planning Committee of the Corporation of London. Architectural Press. 25s.

LONDON CITY CHURCHES, 1951: A Brief Guide, by Gerald Cobb. The Old Wall of the City of London, by Norman Cook, Keeper of the Guildhall Museum. Discoveries in Walbrook, 1949-50 (Guildhall Museum publication). Rebuilding the City of London, by H. Anthony Mealand, City Planning Officer. The City Corporation, 1s. each.

A work with the sub-title "A Record of Destruction and Survival" may be expected confidently to justify the description when issued under the authority of the City Corporation. One of the grievous losses of the war was the destruction or damage done to many of Wren's or his pupils' churches. What happened to them? The answer is difficult to discover here. A record is given of eight churches destroyed, 20

damaged, 11 recommended for rebuilding, and one to be used as a choir school, out of 47 surviving in 1939. But there is no ready means of checking these figures by reference to individual churches, nor of obtaining a detailed picture both of survivals and losses. This has to be built up, and then incompletely, in a paragraph in the consultants' "Final Report".

Fortunately another Corporation publication gives the facts we are in search of. Mr. Gerald Cobb, whose *Old Churches of London* (1948), is far the best recent work on the subject, has summarized it and brought it up to date in *London City Churches*, 1951, issued in association with the Friends of the City Churches. A two-page pictorial map shows all the towers and spires of the City as they existed before the bombing began; and drawings of the whole of Wren's steeples are reproduced from the larger work.

The large volume here also needs to be supplemented, and in some cases amended, by further Corporation shillingsworths. *Discoveries in Walbrook*, 1949-50, records the important but unhappily fragmentary results of the rescue work of the Guildhall Museum staff on one of the most promising sites in all London—fragmentary because it was done under the hazards of giant cranes overhead; promising because this was part of the earliest Roman London.

The Old Wall of the City of London gives the results up to the end of last year of the work directed by Mr. W. F. Grimes for the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Council. The discovery of traces of a substantial military fort at the point where the wall turns obliquely, west of Noble Street and North of Gresham Street, implies a rewriting of the accepted story of the Roman defences. Adequate maps and illustrations render this the best recent guide, though only 20 pages altogether, to London Wall. *Rebuilding the City of London* gives a short summary of the plan of the consultants, but it also supplements

them because it is up-to-date. Again there is a plan of adequate size showing the war-damaged area. The numbered half-page map of the large volume compares badly with those in these smaller guides; moreover its proposals for reconstruction as presented in the final report of the consultants is "as presented in 1947". It is now 1951.

Some qualifications must therefore be made in commending *The City of London: A Record of Destruction and Survival*. The plan of Dr. Holden and Professor Holford has been modified in some details; other parts of its proposals have been postponed. We are assured, however, that developments are already taking place within its framework and that its outline will not be disturbed by the publication, at the end of this year, of the London County Council plan for the whole of Greater London. It may and must therefore be studied by everybody interested in the future shape of London.

The most interesting sections for the general reader are Part 2, "The Historical Background", and Part 4, "Pedestrian Ways" and "Progress towards Rebuilding." In part 4, the experts are on their own ground; and it is made fascinating to those who are not experts with the help of wash drawings and photographs of proposed new views. These explain better than acres of letterpress how the ancient buildings of the City can play a part in the making of the new. In "The Historical Background" the writers, like nearly all their predecessors, are building on a shifting subsoil. A part of the record needing revision or amplification is the reference to the fort (called here a camp) discovered last year near Gresham Street. Again, the Bishop's Commission has just announced (*The Times*, June 2) a modification of its recommendations and added two to the churches to be restored. *The City of London* was already published; thus there was no omission; the fact however, illustrates the continual reshaping of London history.

The scope of the historical section

no doubt forbids archaeology, except incidentally; its broad purpose is to show the development of London from its misty beginnings nineteen centuries ago to the age of motor traffic and the problems this presents. Subject to the criticism that some of the maps are reproduced on too small a scale, the illustration and mapping of the story are among the best features of the work. Old prints are used lavishly, with photographs from the middle of the nineteenth century. The photographs of bombed London could not easily be bettered; imagination is shown in the choice of the pictures; and beauty is seen clothing the devastated sites.

Slow as reconstruction has been in starting, it is well to go and see some of the ruins with their carpet of wild flowers before the builders get too busy. The Walbrook excavation, with its series of historic layers down to Roman foundation-piles in the peat, disappeared almost overnight. The City plan represents an attempt to preserve as well as reconstruct. Such an aim is subject to continual pressure from commercial and utilitarian needs, even more from traffic claims. It will demand courage and perseverance to maintain it.

W. THOMSON HILL

TUDOR RENAISSANCE, by James Lees-Milne. Batsford. 21s.

This splendidly illustrated book is a fascinating study of the first, hesitant manifestations of Renaissance influences in England, and Mr. Lees-Milne's purpose, as he says, "is to give... emphasis to the various foreign sources of the neo-classical style, so slowly and painfully adopted by this country over a long period, which actually outlasted the reign of Elizabeth."

The Renaissance in Italy had been in flower for over a century before it began to touch the lives of northern peoples. The French invasions of Italy by Charles VIII, Louis XII and Francis I hastened the spread of

Italian influences, and a persistently competitive relationship which existed between the English and French courts quickened English awareness of new French tendencies; but in both countries classical developments made halting progress. In England, as in France, the Gothic tradition had been rooted as it had never been in Italy; in Italy, the Roman tradition had been embedded as it had never been in England and France. It is not surprising then, as Mr. Lees-Milne points out, that, in the northern countries, "well over a hundred years were to elapse after the introduction of the classical before the Gothic traditions of building were to be dispelled from common usage." In England, furthermore, the Renaissance style, at first encouraged by Henry VIII, was later to be discountenanced by him when he contrived the final severance of the English church from Rome. Nevertheless, Torrigiani's handsome tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, and the exquisite screen, carved by anonymous craftsmen in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, are significant and compelling examples of Italian classicism which were produced during this brief, pre-Reformation period.

Thereafter, the Italian artists were replaced by artists from the Protestant north. "They were no more architects than their Catholic predecessors," Mr. Lees-Milne writes, "but craftsmen of all sorts, sometimes surveyors, masons, sculptors, joiners and painters . . ." So far, the professional architect had not yet appeared in England. There is little doubt that, in domestic building, until the end of the sixteenth century, the client, helped by pattern books, designed the broad plan of his own house and relied on the experienced skill of the masons, either foreign or native, or both, to carry it out in detail.

In the spate of Tudor house building, the influence of both Catholic and Protestant foreigners is assessed by Mr. Lees-Milne as "prodigious". A medley of incongruous elements were thrown together in defiance of all

notions of architectural propriety. Remnants of Gothic mingled with Italian idioms, French details and fragments from German and Flemish pattern books. Somehow or other, the foreign and native elements blended, often with an effect of persuasive charm; but there was to be no unqualified acceptance of the classical Renaissance manner until the appearance of Inigo Jones in the seventeenth century. Mr. Lees-Milne's book, obviously the outcome of profound research, is a vivid and rewarding account of the eager improvisations of the early English Renaissance, and a scholarly description of its social and intellectual background.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

WRITTEN WITH MY LEFT HAND, by Nugent Barker. With a Foreword by Lord Gorell. *Percival Marshall*. 9s. 6d.

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE, by William Sansom. *The Hogarth Press*. 9s. 6d.

Several of Mr. Nugent Barker's distinguished, unusual tales will no doubt be known to the discriminating reader—certainly to connoisseurs of the short story in the period between the wars—for some of them have previously appeared in literary journals, including *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, and in E. J. O'Brien's *Selections of the Best Short Stories of the Year*. But how satisfactory to have at last in *Written With My Left Hand* this full, if belated, collection!

Mr. Barker's Muse is of imagination all compact, and what first strikes me is that his writing makes a quiet claim to be judged as literature. These 21 tales, of varying length, are all in Poe's phrase "on the margin", that is to say their subjects are outside normal experience, either macabre, singular, humorous, or fantastic. Each tale demands the fullest critical attention, but the best of them, such as "Curious Adventure of Mr. Bond", "The Six", "Whessoe", "The Spurs", "Gertie Macnamara", "Out of Leading-

Strings"; "Mrs. Sayce's Guy", are too hauntingly realized to be easily forgotten. In "Whessoe", which describes a ghost whose "shrunk legs appeared as though they might drop at any moment from the loosely buckled ends of his knee-breeches", apart from the sibilant suggestion of the name, the very prose of the story becomes fluid and disembodied. For contrast there is this brief vigorous description of Monsieur Charbo. "He was big, he was fat, he was like a Périgord pig, he was like a shipped goose; his great beard was as black as a fried mushroom; and his lips were as thick and as pink as a couple of Alsace sausages." Charbo talks to Grégoire, a "little, meek man, with wrinkles in his voice."

Not all these stories are, of course, equal; and there might be reason to question the authenticity of some of the country dialect. Yet, even if this is so and if sometimes Mr. Barker's style is a trifle old-fashioned, his *mise-en-scènes* are often outside space and time—he is not trying to placate any temporary *Zeitgeist*. Here are delicate singular flavourings for the essentially literary palate.

Ever since I first met Mr. William Sansom's work in *South*, passing on to some of his other short stories and then to *The Body*, I have felt that he is probably the brightest hope of our younger writers in prose fiction. His work seems to me that of a born writer, in the way one would describe a painter as 'painterly', for he obviously loves his medium, words, and has a means of using them so sharply and newly that he is able to avoid even clichés of thought; so, in telling of what might be commonplace, he rivets our attention. I think *The Face of Innocence* is perhaps his best book so far. His heroine, Eve, soon comes to life: "She glittered at me, a glitter old as sin, the wise old glitter that forces an understanding between eyes, that burns down the curtains of convention. . ."

The story, told with great skill and attack, is of Harry Camberley, a marine

engineer of forty, and of the deepening mystery of Eve, the girl he marries. It is told by Harry's oldest friend, a novelist, who acts as confidant to both and later takes a holiday with them in the South of France and in Tunisia. While it may be that some of the minor characters, Martie and Barney for example, are slightly overdrawn, Mr. Sansom shows his usual lively and acutely sensitive interest in human nature, so that his three main characters absorbingly convince. We are led on from surprise to fresh surprise and in good time to the revelation of Eve's secret. There is a compelling tension, a dynamic horse-power behind this story that is enthralling.

A word must be said about Mr. Sansom's descriptive writing. Seldom have I found pictures of the South of France and of North Africa so vivid. "Arab music whined from a radio back among the white geometry of house-shapes, a donkey brayed its rubber lament like an old motor-horn, camels frayed like weathered rope splayed past on their precise matronly feet, a cat stalked a great green mantis—at last we had settled somewhere Surreyless." Only occasionally does a piece of description fail to fuse, as if it had been lifted and incorporated straight from a note-book.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

OUTER MONGOLIA AND ITS INTERNATIONAL POSITION, by Gerard M. Friters, with an Introduction by Owen Lattimore, was the basis of an article by K. M. Smogorzewski "The Mongolian Republic" in the July 1950 number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. The book is now published in England by *Allen & Unwin*. 25s.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY, by H. G. Wells. (*Cassell*. 17s. 6d.) is a new edition, revised and brought up to date by Raymond Postgate, with maps and pictures by J. F. Horrabin.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

There are those who so far from making the pious pilgrimage would not cross a road to see where Chesterton lived or Keats died, holding that *The Defendant* and the "Ode to a Nightingale" are what matters. And, springing as it does from the belief that a man's thoughts must be independent of his surroundings, their case is good enough. But the first book here is not for them.

Genius loci

It is for those who stand outside Casa Guidi windows, awed in the Florentine sunshine because it was here the little child passed singing and the listening Elizabeth Browning found a beginning for the poem, or—beside her husband's grave in Westminster Abbey, remembering the "sunset touch . . . the chorus-ending from Euripides . . ." *SIXTEEN PORTRAITS* (Naldrett Press. 18s.) is the National Trust's happy way of presenting 14 men, Beatrix Potter and Ellen Terry who lived in houses under its care. The illustrations by Joan Hassall, from Carlyle's Chelsea home to Shaw's Corner at Ayot St. Lawrence, have the clarity of photographs with the important something more in draughtsmanship to warm and illuminate; the buildings, too, could be indications of the characters of their occupants upon which it is rewarding to ponder. L. A. G. Strong has edited the collection and himself writes the Thomas Hardy essay. With contributions all so ably matching themes it is unfair to single out a Ronald Storrs on T. E. Lawrence or a Stephen Potter on Coleridge, and this most luxurious piece of book production should delight lovers of literature (in whatever dress it comes), the members of the National Trust, and intending but procrastinating members, alike.

England's counties

To present the countryside in which stand some of these homes, two books from *Odham's Press* (10s. 6d. each) are opportune. They are *THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT IN PICTURES*, with a

Foreword and Introductions by Sir Norman Birkett (who is president of the Friends of the Lake District) and *THE HOME COUNTIES IN PICTURES*, Introduced by S. P. B. Mais. To one whose only fortnight's stay at the Lakes was accompanied by unrelenting rain and mist so thick that not a mountain, or even the opposite bank of Windermere at Ambleside could be seen, by squelchy tramps about Ruskin's Brantwood, the Herries country of Hugh Walpole and the Wordsworth shrines, followed by huddlings around great fires—and this in July—these hundred and more photographs are harrowing reminders of what was lost. For, as Sir Norman Birkett says, "surpassing beauty" is captured here. More accessible and less capricious are the quieter beauties of Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Middlesex and Surrey; a Chiltern beech wood competing in majesty with the hornbeams of Epping Forest, Beaconsfield's bow windows in charm with Farnham's Castle Street, and thatched cottages at Finchingfield with the half-timbered houses of Aldbury, are couplings at random from another more than hundred illustrations of rural joys always surprisingly so near to London.

Step gables

And from the stateliness of Windsor Castle and St. Alban's Abbey to the quays and belfry of Bruges (where rain there was none and the sun gilded to the last the steep roofs on the soft evening air a-tremble with the carillon) with Tudor Edwards in *BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG* (Batsford. 15s.), another picture book to evoke holiday pleasures and to foster dreams of those to come. Here are recreated all those towns medieval with cloth hall, *hôtel de ville*, convent and, above all, bells, which in retrospect were ever provoking argument on their merits, and whether indeed Malines' were better than Bruges'. So repulsive-attractive is their spell that a walk down Bond Street when the carillon is playing has the same effect as has

the reading of this book—you proceed in a trance of recollection.

How to be a gourmet

If sounds are memory-jerkers, not less so are smells and tastes. Here are three books that literally cater for both. The first two are *A CONTEMPLATION OF WINE* by H. Warner Allen (*Michael Joseph*. 12s. 6d.) and *THE ART OF GOOD LIVING* by André L. Simon, with a Foreword by Sir Francis Meynell (same publisher, same price). One of the first author's chapters celebrates the occasion of the 70th birthday of the second in a tribute that ends with a quotation from *The Art of Good Living*, originally published in 1929. In either of these men there is nothing of the bravado of the boy in 1917 fresh from school, though wearing the uniform of a second lieutenant, who on hearing at table in our house that someone had lately died of *delirium tremens* cast up his eyes and said piously; "What a wonderful death!" Nor, naturally, do they moralize to the point of asking you to sign the pledge. Theirs are high-spirited panegyrics, on the blessings to be obtained from bringing intelligence and a cultivated palate to the choosing of food and drink, delivered without a single hiccup. Mr. Simon in fact subtitles his book: "A Contribution to the better Understanding of Food and Drink together with a Gastronomic Vocabulary and a Wine Glossary" suitably capital-lettered. Mr. Allen starts his history before Pliny, who complained: "Forty years ago when Tiberius Claudius was Emperor, the habit of drinking on an empty stomach and taking wine regularly before meals came in, an outlandish fad . . ." The progress of the corkscrew is traced in such chapters as: "Good Fellowship in Chaucer's England", "Pasteur and the Wine-Grower", and "Calories and Christmas", and the book ends with a plea for a wine union of western Europe as a prelude to Utopia. Here's to the complete success of WUWE!

Rosemary Hume, the principal of the *Cordon Bleu* School of Cookery, in *PARTY FOOD AND DRINK* (Lighthouse)

Books: *Chatto & Windus*. 2s.) provides for a less *exalté* but equally civilized public. Her chapter headings are a practical guide to her choice of fare and recipes: "Small Dance and Fork Supper", "Wedding Reception", "Tennis Tea", "Sea or River Picnic", "Cocktail"—"Children's"—"Christmas Party" and others, and like Mr. Allen's book, hers is comprehensively indexed. All three, being addressed to a people popularly supposed to be gastronomic Goths, are as subtle in their flattery as was Macbeth when he told the false Thanes to fly "and mingle with the English epicures."

Perennial research

This observation, not nearly so subtly, ushers in the next book, *SHAKESPEARE 4: A series of yearly volumes dealing with Shakespearean discovery, history, criticism and production over all the world* (*Cambridge University Press*. 12s. 6d.). Presently despatched from here, it will go to the honoured place on the shelves beside the first three volumes. In this, Kenneth Muir leads off with "Fifty Years of Shakespearean Criticism: 1900-1950", indicates what yet remains to be done in the field, and corroborates hopes and disappointments aroused by Mr. Middleton Murry as critic "before he became a political philosopher." There is a chapter by John Gielgud which will please student and ordinary play-goer (although dogged persistence in face of highly-priced seats surely ranks the second with the first), "Tradition, Style and the Theatre To-day", in which he sees tradition "as a warning as well as an example, a danger as well as an ideal." Then M. C. Bradbrook's helpful expositions of "The Sources of *Macbeth*" leads one to a plea for the Orson Welles film, which seems to have received eyebrow raisings from some of the we-are-the-people-and-wisdom-shall-die-with-us critics. Much in its favour is to be able to see for once how Birnam Wood really did come to Dunsinane. In beauty of voice, commanding presence and brooding manner Orson Welles has

ideal qualifications for Macbeth. If his supporters (particularly Lady M.,) are not always his equal, this situation is no phenomenon. And it is not the first time the "book of the film" has been 'adapted', when the proceedings tend to turn into a holy crusade.

The way forward

A man who is not blinkered by 'adaptations', so that he is able to see THIS WAR BUSINESS as it is, is Arthur Guy Enock (*The Bodley Head*. 18s.). The details he gives are indeed, as the dust-jacket says, appalling; one sees no truth in its previous assertion that they are also "fascinating". "Loathsome" would be the appropriate word for the lists of "warlike expenditure" of 24 countries from 1900-1946 and the "war effort 1939-1945" of appliances for killing and maiming. One can only speculate with horror on figures that are accumulating, not disclosed. The author does not play any games of adding and subtracting and balancing to make statistics lie. Instead he goes back to 150 B.C., when conquered Greece became a Roman province, for some of the origins and causes that culminated in the "crash of currencies" of which the devaluation of the pound sterling in 1949 was the ignominious end. Or was it a beginning? The huge book—there are 22 other tables and 49 illustrations in the 375 close-packed pages—is the successor to this pertinacious Quaker's *The Problem of Armaments* which, ironically enough, appeared in 1923. In his concluding chapters "Means of Progress and Steps towards Solution" and "Challenge—the Way Forward" he makes it clear that: "To be free of the burden of this problem is the most urgent aspiration of the human race." And who, even before reading his indictment, could doubt that he is right?

An American Jew

Another large volume, which is also an indictment of the follies of war and an advocate of spiritual values as the

only wisdom, is *IN SEARCH*, the autobiography of Meyer Levin (Constellation Books: Vallentine, Mitchell. 12s. 6d.). It opens with the words: "This is a book about being a Jew", and tells of the Chicago boy who began writing in "the notorious Bloody Nineteenth ward", the incubating ground of gangsters. As reporter, novelist and film-writer—among his books are *Frankie and Johnnie* and *My Father's House* and he made the documentary *The Illegals*—his experiences in America, Europe and Palestine include the Spanish Civil War, the uncovering of Buchenwald and boatloads of unwanted immigrants. He is no Zionist for himself, but recognizes that others can only find in Israel a continuing Jewish culture. There is no rancour, no stressing horror for the purpose of sensationalism, but there is poise, peace and the kind of writing that makes the book, for all its length, hard to put down.

Jagoo's tales

The contemplation of man's inhumanity to man being a sorry note on which to end a piece that began so cheerfully, animal's animality to man shall have the last word, with *KILLERS ALL* (Robert Hale. 15s.). If Commander Attilio Gatti had not led ten expeditions to Africa and spent 14 years in exploration there, to become "one of the most distinguished authorities on that continent", you might be thinking he was drawing the long bow for boys' delight. Of his chapter-headings, "Ordeal by Smell", "Three Hundred Tons of Charging Buffalo" and "Midgets Introduce Me to Giants" are among the less dramatic. The splendid photographs being full of action match the startling behaviour of gorillas, crocodiles and elephants. Altogether, in warmly commending these adventures, perhaps they should not be advised for bedtime reading.

GRACE BANYARD.

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AUGUST, 1951

INFLATION IN A FREE SOCIETY

BY R. P. SCHWARZ

DR. PAUL EINZIG, seemingly as unique among his fellow-economists as his name would indicate, undertook, in the May number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, the meritorious but thankless task of warning the world against the possibility of a slump should the Russians suddenly change front and move towards a settlement of their differences with the west. Thinking faster and further than most, he wrote with much justification:

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 pre-occupations with the problem 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 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.*

Inflation is indeed the predominant pre-occupation of economists at the present time. Thus, the fifth and most striking chapter of the *Economic Survey of Europe in 1950* (the fourth in this series of annual reports by the Research and Planning Division of the Economic Commission for Europe†), is entitled: "The Problem of Inflation" and in its entirety devoted to this single subject while numerous other passages deal with some of its special aspects.

Despite the many and very great merits of the Survey, its authors would seem to exaggerate somewhat the importance of to-day's inflation, whatever its impact on world economy. This is no doubt because its significance, unquestionable on any short-term view, can only be assessed properly when placed in the perspective of long-term developments—or at any rate longer-term developments than are contemplated in that report.

It is no doubt this predominance of the short-term approach which

* "The Coming Slump", by Paul Einzig. THE FORTNIGHTLY, May 1951.

† The Economic Commission for Europe is a "subsidiary organ" of the Economic and Social Council, which is in turn one of the main organs of the United Nations organization. The report expresses the views of its authors, not of the Commission as such.

led the authors of the report to suggest a re-appreciation of European currencies against the dollar and the adoption of a system of fluctuating exchanges, instead of exchanges tied to a fixed par. Confronted with the old dilemma between stable exchange rates and a stable price level, they opt, in present conditions, for stable price levels. This appears, at first sight at least, as a reversal of the views implicit in the *Economic Survey of Europe* in 1948 when they hinted at the desirability of currency alignments, the European currencies being at that time considered as overvalued.* Not that they are to be blamed for this change of attitude. It can be justified by the complete change of circumstances that had occurred during the last no time. The only flaw is that the counter-remedy now proposed they are no better than the original medicine. For the retrospect indeed, the devaluation of sterling and many other currencies in September 1949—at any rate in the proportion then decided upon—turns out to have been a mistake. In an article which the writer wrote for THE FORTNIGHTLY of December 1949 under the title: “An Evaluation of Devaluation,” he even then risked some predictions about the evil effects that would follow from the course then chosen: a worsening in Europe’s terms of trade; a rise in the price level; the temptation to consider the dollar problem as practically solved and, as a consequence, the erroneous belief that equilibrium was being restored in world economy. Cassandra—unless she has masochistic leanings—has a thankless rôle even if events should vindicate her in the long run. Yet her rôle is necessary. Human proclivity towards self-deception, conscious, subconscious and unconscious, requires a check.

Events have largely justified those warnings. In some cases, this is quite evident. In others, events have taken the course predicted, but the writer could not claim that he was right for the right reasons. He did not for instance, in November 1949, foresee the outbreak of the Korean war in June of the following year although he might plead mitigating circumstances; he found himself, in this respect, in the company of numerous military and political intelligence services, many of them far better equipped than he for crystal-gazing. Nor did he, for this very reason, believe at that time that the currency devaluations would bring about so considerable a rise in European—and, particularly, in British gold and foreign exchange reserves. Again, he may contend that the extent of this rise was unpredictable at that time, precisely because it was one of the consequences of the Korean war provoked by the sudden demand for raw materials from

* The authors of the Survey may contend that devaluation was hinted at precisely because they considered it as a suitable means of achieving stable price levels. In their opinion, price levels then prevailing were untenable because of an excessive discrepancy between American and European prices. The fact remains, however, that the extent of this discrepancy had, to say the least, been considerably exaggerated. On this point, see *infra* Professor Hawtrey’s recent letter to *The Times*.

British Commonwealth countries and other raw material producers. The figures of Britain’s gold and foreign exchange reserves show clearly to what extent this rise was due to this extraneous event. The increase during the period September 19, 1949 (date of the devaluation) to June 30, 1949 (a period of somewhat under nine months) was equal to 1,082 million dollars. The war in Korea began on June 22, 1950 and the rise during the next nine-month period to March 31, 1951 amounted to more than double that figure, namely 2,336 million dollars. The impact of this unforeseen factor is thus quite evident.

The writer’s main contention was, however, that the devaluation of 1949—contrary to opinions currently expressed after the event—had no justification in any major discrepancy between American and European prices such as could not have been corrected by other, less objectionable means. In support of this judgment, he quoted a significant passage from the 19th Annual Report of the Bank for International Settlements. In this context, a letter from Professor R. G. Hawtrey published in *The Times* of May 10 last is not without interest. Professor Hawtrey wrote:

So long as the pound remains tied to the dollar at a fixed rate of exchange, our wage level and price level are bound eventually to be adjusted to the world price level. Since the pound was devalued in September 1949, the adjustment has been delayed and we have suffered severely from our exports being sold too cheap. The breakdown of the standstill of wages will permit of this weakness being remedied, but only by fastening upon this country a degree of inflation corresponding to devaluation. Thereby the competitive advantage which the devaluation was intended to confer on the British exporter will be nullified, but there is good reason for thinking that that advantage was never needed at all.

The final clause in the last sentence is tantamount to the recognition that devaluation was not justified by a difference in the price levels. The present writer concluded in 1949 that “devaluation had to be adopted as a hasty emergency measure, irrespective of its long-term consequences because politics on either side of the Atlantic did not permit economic recovery to be achieved by more sensible means.”

But, it may be contended, circumstances have completely changed since then. Inflation is at present a very real danger—a danger that is bound to grow as the impact of the present rearmament drive makes itself increasingly felt. A policy of appreciating European currencies in terms of dollars might thus have very real merits. Admittedly also the plea for flexible exchanges—an outright challenge, incidentally, to the Bretton Woods system administered by another United Nations organization, the International Monetary Fund at Washington—might have something to commend itself. The writer is not suspect of any tender feelings for the Bretton Woods system*. But the reasons

* See his articles which appeared in THE FORTNIGHTLY in 1944, 1945, 1946 and since.

which militate against any further tinkering with the exchange rates, whether by any country, singly, or by several, collectively—are too weighty to be dismissed. On balance, it would seem that such a measure, from a long-term point of view, would do more harm than good.

Now, exchange appreciation has generally had a very bad press. But this opposition is not in itself a reason to dismiss the idea, for the *consensus omnium* is more frequently wrong than right. Most of the reasons so far adduced by the opponents of such a measure are themselves debatable. Whether the terms of trade would move this way or that way : whether prices would fall in the appreciating countries and by how much, or at least remain stable ; whether there would be unemployment : all this is more or less problematic—far more so indeed than was in 1949 the likelihood of an adverse movement in the terms of trade, of a rise in prices and of over-employment, through the need of exporting a greater volume of goods to secure at least the same proceeds in dollars.

But there are too many unknowns in the equations by which the human mind tries to figure out this problem. They just cannot be solved. The authors of the Survey write :

On balance, it can be estimated that the fall in the average level of Europe's import prices (in case of a concerted exchange appreciation) would be roughly two thirds as great as the percentage reduction in European rates on the dollar, corresponding to a given degree of currency appreciation. In other words, if the rates on the dollar were brought down by 30 per cent., overseas import prices would fall by something like 20 per cent. and a smaller or greater change in the exchange rates would have a correspondingly smaller or greater effect in reducing import prices.

They add however :

Since European exports also enter heavily into the imports of most European countries, their expected price behaviour would tend to reduce the average fall which any one European country might expect to obtain in the prices of its total imports, as compared with the decrease in the overseas import prices of European countries taken as a group. The overall decrease in import prices for any one European country (as a member of a larger group of countries appreciating their currencies) would probably be about one half of the percentage reduction in its exchange rate of the dollar, corresponding to the degree of depreciation.

In other words, if the U.K., as one of a group of countries appreciating their currencies, reduced the dollar quotation by say 20 per cent. thus making the rate £1=\$3.50, against the present rate of \$2.80, the total saving on all its imports, from dollar countries and other countries combined, would be about 10 per cent of the total present cost of these imports at unchanged prices.

While these calculations, admittedly, are presented as hypothetical by their authors, it must be remembered that by definition, there is no hypothesis without a premiss. In this case, there are even three

premises all of which deserve careful examination. The first is the likelihood that overseas suppliers of raw materials will, at prices ruling on average at the end of 1950, secure foreign exchange proceeds from their exports to Europe and North America that look like being some 3,000 to 4,000 million dollars greater than those they obtained in 1950. The second premiss is that the United States is unlikely to provide the goods which these countries will want to purchase with the funds thus secured—a case of more money chasing fewer goods, but this time the world over and not only in one particular country. The third premiss is that the European countries—for the same reasons as the North American countries, that is, defence priorities, cuts in the production of consumption goods and inflationary demand—will in turn be unable to provide for any appreciable part of their needs.

Things may or may not turn out this way. If stringent credit restrictions were to be applied in the industrial countries, hoarding of raw materials would have to stop. Production, contrary to the assumptions of the Survey, might then if not expand, at least remain at more or less the present level and inflation might thus be confined within narrow limits if not completely arrested. Let alone a possible collapse of raw material prices, admitted by the authors of the Survey :

A collapse of raw material prices would, of course, completely alter the outlook, but the recent declines in the prices of certain key commodities—rubber, tin and wool—have done little more than wipe out the additional increases which have been registered after the end of 1950 and even a further weakening may be outweighed by the more gradual, but broader upward movement which has been imparted to primary prices in general.

The key words in this sentence, to a cautious reader at least, are “would” and “may”. While the inflationary effect of the rise in raw material prices has not yet exhausted itself, the assumptions made by Dr. Einzig in his above-mentioned article appear equally plausible, if not more so. Dr. Einzig maintained that the Russians, by a sudden reversal of their policy, which would not be the first, might suddenly propose a settlement of the conflict between east and west which their opponents, for psychological and institutional reasons, would be unable to resist. Such resistance would be impossible even if the western governments were fully aware that the net result of the settlement would only be another scrap of paper of the “peace-in-our-time” variety. On the merits of these assumptions one can only express a personal judgment. One must agree with Dr. Einzig that “Marshal Stalin and his advisers are reasonably aware that a suspension or a reversal of the rearmament race would provoke a slump in the democratic countries” and that they “are

sufficiently Machiavellian to realize the possible economic consequences of a settlement with the western powers." It should be added that militarily, the advantages of such a move would outweigh anything that even a successful struggle against the western powers might secure for them, precisely because these advantages would have been obtained by a bloodless victory. And as the whole argument is based on the premiss that Marshal Stalin and his advisers know full well what they are doing, one might as well assume that they can hardly be unaware of their quantitative inferiority in the field of industrial production, whatever their propaganda may have to say on this point for internal and external consumption. The likelihood of such a plan being present in their minds is therefore very great, as is also the probability that it will not be applied before rearmament in the west has proceeded much further. For it is then, precisely, that such a move could produce its most telling effect. Finally, one need not doubt that the Russians would succeed in securing such a settlement from unwilling western governments ruling over only too willing nations. If all that is admitted, it becomes immediately clear how dangerous would be an economic policy that banks exclusively on the continuation and intensification of the rearmament race.

But quite apart from such military and political considerations, a re-appreciation of currencies appears a dangerous solution, even on purely economic grounds. That judgment is not founded on the opposition, openly declared, of the International Monetary Fund. We should neither over-estimate its positive power, nor underestimate its negative (nuisance) value. France disregarded its advice when she devalued in 1948 and weathered quite successfully the thunder and lightning that rolled over the Atlantic at that time. Nor would it appear that Britain and the other countries which devalued in September 1949 more than perfunctorily consulted the Fund before proceeding with this measure. True, the Fund was then known to be, on the whole, in favour of a general currency alignment.

The real reason is that, appearances notwithstanding, the balance of payments problem of the West European countries in so far as it affects their relations with the United States, is by no means solved. Without the present rearmament race, it would at best be reduced in its dimensions. Even in present conditions only one major country—Britain—has so far found it possible to dispense with Marshall help. The rearmament race halted and the exceptional (and to a large extent speculative) profits gone, the balance of payments would in all these countries appear in a far less favourable light. In 1950, Europe's dollar deficit on trade account (that is the excess of imports over exports) still stood at 2,000 million dollars, against 3,300 in

1949. The net deficit still remained at 1,600 million dollars, against 3,200 million dollars in 1949, after deducting 100 million dollars of investment income (against nil in 1949), eliminating the transportation account which balanced in 1950 (against a deficit of 200 million dollars in 1949) and deducting 300 million dollars for "other services" (same amount in 1949). What that net balance would have been without the extraordinary receipts on trade and services account is anybody's guess. But if we assume that about half of the improvement was due to these exceptional factors, Europe would under normal conditions still have been left with a net deficit of some 2,400 million dollars, or far more than American private investors have so far shown willingness to finance. Thus, the balance of payments problem is still very real even though the rosy clouds of inflation may hide it from our view. But supposing even the results of 1950 had been achieved in normal conditions, it is still not enough to consider the results of one, two or even three years in isolation. A stricter criterion is required. The balance of payments problem will have been solved when international payments, taking the average of lean years and fat years over a decade, will have shown approximate equilibrium. It is no good crying victory any sooner.

Thus, even if it is argued that in present conditions, a reduction in European exports would not greatly affect the European balance of payments position, that, in fact, Europe by appreciating her currencies might earn more dollars despite selling fewer goods, the accent in this sentence must be on "in present conditions". On any long-term view, the argument is of doubtful weight. But modifications in exchange rates, as even those admit who opt for a stable price level and against a fixed exchange rate, should not be made too often and too lightly. In other words, exchange policy if it should not completely disregard short-term factors, must in the last resort be based on long-term considerations.

Less spectacular means than currency appreciations will therefore have to be used. The Survey does not fail to mention them, for the currency proposals are only part of what it calls an "integrated set of measures", but the fact is that space granted to their discussion amounts to one page in a chapter consisting of 58 pages. These means, however, are distinctly painful. Inflation can be controlled. But do not let us delude ourselves. The United States and its allies, while not preparing *for*, are preparing *against*, war. They are doing so in conditions which even in the U.S. make it difficult if not impossible to produce both butter and guns. Let alone in the other countries associated with it where the problem, for obvious reasons, defies solution. A "near-war" economy can only be conducted with "near-war" means. That means still higher taxes; rationing of some goods—perhaps not as many as during the last war, but

quite a number ; an effective international system of raw material allocations and probably also sooner or later allocation of shipping ; and finally, controls of all kinds and, not least, of profits, labour and wages. It is quite useless to shirk this issue. The longer we do so and the harsher the measures will have to be when they come. And come they will, unless Dr. Einzig's predictions are borne out by events.

Nowhere are such measures more necessary than in the United States whose behaviour in the economic as in the political field exercises a decisive influence on the rest of the world. The measures taken so far in Washington are pusillanimous, but there is no doubt that, as rearmament develops, their insufficiency will appear so glaring as to entail correction. Having gone so far, it is quite unlikely that the Americans will stop at half measures. They mean business and even, as some feel, with an excess of rashness. *The Economist* of June 9, in its American Survey, reported from Washington as follows :

Having explained the logical, though by no means painless rules Mr. Wilson (the U.S. Director of Defence mobilization) wanted to see observed in the allocation of scarce resources both in the United States and among America's allies, Mr. Foster (Administrator, Economic Co-operation Administration) rather sadly conceded that the present powers to enforce these rules in the United States were incomplete and divided ; there would be undeniable difficulties in resisting domestic pressures. This was, he said, a beginning : an attempt to get things going the right way. Now Britain, he told the newspapermen, had advanced much further towards centralized control. Britain had great advantages. He indicated that the United States were moving further in the direction of the admirable British pattern.

Without claiming that it is admirable, we may say that it is a necessity for the purpose of rearmament. It is of course much more pleasant to live in an uncontrolled economy. That is at least what a minority of vocal citizens, to judge from their press, want us to believe, while a majority of their otherwise less articulate brethren, so far at least, have shown by their votes that they prefer on the whole " fair shares " to " shares fair ". But if the international situation is really such as to make the armament drive a necessity, then we must will the means to the end. Admittedly this is not so much Britain's problem. The question is how to enforce controls in countries less amenable to Government direction such as the United States, Belgium and in particular, France and Italy. But whether they like it or not, these countries will have to find a way of combining a modicum of discipline with their accustomed measure of freedom. In the last two countries, especially, the ruling classes have learned very little from the last war. They now have the choice between self-discipline and Communism.

CENTRAL AFRICAN UNIFICATION

BY SIR CHARLES DUNDAS

THE unification in one form or another of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland has in recent years been a subject of much discussion and is of growing importance in the general scheme of things to come in the Continent of Africa, more particularly in the southern regions in which the destiny not only of the African race but also that of not negligible White populations has yet to be finally shaped.

As a background to the existing situation it is to be noted that the Rhodesias formerly comprised not two but three separate administrative areas : Southern, North Eastern and South Western Rhodesia, the whole being originally administered by the British South Africa Company under a charter granted to that Cecil Rhodes foundation in 1889. In 1911 North Eastern and South Western Rhodesia were amalgamated as a Protectorate and in 1924 Southern Rhodesia became a self governing colony (having by referendum rejected the alternative of incorporation in the Union of South Africa). Thus it may be said that the present movement towards union of these territories is really one of reunion, a fact that tends to strengthen the case so far as it concerns the two Rhodesias.

The position of Nyasaland is somewhat different, that country's association with the Rhodesias being of comparatively recent date and largely due to extraneous circumstances.

In the years immediately following the 1914-1918 war there was much popular demand for unification of the British territories in Eastern Africa and as a first step in that direction there was instituted the East African Governor's Conference as an inter-territorial body for co-ordination of common affairs in that region. Nyasaland had always been considered as belonging to the East African group and was, as a matter of course, included in the Conference organization, and, lest it be left so to speak in the air, Northern Rhodesia was likewise included, albeit it had but limited interest and part in the concerns of East Africa proper, having more direct contact with Southern Rhodesia, particularly in the way of joint administration of the Rhodesia Railway, the life line of both countries. In 1927, however, a Commission appointed to make recommendations on East African unification advised that while Northern Rhodesia and

Nyasaland should maintain contact with the Conference territories, they had in fact nearer affinity to Southern Rhodesia. This pronouncement, no doubt, stimulated interest in the project for amalgamation of the two Rhodesias, towards which some leading persons in Northern Rhodesia had been lukewarm and even opposed, and there followed periodic local agitation for merging the two countries. But in 1938 another Commission under chairmanship of Lord Bledisloe held that such would not be in their best interests, though it should be kept in view as an ultimate objective.

The exigencies of the 1939-1945 war brought about the next development in the situation. The two protectorates, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, had (as they still have) in common with the East African countries such matters as constitutional status and method of administration, civil services, legal systems and more or less common codes of law, and, most important, they had identical native policies. On the other hand they were, and are, more closely identified with Southern Rhodesia in economics and communications, labour affairs and defence. It was inevitable that in wartime these latter were the pre-eminently important considerations, rendering closest collaboration with the self governing colony imperative, and the need was felt for machinery to sustain it. Therefrom emerged in 1945 a Central African Council, set up as a consultative body for the handling of mutual matters. But consultation may fall far short of effective collaboration, especially where, as in this case, one party is master in its own house and the other two parties are subordinate to another and remote authority, the Colonial Office. It is evident that the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia has felt dissatisfied with the position and that he desires either some more effectual and constitutional organization or disencumbrance from the existing complication, which, no doubt, must at times be embarrassing. At the same time it would seem that amalgamation has been ruled out, and hence the present project for federation as a compromise arrangement.

Federation implies a measure of autonomy for each federal component, but at least it requires also a central and representative legislature vested with overall power, and it is not apparent how this can function where the components are of unequal status and their internal affairs are subject to different treatment. One could not picture the Australian Federation, for instance, so constituted that some of its States would still be under Colonial Office control. The first requisite for federation, for that matter of any combination of these territories, must therefore surely be the transference of responsibility for Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland from the Colonial Office to the Commonwealth Relations Ministry. But even with that there would be no parity or identity of constitution and basic policy

so long as the protectorate status of these two territories continued. In other words annexations of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would seem a necessary prelude to federation with Southern Rhodesia.

Annexation, entailing as it would a fundamental change of national status for the indigenous inhabitants, cannot be effected without their free consent. It is here that the crux of the matter lies, for it is the attitude of the Native populations that is largely, if not entirely, decisive. That in turn is determined by the racial policy to be expected to follow from unification of the three countries and it is this consideration that makes these Natives strongly opposed to union of any sort with the self-governing colony. Southern Rhodesian policy, though more liberal than that of the Union of South Africa, is yet racially discriminating and does not assure to Africans the political rights Britain has pledged herself to confer on all peoples in her colonies. The latest proposal emerging from the recent inter-territorial conference held in London is that there should be a sort of super-authority for the safeguarding of Native interests and in the last resort submission to Westminster, wherewith, presumably the United Kingdom Parliament would have authority to intervene in Central African affairs. Such would be incompatible with dominion sovereignty and Southern Rhodesians have aspirations to attainment of dominion status. There seems, however, to be sharp division of opinion, one party holding that this is the prime objective and fearing that it will be impeded by federation, the other standing for federation first, with hope that dominion status will ere long follow. At all events the pleasing vision of a new dominion appears to fade in the light of the present proposals.

Those proposals have yet to be cast in final shape and it remains to be seen whether they will be radically altered or possibly even rejected *in toto*. On the whole they savour of tinkering and half measures; they strike the writer, at least, as distinctly artificial and timid. A bolder and at the same time more rational solution of the problem is called for, one that will minimize obstacles yet achieve the main objective, which one may suppose to be the establishment of a larger self-governing Rhodesia ranking as a dominion.

The most important consideration is, perhaps, the extent of this Rhodesia of the future. The area of the three territories together is no less than 478,000 square miles and its population roughly six millions of whom but 2½ per cent. are Europeans. So long as governance of the whole devolves on the latter it is dubious, to say the least, whether they can have the capacity to furnish all the services, interior and exterior, and assume full responsibility for such a vast region. The burden must fall mainly on Southern Rhodesia, which has by far the larger portion of the white population, but she has

enough to cope with in provision for her own needs and would be ill-advised to shoulder so much more. Her difficulties will be accentuated if in due course she takes over the whole or even part of Bechuanaland, as is her ambition and possibly obligatory upon her.

From this point of view, as also for the sake of minimizing the racial complication, it will be wise to limit the self-governing territory to manageable proportions and contrive that it be as "White" as may be. On this premise it will be well worth while to give consideration to a suggestion put forward by Sir Stuart Gore Browne, a prominent resident of many years standing in Northern Rhodesia and until lately a Native representative in the legislature of that country. In brief Sir Stuart contemplates the partition of Northern Rhodesia into three portions of which one would be amalgamated with Southern Rhodesia and two would be established as separate protectorates. Thus British Central Africa would continue to comprise three separate territories but the apportionment would be different. For convenience the three areas may be designated: Rhodesia, Nyasaland and Barotse. The first named would be a country in which Whites would predominate; the second and third would be essentially Black countries.

As to the territorial division of Northern Rhodesia it is to be noted that it is not in any sense a geographic or national unit and its boundaries have no real significance, so that there is no reason why they should not be readjusted to suit new purposes. In so far as the aim be the creation of a new dominion it is primarily a matter of considering how Southern Rhodesia may safely expand with avoidance of overstrain and with exclusion of areas exotic and encumbering to her. From this point of view the most natural extension would be a broad swathe cutting across Northern Rhodesia and comprising the railway from Livingstone to the Belgian Congo, the principal European farm lands, the mines, in short the area in which industrial development and White settlement is feasible and, in prospect, certainly also the route of a railway that must sooner or later be built to connect the Northern Rhodesia copper belt with Salisbury, whereby the main export route *via* Beira would be shortened by some hundreds of miles.

A Rhodesia so composed would embrace practically the whole field in which European activity of real worth can be foreseen; it would be of reasonable extent and relatively richly endowed with natural resources, and it would be as near uni-racial as any African country can be. Against these advantages there must be set the fact that the remainder of Northern Rhodesia would be shorn of the assets and main sources of revenue that country now possesses: the mines and railway. But it cannot be said that the areas so

affected have any inherent claim to these resources, for it is by pure accident and arbitrary demarcation of territorial boundaries that they happen to be within the region to which was given the name Northern Rhodesia. The mines are the creation of White men, but they furnish also the principle means of earning for the Natives in the remotest parts of Northern Rhodesia, who have practically no other way of earning. There is no reason why they should not continue to enjoy that benefit from these mines merely because they are situated in another territory. The Northern Rhodesian Natives have very largely become miners by vocation and for many years have travelled far afield to seek employment, not only in Northern Rhodesia but in Southern Rhodesia, Tanganyika Territory, Belgian Congo and on the Rand.

With the amalgamation of Southern Rhodesia and this middle section of Northern Rhodesia, there would be re-established the formerly existing North Eastern and South Western territories, both reduced in area. The first named adjoins Nyasaland on its north-eastern side for the length of some four hundred miles without any natural demarcation, in point of fact this boundary cuts through one of the major tribes of the region, the Angoni, a position that should in any case be rectified. Nyasaland is a very small country, little more than one fifth the size of Northern Rhodesia, but the two together would make a normal-sized crown colony, compact and internally well knit. It would probably be more naturally grouped with East than with Central Africa.

In what would remain of the old South Western Territory the most important section is the Barotse country which is administered under an agreement concluded between Cecil Rhodes and King Lewanika, by the terms of which it is virtually a semi-autonomous native State and as such probably a misfit in the new dominion. The Barotse are a branch of the Bechuanas and it would perhaps be preferable that they should be re-united with the parent tribal group. Here it is to be noted that Southern Rhodesia has a certain lien on Bechuanaland for the reason that it was originally allocated to the British South Africa Company, an arrangement that was cancelled only as a consequence of the Jamieson raid. It is, however, very questionable whether Southern Rhodesia, or the new dominion would do wisely to saddle itself with such a huge, remote and purely Native territory.

The dispositions suggested here are set out only as a scheme in broadest outline by which British Central Africa might be rationally apportioned if the emergence of a new dominion is the desired goal. But with or without that purpose it will be of advantage to sort out this region which has been thrown together in very haphazard manner because it was originally done for and by private enterprise.

What is wanted before any further political developments are brought about is the unification of those portions which have natural affinity, one to the other, and excision from each of such parts as do not properly belong together. If a new dominion there is to be, let it be founded on rational basis, above all let it be as homogeneous as is possible, for only so will it have stability. To this end it may even be advantageous to transfer certain portions of Southern Rhodesia to another territory.

The aforesaid plan is tantamount to a proposal for separation of the Rhodesias in White and Black areas and to that extent it savours of the much decried South African policy of *Apartheid*. Objectionable as that policy seems to many both within and outside the Union, no other practical alternative has so far been put forward for a just and contenting political system in a multi-racial area. If, nevertheless, the problem seems insoluble in the Union of South Africa that is so just because it has been left to drift until White and Black have become inextricably mingled, yet not harmoniously so. The same problem looms in sight for Kenya, where it may prove even more difficult of solution. If it cannot be entirely avoided in Central Africa the aim should be to minimize it by physical separation of the races, at least to the extent that the racial scales are not wholly unbalanced. Unless that is made a chief objective in the establishment of the new dominion the problem of South Africa will be reproduced there in accentuated measure.

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

TURKEY AND BULGARIA

BY MALCOLM BURR

EARLY in August 1950 the Bulgarian Government gave notice to the Turkish Government that it was about to take a step unique in international relations. It was going to expel a quarter of a million of its own subjects, but of Turkish race, into Turkey. They were to be admitted in three months.

Relations between Turks and Bulgars, if correct, have usually been strained. There is an incompatibility between the two peoples apart from differences in race and religion. The Turks cannot forget that for many centuries Bulgaria was an Ottoman province and the Bulgars defeated *rayahs*, nor the Bulgars that the Turks were formerly their masters. When the Principality of Bulgaria was created in 1878—not the Great Bulgaria desired by Russia, but the little Bulgaria whittled down by the Berlin Treaty—a large number of Turks remained behind, mainly as farmers, on the land where their ancestors had lived for generations. Great battles had been fought on that land, some won, some lost, and the names of Varna, Nikopol, Plevna and the Shipka Pass are graven upon Turkish history. When I first visited Bulgaria she had been an independent State only for 23 years and Turkish influence was still prominent. Everyone, except the children, was bilingual, while customs and costumes were a reminder that the Turks had left within the memory of most men then living. To-day only the Bulgarian speech is heard.

The antagonism is due not only to these historical causes, but to temperament. The historical relations of the Greeks and of the Serbs with the Turks are the same, yet the mutual attitude is quite different. Greece and Turkey to-day are friends. For the Serbs the Turks entertain the feeling of respect of one martial race for another. An anecdote may be quoted here that illustrates this fact. In 1912 the Bulgars were besieging Edirne, then known in Europe as Adrinople, unsuccessfully. They appealed for help to their Serbian allies. These, having defeated the Turkish West Macedonian army at Kumanovo and Bitolj (Monastir), as they marched to the rescue mobilized all cattle *en route* and brought up heavy artillery. On arrival, they stampeded the cattle through the barbed wire entanglements and bombarded the city with their big guns. Before long the starved and battered Turks had no choice but to surrender. A Bulgarian colonel and a Serbian officer, Major Gavrilovich, went in

to accept the surrender. The Turkish commander, Shukru Pasha, handed his sword not to the Bulgarian colonel but to the junior Serbian officer. He knew which had defeated him.

The number of Turks who remained in Bulgaria has been estimated at about 800,000, out of a total population of Bulgaria of about six million. In the eyes of the Bulgars they are aliens in speech, blood, faith and tradition, and a potential source of danger in the event of war. Further, since Bulgaria turned Communist this difference has been aggravated, for the Turkish peasant is at heart strongly anti-Communist. The mutual dislike has been intensified.

This dislike is expressed in the state of tension on the frontier which has long since become chronic. The only part of the long northern Turkish frontier which is not the Black Sea is in the hands of what is known as an "autonomous province", with about as much independence as the Crimea. There have been a series of affairs euphemistically recorded as "incidents". Frequently individuals and small groups of Turks from Bulgaria have managed to make their way across into Turkey and all too often there have been shooting affrays. There have been such incidents as the explosion of the bomb at the Turkish consulate at Plovdiv and the arrest and rough treatment of the Turkish courier at the frontier while from time to time we read in the papers that shepherds and farm workers on the frontier have been shot or kidnapped. The movement of infiltration by Bulgarian Turks dates from the separation of the country. The immigrants in general have made good in their new yet ancestral home. The most distinguished of them was Abdullah Fehmi Effendi, whose son has won fame as the first Democrat President of the Republic of Turkey.

The Communist régime, by its antagonism to the Turkish yeoman and by its whole policy, has made life unendurable for the resident Turks and the volume of immigration was intensified. By the end of June 1950 it was officially estimated that in the first six months of the year no less than 11,000 Turkish refugees had crossed the frontier. It had become necessary to organize their reception upon a grand scale. The Vali of Istanbul formed a society to help Turkish refugees. On June 17 a deputy in the National Assembly, Dr. Zeki Erataman, tabled a motion asking the Government's intentions with regard to the 100,000 applications for entrance visas received at the Turkish consulates in Bulgaria. The matter was taken up by the press and articles appeared criticizing what was described as official inactivity, urging that energetic steps be taken to provide adequate settlement for 17,000 families, which were suffering ruthless oppression at the hands of the Communist Government in Sofia. A group of 20 refugees said that the Bulgars, alarmed at the growth of the movement, were trying to discourage it by spreading stories of the

hardship and suffering awaiting the immigrants in Turkey. When the Bulgarian Minister in Ankara, M. Chobanoff, suddenly left for Sofia early in August and returned in a fortnight, public anxiety associated this move with the question and in the National Assembly the Ministers of Agriculture and of Health agreed to afford shelter to groups of from ten to fifteen thousand at a time.

A few days later the Bulgarian Government handed the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires in Sofia a note requesting that all Turkish residents in Bulgaria who wished to leave the country should be evacuated within three months. The Ankara Government set to work at once to take steps for the reception of this vast influx. It was estimated that the cost would be in the neighbourhood of a hundred million liras. The news provoked resentful comment; how was it possible to receive and settle immigrants at the rate of 20,000 a week? And what about the remaining half million or so Turks left in Bulgaria?

The motives of the Bulgarian Government were clear. In the first place they wished to get rid of a large population out of sympathy and actually hostile to them. Also, this would facilitate the nominal purchase but virtual confiscation of the property left behind, usually small farms. In the third place an opportunity would be given for the infiltration into Turkey of Communist agents and potential fifth columnists. Fourthly, the Turkish Government would be embarrassed with such a mass of humanity on the approach of winter and, fifthly, there would be a fresh weapon for anti-Turkish propaganda stories of the hardship and suffering of the dispossessed families and their difficulties in settling down in their new homes.

A Turkish press agency reported that the Bulgarian Government had launched a campaign of terror against the Turkish minority and issued secret instructions that no Bulgar was to buy anything from a Turk or in any way to facilitate Turkish departures. A few days later the Turkish newspapers published the contents of the Bulgarian note, which stated that the Sofia Government had told all departments that Turks who wished to immigrate into Turkey were to be granted passports. These instructions had in fact been issued shortly after the end of the war and were in keeping with the Turco-Bulgarian agreement of 1925 providing for facilities for mutual immigration. The note said that investigation had revealed that there were a quarter of a million Turks eager to migrate and that over 54,000 had already received their passports. The note further alleged that the Turkish Government, in order to excite hostility against the Bulgarian, had exploited official documents relating to the position of Turks desirous of immigrating and claimed that for the past two years the Turkish officials in Bulgaria had made endless efforts to provoke the Turkish minority against the Bulgarian Government and had done their utmost to discourage immigration, having granted only 16,000 visas. After

further allegations of Turkish official provocation, the Bulgarian Minister of Foreign Affairs had been instructed to comply with the request for passports of most of the Turkish minority in Bulgaria.

The Turkish reply flatly denied all the allegations and recalled the convention of reciprocal immigration concluded many years previously, emphasizing that the two contracting parties had agreed to put no obstacles in the way of voluntary migration on either side. It offered to provide an amicable settlement for the 250,000, but if that proved impossible the Turkish Government would appeal to international institutions. The reply added in vigorous terms that the Bulgarian behaviour was a violation of all human rights and protested energetically against the discourteous language employed.

Meanwhile newcomers into Turkey brought stories of rough treatment by Bulgarian officials. Most were in a pitiable condition, many barefoot. They alleged that they were given but short notice to quit and forced to abandon their belongings. Their homes had been ransacked by Bulgarian officials before they left. By September they were coming in at the rate of 150 or more a day. Then suddenly the Bulgars stopped the Simplon Express. They told Bulgarian and Russian passengers that they could continue their journey by omnibus, but all others were sent back to Turkey. At that time the Ankara authorities had received over 100,000 offers from Turkish families to accommodate their own relatives among the immigrants and The Red Crescent had found another 1,500 beds.

The stopping of the Simplon train lifted the matter into the sphere of international interest. The Turks then found 150 Gipsies without visas to whom they refused admittance. By mid-September the Turks had no less than 700 such Gipsies under surveillance and accommodated apart. By this time the United States authorities were interested and sent a consular commission to investigate. An episode typical of frontier conditions occurred on September 18, when five Bulgarian labourers tried to take advantage of the opportunity to seek refuge in Turkey from their own people. Two were shot by their own frontier guards, but three escaped across and were given asylum by the Turks. At the same time the Greek frontier officials accepted a group of 79 visa-less Gipsies to hand back to the Bulgars. By this time 160,000 visas had been issued; 25,000 of the immigrants arrived, and another 24,000 were waiting.

The world was now taking notice of the scandal. The Turkish delegate to the United Nations supported the Australian complaint that the satellite States were depriving their minorities of their rights.

An incident occurred in September when it was found that in a batch of 600 immigrants no less than a hundred had neither passport nor visa. This was a direct violation of the protocol, so the Turks ordered the closing of the frontier. Sofia's reply was to broadcast a

demand that immigration continue into Turkey unconditionally. Shortly after it was found that there were still no less than 450 without visas, who were rejected. By October the three months were nearly up and only 30,000 had arrived. Reports from Sofia said that the Bulgarian Government had informed 50,000 prosperous Turks that they must leave the country within a few days.

The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Professor Fuat Köprülü, announced that the frontier had been closed in order to exclude people without passports or visas and that those who tried to introduce non-Turks into Turkey must be made to realize that they could not do so. The closing of the frontier and failure of the attempt at mass infiltration irritated the Sofia Government, which broke out into their customary rudeness in a personal attack upon the Turkish Prime Minister. "While men like Menderes are being entertained at night clubs in Istanbul and Europe," they cried, "the Turks have wilfully neglected their brethren in Bulgaria, who have sold all their property and are still awaiting their visas into Turkey." As to selling their property, the immigrants are full of complaints that they were forced to sell and in many cases under such pressure and haste that they made huge losses.

On October 17 the Turkish Government reminded the Bulgars again of the protocol of 1925, which the Bulgarian Government had violated, while they had left all demand for discussion unanswered. The Turkish information was that the Bulgars were constantly pressing the Turkish minority to leave and many Turkish villages had been forcibly evacuated. The Turks, left homeless, were subject to the most arbitrary treatment on the part of the Bulgarian authorities. It reminded the Sofia Government that the exchange with Greece, which had been carried out in a friendly spirit, had taken seven years, yet Sofia now wanted a mass delivery rushed through in three months. The reply denied Bulgarian allegations of lack of interest and stated that visas had been refused by them where investigation had revealed that the applicants were in touch with the Bulgarian police. In September alone Turkish consulates had issued 37,848 visas. It repeated that the frontier had been closed solely to exclude visa-less Gipsies. Finally, unless the matter were cleared satisfactorily the Turkish Government would soon bring the matter before the international organizations.

By now deplorable accounts were reaching Turkey of the situation of those waiting at Svilengrad on the Bulgarian side. The weather had deteriorated and poor wretches of both sexes and all ages were left in unprotected camps, often without cover. The Bulgars had taken away their ration cards and there were thousands without the most elementary necessities. Famine and disease had broken out and at least 400 had died. The Bulgars retorted that all Turkish consulates

were dens of spies and would be closed down. Almost daily there were shooting incidents on the frontier.

On October 19 Paris Radio broadcast an account of the situation, which it described as tense and likely to lead to trouble and later it was reported, also from Paris, that the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs had proposed to the Committee of Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe that the matter of the mass expulsion should be placed upon the agenda. This was agreed and the Council approved the Turkish protest describing the expulsion as unjustifiable.

In November the Turkish Government announced that it would reopen the frontier, but close it again at once if the Bulgars continued to send more Gipsies across. It was estimated that there were then some 15,000 immigrants waiting with visas, who would be admitted at once. At the same time correspondents in Edirne reported that they had heard from immigrants that the Bulgarian police were ill-treating and even torturing Turks. Well-to-do families were sent to concentration camps, the most dreaded of which was at Nojarovo. Turks who refused to sell their property were threatened with detention in such camps until they yielded.

The first train that crossed the frontier, on November 3, took back 360 Gipsies and brought over 162 immigrants. Within an hour they had receive shelter and hot food. They reported that there were still 4,700 waiting at Svilengrad. By the second week in November the Bulgars showed signs of humanity and concluded an agreement by which the immigrants should come in groups. They abandoned the idea of forcing across a quarter of a million and agreed that only 80,000 should be sent in 1951, the remainder in following years. (On the 6th a Turkish shepherd had been shot by Bulgarian patrols when feeding his flocks near the frontier.)

On November 22 the President of Turkey, Jelal Bayar, took the chair at a meeting of the association for aiding immigrants. He pointed out that these victims of an evil policy were a matter of concern to the whole world. The immigrants were mostly farmers, foresters and horse breeders, who would be a valuable element in the population. He pointed out that some of the State-owned farms were a liability rather than an asset and the immigrants would be distributed over them. "We are performing a historical feat," he concluded, "and these immigrants will play an important part in the recovery of our nation." The President was no doubt thinking of his own origin.

By the turn of the year the total number received amounted to 51,000. The problem of their settlement had become so pressing that Turkey had asked for 30 million dollars under the Marshall Plan. (On arrival the immigrants are subject to meticulous medical examination, and food and accommodation are provided for them near the

frontier.) Public sentiment was now deeply stirred and voluntary help came flowing in. The President of the National Assembly broadcast an appeal for support, which the Central Bank opened with £T100,000. The newspaper *Hürriyet* was the first private subscriber with £T10,000. The Ottoman Bank gave £T500,000 and an Istanbul merchant and his wife contributed a property of over 600,000 square metres for the benefit of the fund. The Iran Lion and Sun Organization gave £500 sterling and the Turkish Chamber of Commerce announced a 100 per cent. increase in its fees, which was calculated to bring in £T500,000. A special lottery yielded £T1½ million. It was reported that well known Turkish writers and Halide Edip Adivar, the famous woman novelist, were leaving for a lecture tour in the United States on behalf of the immigrants, and a distinguished journalist who is an authority on Arab affairs left to tour the Arabic-speaking world.

The immigrants continue to bring stories of the misdeeds of the Bulgars, many of which may be discounted, but the insoluble residue is bad enough. Those coming in April said that the Bulgars were building fortifications along the frontier and sending the people away by night so that they should not see the work. Another story was that all nursing mothers were ordered to supply ten kilos of milk to the authorities or, failing that, 15 of cows' milk.

By the turn of the year the initial rush had subsided and the matter assumed the form of normal immigration on a large scale. It was reported that the International Refugee Organization was sending a special mission and that the Assistant Director General, Mr. Cohen Meyer, and the English Counsellor Lush, with Dr. Coigny, had arrived in Turkey to study the methods for the integration of the mass of immigrants into Turkish economy. By May the building of 30 new villages had begun, each of a hundred houses, on State land. The larger houses will have accommodation for ten persons, the smaller for six. The immigrants themselves will provide the labour, the local authorities the transport. The cost of materials will be £T2,500 per house, so the 30 villages will be built for an outlay of £T7½ million.

On May 9 the Turkish delegate to the World Association of Health, Dr. Nail Karabuda, in thanking the Organization for its assistance, was able to report that his Government was now able to cope with the situation and therefore happy not to call upon the 35,000 dollars which had been granted. Thus an affair which carried the germs of a dangerous crisis has been toned down in a way that reflects great credit upon the Turkish Government.

(Dr. Malcolm Burr writes from Istanbul where he lives.)

THE PORTENT OF YUGOSLAVIA

BY K. ZILLIACUS

THREE years after her break with the Soviet Union Yugoslavia is showing the world that a Communist régime is evolving from a revolutionary dictatorship into a democratic socialist society. The leaders in this process of transformation are re-thinking the Marxist social analysis, enriched by the experience of the Russian and East European revolutions, on bold and original lines, and are applying it to the needs of their own country, with startling results. At the same time they are discussing and dissecting Soviet society and the Soviet system with a knowledge and insight the west cannot hope to rival and from a Marxist-Leninist standpoint that makes their critique deadly to Soviet and Cominform adherents.

Marxism, said Marshal Tito once, is nine-tenths practice and ten per cent. theory. In one sense the changes in Yugoslavia since the break with the Soviet Union have been dictated by necessity. In another, they are inspired by courage, common sense and patriotism, not doctrine. But the significance to the rest of the world of the Yugoslav reaction to necessity and the human qualities of the Yugoslav leaders has been greatly enhanced by the fact that they are convinced, life-long, highly-trained Communists and that Yugoslavia was regarded by the Kremlin before the break as the staunchest and most thorough-going of all the "people's democracies".

At first the breach with the Soviet Union and the Cominform States was regarded as due to a misunderstanding, which would be cleared up when the Soviet leaders discovered that in fact Yugoslavia was neither joining the western bloc nor ceasing to build Socialism according to Marxist-Leninist principles. At that time the Yugoslavs felt their isolation keenly—their fear and suspicion of the western powers was unabated and they kept hoping against hope for reconciliation with their former Socialist allies.

When the Soviet Government followed up the breach with the Cominform on the party level, by using the power of the Soviet State to tear up treaties, break off economic relations and all but completely sever diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia, and compelled the Cominform States to follow suit, the conflict entered a new phase. To-day the Yugoslav Government Party and public opinion are convinced of the inveterate hostility to them of the present régime in

the Soviet Union, whose desire is to overthrow the Yugoslav Government and break the resistance of the Yugoslav people to Soviet tutelage by every means short of war.

In this situation they have found themselves obliged increasingly to rely on the good will and understanding of the western democracies and have been surprised to find them more understanding and accommodating than they had believed possible. Not only has Yugoslavia received loans without political strings, and food and other emergency aid to tide over the situation created by the great drought coming on top of the blow to the Five Year Plan inflicted by the Soviet boycott, but the western powers have also let Yugoslavia obtain arms in the west without attempting to commit her to any form of alliance. They have announced publicly that any attack on Yugoslavia would not be regarded as a matter of indifference by the west, again without making any demands on Yugoslavia in return.

Yugoslav opinion, including Communist and Government opinion, therefore has much more confidence in the west to-day and is particularly concerned to understand and establish friendly relations with progressive and working class western opinion. The Yugoslavs feel correspondingly bitter at the implacable hostility of their former comrades and allies. But, while building up their defences, they continue to believe, as Marshal Tito made clear in a striking speech last March, that Yugoslavia's moral and political position is even more important than military strength in defending her territorial integrity and political independence against threats from the east. For they hold that the morale of the Cominform States is bad; they believe that the more Yugoslavia makes it clear that she retains her independence and right of self-determination in international affairs and is concerned only to trade and live in friendship and peace with her Cominform neighbours, each side respecting the equal rights and national independence of the other, the more difficult would it be for the Soviet or any other Cominform Government to attack Yugoslavia without serious trouble at home. Hence the Yugoslav Government continually stress their desire for a "live and let live" agreement with the members of the Soviet bloc, offering to settle any differences with them by peaceful means, to conclude non-aggression treaties and to set up mixed frontier commissions. It is important to the defence of Yugoslavia, the Yugoslavs hold, that the Governments of these countries should know that in fact they can have peace on reasonable and conciliatory terms whenever they want and that this knowledge should also reach their peoples through broadcasting and other methods of circumventing Cominform control of news and views behind the "iron curtain".

In home affairs, the Yugoslav régime was faced with a grave economic situation as the accumulated effects of over-ambition in

their Five Year Plan, aggravated by the Cominform boycott, were made critical by the great drought. The Plan represented a tremendous drive for industrialization and the development of transport and the country's resources, in a country that had lost one-tenth of its population through enemy action and suffered unparalleled material destruction. Considering the difficulties and dearth of capital, skilled labour, technicians, experts and trained men of every kind an astonishing amount was accomplished. But there was also increasing waste and bureaucracy. The people, exhausted by the war, were driven to the limit of endurance in the attempt to cut consumption and the supply of consumer goods to the level necessary when the country's resources were pledged to capital development and long term schemes.

It was necessary to give the people an economic incentive in the form of some tangible rewards for their long toil and suffering. More and cheaper consumer goods were urgently needed; the peasants must be given adequate incentives to produce to the limit, and the people as a whole must be heartened and united in face of the bewildering change of attitude and growing threat of the Soviet Union. There was, too, the necessity for convincing the western powers that the monies they were advancing would be used to put the country on its feet and not wasted in attempting to do too much in too short a time.

And so a series of sweeping reforms changed the whole structure of the State, the organization of the economy and the political climate. The fight against bureaucracy cut down State employees by two-thirds. The administration of industries was transferred from the federation to the six individual republics, with a central planning commission responsible only for the general lines of economic policy controlling a certain range of raw materials and staple products, fixing and allocating the national wages and salaries fund, and assuring co-ordination in production, distribution and estimates of needs. Within the republics there was further decentralization, the cutting down of civil servants and the fusing of Ministries. The bold experiment of workers' management in industry was launched.

The system of compelling peasants to sell part of their crop at fixed prices to the State is gradually being abolished. Instead, peasants will pay taxes like everyone else. The State as the leading producer and distributor of food, with supplies of its own through State farms and the provider of manufactured goods, can prevent profiteering by the peasants, who in any case will be competing with each other. The peasantry will now have the incentive of being able to sell their produce for what it will fetch in the market and will be able to buy more consumer goods with the money they receive. Not only that: after the State has assured itself that enough food has

been bought or contracted for to take care of the country's internal needs and meet its international obligations, the peasants are free to sell abroad anything they can produce above and beyond these needs and to buy whatever they like abroad with the proceeds. That is a great incentive to the peasant to produce as much as he can.

No attempt will be made to force peasants into co-operative farms. The Government rely on the economic advantages of large-scale mechanized agriculture, such as is possible in collective farms, and the superior amenities of life available to collective farmers, to increase their number voluntarily. This is bound to be a slow process and depends on adequate supplies of tractors and other farm machinery for large-scale cultivation.

Meanwhile the provision that no-one may own more than a modest amount of land (20 or 30 hectares, which equals 50 to 75 acres, according to the type of land) and must work it himself, will prevent the rise of a new land-owner class through thriftless peasants selling or leasing the right to work their land. The co-operative ladder remains open for all who wish to mount it, starting with the ordinary consumers' co-operatives for buying, grading, storing and selling; going on to co-operatives where peasants work the land collectively but retain their private ownership and are rewarded according to the amount of land they own; to the third rung where peasants, while still nominally retaining the ownership of their land, get no rent or other reward for it and are paid only according to their work, and finally to where the co-operative farm becomes a true collective farm whose members own the land in common. The Yugoslavs believe that economic incentives and collectivization by these easy stages through the different types of co-operative associations will eventually change their primitive peasant economy into a highly efficient co-operative agriculture.

These economic developments and the partial decentralization of the budget—by which each republic can raise taxes for its own purpose and has a pretty free hand in its own internal policies, with the more advanced republics through the federation aiding the backward and impoverished, such as Macedonia and Montenegro—help to make political democracy a reality in Yugoslavia. "Opposition" to Yugoslavs still means the remnants of the old régime opponents of the new Yugoslavia, who are irreconcilable, as well as the small but potentially dangerous (because of its support from abroad) Cominform opposition. But the People's Front is getting broader and freer and allowing plenty of room for vigorous discussion between widely varying points of view, from the village up to the republican and even the federal level, in the elected councils and assemblies.

The reform of the criminal law has laid stress on the rights of the

individual against the State and imposed heavy penalties on officials who abuse their powers. The authority and independence of the law courts is being enhanced, the powers of the political police are being drastically pruned and the force itself chastened by some very strong criticism, including that of the powerful Minister of the Interior, Alexander Rankovic.

Last but not least the Communist Party is reforming itself. The "line" that is being plugged within it is that democratic centralism means democracy as well as centralism; party members have not only the right but the duty freely and vigorously to discuss ideas and proposals both in speech and writing; they should criticize and give their own views on the opinions even of leading men in the party, and if they disagree should not hesitate to say what they think. Only when the Central Committee or the Party Congress has taken a majority decision after discussion do the resulting views become party policy and doctrine, to which even the dissenting minority should be loyal.

The leading spirits in this reform, starting with Milovan Djilas, one of the big four in the Yugoslav C.P. (the others being Marshal Tito, Rankovic and Foreign Secretary Kardelj, who together constitute the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the party), wish to change the Yugoslav party into a genuinely democratic and free party, accepting as its ideological basis the Marxist analysis of society, but with a belief in liberty for its members to hold and express differing views of how to apply the Marxist analysis in any given case and how best to build Socialism in Yugoslavia. On the ideological plane the Yugoslav Communist Party leaders say that the Soviet Union has gone badly wrong because of its own backwardness and prolonged isolation. It had to establish and expand heavy industries out of its own resources in a hurry because of capitalist hostility. This threw such a strain on the people that their revolutionary *élan* was exhausted and had to be replaced by compulsion and by a tremendous wage spread so as to give adequate incentives for trained men and hard workers. The result was to breed inequality, bureaucracy and centralism.

Instead of starting the "withering away" of the State and the transfer of its powers to direct associations of producers, the Soviet State bureaucracy perverted Marxism to mean raising the State above the people, turning it into an autocracy and a police terror and treating the people with contempt. Lenin's teaching, too, about the self-determination and equality of all nations was forgotten and the Russian people were elevated into the "leading nation". The State became a fetish, Marshal Stalin an idol, and Socialist internationalism was twisted into Soviet imperialism and the exploitation and bullying of her neighbours. This bare summary hardly

gives an idea of the vigour and erudition with which the Yugoslav Communists are pursuing their polemics with the Soviet Communists, who, as they observe, make no attempt to meet them on the level of argument or to refute their facts and accusations, but take refuge in abuse, vituperation and threats.

If a Communist régime in a Balkan country that has known the utmost horrors and extremities of war, enemy occupation, counter-revolution, revolution and civil war, can out of its own social and political dynamic develop into a democratic Socialist society—in the context of a policy by the western powers of friendship and co-operation—why should similar developments not be possible in other Communist régimes? If the west showed that it was ready for such policies and wanted only a live and let live agreement between the Communist and non-Communist worlds and not the extermination of Communism by foreign intervention or the support of counter-revolution, would the cumulative effect not ultimately produce a change of attitude and policy in other Communist-governed States and even ultimately in the Soviet Union itself?

(For three years the author has closely studied developments in Yugoslavia and has just returned from another visit to that country.)

ARAB REFUGEES

BY TIBOR MENDE

FROM the window of Jerusalem's King David hotel one overlooks the walled city and the surrounding hills in all their solemn and sunny splendour. Tourists from all over the world, Jews and Gentiles, lounge on the terraces and enjoy the sight, aiming their Leicas at the historic background. The massive walls of the old city and the familiar dome of the Temple of the Rock are only 400 yards away as the crow flies. To countless generations the normal way to get there, descending the hill and entering through Herod's Gate, has been to walk. To us, children of the twentieth century and with all the marvels of speedy communications, it is more complicated. It takes two or three days, involves a voyage of some 400 miles and requires visas to Cyprus and Lebanon as well as the use of several aeroplanes belonging to various national companies. For between the sun-bathed terrace of the hotel and Herod's Gate there runs a line of barbed wire, an international border, one of the queerest among them all, cutting the Holy City in two. Israel is on one side and the kingdom of Jordan on the other.

In the imagination of most people Jerusalem is merely a petrified illustration of the Bible; a collection of holy places, churches, mosques and synagogues. This Jerusalem does in fact exist, surrounded by centuries-old walls and massive gates enclosing the "Old City"; a maze of lanes around the Mosque of Omar, the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre and the Wailing Wall of the remains of the Temple. But this "walled city", on the Jordani side today, is barely larger than Regent's Park and is only a small part of the twentieth century Jerusalem. In fact Jerusalem, the Jewish side of it, is a large and modern city with wide avenues, elegant shop windows, kindergartens and spacious parks. Thanks to the local stone the tall apartment buildings and the modern villas on the surrounding hillsides have a beauty and dignity in sharp contrast to the utilitarian simplicity of Tel-Aviv's concrete cubes.

Across the barbed wire face each other the two Jerusalems—the modern city of 150,000 people and the small ancient part. In theory there is no contact between them, as if an ocean divided the two halves. But in daily practice ordinary human decency compels the twins to keep on speaking terms. Occasionally an Arab patient is admitted

to be examined with the cancer research equipment on the Jewish side and officials meet to exchange data on locust danger. Otherwise all communications pass through the UN mission's imposing building in the neutral zone up on the hill. The rest is silence and tense waiting for more reasonable times.

No wonder I felt as if I were embarking on a momentous expedition when, equipped with the precious documents enabling me to cross and recross the border, I set out in one of Jewish Jerusalem's glossy American taxis for the "Mandelbaum Gate". Past the feverish bustle of the modern city, we soon rolled into that quieter belt of half-ruined, deserted buildings which is our generation's addition to the already impressive array of historic ruins in this beautiful city.

Unlike the other "gates" of Jerusalem, this one immortalizes the name of a certain Mr. Mandelbaum, owner of a modest store, whose ruins provide the frame for the inconspicuous customs' cabin and turnpike—another of the international absurdities where two civilizations are condemned to meet through barbed wire. Out of the taxi and richer by yet another rubber stamp, suitcase in hand, I wandered about two hundred years in Jerusalem's ghostly no man's land until I came upon the Arab Legion's two guards with their characteristic pink *kefiyah*, guarding this most unusual frontier to an equally unusual country.

Another stamp, some salutes—and the two hundred yards across the desolate scenery threw me back by some two centuries. Here was a land "created" for "strategic purposes"; a country whose straight frontiers were drawn with ruler in hand in stiff committee rooms; a land of Bedouin, sand, barracks and strategic interests. The bulldozers, the smooth western elegance of the King David hotel, the tall apartment buildings and the all-pervading purpose in the air seemed thousands of miles away. Here were the barefoot children begging for *baksheesh*, the arguing and bargaining groups, the multi-coloured drinks, the sticky sweets on rickety wooden stalls, veiled women and antique walls enveloped in that passive Islamic air of timeless nonchalance, where hurry is unknown, where this century is still an uncomfortable intruder and where the past hangs on everything mixed with sand, dirt and inertia.

Yet, below this placid façade, I soon realized that Jordan was an extraordinary place. The original population of Transjordan, herdsmen, agriculturists and nomad Bedouin in the majority, was only about 300,000 although the country was three times the size of Belgium. By annexing what he could of Arab Palestine, King Abdullah turned 300,000 settled Palestinians into his subjects, thereby doubling the population of his kingdom. This doubled population was then redoubled again by the addition of nearly half a million

refugees who decided, or were induced, to leave their former homes in Palestine. All this happened in less than two years and Abdullah, king of 300,000 tribesmen, suddenly found himself at the head of a State half of whose inflated population was sitting in tents and being fed on United Nations rations. What was even worse, refugees and new citizens considered themselves superior to their backward "Transjordan" hosts and not only aspired to leadership in the country but imported ideas (absorbed under the British Mandate of Palestine) which amounted to no less than a revolutionary danger in a feudal kingdom.

All this I learned shortly after my arrival in Jordan, drinking the black coffee of my Arab host, a former government official in Haifa. Now an employee of UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees), he is concerned with the distribution of the rations in the camps. It was in his office that I met the "two-yards-refugee", an Arab whose house and garden were two yards behind the barbed wire and who could see the Jewish occupants installed in his former home. The capricious winding of the barbed wire has changed his life and qualified him for free UN rations like several hundreds of thousands of other Arabs. At one time 940,000 people received such rations in all the Arab countries and no-one could quite decide who was and who was not entitled to be freely fed in this strange country.

Then, when the chaotic period drew to its end, there started a big sorting out operation. UNRWA's registration officers went around the camps and tried to discover who were the real refugees. They went in pairs; one talking to the head of the family and the other, at the same time, to the women-folk or to the children. From the usually contradictory facts it was their duty to establish how many children the family really had, how many of them were real refugees and who should retain his or her ration card. They found people with stacks of mysteriously acquired cards; Bedouins who had been crossing and re-crossing the Israeli border and registering as refugees anew each time. One of them was caught with no less than 108 UNRWA ration cards on his body. He was the head of a prosperous black-market ring collecting hundreds of free rations each day. Then there were the minor cases of irregularities. Growing suspicious of the discrepancy between an ever-increasing birth-rate and the declining death-rate in one camp, the officials discovered that grandmother or grandfather, after quietly passing away, were hurriedly buried right under the family tent and the bereaved family went on collecting his or her rations for several weeks or months until the indiscretion of someone present at the unusual burial revealed the hard facts. On the other hand, it was not unusual for newcomers

to borrow the babies of their neighbours and queue up at the officer's tent proudly claiming one more ration card for the newly arrived family. I heard of the youngest UNRWA ration card holder, a two-year-old boy about whom nobody seemed to know where he came from, how he got to the camp or what will become of him. By now the number of freely fed "official" refugees has been reduced to just over 600,000. A large proportion of these are scattered in camps in Jordan. Apart from the horribly over-crowded so-called Gaza strip—along the Mediterranean coast near the Egyptian border—the rest are distributed between Lebanon, Syria and Iraq.

Jordan itself consists of arid mountains and deserts. Winding roads climb up and down the steep and stony hills and, apart from wandering Bedouin or villagers riding their mules, only the Arab Legion's jeeps roam over the countryside. Descending below sea-level to the queer lunar scenery of the Dead Sea, one comes upon the steaming hot sandy stretch leading to Jericho where, crowded into tents, over 20,000 refugees are dumped on the plain. They have been there for over two years.

Without any useful occupation or hope for the future, here, as in the numerous other camps, three times a day they queue up at the soup-kitchens or for their rations; they argue around their tents and listen to the inciting tirades of the ancient village *mukhtars* or professional agitators. Aimlessly drifting, surrounded by this inhospitable scenery and fed on ceaseless propaganda by the camp notables, they grow each day more restive until their bitterness finds outlet in dangerous violence. In Nablus, among the olive yards of Samaria; around Amman, the capital of Jordan; in the caves of Bethlehem; in the shadow of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, hundreds of thousands of refugees wait in the filthy and tattered encampment for the day when, in the wake of avenging Arab League armies, they will return to their lost homes. So they are led to believe in all the camps that freckle the map of Jordan and in all of them tension rises with every new day that passes with no change in their tragic and aimless existence. A district official was murdered not long ago. In another camp the ration stores were stormed by an angry mob and there are ugly rumours of hidden arms in the camps and of multiplying violence and agitation.

It is the same story wherever one goes in Jordan these days. The refugees outside the camps, scattered in the towns and villages, are often even worse off than those in the tents who receive some kind of medical supervision. In and out of the camps the story is one of progressive demoralization. Resettlement seems still impossible and people mention the word in whispers only. It is the great taboo, never mentioned though all responsible know that it is the only

reasonable solution. These unfortunate refugees, so it seems, have to continue their aimless drifting for reasons none of them quite understands but all identify with the wickedness of the Jewish State, United Nations, or other powers beyond their range of comprehension. Some road-building and other insignificant schemes apart, all "works projects" encountered difficulties. In 1950 only one-sixth of UNRWA's funds were spent on creating useful employment against three-quarters spent on rations, though the countries where these refugees live are crying out for good roads and public works of all kinds. In November 1950 the United Nations authorized projects to resettle refugees in the Arab countries and in Israel, without prejudice to their right to return home or to receive compensation for lost property. But up to date it is questionable if a single refugee has been resettled at all. For 1950-1951 UNRWA asked for \$54 millions but no more than 43 were subscribed—mainly by the U.S.A., Great Britain and France—the Middle-Eastern countries promising less than \$2 million.

A young official of UNRWA's generously-paid Beirut staff—one of those idealistic international civil servants hailing from a small and neutral country and still clinging to illusions—told me that some months ago he organized the refugees in one of the camps to grow vegetables around their tents. To keep them busy and to supplement their meatless and dull rations with fresh vegetables seemed to him a good idea. A few weeks later came the stern reprimand from headquarters: "Operation vegetable-plot has to stop . . ." "The reason?" I asked. "It smells of 'integration' or resettlement"—he shrugged his shoulders. A small example but not an exceptional one. Of the 800,000 dollars spent on the refugees each month, not a single dollar has up to now gone to launch a single individual on the road toward a new life. Against this tragic background, as if to demonstrate what could be done even on insignificant funds but with genuine good will—with equipment begged from four corners of the world—UNESCO is running schools and vocational training centres in the camps where, miraculously out of reach of political entanglements, they attempt to teach carpentry, shoe-making and other useful professions to bright-eyed Arab children. Without it they would be condemned to share the aimless drifting and moral decomposition of their elders. What is the explanation? Who is responsible for this unnecessary tragedy? Should the outside world continue to connive in the prolongation of the misery of these 600,000 people simply because the Arab League needs the refugee problem to keep the division against Israel? In Jordan no-one has the answers.

In quiet chats at the bar and over friendly dinner tables even the

highest Jordani officials will admit that peace with Israel is indispensable. The same people, of course, will gladly oblige their political gatherings with violent tirades against Israel and the Jews, with sarcastic sallies spared for the United Nations and its leading powers. Meanwhile, with characteristically charming cynicism, they declare after the second glass of whisky that sooner or later peace will have to come with Israel and they have an impressive list of mutual benefits which would result from it. Out in the camps, among land-workers from Palestine as among the officials, there is a widespread belief that the economic future of Jordan is bound up with that of her Jewish neighbour. There is, of course, a great deal of bitter talk and hatred, the understandable emotions of people who have been misled and have lost their homes and property. But, when away from the controlling eyes of the *mukhtars* and the rest of the camp notables, many a former Palestinian admits that he personally has nothing against working with the Jews and would gladly return and even work in their pay. The same people show equal willingness to settle where they are if they could be given a chance to rebuild their broken lives. In fact there is much hidden admiration for Israel's energy and for the economic miracles of the infant State. No propaganda can conceal what even the refugees can see across the barbed wire or what they hear from their relatives who did not believe the atrocity stories of the Arab radio stations and stayed behind in Israel in their old homes. But where is the master to save the sorcerer's apprentice from the monsters of hate whom he let loose and cannot control?

It was in 1945 Mr. Bevin made his challenging statement that the fellahin's standard of living would have to be improved to achieve stability in the Middle East. Since that date this stability has become an urgent strategic necessity for the western powers though practically nothing has happened to translate Mr. Bevin's aim into practice. The Middle East is still the home of famished and disease-ridden millions and immensely rich pashas riding their Cadillacs. In view of the bitter passions attached to the subject, it would be useless to reopen here the argument about the justification of Israel's existence. The debate about it is likely to outlast the sufferings of the Arab refugees. Solutions to practical problems have to rest on facts and it seems a fact that Israel is here to stay. To expect a solution to the refugee problem on the assumption that Israel will disappear from the map seems to be an irresponsible prolongation of human misery. Yet, day after day, hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people are sustained on this dangerous illusion in dozens of camps all over the Middle East. It seems illogical that at a time when exceptional efforts are being made to cement the existing military

potential of this region into something that could offer effective resistance, highly inflammable material like the refugee question should be left in the path of any eventual invader.

With Israel there appeared in the Middle East an egalitarian social system free of the traditional pattern of the region of feudal privilege and oppressed and backward masses. The 180,000-strong Arab minority of the new country, though it has serious and justified grievances, enjoys a far higher standard of living than in any of the surrounding countries. Moreover, in Israel—on a territory only a hundredth of that of the mostly under-populated Arab States—all means are employed to eradicate the regional conditions of poverty, disease and ignorance. It seems more than probable that co-operation between the Jewish State and its neighbours would be beneficial to both sides and could only contribute to that progressive transformation of the Middle East that was implied in Mr. Bevin's statement. The hatred whipped up against Israel may be an effective instrument in the Arab countries to divert attention from problems nearer home. The 600,000 refugees are, no doubt, its most potent explosive and cynical instrument.

But, meanwhile, it is becoming clearer every day that the resettlement and integration of the Palestine refugees (in Israel as well as in the Arab countries) might be the beginning of that long-expected Middle East "new deal" that could turn Jordan into an example to all her neighbours. The statement by John B. Blandford Jr., the new head of UNRWA, that with July 1 the work of "reintegration" would start in earnest, may be the first hopeful departure of this dismal story. Peace with Israel, brought about with the advice and economic aid of the western powers, followed by economic progress and better living, could end the vicious circle of sterile hatred and recrimination. It might also enable Israel to assert her claim to be not a wedge but a bridge to connect this traditionally under-developed region with all that has become the hope of economically backward millions in the twentieth century. This would be the first really effective step toward the creation of a new and united Middle East.

(Mr. Mende has just completed a trip to the Middle East where he visited a number of the refugee camps in Jordan.)

POLITICAL EDUCATION

BY H. G. NICHOLAS

INAUGURAL lectures are all too often like political manifestos, promising what they cannot fulfil, outlining a philosophy which will hardly sustain the test of its application. Professor Oakeshott on assuming the Chair of Political Science at the London School of Economics has chosen, with a characteristic impudence of modesty, a kind of Cambridge *gaminerie*, if he will forgive the expression, to invert this ostentatious tradition and to deliver as his inaugural* an apologia for scepticism, a promise only of hopeful travel, an assurance indeed of non-arrival. If his predecessor in the Chair was the Zola of political scientists, bidding us crusade for righteousness in a world in which righteousness was, even philosophically speaking, very doubtfully established, then surely Professor Oakeshott is the Proust, calling us *à la recherche du temps perdu*, striving to recapture the scents and flavours which are the surest clues not indeed to certainty but to the avoidance of illusion, "pursuing intimations", conversing not arguing, content with continuity, convinced of the vanity of doctrines and the perils of logic. Compared with certain inaugural manifestos his is indeed a modest programme of inquiry, but when it is pressed with an eloquence as persuasive as Professor Oakeshott's its modesty may well become one of the main ingredients of its charm and so not the least valid of the reasons for its acceptance. How far this will constitute a recommendation for it in an institution that has fattened on the richer proteins of dogmatism, both of the left and of the right, is itself a fascinating topic for speculation, but at least it has a novelty which should recommend it to any discriminating palate that is in risk of being jaded by a surfeit of certainties. To the outsider, however, who is conscious that for him to estimate the validity of the *argumentum ad homines* would partake of the nature of an impertinence, the major question remains, how far Professor Oakeshott's recipe for political education is deserving of a general acceptance.

The argument proceeds by way of inquiring "into the kind of knowledge we unavoidably call upon whenever we are engaged in political activity." It examines, only to reject, the careless assumptions of empiricism, demonstrating conclusively that "purely

* *Political Education*, by Michael Oakeshott. Bowes & Bowes. 2s. 6d.

empirical politics are not something difficult to achieve or proper to be avoided, they are merely the impossible," the logical conclusion, so to speak, of an utter illogicality. What then of the alternative proposition, "that politics appear as a self-moved manner of activity (here equated with understandability) when empiricism is preceded and guided by an ideological activity"? This too is examined only to be rejected, but less brusquely and, as it seems to me, less cogently.

The value of these ideological principles, says Professor Oakeshott, "lies in their having been premeditated." "The common characteristic of all the kinds of knowledge required is that they may be, and should be, gathered in advance of the activity of attending to the arrangements of a society." Holding these claims up to the light of history and everyday experience, Professor Oakeshott has little difficulty in showing that, for all their seeming reasonableness, they are mistaken; the reverse is true: "Political activity comes first and a political ideology follows after; and the understanding of politics we are investigating has the disadvantage of being, in the strict sense, preposterous."

The demolition is so neat and expeditious that at a casual glance one may overlook the fact that the structure erased is not the one originally erected. Of course ideologies do not chronologically antedate the societies and the politics they inform (or at least not to any significant degree), but to attack the ideologies here (fair game though some of them, particularly Hegel and his progeny, may be) is to attack only at the weakest part of their line. The more sophisticated of them have never pretended to take up the position that Professor Oakeshott assigns them. It is a logical, not a chronological, priority that their systems posit, and this is not refuted by any of Professor Oakeshott's analogies and examples. It is in this sense for example that Aristotle's *polis* is "by nature clearly prior to the family and to the individual."

Consequently, though much of Professor Oakeshott's criticism of the ideological approach may be valid he does not, it seems to me, make out a convincing case for his thesis that a political ideology is "knowledge (in an abstract and generalized form) of a traditional manner of attending to the arrangements of a society"—and, by implication, is *only* that—or that "*what* we do and moreover *what* we want to do, is the creature of *how* we are accustomed to conduct our affairs"—and, by implication, is merely the creature. Nor is it a matter for surprise if so extreme a doctrine turns out to bear rather extravagant fruit. It is so narrow in its applicability, in the first place, that it hardly fits any political society less cosy than our Britannic own. "Politics is the activity of attending to the general arrangements of a collection of people who, in respect of their common recognition of a manner of attending to its arrangements,

compose a single community." But in lands less happily circumstanced than this, or in the less idyllic pages even of our own island story, the stuff of politics is the exact reverse of this—it is the relationship of people who *lack* a "common recognition of a manner of attending" to their arrangements, who are either in process of ceasing to be or are still on the road to becoming "a single community." In a passage not devoid of ambiguity Professor Oakeshott seems to be contending that this need not exclude the study of "a serious political crisis" provided it is not a "cataclysm". But it is hard to see what instruments his technique can provide for the study of conflicts and revolutions save those which record merely the elements that have escaped the conflict or the continuity which has persisted across the barricades. This is to offer us a compass in circumstances that demand a Geiger counter.

Even within the confines of a polity which satisfies the condition of singleness and community Professor Oakeshott's philosophy produces some eccentric answers. Does it really contribute anything, for example, to an understanding of the issue of the women's franchise to contend that the only valid argument for it is one based on "coherence"—coherence, that is, in the arrangements of a given society? If the argument from "justice" is "either irrelevant, or an unfortunately disguised form" of the coherence theory, how is it that mankind so tiresomely persists in these irrelevancies, so universally succumbs to the charms of moralistic "dressing up"? For it will certainly not do to imply, as Professor Oakeshott tries to do, that this invocation of the ideological and the absolutes is just an occasional unfortunate lapse—"every society . . . is liable, from time to time, to abridge its tradition of behaviour into a scheme of abstract ideas." It is one of the most pervasive and deep-seated of political inclinations, one might almost say of human instincts. It may be perverse or even reprehensible, but to ignore or under-estimate it is to miss a central strand in that "tradition of behaviour" which is Professor Oakeshott's only tow-rope for the ship of State.

Tow-rope? As one reads on the suspicion grows that the strands of this mellifluous argument are not being woven to so utilitarian a purpose at all, that they constitute, to use one of the author's favourite terms, a much more "self-moved manner of activity" than that, as self-moved in fact as the Indian ropetrick. This pursuit of political "intimations" turns out to be finally an invitation to lose ourselves in an *altitudo*; the conversation which we are told to substitute for argument transmutes itself into a tone poem, a Debussy-esque *La Mer*; "in political activity, then, men sail a boundless and bottomless sea; there is neither harbour for shelter nor floor for anchorage, neither starting-place nor appointed destination. The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel; the sea is both friend and enemy;

and the seamanship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behaviour in order to make a friend of every inimical occasion."

"The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel." But why, if there is no destination (and not even any starting-place), why bother to keep afloat at all? Perhaps to travel in hope is better than to arrive. But to travel without hope and with the certainty of non-arrival—this is surely a philosophy, not so much of uselessness, as of total pointlessness? Professor Oakeshott admits that it may be found "depressing". But that is the least of its drawbacks. The most serious objection to it is that it is a total waste of time. The effort spent in learning navigation could more profitably be expended in broaching the few remaining casks of rum in the hold.

In fact what is the study of navigation, the academic discipline of politics, on this showing? It is, in the first place (and here more purposeful mariners may still happily take service under Captain Oakeshott's flag) a historical study. "Every society constructs a legend of its own fortunes which it keeps up to date and in which is hidden its own understanding of its politics; and the historical investigation of this legend—not to expose its errors but to understand its prejudices—must be a pre-eminent part of a political education." In addition, and for obvious reasons, it is a study of other people's manner of political thinking. On all this Professor Oakeshott has comments to make which the student of comparative institutions might well hang in letters of gold above his filing cabinet. But the study of politics is also a philosophical study. However this, on closer inspection, turns out to be merely historical too. "In a sense, political philosophy has nothing but a history, which is a history of the problems philosophers have detected and the manner of solution they have proposed." By this time no one in Professor Oakeshott's audience could have expected this operation to have any practical significance. "Political philosophy cannot be expected to increase our ability to be successful in political activity. It will not help us to distinguish between good and bad political projects; it has no power to guide or to direct us in the enterprise of pursuing the intimations of our tradition." Our whole political education in fact, Professor Oakeshott makes clear in his final paragraph, can have no more elevated or promising end than to protect us from illusion. The completely educated political man turns out to be the completely disillusioned one.

It was said of Mallarmé that by the time he had evolved his "pure poetry" he was writing poems which were simply poetry about poetry, form commenting on form. The political education of Professor Oakeshott's construction has this same self-regarding (and indeed self-consuming) character. The object of political thought,

for him, is always other political thought. In relation to history his emphasis falls on "what people have thought and said about what happened." Political philosophy, it turns out, is overwhelmingly devoted to a study of what other philosophers have thought, their problems and their solutions. Obviously these are subjects, and valid ones, for the student of politics. But is this kind of cerebral cannibalism going to provide adequate nourishment for a living science, one which for all its antiquity is still of prime concern to both students and laymen? Is there not something lacking in an approach which so nearly excludes from its purview the whole of the world of political action, especially of contemporary action, and so nearly substitutes the cultivation of the sentiments for the training of the will? *Abeunt studia in mores* is indeed the opening dictum of Professor Oakeshott's last paragraph, but the *mores* appealed to seem very like those attainable without the benefit of *studia* at all, though not indeed without the benefit of much world-weariness. They have a negative and passive implication to them. Their friends will say that at least they are adequate to man civilization's Roman Wall; their critics will complain that, like the Maginot Line, such defences can be turned. Professor Oakeshott seems to say that to ask for more is to be a perfectibilist, and he is rightly vigilant against the *hubris* inherent in such a boast. But Icarus, an early ideologist, was not the only political scientist to err. Lot's wife, for preferring the backward glance to the upward climb, suffered a fate no less final and considerably more ludicrous.

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THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL PURPOSE—I.

BY LOUIS ARNAUD REID

THIS is the kind of title beloved by makers of programmes. Its vagueness challenges examination, because woolliness in the use of such terms as 'individual' and 'social' and 'social purpose' is symptomatic, I believe, not only of some of our intellectual attitudes, but of certain practical ones as well. I will therefore, without apology, begin with what John Locke called "the humble work of an under labourer in clearing the ground."

Take the term 'individual' first. This may have a very abstract meaning indeed, or a meaning much less so, or it may on the other hand refer to something which is as concrete as it could possibly be. In the most abstract sense, 'individual' is simply a term correlative with terms equally abstract like 'group', 'society'. We may say, for example: "There is a group of people; this group is composed of a thousand individuals." (Here is the collective and distributive use of words, indicating respectively the collection as a whole, and the units which make it up.) This use is legitimate in certain circumstances. But sometimes we use this abstract language when we ought, humanly speaking, to be more concrete, and this habit gets into our everyday speech. People often say: "I don't like that individual" when they mean "I don't like that person." This loose English is symptomatic, not simply of looseness of speech, but of something wrong in our attitude. The word 'individual' is correctly used as an abstraction in opposition to the group; but when we are thinking and speaking of persons, we ought to use the language of persons and to possess a personal attitude to persons. If this looks at first sight like a verbal quibble, I may say that I hope it is not, because my contention is going to be that our thinking about individual and social purpose, even if it must be abstract, must also be translated into personal language if it is to be realistic and humanly effective.

The word 'society', like the word 'individual', also has its legitimately abstract use, but with dangers attached to it. It is a term which sociologists variously define in their books, and is associated with vague clusters of images and concepts—faces in a crowd, council chambers, laws, someone voting in a ballot-box or the word-image 'society'. It is well to remember that the term 'society' is only a useful abstraction, that 'society' as conceived has no existence

except as an intellectual construction or a model. And it is particularly important, in a day when the term tends to be one to conjure with, to remember that the abstraction 'society' has no virtues or even vices, and has no claims upon that other abstraction, the individual. Abstractions in themselves possess no value or importance, and impose no obligations upon one another. The idea of a value is not itself valuable; the idea of generosity is not generous; the idea of society has no claims upon the idea of the individual. Claims arise only when there is interaction between some real group of persons living together in what we call a society, and in which there is some actual intercourse between the persons in the group as a group and the persons as individuals. The abstractions 'society' and 'group' have no reality, though they are quite necessary for thought. What has reality is the actual meeting and actual many-sided intercourse of two or three gathered together—or ten, or a hundred. (This is not quite accurate, and is rather an overstatement: not quite accurate because of course abstract ideas have a kind of reality; overstated because, as we all know and as I shall make clear later, there are plenty of impersonal elements also in any large and organized society.)

For realistic social thinking, the most abstract language has to be translated into the concrete language of persons. This is more easily said than done. Abstractions tend to develop a life of their own. Whitehead spoke of it as "the hypostatization of abstractions." Language is, of course, essential to thinking and the language of thought is bound to employ abstractions at every turn. But the function of thinking about man and society is not finally the construction of an intricate system of symbols, but the illuminated understanding of men in their actual lives in society. We are acquainted with society in experience; we reflect upon it, consider, abstract; we then come back to society, re-experiencing with better insight, seeing more relatedly and in perspective. Some aspects of what we see are personal—persons living personal lives, entering into personal relations. Other aspects are the more impersonal activities of persons, as planning and organizing, creating and running businesses, industrial, commercial, political activities. And men make and manipulate and live among impersonal objects, arranging and moving matter about, living in buildings, offices, factories, trafficking with machines. Sometimes in modern life the impersonal things men make begin to take charge. There is 'bureaucracy', which really means, I suppose, the rule by the pigeonhole desk. And there is, of course, red-tape, which sometimes strangles the life out of living human beings. However that be, modern 'society' in the concrete is a tangle of goings on, personal and impersonal.

And now the term 'social purpose' needs examination too;

the word 'purpose' is a blanket term and my individual 'purpose' may mean either an event in my mind, my mental purposing, or it may refer to what is purposed. We say, for example: "His purpose was to build a house, improve industrial relations, etc." The term 'social purpose' is also ambiguous, but in a different way. It may mean either an individual person's purposes for society (as when we say: "X has a strong sense of social purpose," meaning that he takes an active interest in, say, housing or penal reform), or 'social purpose' may mean the purpose or purposes which a 'society' has. We might say that in recent years 'society' has purposed that there should be many changes in education, in the nationalization of certain industries. But, though 'society' collectively can certainly, in a sense, take decisions and have purposes, these purposes and decisions are in the end the work of persons living in a society under mutual influence. 'Social purpose', in the objective sense, refers to the sort of society which members of that society, living socially, will, in common, bring into being. It might include more economic equality, more and better education, removal of obstacles to satisfactory human relations. Society's 'purposes' must mean common ends shared by many persons who think alike and desire alike such things.

Once again, these very pedestrian definitions are undertaken, not for the sake of verbalism, but because it is socially and humanly important to remember that what is called 'social purpose' is, in the end, something that originates from personal purpose. We tend to think of 'social purposes' as impersonal large-scale objectives into which people are 'organized' willynilly, as indeed in our own society they are. We get, paradoxically, the impression of being enmeshed, helplessly, in a large impersonal machine, and that every improvement of social purpose means being organized a bit more. Even doctors and headmasters become less persons, more officials. But of course the true end of social purpose cannot be organization. And the fact that we do have the feelings just described is a sign that something is wrong. The true end of social purpose is not organization, but intended human good to which organization is a means. This intended human good is conceived by, and comes forth from thinking and willing human persons functioning as individuals **and** as members of groups, and aiming at the betterment of human persons as individuals and as members of groups. Good social purpose is not *qua* organization, but in relation to human fulfilment. 'Social purpose' has a frightening, impersonal, almost fatalistic sound. The term is unavoidable; let us give it its human, original, and true meaning, thinking imaginatively, concretely, personally. It will make a difference to social purpose itself.

It must be presumed that when anyone sets out to write or to speak

about 'social purpose' to an intelligent audience, he is concerned with 'good social purpose', and that his analysis is at least an attempt to understand how social purpose may be improved. But what is meant by 'good social purpose'? Ordinarily people, when they talk of it, presume that they know what are good social purposes. Better housing, better feeding of children, nurseries, health services, greater freedom and equality; these are all social purposes which any normal enlightened member of our community would agree to be 'good' and 'desirable'. These things and their like are 'good' as objects of natural human desire. We think it 'good' to live in comfortable convenient houses, to have enough good food, a decent wage, quick pleasant transport. . . . It is 'good' to have good health. It is 'good' to be free and equal. It is 'good' partly because these are conditions which make human life tolerable, smooth, pleasant, freer from worry, and because an adequate supply of them is necessary for human dignity and the possibilities this holds. Generalizing, these things may all be said to make human happiness and wellbeing more possible. And certainly it is true that in the absence of them (of some perhaps more than others) human life would be less full. Disease, nakedness, starvation, slums and hovels, the impossibility of travel, are in different ways and degrees humanly stunting, and the reforms which transform the social scene are acclaimed.

Yes, these things are good as conditions, perhaps even (up to a point) as parts of human dignity and the possibility of human expansion. They constitute a human step-up. Yet they are only conditions and parts. When they are newly-won they bring a sense of emancipation, joy, exhilaration, a sense of fresh possibility. But very soon, unless much else happens, we not only get used to assuming them indispensable, but the new life tends to bring a boredom that is perpetually but imperfectly being staved off by new rushes of newly devised excitements. The fresh fruits of freedom lose their bloom and go sour; even emancipation—separated from the previous struggles which were at least vital—becomes a burden. The children—of whatever age—of good fortune are quickly spoiled.

Social improvements are conditions and parts of life, but in themselves they never satisfy, and for the very ancient reason that man is a spirit with infinite hunger and thirst. He thinks he wants cakes and ale; he needs the bread of fulfilment and the water of life. So all these amenities, necessary and important, so good in their own way, are not fully good, and may even become evil, if they are not aids and occasions for a much larger human fulfilment, if they are not taken up into, and reflexively transformed by an inspiration which is never wholly discoverable within the mere limits of even the most far-seeing social reconstruction. Houses have to be made homes, the feeding of

children an act of love, equality (and inequality) taken and given with respect and toleration. Human good is not something which is, finally, handed out by society. It has to be created, and created by persons. Social goods have to be made good if they are not quickly to corrupt. Without the continuous creation of infused good even the best of the social amenities become perverted. The only source of fundamental human good is the good life itself, and the resources for that come from the infinite cause and purpose of man's being. Kant, in his own language, is perfectly right. Nothing (to render him rather freely) is good without the good will. Without it anything may be perverted. Good council houses may lead to thriftlessness and lack of independence. So may plenty of beer and cigarettes and television. Even the feeding of children at school may undermine parental responsibility. Free doctoring, even freedom and equality, may be exploited for selfish ends. In theological language all human good is tainted by sin. And in plain ordinary language it is the commonest of damn-fool nonsense to seek finally for salvation in social reform.

Nevertheless we have to be careful here, in our assertion of the supremacy of the spirit, to avoid a kind of escapism, a separation of the spiritual from the social. We have to be careful that we do not in any way belittle all that is being increasingly done, and done with the aids of science, to raise the level of human living. We have to see both the extensiveness of the impact of this effort, and its limits. There is a tendency for the theologian, seeing what the social scientist may miss, to deny the facts of the genuine social, moral and personal amelioration which application of science may bring. And there is the opposite tendency, for the social scientist to make unlimited claims for his developing knowledge and power.

It has been already suggested that the various social amelioratives are both conditions of human good, and may even be a part of it. That they may be a part, as well as a condition of good, has to be taken seriously; and it is not very easy to separate these aspects. A job and decent wage are conditions of certain freedoms; so is a good house. Can we say that to possess them can be wholly isolated from personal self-respect, the raising of personal morale? Is not a man's material mode of life, even his very clothes, part of his social personality? And on the reverse side, cannot human beings be degraded by living under conditions for which they are in no way to blame? May they not become craven, weak or wolfish? One of the most hellish aspects of our modern totalitarian powers of inflicting human misery is the ability, it would seem, almost to destroy the human soul by deliberate techniques. Prisoners of the Nazis spoke of the personal degradation of being cross-questioned naked. Visitors to Belsen were horrified by the sub-human aspect of the inmates.

If we recall the existence of the familiar knowledge of modern medicine, psychology and sociology, it seems even more obvious that human beings have a great deal of power even to alter human personality and its behaviour. Sleepy sickness can destroy the sense of moral responsibility; cure can restore it. Hormones, and duodenal ulcers, affect personality and outlook. The leucotomies can work fundamental psychological changes. Delinquencies, again, are becoming much better understood, and there is no reason, in principle, why the conditions which produce what is now called delinquency should not in time be eliminated. The sciences push further and further into what used to be regarded as the inner sanctum of personality. It is like a rising tide seeping into caves which once were high and dry in the cliffs. It is little wonder that social scientists are sometimes tempted to claim that the whole power of future reform lies with science.

The situation is parallel to that of the relation of science to prayer. When man's knowledge and control was small, the scope of his prayer seemed wider. He was largely the victim of external nature; he knew little of the cure of his body; he could only pray. Now he builds to withstand nature, and what was a matter for prayer before is now a matter for some disinfectant, or penicillin. If *Dieu et mon Droit* was his motto, as his right hand grew stronger (or at least more cunning) the need for God seemed less. Or since he can help himself more, he needs less and less of the help of heaven. So it seemed. The seeming was alarming to the theologian for a moment: he had to think again hard; the result was a deeper understanding of prayer, which he ought to have possessed before.

So here, the increased power of science over human personality is a challenge. It can, I think, perfectly well be met without erecting any artificial barriers. Next time I hope to suggest how this is possible.

(The second part of this article will be published in the September issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. The author is Professor of Philosophy of Education in the University of London.)

THE POWER OF FAITH IN LITERATURE

BY RICHARD CHURCH

WHENEVER I am asked what is the relationship between literature and religion, I am reminded that there are people in the community to whom literature is something static and set apart from ordinary life (if there is such a thing as ordinary life). As a journeyman in the craft of literature (and it is a fact that all craftsmen tend to believe that their occupation covers the whole universe and is a sufficient symbol of it, as the old cobbler reads the character of his customers into the down-trodden shoes brought to his bench), I feel that the wonders and mysteries of life have to be brought within the terms of a small equation. It takes a lifetime of close application to make that equation, and we can do it most accurately by using those terms which have grown out of our own personal experience.

Allowing that I may be exaggerating the significance of the art and craft of literature, I still maintain that the person who regards literature as something apart from daily life, is not wholly "civilized." In the long run everybody, the scientist, the theologian, the philosopher, and even the musician and the worker in plastic arts, all find themselves using the medium of literature, either as a direct vehicle or as an auxiliary of their function. When Darwin, as a scientist, wrote *The Origin of Species*, his instrument was the art of letters. When Robert Schumann and Hector Berlioz were discoursing on the nature of music, they, too, had recourse to this art. The speeches of Burke, of Asquith, of Balfour and of Lord Samuel, have been depositions of political theory; but they have been conveyed through the medium of literature. The Authorised Version of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the sermons of the great divines of the late seventeenth century and the discourses of Cardinal Newman have been expositions, within the field of Christian belief, in terms of literature. Every form of communication between man and man, whether it be the conveyance of ideas, emotions or factual information, is a literary communication. We cannot even think coherently in the solitude of our own minds, without the use of words grouped into grammatical patterns that are at least an elementary form of literature. We can do nothing in the modern world without recourse to some form of literature, the pamphlet, the list of instructions, the text-book.

All this is mere actuality, the reduction of literature to the absurdity of utility values.

We know that literature is something vastly more, because it is part of the story of mankind in every country, in every creed and in every cultural standard. Even the most primitive communities have a folk-lore, which has crystallized into some shape of interpretative symbolism, permanent enough to be called literature. What is it that makes us all bear this astonishing harvest of word-patterns, which we can all recognize and feed upon as the very bread of life and the sustenance of our minds and souls?

Perhaps Gilbert Murray's book on Greek religion provides an answer. He says: "The fact remains that man must have some relation towards the uncharted, the mysterious, tracts of life which surround him on every side. And for my own part I am content to say that his method must be to a large extent very much what St. Paul calls faith; that is, some attitude not of the conscious intellect but of the whole being, using all its powers of sensitiveness, all its feeblest and most inarticulate feelers and tentacles, in the effort somehow to touch by these that which cannot be grasped by the definite senses or analysed by the conscious reason." I would like to underline this quotation with a poem of my own, written during the cynical decades between the wars. It is called "The Man Without Faith":

A man without faith
Grows old before his years,
His world a wraith,
For whom the end nears
Like a winter mist
When the sun is cold
In the cold west.
His children about him
Are strangers, unknown.
The love that begot them
Cooled and gone.
If he gets riches
They turn to rust,
And he can do nothing
With a handful of dust.
Life's miracle fails him,
Life's rapture, life's breath;
He has done with living,
He has forestalled death.

Literature and faith cannot be divorced. A man may call himself an atheist or a materialist. He may even be an inarticulate brute given up wholly to satisfying his appetites, but he is groping for something and is forced to a self-expression that is a definition of

some kind of faith. We cannot lift an arm or glance upward without some objective behind that elementary movement. And an objective is a faith ; as primitive perhaps as some of the forms of life that are static on the dark beds of the ocean.

When it comes to the use of words, and all the highly-advanced organic structures which this implies as a conveyance of faith what greater gropings, what nobler aspirations ! Still more is this process advanced when the use of words is sustained and made into a pattern of logic and a structure of beauty. I believe indeed that we cannot construct the simplest piece of syntax without the motive behind it being an active demonstration of faith. We have to believe, even in order to disbelieve. The man who is calling out against God is the man who is worshipping Him most abjectly.

The drama of faith and belief as expressed in literature is a theme which has brought me to this position, through a kind of mystic circle that threatens a surrounding wall of metaphysics, and as it were, imprisonment within my own claim to freedom. But I hope I have disposed of the inert, dead-end attitude towards literature, all too common among a generation anaesthetized by the particular violence with which mankind has been assailed during the twentieth century. But the world has always been violent ; the value of history is that it reminds us of this and shakes us out of the mood of self-pity by which we excuse our shortcomings. Amid the anarchy and insecure political and economic conditions of the Greek cities of those magical centuries, the foundations of everything that is valuable in our European culture were laid down by a handful of precarious men. The great achievement of the Christian Church in the dark ages and the medieval world, in a European community that was little more than a nest of bandits, was the genius of the saints and theologians who built up a cosmology that almost succeeded in uniting the western world into a political unit, based on a superbly articulated moral vision and expressed in the teaching of Aquinas and the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. Then later, during the Renaissance, when the banditry was being replaced by a more subtle and far-reaching system, the web of the Italian and Hanseatic merchant princes and bankers and ruthless intrigue and power-lust, there emerged the wonderful arts of the Free Cities and the literature whose crown is William Shakespeare. We have no grounds for excusing ourselves to-day from believing that faith in life and its expression in the inevitable form of literature are as actual as the bread we eat.

Many people, especially those who subscribe to a particular creed, admit that literature expresses faith only when it is definitely and technically religious literature. We have to recognize the part played by accepted religious dogma in the various literatures of the world ; it brings comfort and resolution to millions of people in every

generation. It penetrates into every chapter of contemporary art, no matter how secular the climate of opinion may be at any particular time. We have more than one example of that survival of what I would call dedicated literature, in our world of to-day. A living poet of genius, belonging to the Roman Catholic faith, has recently published verse which carries a prescribed and orthodox worship. It is none the less valuable for that, since its vehicle is the real stuff of poetry, an inspired translation from the Spanish text of *St. John of the Cross*.*

Out of the primitive tribal images and symbols, we can see in the history of literature how our poets and storytellers have perpetuated, deepened and added to those early religious concepts, giving them elasticity and a universal significance, so that they can be applied to the needs of even the most sophisticated society of man, such as this in which we live to-day. For several thousand years literature has carried these images of religion, all the time humanizing them and relating them more closely to the intricacies of human emotion and conduct. We need only to recall the mere themes of the poetry of Homer, Isaiah, and the Greek dramatists of the Golden Age, to realize how interdependent were religion and literature in their beginnings. Both sprang from the stark, human necessity of solving the mystery of life, of making the intangible concrete, and of binding chaos into some form of order that could support a standard of human values that might be extended into the society of man. Even in those processes by which literature looks upon the negative aspects of our human problem, the mere statement of them in a form of beauty brought a consolation, which was a sufficient tonic to bring hope out of despair. The Hebrew prophet and poet says : "As for Man, his days are as grass. As a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

In the mere expression of this idea of the insecurity of human life, literature achieves a paradox. It changes the humility of that statement into pride. The wind has indeed passed over it, but it is the wind of literature, which has changed the idea of fleetingness into something more permanent than a monument of stone. This is one of the great and fundamental values of literature : it is the preservative, the treasury of those moments when in height or in depth, the human mind touches the frontiers between experience and the mystery which lies beyond. When it does this in terms of an orthodox religious creed, it is only demonstrating its own superb efficacy as a medicine for the imagination of man, restoring even the most worn and ancient of dogmas and giving them new significance

* *Poems of St. John of the Cross*. The Spanish text with a translation by Roy Campbell. Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.

and life.

I believe that the expression of faith and belief in literature is an all-pervading activity that saturates the art of letters, just as rain saturates our soil and makes it fertile. Without faith and belief, the structures of our language are dried out and become barren rocks and caverns. Further, it is impossible for human language to remain intact and coherent, without this vivifying moisture of faith. The genesis of those structures of language, that instrument which multiplies our capabilities and has made us lords over the rest of living creatures, the grammatical articulation of the syntax between words and the growth of words and sentences into the powerful rhythms and measures of poetry and the prose paragraph : these are an organic process in the realm of mind, a very real and tangible world, comparable to those in the physical world. I see no difference between the two, the ghost and the body. Admit a difference, then admit the devil of dualism and leave the door open for all those divisions to enter, between matter and manner, time and space, body and soul, which have led the human race to the disastrous brink of a precipice where it now stands hesitating.

So it is in literature. I believe literature cannot exist without its forms, whether in prose or verse, being articulated by faith and belief. Much argument could be brought to a definition of this statement as a philosophic issue. General Smuts made some effort in this direction in his essay on the principle of Holism. But no statement of faith was ever advanced by argument ; we know too well how true that is from the works of the Schoolmen, who made such a cat's cradle of theology in the Middle Ages. Our own age in particular is impatient of such logic chopping, and it is indeed one of the bitterest comments on the dogmatists of Communism to-day, that they strive to throw human society back into the clutches of the stiff, intellectual machinery of sciolism, which has substituted labels in place of living realities.

The only way to find the very source and ever-flowing power of the hopes and the vision that made possible any form of literature, is to give examples of that miracle in action. For it is a miracle, just as sunshine, the manifest of flowers and animal-life, the massive nature of stone, the mathematics of the night skies are miracles. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." That familiar statement contains the whole potentiality of our human ascendancy over the rest of the universe. It is the poet's justification for claiming to be "a legislator of the world." It is indeed so profound, so final, that it leaves nothing more to be said by way of definition and can only be illustrated.

But here the field is infinite. We have the myriads of languages

of the human race with their various conventions and historical structures in imagery and symbolism. Further, each individual person is equipped in some degree with a private treasury of such illustrations, all of them manifesting to a single truth, that without faith and belief there can be no literature. Some of these illustrations are crude and elementary, as in folk-song and in primitive sagas. Others are decadent and tending to lapse into commercialized cynicism, such as we find in the crooning of our Wardour Street spirituals. The process is ever varied and ever fluctuating. It is like sunshine filtering down through the pollutions of our atmosphere, bringing life and light, no matter how obscured it may be by the medium through which it filters.

Surely we can feel with our sixth sense that, in this oblique approach toward a definition of the indefinable, our very failure is in itself a success. We have learned that faith and belief is something that we cannot circumscribe within a definition or a dogma. But we can recognize it. Indeed, without it, we sink into darkness and despair and the value goes out of all our possessions, material as well as mental. Literature without this foundation of faith is merely a coagulation of dead words.

How different is this from the living word, that active mystery which we instantly recognize and submit ourselves to in the knowledge that here is food and enlargement. Here is an example which even through the medium of translation shows this power in its full authority. It shows it too as something that is not out of the way, impalpable and strange. In this paragraph from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, we see it as a matter-of-fact judgment, mosaic in its firmness and clarity. It is like one of the statements on the tablets of stone, which the prophet brought down from the mountain. Tolstoy is describing the consequences of the battle of Borodino during Napoleon's Russian campaign :

It was not Napoleon alone who had experienced that nightmare feeling of the mighty arm being stricken powerless, but all the generals and soldiers of his army, whether they had taken part in the battle or not, after all their experience of previous battles—when after one-tenth of such efforts the enemy had fled—experienced a similar feeling of terror before an enemy who, after losing half his men, stood as threateningly at the end as at the beginning of the battle. The moral force of the attacking French army was exhausted. Not that sort of victory which is defined by the capture of pieces of material fastened to sticks, called standards, and of the ground on which the troops had stood and were standing, but a moral victory that convinces the enemy of the moral superiority of his opponent and of his own impotence, was gained by the Russians at Borodino. The French invaders, like an infuriated animal that has in its onslaught received a mortal wound, felt that they were perishing, but could not stop, any more than the Russian army, weaker by one-half, could help swerving. By the impetus gained, the French army was still able to roll forward to Moscow, but there, without further effort on the part of the Russians, it had to perish, bleeding from the mortal wound it

had received at Borodino. The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's senseless flight from Moscow, his retreat along the old Smolensk road, the destruction of the invading army of five hundred thousand men, and the downfall of Napoleonic France, on which at Borodino, for the first time, the hand of an opponent of stronger spirit had been laid.

There we see this power of faith informing literature as it were in a judicial capacity. But we must not limit it to this, or we shall be in danger of confining it once again to the presentation of a dogma. Faith is capable of gaiety and of infinite surprise, those qualities of freedom which are perhaps the highest attributes of Godhead, expressed in "The Wild Swans At Goole" by W. B. Yeats :

Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away ?

Each of those "nine-and-fifty swans" may be taken as a symbol of the manifestations of faith and belief embodied in literature. It is not without significance that we hear constantly of "winged words", faith and belief. The flight which faith and belief sustain is perpetual and reaches everywhere in our human estate.

These daily words you listen to, are not
One man's invention, but the growth of time,
Seeded from nobility and crime.
Some are blemished fruits, destined to rot
And fall. Some revive that were forgot.
A few, like death in life, may faintly chime
Dropped from the belfry of a poet's rhyme
Upon the graves in history's burial-plot.
But all of them, long-lived or quickly gone,
Are active powers, the radium of thought,
The close-packed atoms of our human story.
Here then is need for caution. Be admonished
To use these daily words as though God-wrought,
Magical master-keys to light and glory.

For me, the word, that elusive medium through which the poet works, is always sacred.

(The article is based on an address the author recently gave before the World Congress of Faiths.)

A TREE

BY MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Years fall like days,
And time moves quietly, almost unnoticed
Till suddenly the sapling that laid its leaves
Under our hand, meek and warm as a spaniel's head,
Is a tree, whose branches escape and are beyond us,
Belonging to the air, condescending to birds,
But no longer free to our fingers, or unfolding
In downy, domestic fronds.
And then we know
Too well that with it a tree has taken our life,
And that, from its tremendous branches springing
Into a cage, a web that holds the light
Broken and scattered with orbs of watching darkness,
A shadow will fall,
But will not lay its momentary coolness
Across our arm, or scatter its filaments
Like those the spider casts, over the wall,
For we shall be lying in our own plot of shadow,
And will not care if others measure time
By the slow upward curve of a tree's green crest.

WHEN CRESCENT HORN COMMANDS THE SKY

BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE

When crescent horn commands the sky
And winds the vixen from her lair,
A shadow pack streams up the hill,
And countryside is torn from sleep.
Dead horses ford the milky dales -
Their ghost hooves thunder in the bone
Of ditch tossed riders by the church :
Hound music wakes the huntsmen gone to earth.

FICTION TRENDS

BY PAMELA HINKSON

TO-DAY'S fashions are with us. But for yesterday's, of which I had a general impression of contrast to to-day's, I had to do some searching for the names and works that made that accumulated effect; and half my knowledge was hereditary. The masters naturally needed no recalling; but the fiction trend and its influence on readers was made also by the lesser story writers in the literary sense, who wrote to give enjoyment and—they hoped—to profit themselves in so doing. Generally they offered an ideal, rather than writing to release any morbidity in themselves. Masters and lesser writers alike used their pens often to assist in righting injustices.

* * * *

The musing search took me back into an appropriate atmosphere. In imagination I moved along the shelves, examining titles, in an Irish country house room half walled in books, in which my mother wrote by the fire—one of the hundreds of simple novels or many short stories with which she kept the pot boiling, or one of a myriad articles which could go to a paper familiar with her small handwriting, untyped, or a book of memories in which she relit past sunlit days and largely forgot the shadows, or the poetry by which she lived for herself and was to live. The room was quiet for writer or reader, no sound except the scratching of my mother's quill pen—an insurance against writer's cramp—or the gentle flickering of the turf and wood fire, before which sleeping dogs could lie in trance-like stillness, knowing the time for a walk and joyous noise and the time for this answering of their owner's mood. No tapping of a typewriter in the house—almost the whole of my mother's writing life was lived without the possession of one. Manuscripts were sent away to be typed. No sound of radio either, or of a voice forcing the disturbance of the world into this quietness where imaginary worlds were created.

A cosy time for writers, I see, observing details. Perhaps that accounted much for the trend of fiction created in similar rooms. It was easier then to invent a romantic world, stopping now and again, as I see my mother doing, to gaze into the fire. A child reader too, could gaze from book into the fire and see easily the castles built by the printed words. Winter hours between tea and dinner were

exquisite for writer or reader. Time, firelight, lamplight, curtains drawn, often wind and rain outside.

In fact more than wind and rain. I realize that this was a brief prolongation of an age already ended, yet of which much was preserved by those who had made their lives in it and to whom it remained real and the shaking of it appeared a gigantic accident. For that picture must have been during the 1914-1918 war, in which we, as a family, were closely involved. But a soldiers' war only did not break the routine of over or under-age civilians. It came into this quietness with anxieties and griefs, the daily paper's news and no more until to-morrow—not all the radio bulletins to break the day and the heart. It came with men returning, thankful for this unchanged life, while feeling strange in it. And after the war an end of paper shortage and through an armistice something of the past age lingered, to die in 1939, since which there has been no cosy time for anyone and no promise of cosyness ever again for writers.

But in that room, searching for the novels written and read in my mother's time, with a lamp making an oasis of illumination only about the fire, I must take a candle appropriately to go along the shelves. Of course the classic novels were there: Trollope and Jane Austen with their great drama of quiet life, and Walter Scott's romantic adventure and Dickens—many times re-read in childhood when there could never be enough reading matter to fill endless time and appetite. And Meredith and Thomas Hardy. And Arnold Bennett with his "Five Towns"—of whom I heard someone saying that he would take pages to build a room—before paper shortage, before a fashion or rigid word economy and quick journalistic influence on novels. And H. G. Wells's Mr. Polly—rather than his prophecies, or then "modern" novels—was a familiar friend. R. L. Stevenson's great tales and Kipling's tales of Empire builders and ballads and his *Rewards and Fairies* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* making English history and English country alive; Galsworthy writing of affluent country house life and tilting at the prosperous and possessive in defence of the unpossessing and possessed—novels which bear the mark of the leisure and comfort in which they were written. Conrad's sea winds and strange islands, living ships and austere passion, created in different circumstances—I heard it said that a writer too good and needing too much attention from his reader for popularity, never made more than a very small income. J. M. Barrie was giving delight and winning success before "sentimentality" was condemned.

On other shelves were the lesser story writers who provided fire castles for many an adult. Among them: Stanley Weyman's historical novels, Maurice Hewlett's poetic prose of forest lovers,

Anthony Hope's Ruritanian kings and princesses, and others of the school which provided delightful "escape". I re-read *The Prisoner of Zenda* in 1946 and felt again all the romantic thrill of it with fresh gratitude. A fine thing, I thought, to have given that thrill to thousands of readers. Chivalry, hero worship, loyalty, courage and idealistic, self-sacrificing love; a great many must have been the better for sharing all that. The mass of novelists then wrote of chivalrous men and virtuous women. Villains were clearly indicated as such and right triumphed, as the reader desired, to the happy ending. It is, alas, natural that a generation which can see no happy ending has discarded that in modern fiction. Then the genesis of popular fiction lay in the fairy tales. I heard that said by my prolific writing mother—that there were only—how many stories?—in the world, all contained in the fairy tales, which give a common childhood and meeting ground to otherwise separated adults. To these the producers of popular magazine stories turned back when in need of a plot—transposing the heroes and heroines to familiar contemporary types and the background to the English scene. Before 1914, my hereditary information tells that the "escapism" of the mass of women readers—with dull if comfortable lives beside those of their sisters to-day—sought its romance in an unknown glamorous world. Prince Charming of the fairy tale, the fairy princess, Cinderella, the fairy godmother—well, have human nature and its desires changed so much at heart? In a time of class distinction 'high life' appeared more romantic than it was in fact. This was a different glamour from that offered later by Hollywood films. Later American influence on British fiction was far away—and Henry James far away from that.

A change of demand for the women's serial and magazine market appeared after the first war. Democracy was proclaimed. The "lords and ladies", of whom a young woman of a later age declared frankly that she liked to read rather than of the working classes, were expelled. The editor of one of a group of women's magazines—a sober young man—stated his needs to my mother unsmilingly: "My readers are young married women living in small suburban houses, with two children. The kind of woman who feels sometimes that her husband doesn't understand her—and about the housework and cooking and how she hates cleaning fowl and so on. We want stories of their own lives and difficulties."

My mother gallantly, to keep our fire burning, if with a wry smile, wrote a story about a young woman—with the specified two children—cleaning a rabbit for her husband's dinner. The author had never cleaned a rabbit nor dreamed of a near time when lords and ladies too would forcibly learn that art. I don't think the demand for such domestic stories lasted long.

In that period also the gentle lady who edited an old-fashioned woman's magazine, to which my mother contributed, came to discuss a serial and reported this recent editorial conference with the two Scottish proprietors, who owned also a farming paper:

Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie, speaking in one voice and solemnly: "Mrs. Wallace—the sales of *The Lady's Hour* are going down. What is the reason?" Mrs. Wallace, gaily: "Why, Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie, of course—it's not larky enough! Not spicy enough!"

Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie both shook their heads and again spoke in one voice: "We'll ha'e none of that" and broached the question of the new serial. "Who do you suggest, Mrs. Wallace?" "Katharine Tynan." Again Mr. Maclean and Mr. Mackenzie looked at each other solemnly, then two heads nodded and two voices spoke: "We'll ha'e Katharine Tynan."

Novels and magazines were still divided then into those for the family table and otherwise. A 'triangle' plot remained a struggle between 'love and duty'. (The phrase struck me, being unusual to-day, in a recent *Radio Times* reference to a Somerset Maugham play.) When it became fashionable to mock at the romantic novelists and their characters cloaked with reticence—perhaps with dignity too—as unreality, and cloaks were discarded, the new fashion made an opposite extreme as unreal, with over-emphasis on physical details as if they were the whole, not a part of life. But real war fiction had followed the 1914-1918 war. R. H. Mottram's *The Spanish Farm* held the balance between the natural life of peace and the disturbance and hurt of war, in his hero Skene, representative of the English middle class infantry officer ("The gentlest upbringing in the world," and: "Men who had married, had children and put sex out of their minds"). A. P. Herbert's *The Secret Battle*, written for a cause, showed a man's fight against the intolerable trench warfare strain and in a memorable contrasting scene, a wife's fight amid the sweet domesticities of home, to hold him from the other. Siegfried Sassoon, a survivor of the war poets, wrote biography of the soldier's return in mind to familiar, loved country things. Henry Williamson too found healing for the spiritual wounds of the returned soldier in country and animals. In contrast the German *All Quiet on the Western Front* depicted war and men in it, in the raw, in a mood and hour of violence.

Later Hemingway was to send his heat and violence from America and Steinbeck his *Of Mice and Men*, and *Grapes of Wrath*. But in the middle armistice period the English still liked best to read of themselves (a reminder I heard made in a professional writing world) and honest sentiment produced the best sellers; Hugh Walpole was chronicling the English—and was to write of a happy, normal family in *The Joyful Delaneys*—and J. B. Priestley's modern Dickens sold

their hundred thousand. Charles Morgan's beautiful prose conveyed the magic of love's approaches, and passion also without the gross touch before which magic flies, and, as in his later *The Judge's Story* with restrained emotion—that of a man with “old fashioned” ideas leaving a living memory of a meeting and the birth of a lasting love without physical touch. Virginia Woolf was for the literary, and Elizabeth Bowen's exquisite art flowered amid and between the ruins of two wars and her native Irish Troubles, producing that lovely early book *The Last September* from adolescent experience and *The Heat of the Day* from another war's maturity.

The poets of 1914-1918 had left their own epitaph—of a generation caught from sweet life and youth, going unwarned to a romantic adventure—with swords and courage as in the romantic novels—and, such as survived, to later disillusion. Their son's generation, born to predestined knowledge, went to war in a different mood and produced little poetry or romantic fiction although some great documentaries, such as Richard Hillary's *The Last Enemy*.

The cosy time for civilian writers vanished with the first civilian's war, in which gigantic events, once the experience of fighting men only, became common experience of common men and women. Cold war continuing hot war, and dashed hopes, brought naturally a school of fiction containing little hope. Yet it is curious that in a time of natural beauty craving, the insistence should be on the ugly and that, with few exceptions, contemporary novelists have neglected the romantic dramas offered by war's real experience—those who desire romance seeking it in another age, as if it had vanished from this.* But with hope repeatedly withdrawn from this world, it was perhaps natural that amid scepticism some novels of religious interest should become best sellers on both sides of the Atlantic. Three British converts to the Catholic Church write of it as those seeing it newly and with their own eyes. The greatest of these, Mr. Graham Greene, offers little hope for this world, although it is his genius to depict the divine working in undivine man. No great spiritual figure lights the way in his earlier and finest novel *The Power and The Glory*, the story of the “whisky priest” who cannot escape his office for which he is hunted and dies. The other priest who appears on the last page to carry on the persecuted mission—to probable martyrdom also—is sour-faced. Mr. Greene's ordinary priests—two in *The Heart of The Matter*—are superbly drawn and their fidelity and sacrifice are more moving because of their human mediocrity. This author does not write of those individual great priests and nuns of real life who prove something beyond human explanation often, even to the hardest doubter. His is no joyous way to heaven. Sin is

* Similarly a time crowded with pity's occasions, produced a number of novels consciously avoiding pity or emotion.

as joyless. One may doubt the reality of the two women characters in *The Heart of The Matter*, and of some of the events: the precipitate adultery, explained by the author more as the work of “an enemy who works in terms of friendship, trust and pity,” than as that of the West African climate. In real life surely those three terms lead away from adultery. But whatever one's doubts, the beauty of the writing and the passionate pity light this sombre story of defeat.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited* devotes his brilliant gift to pictures of mainly unpleasant people whose religion makes little light in their lives although it may get them in the end. Again the picture of the ordinary priest called to the death-bed of a lapsed Catholic convert is superb. By contrast, Mr. Bruce Marshall delights his many readers with his gay chronicles of wholly human priests and nuns moving in to-day's troubled world, on a hard but jollier road to heaven.

Adultery, once unusual and therefore interesting, is now common and fills some novels to the exclusion of the also interesting subject of fidelity which yet remains more prevalent in real life. If that continues to diminish, no doubt the interest will shift. Virginal women, once an essential of romantic fiction, may return too. Will future generations take contemporary novels as a true picture of British life of this time? I have wondered, reading some of them. The chronicle *Through the Valley* by Robert Henriques, with its beautiful descriptions of English country, and vivid characters, is marred by its nastiness—not reality that most of the women in the story, even the doctor's wife, should be wanton and without dignity. In real life, many people personally find adultery distasteful. One curious growing convention is revealed in characters who express a high code of honour and morals in other matters, and implicitly discard the existence of those in matters of sex. Perhaps the divorce of the physical and the spiritual, which are both necessary to complete sexual love, marks the separation from older Christian ideals which persisted also in many agnostics. With the concentration on the physical, goes the theme of the decay of the body and of beauty in old age. Reading such, I have thought of the beauty made by age that I have known. Enid Bagnold's *The Loved and Envied* suggests an escape from to-day's real world into a somewhat macabre fairy-tale of a group of people living mainly in a post-war Paris and French forest impossibly untouched by war, German Occupation or Resistance experience. Free, miraculously, from money troubles, remote from poverty-pain, the concentration is on love affairs. Beautiful writing, flashes of exquisite perception—but the book is filled with the preoccupation of human decay and death—indeed the death scenes are masterly and there is relief in that of the Duke

Alberti, fortified by the rites of his Church, as in the kind young man, James, who is the Prince Charming of this deliberate fairy tale.

Earlier novelists wrote of the normal. If the abnormal existed, it was seen from the security of the normal, as seen by doctors and spiritual doctors, pityingly. "Morbidly is infectious," Sir Desmond MacCarthy observes in a recent article, and whatever is read constantly must leave a sediment in the pipe of the mind. It is significant and heartening that such a documentary as *The Wooden Horse*, with its record of the life and talk of men together, should make such pleasant contrast to some war and peace fiction of the "reality" school. Mr. Eric Williams's characters are profoundly moving and attractive, because they are real.

Among war novelists, Mr. H. E. Bates so concentrates on violence and cruelty—admittedly telling of real life filled with both—that it is hard to discover his human characters. In *The Flaming Sword* they moved, for me, figures amid the flames, and it seemed that they were used sometimes by the author to prove his prejudices and conventions—with loss of artistic opportunity. The Scottish nurse held greater interest potentialities than the now hackneyed 'frustration'. (I thought of one I met in India, running "a happy hospital".) The priests and nuns of Mr. Bates's Kashmir Mission too recalled, by contrast, some met personally in India and others described by unbiassed observers, there, and in Japanese prison camps.

Surely the most real recorder in fiction of ordinary men and women of our time is that great teller of tales, Mr. Nevil Shute, with his straightforward stories of gigantic events and the high heroism of those ordinary men and women. *Pastoral*, the story of life on a R.A.F. bomber station, has its name from the country pleasures to which the young men and girls caught so piteously into war, turned naturally in their brief hours of release. Here is the balance of mad war and sane things of peace, against an English background. I have read nothing of this kind that has moved me more than the record of the twenty-year-old Waafs carrying the burden of the nineteen-year-old airmen, who, releasing the strain on them, were so able to endure it—a piece of history told in simple conversation, without comment; similarly, in *A Town Like Alice*, horror and redeeming mercy and heroism in the experience of prisoners under the Japanese, and then the equally true journey into post-war life. Reading one post-war love scene, I trembled lest Mr. Shute was going to follow dusty convention. I trembled not because of 'old-fashioned' ideas, but because such a climax would have been false and bad art. But the scene ended as it would have ended with such people in life—the change to gentleness and natural restraint. Mr. Shute's older characters are as real as the young—with normal feelings and pangs

not distorted jealousies and the other bag of complexes.

The influence of the cinema, radio and journalistic telescoping, paper shortage and fashion have condemned leisurely writing and the old-fashioned building of background. Perhaps loyalty, an important character in a whole story of life, has been largely displaced with background. American influence to-day is strong here. Amid much American fiction now flooding this country, have come the toughest of 1939-1945 war novels and, from a different inspiration, *Meg* by T. Keogh, dealing with a young American girl's setting, which made Mr. John Betjeman reviewing it, sigh for *Little Women*. Mass-produced American fiction also fills large space in the British popular women's magazines (*Women's This* and *That* now, not *Lady's*!) supplanting the former simple British romantic stories. The flat or hotel room or country club replaces the former English or British Empire scene; the old-fashioned hero—farmer or devoted young doctor or strong silent Englishman in the east—gives place to the publicity agent. There is much peculiarly American, artificially stimulated sex atmosphere and untasteful emphasis on silken underwear. The illumination is the neon lamp, the wind is air-conditioned, the dew on the grass is melted by glare. Background tends to be absent, and with it, loyalties. (Paradoxically, the American phrase "lovely background" emphasizes something requiring to be made for a nation developed from constantly moving pioneers and still mobile, and while American influence drives out British background here, in America, the emphasis continues on this, as on the word "home", used for "house" by a race living extrovertly, and emphasis also on such American possessions as are age-mellowed.)

This American influence joined to a somewhat similar one, home produced, comes in a time of British insecurity, flight also to town life and vanished homes, and existence in one-room flats. Will the British background vanish? Yet there are signs of survival strength. The glamour of film stars fades naturally with several marriages; romance cannot possibly be made of a divorce court or a marriage contracted with that likely end. The best selling 'story' for women's magazines remains one of the royal family; and the romance of two princesses with the old fashioned fairy-tale background and code, the Prince Charming, the appeal of a Queen Mother symbolizing dignity, public and family duty and courage, have still no rivals.

(The author is the daughter of Katharine Tynan, the Irish poet and novelist, and has herself written several novels.)

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

EZRA POUND

By B. EVAN OWEN

THE many, and often irrelevant, passions that have been aroused by the perverse genius of Ezra Pound since the publication of his first work in 1908, bedevil all attempts to arrive at an objective assessment of his place in contemporary letters. In 1949 he was awarded the Bollingen Prize for the best poetry by an American citizen published during the year in the United States and this unexpected decision started anew the controversies that have raged intermittently around his poetry for the past 40 years. He has always been an enemy of compromise, in his writings no less than in his personal relations, and his critics have tended to follow suit, alternating in their judgments between adulation and contempt. Ezra Pound is the world's greatest living poet—or he is nothing.

"You can take a man to Perugia or to Borgo San Sepolcro but you can't make him prefer one kind of painting to another," he wrote in an early essay. One can likewise take a man to *The Cantos* or to *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, but you cannot make him prefer Ezra Pound to Robert Frost or Walter de la Mare. *The Cantos* are a compound of significant beauty and of clogging ashes; of profound insight and trivial superficiality. The final verdict must await their completion—if that is to be—and an integrated judgment that will not be achieved until the man, in all his complexity, can be seen in historical perspective, and his poetry judged on its own merits.

Meanwhile, with the painstaking editing of *The Letters of Ezra Pound**, Mr. Paige provides us with an opportunity to discover for ourselves some-

thing of the true worth of this twentieth-century problem child. It is a truly monumental piece of work and, in relation to the literary scene of 1910-1940, the most important commentary yet to appear.

The story of Ezra Pound's discovery of James Joyce and his unwearied efforts on behalf of the sick and retiring Irish genius is well known in outline. Through the letters that passed between Ezra Pound and H. L. Mencken, Wyndham Lewis, John Quinn, Harriet Shaw Weaver and others, some of the details can be filled in. The main impressions gained from a study of his dealings with those artists in whom he believed, are of immense understanding, deep sympathy and a great capacity for self-sacrifice. Had he not been able to persuade Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver to provide Joyce with a degree of financial security, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* might never have been finished and the ill-health that was Joyce's constant enemy might have claimed an early victory. All the troubles and frustrations attendant upon the publication of Joyce's work Ezra Pound took upon himself and did all he could to cushion the Irishman against the rude buffeting of a world not yet ready for him.

"Don't write to Joyce for a few days," Ezra Pound said in a letter to Miss Weaver, "it will only give him needless worry . . ." And at a later date: "Joyce is all in bed with rheumatism, and very worried, and I hope for his sake, as well as for the few intelligent people who want the book (*Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) that it can manage to come out."

Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier-Breszka the sculptor, and, of course, T. S. Eliot, were among the other recipients of Ezra Pound's energetic patronage. His enthusiasm for the early works of T. S. Eliot is well illustrated in a letter to Harriet Monroe, founder and editor of *Poetry* in Chicago, in 1914: "I was jolly well right about Eliot. He has sent in the best poem I have yet had or seen from an American. Pray God it be not a single and unique success!" Miss Monroe was not so easily convinced and it took Ezra Pound six months of pleading and cajolery before *Prufrock* appeared in her magazine.

Addicted as he was to extremes of praise and blame, he was as vigorous in his rejection of those poets in whom he had no faith as he was vigorous in support of his favourites. His critical judgments often appear to have been at fault, yet not to the extent some of his detractors would have us believe. He wrote of Shaw in 1922, "... he is fundamentally trivial." And of W. H. Auden in 1931: "I personally do not share the Auden craze, it isn't as much as a craze anyhow; it is merely that Auden is so large a part of what little they (the English) have got." It is possible that literary historians of the future will judge him to have been wiser than he knew.

There is much to interest aspiring poets in his correspondence with those young writers in whom he thought he detected the vital spark of genius. Ezra Pound was not only a poet and a sponsor of poets; he was also a patient and painstaking teacher. His discussions with Laurence Binyon concerning the latter's translation of Dante are detailed and erudite and should prove a rewarding source of information to the student of poetry.

From the gusto, the passion and the sincerity of this mass of correspondence, comprising nearly four hundred letters, emerges an Ezra Pound of greater stature and yet more approachably human than before. It is a sad commentary on the confusions of our age that this man should be condemned to spend the

remainder of his life in a Washington mental hospital as a result of those crassly foolish (but surely unimportant?) broadcasts from Rome. The world of the arts to which he had devoted his life proved to be a poor preparation for his ill-advised entry into the political bullring. His hatred of usury and his belief that America had been destroyed by the banks and had become the world's lowest example of an "usurocracy", distorted fantastically his view of the events that precipitated the 1939-1945 war. He blundered badly and has paid for his mistakes.

"He has never been a pitiful figure," wrote Ernest Hemingway of him in 1925. "He has fought his fights with a very gay grimness and his wounds heal quickly." The wounds that will confine him in a mental hospital for the rest of his life may not heal as quickly as the scratches he sustained in literary combat but, on the evidence of his letters, he is of too great a stature for us to allow ourselves to inflict upon him the insult of our pity.

IN DEFENCE OF REASON, by H. J. Paton. Hutchinson. 16s.

The defence of reason against irrationalism, pragmatism, naturalism, existentialism, logical positivism, has been conducted from different sides by those who believe that the great tradition in philosophy, the *philosophia perennis*, is still valid. The Catholic Neo-Thomists, ably represented in English by E. I. Watkin and Sheen, are fundamentally at one with independent thinkers like Urban and Aldous Huxley. They would all defend Reason (*Ratio*) against the contempt of Kierkegaard and Bergson, but they are more concerned to claim authority for *Intellectus*, which is the *a priori* apprehension of absolute values by the whole personality acting under the disciplined guidance of its highest faculty. *Ratio* is the 'shadow' of *Intellectus*, but, as Pennington says, the shadow is a true

* *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941*. Edited by D. D. Paige. Faber. 25s.

shadow, as the substance is a true substance.

Professor Paton approaches the controversy from a different side. He is a Kantian, the author of two important books on the Moral Law and the Categorical Imperative in Kant's philosophy. This new volume is a collection of lectures and essays, one of them nearly thirty years old, and another, which stands rather apart from the rest, on a point of epistemology in Plato. The other chapters are either interpretations of Kant or discussions of present day controversies, such as the new essay on existentialism. Since this 'attitude to life'—he will not call it a philosophy—includes atheists like Sartre and Catholics like Marcel, it is not surprising that he fails to make it intelligible.

In his inaugural lecture at Oxford in 1937, Professor Paton regrets that there is a reaction against the idealism of Green, Wallace, Caird and Bradley. "It is the fashion to be cold and hard and clear and logical." Is this a recall to the common sense of the eighteenth century, or does it over-emphasize analysis, forgetting that philosophy must be synoptic, an attempt to understand reality as a whole? Analysis does not lead to a creative synthesis, and a moral philosophy which ignores metaphysics is often based on a bad metaphysic. It is not the concern of philosophy to deal only with departmental problems. Science is no longer dogmatically determinist, but there seems to be a tendency to reduce man to insignificance and futility. The only genuine freedom is the freedom of a rational being to act intelligently in the light of his understanding of the universe. Behaviourism has renewed the attack on human freedom which used to come from physics. Physiology can never be a substitute for moral philosophy, and psychology tells us nothing about what 'ought to be'. Philosophy must always be that which it has hitherto always been, an art, or way, of living.

I am not competent to discuss contro-

versial questions in Kant's philosophy. But we may be confident that the sage of Königsberg has nothing to fear from Kierkegaard's *credibile est quia absurdum*, or from those who think with Bergson that the intellect is debarred from any contact with reality.

W. R. INGE

STUDIES IN MILTON, by E. M. W. Tillyard. Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.

With this volume, the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, after a period in which he has been mainly concerned with Shakespeare and the Elizabethan world picture, returns to what may be called his first love, Milton. During the interval of about twenty years Miltonic scholarship has been scarcely less active and wide-spread than Shakespearean. In its light and in that of his own maturer thought, Dr. Tillyard has brought together these studies which supplement or correct his earlier views.

The most important of these corrections is in the longest of the essays, "The Crisis of *Paradise Lost*." Dr. Tillyard had previously accepted the view of Walter Raleigh and other leading critics that the central point in the poem, to which all before led up and from which all afterwards radiated, was the eating of the apple by Eve. As a bare story this may be true, but not, as Dr. Tillyard contends, in Milton's poetic treatment. "He anticipates the Fall by attributing to Eve and Adam feelings which though nominally felt in the state of innocence are actually not compatible with it." Such are Eve's dream of her temptation by Satan in the beginning of Book V, and Adam's confession to Raphael at the end of Book VIII that Eve's beauty affects him with "commotion strange". Thus in Dr. Tillyard's words,

both are virtually fallen before the official temptation has begun . . . The Fall, then, must be extended back in time; it has no plain and sensational beginning . . . The same is true of what happens after Eve has

eaten the apple. The process of falling continues. It takes time for it to work itself utterly out.

And on this basis another theme is interwoven with that of the Fall, the process of regeneration which has begun before the effects of the Fall are fully felt, and which is consummated when at the end of Book X Adam and Eve make their peace with each other and their contrite confession to God. Hence, and this is Dr. Tillyard's cardinal plea, "instead of a small spot in Book Nine for a watershed you have to take the whole great area of Books Nine and Ten." For the detailed illustration of this from the text of the poem, with many subtle psychological and dramatic touches, readers must be referred to Dr. Tillyard's pages.

Among the complementary studies relating to *Paradise Lost* attention may be drawn to "A Note on Satan," where Dr. Tillyard protests against the view propounded by the late Charles Williams and by Mr. C. S. Lewis, that Milton's Satan is a ridiculous figure. Nor is he a hero, but a tragic example of perverted greatness, to whom, by a surprising paradox, Dr. Tillyard finds an analogy in Hitler!

Another controversial essay is entitled "The Action of *Comus*." There is often a dispute as to whether the Enchanter or the Lady has the better of the argument. It has the appearance of an academic debate ending in a stalemate. Dr. Tillyard is convinced that this is not the case. By a comparison of passages in the Lady's final reply to *Comus* and in the Spirit's epilogue, as in the Trinity College MS (1634), with the later versions in the first printed edition (1637), and by references to Spenser's "Garden of Adonis" in *The Faerie Queene* and to Phineas Fletcher's *Agnia and Parthenia* in *The Purple Island*, he concludes that the play is given a shape and a solution. "Comus advocates incontinence, Acrasia; the Lady advocates abstinence. The Attendant Spirit gives the solution, advocating the Aristotelian middle

course, which for the Lady is the right one; and it is marriage."

One of the most interesting and informative chapters in the book is on "Milton's Private Correspondence and Academic Exercises" printed in the year of his death, 1674. The letters contain valuable biographical information, and the Exercises or *Prousiones* throw light on Milton's attitude towards the Cambridge curriculum of his day. Prominent among them is the seventh on the theme that Learning brings more blessings to men than Ignorance, which Dr. Tillyard classes among Milton's major works, and of which he gives a summary. This is followed by a discussion of the respective shares of "Theology and Emotion in Milton's Poetry" which closes a highly stimulating volume.

F. S. BOAS

THE PARLIAMENT OF FRANCE, by D. W. S. Lidderdale. Foreword by Edouard Herriot. *The Hansard Society*. 18s.

It is only the rare student of international politics, approaching the word 'Parliament' from the safe ground of the differing national psychologies, who appreciates the wealth of significance in the Frenchman's (or indeed the Continental's) use of the term. Indeed, this difference between the conception of the rôle of Parliament held instinctively by the Englishman, on the one hand, and the Continental 'political man', on the other, is at the root of the difficulties under which the Council of Europe at Strasbourg is labouring.

No greater service to international understanding, therefore, could have been rendered than this study, by one of the House of Commons Clerks, of French parliamentary theory, practice and procedure. Here is the type of book which, seemingly written for the specialist, should in fact be in the hands of every intelligent man and woman.

In France, to begin with, it is really Parliament, in the sense of a repository of the delegated powers of the people,

which is sovereign—indeed, not Parliament but the National Assembly or Lower House alone. As Mr. Lidderdale says in his Preface: "The Government is traditionally an interloper in the Chambers, and a weak interloper at that. It must negotiate frequent compromises to keep the support of a majority, and it has no direct control of the arrangement of business." It can only maintain its position "so long as it does nothing which will antagonize a proportion of its supporters large enough to put the Government in a minority by their defection." And those supporters are, in the nature of things, a variety of political groups uniting in an *ad hoc* coalition. This is the essential point. For the existence of a number of different parties is the fundamental premise of French, nay of Continental, political democracy. These divisions are based on an analysis of political difference which attempts to reflect the fine shades (*nuances*) of opinion, in contrast to the rough-and-ready division into two *blocs* (or teams) which is regarded as essential to the functioning of parliamentary government in English-speaking countries. We are arrogant and insular in assuming that any democratic country which has not adopted our system is simply in an earlier stage of development. (Some may remember the *mot* of André Maurois, in *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, about the British having conveniently arranged for two groups of persons in Parliament to operate their politics for them, thus giving the rest of the nation time to play cricket!)

It is this multiplicity of parties, not any defect in the Parliamentary machine, which accounts for the notorious "instability" of government in France; though, as M. Vincent Auriol was constrained to tell the Americans recently, with all the various changes of Government since 1947 there has been surprisingly little change in the personnel of those Governments, and only two Foreign Ministers, as compared with five U.S. Secretaries of State.

The technicalities of the book are for

the specialist student. Suffice it to say that the author has covered the ground very thoroughly and has supplied, in addition to synopsis and index, a most useful glossary of French parliamentary terms. There is an addendum covering the Resolution of November 30, 1950, which made certain proposals for constitutional revision, and also recent procedural changes.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

MAO TSE-TUNG, RULER OF RED CHINA, by Robert Payne. *Secker & Warburg*. 18s.

The first full-length biography of Mao Tse-tung, must by its very title attract attention, and readers certainly will not be disappointed by Mr. Payne's book, informed as it is by knowledge of China, by study of Communist records, of Mao's own writings, and by acquaintance with himself. The spotlight is perhaps a little too much kept on Mao always in the middle of the stage. And all the credit is given to him which was undoubtedly shared by others; Chu Teh's genius in building up the Red Army should not be ignored. But Mr. Payne is not blind to the flaws in his idol. Mao, he points out, is noticeably weak when he falls back from personal experience to dogma; and his total ignorance of foreign countries (shared by most of the Communists) leads him to erroneous, sometimes absurd, conclusions. He could not believe that Great Britain would quit India and thought that, if she did, it would only be a trick to preserve imperialism in a new form.

What strikes one so much is Mao's extraordinary many-sidedness. His progress from constitutional monarchist through Socialism to Communism was normal enough in a young man inflamed by the wrongs of the Chinese people. But he is a poet of no mean order, a dramatist, insisting on the importance of western culture, and from boyhood up so steeped in Confucianism that Mr. Payne says "his political philosophy might be described

as a sort of Confucian-Marxism. His present position is sufficient evidence of his supremacy as thinker and leader.

The "Borodin epoch" (1923-1927), when Mao was in the background, is scamped though it was important in showing how the Communists turned many besides Chiang Kai-shek against them. (There are two sides to the bombardment of Nanking and the "Shanghai massacre" in April 1927: Mr. Payne only gives the Communist's.) But the creation of the first Chinese Soviets in the Kiangsi mountains; of the five campaigns with Chiang Kai-shek; and the 5,000-mile Long March to Shensi are magnificently described. One thing clear is that Russia has never given any material help to the Chinese Communists. It would be interesting to know why Mao stayed for nearly two months in Moscow negotiating the Russo-Chinese treaty of February 1950. He certainly did not need all that time to visit Russian factories, with his own Government but three months in power.

The long summary of Mao's five books written between 1934-1941 is particularly interesting. Here is ground for the once-prevalent belief that Mao is "of milder mood" than his colleagues. Recent events are against it. But on the eve of Japan's downfall Mao seems really to have thought that a compromise with the Kuomintang was possible. Mutual mistrust between the parties was too deep. As General Marshall said, "each side took counsel only of its own fears and saw in any concession by the other only another trap."

In his comparison between Mao and Chiang Kai-shek, Mr. Payne is not wholly fair to Chiang. Angular and obstinate as he was, Chiang was a patriot and great leader before and during the war. Afterwards he somehow took the wrong road and so crashed—perhaps an example of Acton's dictum on the absolute corruption of absolute power. Mr. Payne's intensely interesting book leaves one

wondering whether Mao Tse-tung, now deified as few Chinese have ever been, will escape a like fate.

O. M. GREEN

TITO AND GOLIATH, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. *Gollancz*. 18s.

WITH TITO THROUGH THE WAR, by Vladimir Dedijer. *Alexander Hamilton*. 17s. 6d.

TITO'S COMMUNISM, by Josef Korbel. *University of Denver Press*. 34.

In his dying statement Lenin called Bukharin "the greatest and most valuable theoretician." Marshal Stalin agreed, so long as Bukharin's theories agreed with his. When Mr. Armstrong met Bukharin in Paris in 1936 it was to hear from him that rivalry and competition between Communist States was an impossibility. Now we have three books concerning a man who has rudely contradicted Bukharin's maxim, which that person cannot explain, because early in 1938 Lenin's favourite theoretician was tried by Marshal Stalin for his particular deviation from the consensus of Marxist truth and was shot.

These three books on Marshal Tito's activities are written from different angles. Mr. Fish Armstrong, as one would expect from the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, is the grave historian, extremely well documented, whose literary style would have the approval of Mr. Churchill; Mr. Dedijer, a fellow countryman of Marshal Tito's, shared the wartime perils of one to whom he is devoted; more critical is Mr. Korbel, a Czechoslovak who first went to Belgrade as Press Attaché and returned as Minister.

Mr. Dedijer is, of course, drastic in condemnation of Mihailovic, Marshal Tito's chief opponent in the Yugoslav civil war. We are told of various horrors perpetrated by troops that were accused of collaboration, at any rate of an understanding with Italians and Germans. One of Mr. Dedijer's witnesses is a little girl who quite calmly

related what had been done at Kamenice the previous night by the Croat *ustachi*, those bands of Pavelich, the international spy and professional assassin, as Mr. Armstrong describes him, who preached racial purity and racial hate, killed thousands of Jews and massacred such of the Serb population of Croatia who refused to be converted from the Orthodox Church to Catholicism. "They chopped Mummy up into ever so many pieces," said that little girl.

Civil wars are always the most terrible and many things occurred which both parties would like to forget. Whether this will be possible Mr. Korbel scarcely believes. "I have met Serbs," he says, "whom I know as sensible people, who have told me that the continuation of Yugoslavia is out of the question when liberation comes." These pessimistic Serbs accuse Marshal Tito of trying to disintegrate the Serbian nation by artificially creating one in Macedonia. But surely considerable credit should be given to him precisely for his Macedonian policy. For many turbulent years that province was the apple of discord between Serb and Bulgar; now Marshal Tito has decided that in Skoplje, Macedonia's capital, there shall assemble a local legislature in which all the inhabitants are represented, while newspapers are now printed there in the Macedonian dialect. This statesmanlike policy has strengthened the Yugoslav idea; to assert that it is disintegrating Serbia is palpably absurd. Mr. Armstrong reminds us that as long ago as 1944 Marshal Tito sent his leading foreign policy adviser, Edvard Kardelj (now his Foreign Minister) to Sofia to see whether the time had not come to solve the Macedonian problem within the framework of a Yugoslav-Bulgarian federation.

Mr. Korbel tells us that when Mr. Dedijer came to see him they were agreed upon many things. Mr. Korbel wished for more publicity to be given to his country in the Yugoslav press; but when, two months later, Mr. Dedijer proudly showed him the

statistics giving Czechoslovakia first place in publicity it turned out that the articles were all quotations from the Czechoslovak Communist press attacking the democratic parties.

For an understanding of Marshal Tito's position these three books should all be studied. Mr. Armstrong has far the most complete index and his information on such minor matters as Albanian intrigues is admirably told. Mr. Korbel believes that Yugoslavia is governed by four men, in whom Marshal Tito's personal charm is balanced by the straightforward actions of Djilas, the coldness of Rankovic and the severe, theoretical background of Kardelj. Mr. Dedijer lost his gallant wife during one of the numerous battles in which he was engaged. On one occasion: "When I reached my wife's side the enemy was bombarding savagely at close range and this diary was the only thing I had, to protect her head from shrapnel."

HENRY BAERLEIN

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF LONDON

by William Kent. *Dent*. 20s.

LONDON WEST OF THE BARS, by

Douglas Newton. *R. Hale*. 15s.

OLD BANKSIDE, by Grace Golden.

Williams & Norgate. 15s.

EAST END STORY, by A. B. Levy.

Vallentine Mitchell. 9s. 6d.

PAGEANT OF LONDON (Illustrated).

Odhams Press. 10s. 6d.

Nineteen hundred years of history and two hundred and fifty square miles in area are compressed readably in the 650 pages of the revised edition of *An Encyclopaedia of London*. Here are facts by the thousand and reading for a lifetime both for the expert and amateur on London and the visitor who, charmed and bewildered by the endless variety of the city's life, will turn these pages with retrospective pleasure and satisfaction. Much pruning has obviously had to be done and not all of it will meet with universal agreement, for encyclopaedias, like anthologies, tend to be personal. The section, for

example, on London's clubs contains some serious omissions but if all such criticisms are to be met, the result would probably have been six volumes and the price outside the reach of the average purse. Mr. Kent has distilled much of the essence of the London scene and in this he has been admirably assisted by his distinguished contributors. This edition contains entirely new material on banks, Belgravia, institutes, South Bank, and the blitz, complete with 16 full page illustrations including one of the city's medieval mummies.

London West of the Bars tells the story of the development of the city from the time when the rise of commerce and more stable social conditions made possible an ordered life outside the enclosing walls. Westward through Westminster to Kensington and Paddington, Mr. Newton makes the centuries reveal their secrets. The "unnamed" circus, however, from which Tottenham Court Road strikes north is St. Giles, and I seem to remember many authorities preferring Gough Square to Staples Inn as the birthplace of *Rasselas*. The book is liberally illustrated with first-class prints and well indexed; it is in every way a worthy companion to the volumes already published in the County Books series under the general editorship of Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

From west to south-east—in which Miss Golden has so successfully captured the spirit of Southwark. This playground of the Elizabethans extended from old London Bridge to where Blackfriars Bridge now stands on the south bank of the River Thames and consisted of the Liberty of the Clink and the more westerly Paris garden. In these areas, my Lords the Bishops of Winchester acted as commissioners of the peace, and their prison to which guilty offenders were committed stood on the north side of Clink Street, now a very narrow turning flanked with high warehouses. The street posts which indicated the limits of the Bishops' authority are disused cannons and one

inscribed with the word 'Clink' can be seen outside the famous Bankside tavern, "The Anchor". From Bankside's place in history Miss Golden traces the years rich with the presence of Shakespeare, Pepys, Dr. Johnson, and Dickens, illustrating the text with 50 of her own excellent sketches. *Old Bankside* may well in time become a classic, for the shadow of the hand of the planner is already visible over Bankside. A giant new power station is being built and soon the alleys, wharves, and cranes will vanish and in their place will be riverside gardens, and another link with London's past will be severed.

East End Story is based on a series of articles which Mr. A. B. Levy wrote and illustrated for the *Jewish Chronicle* in 1948 under the general heading of: "In Search of the East End." The volume testifies to his ability both as journalist and artist and his word pictures of the social and religious life of the Jew in the East End deserve the widest audience. Was Mr. Levy successful in his search? In his last essay, he reaches certain conclusions including the fact that the drift from that area to Hackney, Clapton and Golders Green continues. The tragedy and courage of Jewry shine through these pages and one is rueful that he has not expressed an opinion on the problem of integration. Over a hundred Hebrew or Yiddish words occur in the text and, though an excellent glossary is provided, the irritation caused by the need for frequent consultation while reading was considerable.

The illustrated *Pageant of London* is finely produced and has an Introduction by the Lord Mayor of London and a descriptive text which never obtrudes by Mr. H. F. Hutcheson. The volume, with pictures of pomp and circumstance, of London at work and play, and of the London scene, is one of the "Britain Illustrated" series, and is a pleasant way of reminding the visitor of Festival year.

HERBERT T. BANYARD

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

"Literature, the most seductive, the most deceiving, the most dangerous of professions" bulks large in this month's assemblage and, in spite of John Morley's warning, utterly fails to intimidate as represented here. So, at one of those short cuts to what has been admirably written seems to be the apposite starting point. With advancing years, we still despise such compilations or we begin to respect them; the soundness of our reading foundations and the extent of our forgetfulness can determine not only either of these attitudes but both—humiliatingly—at the same time.

How does it go?

All the usual tests and games may be played with *EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS AND PROVERBS*, compiled by D. C. Browning (*Dent*, 12s. 6d.). Smugness at omissions is rarer than delight in well-loved inclusions, and pain at treasures wrenched from their settings is anodyned by the exact shapes of what for years we have been—and not always correctly—paraphrasing. Pope is expected with:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said: 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

"Ha!" you exclaim, "but what about J. C. Squire's retort?" as you turn maliciously to the S's. Well, here it is (and note: not under the other where a lesser compiler might have put it in brackets) in the proper place to test, and subtly flatter, the searcher:

It did not last: the Devil howling 'Ho,
Let Einstein be', restored the *status quo*.

And back in the B's there is Byron to sum up:

Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Not that authors in alphabetical order are the only amenities; each reference has its number in the more than 200 double-spaced pages of index to eliminate page-finding, the entries themselves

stretch in single-space comfort, and the proverbs are so many and often rare that no memory, however gargantuan, could carry them.

Timely release

Among these it was disappointing not to find "Whom the gods love die young", required to introduce the next book, *A LAST SHEAF*, by Denton Welch (*John Lehmann*, 12s. 6d.). For almost every one of the 60-odd poems gathered here speak the theme of death, and there is heartbreak scattered throughout the collection of sketches—as in the one of his visit to Sickert, who shouted good-humouredly: "Goodbye. Come again when you can't stop so long," with Welch commenting: "And at these words a strange pang went through me, for it was what my father had always said as he closed the book... and it was time for me to go to bed." The nine paintings reproduced, with their catlike humans and humanlike cats, seem to indicate what Mr. Eric Oliver in his introduction refers to as an "interest in the supernatural" and are full of a kind of repulsive power. Everyone who grieved for poet, novelist and painter struggling through the 13 years after the accident which finally killed him, will be glad to have these rich gleanings from his pen.

A long day closes

There are no more to come from André Gide's either, who, seven months after the last entry, closes his journal on January 25, 1950: "These insignificant lines... everything leads me to think that they will be the last..." On February 19, 1951, he died, still loved of the gods for all his 81 years. Justin O'Brien's immense task of translating, introducing and copiously annotating the diary which began in 1889, is done, with the appearance of *THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE*: Vol. IV 1939-1949 (*Secker & Warburg*, 35s.). The bookshelves are honoured four-fold

as this last volume goes into place. Here is the man who thinks that "literature has been unable to produce anything so perfect" as the *Well-Tempered Clavicord*; who contemplates the huge plane tree outside his window, admiring its perfection of equilibrium; who says when he is 74: "During the hours of sleeplessness I go over this or that series of verses beginning for instance: '*Iris, je vous louerais*,' and am not satisfied until I reach the end" (there are 170-odd lines, beginning Book X of La Fontaine's *Fables*); who thinks, and tells why, *Lear* is a poor play, and reads John Stuart Mill "with great interest and profit." This Frenchman is the Pepys of Europe, indeed of the world, and his diary should be as handy as Samuel's. The cost complete would be £6, a stumbling-block to becoming a universal classic. Publishers and Editor might consider producing a distilled edition—granted, a formidable task, for who could discard snippets like: "In increasing that of others lies my greatest joy"?

The understanding critic

Meanwhile (and, we suspect, as the forerunner of many books about the man—each becoming franker on his sexual aberration and more analytical of his enormous output without being able to subtract from his sum of greatness), there is George Painter's *ANDRÉ GIDE* (*Arthur Barker*, 8s. 6d.) to clear a way to the work itself for those who know it not, while telling the story of its creator's life. Gide truly said that critics did not try to explain or understand him but took up and maintained positions against him. Mr. Painter is not once in danger of that pitfall all the way to his last chapter, which he bases on another of those important snippets from the *Journal*: "The only art that pleases me is that which sets out from unrest and makes for serenity." And it is doubtful, in all the spate of books that are sure to follow, if there will be one more penetrating,

more fair, more sparing of imputing influences, and more readable than this.

The poet's task

Of *LITERATURE AND LIFE* (*Harrap*, 9s. 6d.) it should be reported too that readableness is one of its many charms. That this is by no means a foregone conclusion to a collection of addresses will not be disputed, no matter how "literary" a lecturer may be. These, delivered to the English Association, range from "Keats in his Letters" by Margaret Willy to W. G. Cassidy's "The Wicked Baronet" of melodrama. In between there are such pleasant diversions as "Children in English Literature" and "The English Sailor in Fiction", the first by Dorothy Margaret Stuart and the second by J. G. Bullocke. Then there are "James Elroy Flecker" by Patric Dickinson and Angela Thirkell's "Dumas's Debt to England" among the others, and especially "English Poetry of To-day" by Lord Samuel. He is "only concerned to illustrate tendencies"—so the dryness in his voice echoed by the printed word may merely be in the ear or eye of the listener or the reader. Space-devouring quotation must be resisted, but all are cordially recommended to see for themselves what he means, although with no expectation that they will be able to see what the poets meant. The past tense is deliberate, for there is little fear that such work will endure; the cult will pass like other dictatorships. Lord Samuel's plea for a fresh start away from pessimism, along the courses of gratitude, courage and reverence, to where "the poet will illuminate and inspire, and be crowned with honour and praise" leads straight to the dissection of that "schism in the soul" of the modern world.

The poet's inadequacy

This is neatly done in *CRISIS IN ENGLISH POETRY 1880-1940* by V. de S. Pinto (*Hutchinson's University Library*, 7s. 6d.). The author sees in Henley

"perhaps the first resolute attempt in English to use ugliness, meanness and pain as subjects of poetry." How to combine the realisms of the exterior world with an exploration of the inner life was the preoccupation of Hardy, Hopkins, Yeats and the others, before the Edwardians and Georgians, the trench poets, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot and after. In the poetry of C. Day Lewis, Edith Sitwell and Mr. Eliot, the author sees that the "internal crisis", the cleavage between the modernists and the traditionalists, has been overcome; the "external crisis" still awaits solution in a standardized and mechanized world. In concluding that: "The great achievement of English poetry in the period surveyed in this study is that it has remained alive," the unwelcome impression is left that the standardization and so on are more to blame than the poets for the lingering death of poetry. These are the legislators, acknowledged or not, if they will; on them lies at least an equal share of responsibility.

Shelley and friend

Which brings us to the astringencies of the wholly delightful lecture on BYRON AND SHELLEY (1s. 6d.) to the University of Nottingham by D. G. James, at which Professor Pinto took the chair. All our ever-young and poignant thoughts of poets whom the gods loved indeed are broken down into a crucible that finally yields them up to us freshly moulded and refurbished. This is because the laughter at the angelic Shelley and the satanic Byron "all too reconciled to death" is a chuckle not a jeer; innocence and subtlety alike, astoundingly, were instruments in the triumph over both men, not of life but of Romanticism.

Getting to know

Indeed: "Not conformity, but

diversity was the characteristic feature" of the Romantic spirit, as T. G. Williams says in GETTING TO KNOW ENGLISH LITERATURE (C. A. Watts). This is a packed shillingsworth of some 120 pages which, though not professing to dig deep is yet guiltless of the superficialities. Under the first part, "The Meaning of Literature", the author groups chapters on its place among the arts, its basic materials and forms, its word music and its relation to the public. The second half has "Poetry", "The Novel", "Drama" and "General Prose" in its survey of "The English Tradition in Literature". If the book is mainly intended for those "who perhaps learnt very little of English Literature at school", the others (and most are in this category) who have made up for it since, need harbour no superiority complex as they handle it.

Conversely, Third Programme listeners are not the only people who will enjoy AN ASSESSMENT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY LITERATURE (Secker & Warburg. 8s. 6d.), six B.B.C. lectures by J. Isaacs. His titles are perhaps more intimidating: "The Age of Anxiety", "The Stream of Consciousness", "Culture, Chaos and Order" and the like, but his critical lenses have managed to sweep into focus a panoramic view which otherwise is too near for any but piecemeal treatment. After all, as he says: "It has taken us 300 years to sum up the first half of the seventeenth century—an age, like ours, of psychology and criticism, of science and politics and tough poetry." Even so, this is no reason why he should have omitted an index, for names in plenty can be picked out in the scenery. What is not for the listening gander is very much sauce for the reading goose.

GRACE BANYARD

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PERILS THREATENING ITALY

BY SYLVIA SPRIGGE

THE *canicola* or the dog days of an Italian summer have been especially suited to utterly gloomy prognostications and fantastications about "the Italian situation". How could one work, or even think calmly, when so much energy went in seeing that every blind was down, that water was set aside to cool, that the fly bat was not mislaid, because otherwise the moment when at last you could sit down, would be utterly ruined by a persistent fly, itself too drowsy to do more than concentrate on your head or hands?

All tourists are agreed that Italy is not only the most beautiful country in Europe, but in some ways the gayest, the most amusing and certainly never dull for an instant. This has to be paid for somehow, especially the "never dullness". And what tourist has enough Italian or, indeed would care to know that Italians are in the throes of a most frightful attack of *ennui*, or boredom or "let's get cracking" as the Americans would say? What Italians? Unfortunately the politicians, the industrialists and (heaven help us all) the clergy. Those people who were busy in the dog days threshing the second crop of corn, or going round with the new census forms, or catering for the tourists, give an hour to such thoughts in the *trattoria* on Sunday night. The politicians give all day and every day to them, and so do the unemployed. We shall not know whether they really number two million until the census figures are in.

Who cares if Italy is bored? Let her make up her mind to get on with the next task to hand, build houses, clear Naples' slums, mend the roads, bring electricity to some of the thousand villages in the south which still have none, bring running water to remote places, build more schools, and so on. But what if Signor de Gasperi at the end of July, introducing his seventh Cabinet to Parliament outlined just such a programme in spite of high rearmament costs, and the people are still bored? What do the politicians, the industrialists and the clergy want? Hasn't the country recovered wonderfully with all its railways rebuilt after nearly 2,000 bridges were blown up in the war, all its people off the starvation diets of 1943-1945, and 100,000 Italians now emigrating a year to Australia, France, England, Switzerland and Venezuela, Brazil and Argentine?

There is so much to be thankful for in the previous six de Gasperi

administrations. But Italians live in the present. They seem to think they have been "good" quite long enough, and the time has now come to perform on the European and if possible on the world stage as befits a people of 45 million souls who refuse to be considered any longer merely as the home of the biggest Communist party outside Russia, but still a country where certain law and order prevail and that party keeps its place. The industrialists are tired of the strong Communist unions. The clergy report back to the Vatican that the wholesale excommunication of active Communists has had no effect. The politicians (except the Communist ones who are Moscow-trained and disciplined) are tired of their parties, and split off into nonconformity at the slightest hint of discipline. And all these people, deputies, senators, journalists talk for hours and fill columns of the press with rumours and suggestions and complaints, all of which are beginning to crystallize in the old Italian vicious cry for a dictatorship.

To lovers of Italy this is the usual disappointment, the big disillusion which faces them once in a lifetime, especially if they are English, and the real lovers of Italy are usually English. At first one is incredulous. Does the little man really want a black fez on his head again, with a gigantic gold spread eagle and a still bigger black silk tassel hanging down at the side? Yes, he really does. Would people really like to be marshalled again in tens of thousands for speeches from the balcony? They are already, but they find the choice of mass rallies difficult—better have one kind of rally only. And would they really give up the freedom of choice on voting days, and the freedom to buy quite different newspapers according to their political taste? Much better for them, answer the Communist and the industrialist and many of the clergy. Almost furious, one asks in despair, but what of the great struggle for liberation between 1943-1945, what of the solemnity with which Italians went in their millions to record the first free vote after 25 years of dictatorship in 1946, in 1948, in 1951? And, as during the Risorgimento, it is again a handful, a tiny handful, among whom the present Prime Minister must be numbered, who would give all their energy and time to preserve these rights. The others reply that the Liberation front has long since broken up, and partisans "and all that" have become political tools in the hands of the parties.

Merely to record this mood of *l'Italie s'ennuie* would not be worth while, were there not some substantial evidence of important defections from the cause of parliamentary democracy here. The trouble may have started with the Atlantic Pact. That was trial by fire. The first to show real concern about Italy's joining the Atlantic Pact was Pope Pius XII. Not in so many words, for popes never make direct reference to any immediate occurrence. But the Pope

clearly did not want the seat of the papacy which is Italy, to become so closely involved in what is still called here "the American defence system", which only goes to show that there is not yet a national consciousness in Italy that seems really worth defending, as there is an American, a French and a British or Belgian or Dutch or Norwegian way of life which is worth dying for.

The nearest thing to a "way of life" here is the Roman Catholic edifice. There are times when Italians rally in their thousands round it, as when Rome was declared an open city and the people flocked to St. Peter's to thank the Pope for having spared them the fate of Treviso, Milan, Naples or Genoa. In between times, there is often a fierce anti-clericalism, and the Church is blamed for all the evils which have befallen Italy from the refusal to allow birth control to the clamp down on divorce. The other point of view is, that but for the Church, Italy would be about as "dim" as Spain, and that the Church commissioned all the great artists here and brought universal fame to Italy by recruiting her sons and sending them out to all parts of the world, after training them, as bishops, nunzios and missionaries. It is certainly no fun being an adult Italian. It means carrying the opprobrium of the lesser achievements of the Church, as well as the constant internal importance of that institution in Italy. The present moment in Italian affairs is just such a moment.

Just before the Atlantic Pact was made, Mr. Myron Taylor who had been appointed by President Roosevelt as his "personal representative" to the Holy See, retired, and no further representative was appointed. For 18 months the U.S. have had no proper representation at the Vatican. A kind of U.S. "consul" to the Holy See is shortly to be appointed, but there is a coolness. The Pope who makes policy—for he has steadily dispensed with the office of a Cardinal Secretary of State in favour of two assistant secretaries—was known to be questioning American policy, especially with regard to Italy and Italy's military rôle in the new alliance. The coolness spread to Signor de Gasperi. How can one describe the steps by which this became clear? First there were two articles by an old Vatican journalist who has never missed the mark on these difficult matters during the past 30 years, Signor Missiroli. In *Messaggero* he hinted about 15 months ago that it was going to be difficult to re-establish U.S.-Vatican relations and that the Holy See could not in the nature of things take sides in this world struggle. Too many Roman Catholics were beyond the curtain. The second bit of evidence came from Dr. Gedda's coolness towards the Christian Democrat party. Dr. Gedda is almost the "voice of the Pope". Since then, transcurtain authorities have decided that the Pope is the agent of "American imperialism", and all the trials of high ecclesiastics in Hungary and Czechoslovakia have been designed to this end. The course of events

is usually foreseen in the Vatican, and this development was foreseen.

It was in view of all this, and it still is in view of all this, that there is a coolness now for Signor de Gasperi and a desire on the part of the Pope and of those important Jesuits who make policy in the Vatican, to disengage Italy from the Atlantic alliance. That in itself is not all. There is also no active support in either the columns of *Osservatore Romano* or in any official or semi-official pronouncements in the Vatican for Signor de Gasperi's outspoken anti-Fascist policy. Here, it must also be said that the Italian courts which continually have to give political judgments, much as the English courts must have had to do after the Civil War, can seldom be relied on to take a constitutional view of the rebirth of Fascism in Italy. The Italian Constitution forbids that re-birth, so does the Italian Peace Treaty. The higher courts, however, frequently reverse sentences in summary courts imposing short terms of imprisonment or fines on those who greet crowds with the Fascist salute and with the old slogans of "A noi" and "Viva il Duce", and generally preach the "glories" of the old régime.

The neo-Fascists are now allied with the monarchists in Naples and Taranto. Examination of the big funds needed to finance the 16 Fascist dailies and weeklies which now circulate in Italy reveal it is said (though I haven't been able to go into it) that the Crespi brothers who own the *Corriere della Sera*, the Paggi, Cini and three or four other big industrialists in the north have given the money. Accusations of this kind float about and never meet with denials. One does not know whether the Pope would like to see ex-King Umberto back on the throne of Italy. Such a course would probably lead to bloodshed here, and whatever the course which events here may take, there is general consent to try to avoid bloodshed, though it may not be possible to do so.

The immediate prospects in Italy are not good. The Christian Democrat party is riven by allegiance to the "Papal" line, which includes neutralism for Italy and also includes the suppression of the Communist leaders by imprisonment, followed by negotiation with Russia (this was Mussolini's policy). Another splinter inside the Christian Democrat party is the right-wing opposition to the Land Reform. In the centre of the ruling party of Italy stands the Prime Minister and a solid group of traditional Don Sturzo Christian Democrats. With 307 deputies in the Chamber, this party can rule Italy, but of late there have been Christian Democrat absentees at important divisions, as many as 45.

Just outside the party and giving it no end of trouble is the vice-president of Catholic Action, Dr. Luigi Gedda, whose main business in life so far has been medical research on the mental and physical affinities of twins. He is the powerful inventor and organizer of the

"civic committees", in every Italian town. He does not consider Signor de Gasperi or his party as a twin to Catholic Action, and clearly has strong political ambitions himself. One of Signor de Gasperi's left wings, the "Christian Corporativist" Dossetti wing flirts with Dr. Gedda, the other led by President of the Chamber Gronchi flirts with the Social Democrats.

The Christian Democrats are losing votes. It is possible to imagine a situation in next year's general election in which the Fascists, who are gaining votes, and the Communists who are not losing them, would together carry the majority in Parliament and leave Italy in as difficult a situation as France has had to face in constituting a Government. To forestall this is also part of the purpose of manoeuvres now going on to form national fronts of neo-Fascists, Monarchists, Liberals and dissident Christian Democrats.

I think Signor de Gasperi badly needs some successes abroad. To this, if we care sufficiently about the welfare of Italy, we could now turn our attention. It is three years since the ill-fated Bevin-Sforza agreement, three years of complete stagnation in Anglo-Italian relations. Apart from trade and a good co-operation between our respective navies in the Mediterranean, no public word has passed.

The ambassadors of both countries might be changed to mark the new policy, and the really absurd Yugoslav régime in Zone B should quietly be taken over by AMG Trieste, and Italians allowed free access to this area, just as they now have free access to Zone A. If we fail in this, we fail in the only matter in which we might have given Signor de Gasperi a helping hand. It is very important, not because millions of Italians care passionately about Zone B, but because any one, any day can rouse Italians on this issue. The Italians have given up Pola, Fiume, Zara, Tripolitania, Eritrea. They must have free access to Zone B. Nor do thousands of Yugoslavs care passionately about Zone B. Yugoslavia has far finer Dalmation resorts than ever Capo d'Istria or Porto Rose or Citta Nova are. The Yugoslavs are in Zone B because every night from there you can see the reflection in the sky of all the lights of Trieste, without seeing Trieste. Zone B promises Trieste. And since the Yugoslavs are not going to get Trieste it is far better that their Government officials should move out of Zone B. Zone B yields nothing. It only costs. A first move has been made by which AMG personnel from Trieste in civilian clothes may go to Zone B on visits. May AMG follow soon.

The gift of polite and occasionally complimentary international intercourse seems to have been lost in England. Blunt, courageous Labour party leaders may not believe in the value of such inter-national language, and yet . . . and yet, the total absence of a single friendly or complimentary word in Parliament or in a speech at home about

Italy for the last four or five years is bearing fruit now. It is the tourists, not the Foreign Office who have preserved such vestiges of friendliness as may remain here for England. If Signor de Gasperi goes, the last vestiges go with him, for Italy, the Italy of the politicians, the industrialists and the clergy in 1951 envies and rather hates England, each for their own reasons, because England's wares compete and win with Italy's in the markets of the world, or because English home politics have usurped the attention of Europe, or just because England is Protestant, and generally because England is held responsible for the harsh peace treaty, the loss of African territories, and now the threatened loss of Zone B.

This month the Atlantic Council meets in Rome. There is work to be done if Signor de Gasperi's hand is to be strengthened. He is right, and the bored politicians and industrialists here are wrong, but powerful, and they are planning a return to dictatorship both openly and secretly.

(Mrs. Sprigge writes from Rome.)

THE POUND, THE DOLLAR AND INFLATION

By R. G. HAWTREY

MR. R. P. Schwarz's article "Inflation in a Free Society" in the August number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* raises some vital economic issues. So far as the immediate situation is concerned, he asks whether the devaluation of 1949 was a mistake; if so, whether it should be corrected by an up-valuation; whether the inflationary effects of re-armament expenditure call for up-valuation; what would be the effects of a cessation of re-armament expenditure. But, along with these short-period questions, he raises one that is more far-reaching: "the adoption of a system of fluctuating exchanges, instead of exchanges tied to a fixed par." "The plea for flexible exchanges" is, as he says, "an outright challenge . . . to the International Monetary Fund" and, he proceeds, though "it might have something to commend itself", yet "on balance it would seem that such a measure, from a long-term point of view, would do more harm than good."

The immediate problem is the inflationary effects of expenditure on rearmament. Every country has its own currency, and for each its own re-armament is its own problem. The problem is primarily a fiscal one—a matter of revenue and expenditure. If the resources for re-armament are raised by methods which do not cause an equivalent decrease of spending on other purposes (whether on consumption or on capital outlay) the effect is inflationary; spending exceeds income, and therefore exceeds production. The excess spending is either fed from imports (causing an adverse balance) or from stocks at home (causing pressure on production to replace the sales). It is not always possible to avoid these consequences. A wartime deficit may be of such magnitude that no fiscal measures can cope with it. In Great Britain at the present time taxation is already at such a level that any further imposts would probably be met out of capital. During the war controls were relied on to limit spending. Supplies were limited by rationing, formal or informal, and the money spent on them was limited by price controls.

It may be that Great Britain and other countries engaged in re-armament are in a position to prevent their re-armament expenditure from becoming a source of inflation. The means of doing so, whether taxation or controls, amount to a fresh dose of austerity.

"Inflation", as Mr. Schwarz says, "is the predominant preoccupation of economists at the present time"—also, he might have added, of governments, political parties and the public. It is, therefore, unnecessary to expatiate on the evils of inflation (though I do not think they are by any means fully appreciated). But conditions in the countries concerned are not independent of one another so long as their money units are linked together by fixed rates of exchange. In particular, so long as the pound is given a fixed value in terms of the dollar, inflation in Great Britain is bound to keep pace approximately with inflation in the United States. As between them, the United States at present holds the position of leader. American industry is on so vast a scale that a moderate fluctuation in its productive activity occasions a considerable fluctuation in the world demand for materials and primary products. The United States is also so considerable a supplier, not only of some materials and food stuffs, but of a wide range of manufactures, that American prices are an important, if not the predominant, factor in markets all over the world.

When inflation expands demand and raises the price level in the United States, the prices of American exports and imports are raised and the price levels of all other countries are affected, so great a part of their production is sold either to America or in competition with American products. The high prices gained by a part of their production generate enlarged incomes, and create demand for the rest; the rise in the external price level spreads to the internal. If, as there is reason to expect, re-armament expenditure in America gives rise to a substantial inflationary rise of the American price level in the next year or two, any country which maintains its money unit at a fixed parity with the dollar is bound to experience a corresponding inflationary rise. There are devices for delaying the process, but a system of controls so close as to prevent it altogether is hardly practicable.

Price controls can keep down the prices of things produced for home consumption, but, if prices are to be kept down, wages must be kept down too. And if wages are kept down in one part of industry they must be kept down in the rest. But if in any industry wages are kept down when the price of the product goes up, as in the export industries, or in those which compete with imports, excessive profit margins will appear, and there will inevitably be pressure for a rise of wages. There might be direct control of wages. The British authorities have always abjured a control of wages, and, even if it were adopted, it probably could not be held in the face of an excessive expansion of profits in a large section of industry. Moreover a rise in the prices of imports means a rise in the cost of living, and present policy would be against compensating the rise by increased subsidies.

The rise of wages, even in the absence of a wage control, would only be gradual. There might be a considerable interval during which countries other than the United States could be trading with one another at price levels little raised. But the tendency would be at work in all, and whenever prices and wages in one took a step up, the tendency would be accelerated in the rest.

It was considerations like these, I think, that led the Economic Commission for Europe to recommend a general up-valuing of money units in terms of dollars. Any country which embarks on measures to prevent inflation, but maintains its rate of exchange with the dollar unchanged in face of active inflation in the United States, is courting failure. This is an application of the principle of purchasing power parity, which afforded valuable guidance in the monetary reconstruction of Europe after the 1914-1918 war, but seems to have been consigned to oblivion after the last one. Like all principles in monetary theory, that of purchasing power parity has to be handled with care. The purchasing power compared ought to be expressed in terms of the wage level rather than of the price level. And in practical applications account must always be taken of economic changes, other than monetary, affecting the balance of payments. But it is broadly true that money units linked by fixed rates of exchange with the dollar undergo fluctuations of purchasing power corresponding to those of the dollar.

Inflation reduced the purchasing power of the dollar by one-third in the years 1946-1948. Great efforts were made by means of controls and high taxation to restrain inflation in Great Britain, and were not wholly without effect. Its progress did lag somewhat behind the progress of inflation in the United States. In 1949 there was a set-back to the state of high activity in American industry: prices fell, and some unemployment developed; wages ceased to rise, but did not react from the high level reached at the end of 1948, and American industry was no longer over-employed. There was an immediate impact upon the American balance of payments. American imports of materials fell off, and this decline of demand led to a fall in the prices of materials in world markets. The embarrassment in which the sterling area was involved, and with it Great Britain's pound sterling, has attained notoriety as the occasion of the devaluation of the pound.

The embarrassment did not arise from a disparity of costs. American wages had been rising faster than British, and did not fall. The trouble was due to a disparity between the flow of money and the wage level in the United States, a disparity which made itself felt in a shrinkage of profit margins, a decline in employment, and a falling off of demand. It was a transitory disequilibrium of the kind usually described as "cyclical", though the approximately regular

rhythm of the nineteenth century trade cycles is a thing of the past.

To the British Government of the day the situation appeared portentous and uncontrollable, and panic measures followed. There was never any pretence that the reduction of the dollar value of the pound by 30½ per cent. had any relation to the comparative costs in Great Britain and the United States. The immediate purpose was to find a rate such that no speculator would expect the pound to go lower, in the hope that the speculation against the pound, which had been aggravating the trouble, would cease.

Early in 1950 a revival of business set in in the United States. The flow of money was expanding again, and there was quite a prospect that a renewal of the inflationary tendency of 1948 would depress the purchasing power of the dollar still further. If so, the pound would have to follow, and, starting 30½ per cent. behind, would have so much further to go.

There is anxiety about inflation, because the cost of re-armament has put a stop to the budget surpluses which have been relied on as a part of the régime of austerity. But that is a minor factor compared with the onset of inflation already latent in devaluation, of which only a fraction has as yet been felt. Of itself the cost of re-armament might even be insufficient to bring about the inflation needed to adjust the pound to its dollar value. The fundamental adjustment is in wages, and that is now well under way. In the course of time the crucial question may be how to check the impetus of inflation when the adjustment is accomplished; if it goes too far, a further devaluation will become necessary. It is futile to worry about inflation, and to look for means of counteracting it, so long as the pound remains grossly undervalued. If the pound is to become rightly valued at \$2.80, inflation must do its work: it must degrade the pound till prices, wages and money values accord with that standard.

The world has no monetary standard; money units of all countries are linked to the American dollar, and the American dollar is linked to nothing. It has a fixed valuation in gold at \$35 an ounce, but gold is not an independent standard. American monetary policy determines the value of the dollar, that is to say, its purchasing power in terms of goods, and the value of the dollar determines the value of gold. Policy does not aim expressly at stabilizing the value of the dollar. Its value fluctuates, and the value of gold fluctuates with it. The International Monetary Fund is designed to preserve fixed rates of exchange for all money units, subject to such changes as are necessitated by a fundamental disequilibrium. It would be a valuable plan if the fixed rates tied the money units to something of stable value. But the money units are tied to gold, and gold fluctuates with the dollar.

Changes in the value of the dollar and of gold, such as its decline

in 1946-1948, its recovery in 1949, and the further decline now in progress, impose what is really a "fundamental disequilibrium" on all the money units linked to the dollar and to gold. So the "plea for flexible exchanges" is by no means the "outright challenge" to the International Monetary Fund that Mr. Schwarz supposes. On the contrary, the outright challenge is from the monetary policy which allows fluctuations in the purchasing power of a unit of gold, such as have emanated from the United States in the last five years. When an expanding or contracting flow of money causes a fresh fundamental disequilibrium every few weeks, fixed rates of exchange are intolerable.

What then ought to be done? There are lessons to be learnt from the past. A system of flexible exchanges worked quite smoothly from the suspension of the gold standard in 1931 to the outbreak of war in 1939. Given the technical resources of modern banking practice, it need not be any impediment to trade. By contrast with it, the current practice of clinging to a fixed parity till the course of events makes it intolerable, and even then only altering it when speculation forces the Government's hand, is surely disastrous.

Can the purchasing power of the money unit be effectively controlled? In the nineteenth century there was a genuinely independent monetary standard. There was a free and active world market in gold, in which were pooled and cleared all the demands for gold, for coinage for monetary reserves and for industry. The banks learnt so to regulate the terms on which they granted credits as to conform to the gold standard. The flow of credit determined the flow of money, and the flow of money determined the price level and wage level. I point to this experience, not by way of advocating a return to the gold standard, for, as worked in the nineteenth century, it was admittedly an imperfect monetary standard, but as evidence of the power of the banking system to regulate the flow of money.

In the years of depression 1931-1939 the regulation of credit through bank rate fell into abeyance; it was admitted on all hands that a monetary expansion and a rise of prices were desirable, and the difficulty was to tempt borrowers to come forward and start money moving. The question of putting a limit to a monetary expansion did not arise, and, so long as that was so, there was no occasion to consider a future monetary standard. At the present time the question of putting a limit to monetary expansion has become acute. If inflation is to be limited or avoided, an essential condition will be the selection of a rate of exchange consistent with that purpose. Undoubtedly the rate in the first instance must be raised. It was never pretended that the rate of \$2.80 adopted in September 1949 corresponded to comparative costs in Great Britain and the United

States at the time. Since then wages have been rising somewhat faster in Great Britain than in the United States, but not by so much as to make the rate of \$2.80 economic. If the rate stands, the rise of wages will have a long way further to go.

Can we afford to raise the rate? Certainly we can, for one disastrous effect of the under-valuation of the pound is that British exports are being sold too cheap. A greater effort is put into the export drive, but the effort is largely spent in increasing the volume of exports, without any equivalent return in the proceeds of their sale. In any case the rise of wages is rapidly destroying the competitive advantage which devaluation gave the exporters.

But the selection of a suitable rate of exchange at the present time is only a starting point. So long as alternations of inflation and deflation prevail in the United States, a fixed dollar equivalent of the pound will transmit inflation and deflation to Great Britain. If we acquiesce in the inflation, and seek escape from deflation from time to time in further devaluation, we destine the pound to an indefinite degradation. If on the other hand the rate of exchange is raised when the flow of money expands in the United States, it can be lowered when the reaction sets in, and the value of the pound in goods held stable.

Would that mean surrendering the advantages of stable rates of exchange? Far from it, for a stable pound would be better qualified to play its part as an international currency to which other units could safely be linked at fixed rates. The dollar itself might be stabilized. American policy is not altogether blind to the need for counteracting inflationary and deflationary tendencies. But its intervention is limited to expedients and palliatives, and there seems no immediate prospect of anything more systematic.

Stabilization of the purchasing power of a money unit is probably unattainable without a return to the traditional methods of regulating credit. And there are signs that opinion is coming round to a revival of bank rate policy.

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SOVIET SATELLITE ARMIES IN EUROPE—II

BY K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

THE sovietization of the Rumanian and Hungarian armies was a slower and more difficult process than that of the Polish and Czechoslovak forces* for two main reasons. First, in the Danubian countries the Kremlin could neither appeal to the so-called Slavonic solidarity under the leadership of the Russian big brother, nor use to the same extent the possibility of a new German drive to the east. Nothing cements an alliance more securely than the existence of a common enemy, but for Rumania and Hungary the Kremlin is unable to produce any bogey better than "American Imperialism".

Secondly, in Rumania and Hungary there were no ready-made sources from which the officer cadres of a Communist army could be drawn immediately, whereas in Poland the Kremlin could use the one and a half million-strong Polish minority which was left in the Soviet Union by the Polish-Soviet peace treaty signed at Riga in 1921, and in Czechoslovakia there existed relatively the strongest Communist party west of the U.S.S.R. and east of Germany.

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In Rumania the anti-German *coup d'état* of August 23, 1944, was so successful that King Michael was able to put 14 Rumanian divisions at the disposal of Marshal Rodion Yakovlevich Malinovsky, commander of the 2nd Ukrainian army group. But nothing could save either Michael's crown or the national structure of Rumania. Immediately after the capitulation of Germany Rumanian divisions returned home to be demobilized, purged of "fascist" officers and "democratized" by the injection into each active division of a group of officers and n.c.o's from the "Tudor Vladimirescu" and "Horia-Closca-Crisan" divisions† recruited in Russia in 1943 from among Rumanian prisoners of war. Nicolae Cambrea, commander of this division, was made brigadier by Marshal Stalin.

The build-up of the new Rumanian army began in December 1947

* See "Soviet Satellite Armies in Europe—I" THE FORTNIGHTLY, September 1951.

† Tudor Vladimirescu led a peasant revolt in 1821 against the Phanariote boyars in Moldavia and Valachia. Horia, Closca and Crisan were the leaders of a Rumanian peasant revolt in 1784 against the Magyar landowners in Transylvania.

when the Kremlin decided by appointing Emil Bodnaras, a Ukrainian Communist from Bukovina, whose real name was Bodnarcuik, as minister of national defence with the rank of colonel general, to compel the king's abdication. For it was manifestly impossible for Michael to concur in the appointment of a man who, while serving in the Rumanian army as first lieutenant of artillery, had been a member of the underground Communist party and a Soviet spy, and as such had deserted to Russia in 1932.

Emil Bodnaras, however, is only a figurehead for the Soviet military mission under General N. N. Kolganov which took in hand the organization, instruction and re-equipment of the Rumanian army. Officially, the Ministry of National Defence and high command are directed by Rumanian citizens. General Wilhelm Suter, a Transylvanian German, is first deputy minister of national defence; General Leonte Salageanu, former engineer at an aircraft factory, is second deputy minister of national defence and chief of staff. Two officers of the "old" army, Generals Leu Romanescu and Petre Draganescu, were Salageanu's deputies and technical advisers, but Romanescu was shot in August 1950 as an "American spy". At the beginning of 1951 the order of battle was as follows:

<i>Military Areas</i>	<i>Units Headquarters</i>	
I. Iasi (Jassy)	Iasi (Infantry Division)	Târgul Mures (Mountain Brigade)
II. Bucharest	Sinaia (Mountain Brigade)	Brasov (Infantry division)
	Pitesti (Infantry Division)	
III. Cluj	Cluj (Infantry Division)	Sibiu (Infantry Division)
	Arad (Motorised division)	Lipova (Armoured brigade)

So far, only the Cluj military area has full active strength but three other big units are in course of formation. The Cluj commander is General Cambrea, of the "Tudor Vladimirescu" fame, but as a pupil of the pre-war Rumanian staff college he is far from being secure.

The air force is still small and consists of only one regiment (group) of fighters and another of light bombers. The navy, with headquarters at Galats, is negligible: it comprises two antiquated destroyers and one submarine; there is also a flotilla of six Danubian monitors based on Braila. The Soviet naval officer Captain Ivan Romaniuk is in charge of the Rumanian and Bulgarian navies. The forces of the interior include eight brigades of frontier guards and 12 regiments of security troops. The effectives of the Rumanian armed forces comprise 325,000 men instead of the 120,000 stipulated by article 11 of the Rumanian peace treaty signed in Paris on February 10, 1947*. General Dumitru Petrescu, a Communist leader and

* In a speech before the Yugoslav National Assembly on December 28, 1950, Marshal Tito estimated the Rumanian army at 300,000, a figure known to include frontier guards but not the security troops. M. Vladimir Dedijer, a member of the Politburo of the Yugoslav Communist party and a close friend of Marshal Tito, speaking in London on July 15, 1951, said that the present-day Rumanian army was 432,000.

former engine driver, the third deputy minister of national defence, has charge of the department of political education.

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The first post-war Hungarian minister of national defence, General Janos Vörös, was arrested in January 1946 for alleged conspiracy against the republic and his fate is unknown; his successor was the peasant leader Peter Veres, who resisted the sovietization of the army and was forced to resign in September 1947. He in turn was succeeded by Mihaly Farkas (Moritz Löwy), a member of the Politburo of the Hungarian Workers' (Communist) party. The creation of a new Hungarian army, under the supervision of a strong Soviet military mission, began with the promotion of Mihaly Farkas to full general. The commander-in-chief, obviously a figurehead, is General Geza Revesz, a man born in Russia in 1916, the son of a Hungarian n.c.o. prisoner of war and a Russian peasant girl. The real commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army is General Vladimir Petrovich Sviridov.

From 1946 the chief of staff was General György Palfi-Oesterreicher who, on October 24, 1949, was sentenced as the accomplice of the "Titoist" Laszlo Rajk and executed the same day. His successor was General Laszlo Solyom-Schick, a lieutenant of the "old" army who joined the Communist party in 1944. He, too, was arrested in September 1950 and his fate is unknown. On October 6, 1950, he was succeeded by General Istvan Batz-Bata, who like his two predecessors, is a superficially Magyarized member of the German minority.

The order of battle of the Hungarian army in March 1951 was as follows:

<i>Military Areas</i>	<i>Division Headquarters</i>	
I. Budapest	Budapest (1st)	Kecskemet (5th)
II. Debrecen	Debrecen (2nd)	Miskolc (6th)
III. Kiskunfelegyhaza	Kiskunfelegyhaza (3rd)	Szolnok (7th)
IV. Pecs	Pecs (4th)	Szekesfehervar (8th)

An armoured division was in course of formation and three motorized divisions were planned. The air force is still small, consisting of two fighter regiments and one parachute battalion based on Papa. The forces of the interior included four brigades of frontier guards under General Laszlo Piros, former vice-president of the Trade Unions' Confederation, and eight regiments of security troops under General Gabor Peter. The armed forces have 185,000 effectives, almost three times the limit of 65,000 fixed by article 12 of the Hun-

garian peace treaty.*

General Sandor Nogradi, a Communist leader, is third deputy minister of national defence and chief of the army political education. When in August 1950 Soviet military regulations were made compulsory in the Hungarian army, Nogradi explained in a speech that this reform would inject "a new warrior Communist spirit" into the army. "Having learned Stalinist strategy and tactics," he added, "our armed forces will be ready to fight and to win. Only by applying such strategy and tactics will the liberation of all the peoples be achieved."

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Bulgaria's military value from the Soviet point of view was always as an indispensable base for possible operation against either Turkey or Greece or both. Since the Titoist heresy Bulgaria has become the essential corner-stone of Soviet strategy in Europe. Although it has a population of seven million inhabitants and is economically poor, it has, comparatively speaking, the strongest and best-trained army among the Soviet satellites.

Bulgarians are excellent soldiers but have not always been well led, on some of their statesmen resting responsibility for the country's defeat in the Balkan wars of 1912-1913 and in the 1914-1918 war. In the 1939-1945 war King Boris tried to out-fox his father: he refused Soviet protection at the beginning of 1940, allowed the country to be occupied by the Germans a year later, himself occupied the Macedonian parts of Yugoslavia and Greece but refused to fight the Soviet Union as Germany's ally. All this did not save Bulgaria from a declaration of war on behalf of the U.S.S.R. which was the only way—here, as everywhere else in Europe—to organize a Communist "revolution" under the protection of Soviet armies of occupation.

In September 1944 the Bulgarian army had a complement of more than 14 divisions, and this entire force was put at the disposal of Marshal Fyodor Ivanovich Tolbukhin, commander of the 3rd Ukrainian army group, against Germany. Immediately after the German capitulation, the Bulgarian divisions were sent home to be demobilized and there began a ruthless purge of the officers' corps. By 1949, out of 3,500 officers who had taken part in the 1944-1945 campaign which brought the Bulgarian army as far as Lake Balaton in Hungary, only 150 remained on the army list, as technicians and teachers in military schools. At the same time 3,000 new officers, trained under the supervision of the Soviet military mission, formed

* Marshal Tito in December 1950 estimated the Hungarian army at 165,000 and M. Dedijer estimated it in July 1951 at 200,000. The bulk of the information on the Hungarian army is based on an interview given on December 3, 1950, to the former commander of the Pecs military area, who succeeded in escaping to the British zone of Austria.

the cadres of the new Bulgarian army. Many veteran officers of the 1944-1945 campaign were arrested, charged with various crimes, and sentenced to death or imprisonment. Among the accused was General Kyril Stanchev, commander of the 2nd Bulgarian army, who in October 1947 was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The new army command was formed in October 1949. General Petr Panchevski, a Soviet officer of Bulgarian origin, who had served as colonel on Marshal Tolbukhin's staff, was made lieutenant-general and appointed minister of national defence and commander-in-chief. General Asen Grekov, another Soviet officer of Bulgarian origin, who served on Marshal Malinovsky's staff, was also made general and appointed chief of staff. General Ivan Kinov, Grekov's predecessor, and General Boyan Bulgaronov, chief of political education at the Ministry of National Defence, were both arrested in connection with the alleged Kostov conspiracy. They are in prison and likely to be put on trial for interpreting their duty as leading Communists as being to serve their country first and the Soviet Union second.

The order of battle of the Bulgarian army is as follows:

<i>Military Areas</i>	<i>Division Headquarters</i>	
I. Sofia	1st Infantry, Sofia	1st Mechanized, Sofia
	6th Infantry, Vratsa	7th Infantry, Dupnitsa
II. Plovdiv	2nd Infantry, Plovdiv	8th Infantry, Stara Zagora
	2nd Mechanized, Haskovo	
III. Varna	5th Infantry, Russe	4th Infantry, Shumen
	3rd Infantry, Sliven	3rd Mechanized, Kazanlyk

The Bulgarian mechanized division comprised at the beginning of 1951 one reconnaissance motorized battalion, one regiment of 185 tanks, one motorized infantry regiment and one motorized artillery regiment. In addition to these 11 divisions, Bulgaria, alone among the satellites, has three cavalry brigades, with headquarters at Yambol, Shumen (Kolarovgrad) and Sofia.

Up to March 1951 the independent artillery divisions had not yet been organized, but there were three motorized artillery regiments (Sofia, Haskovo and Shumen), three regiments of mountain pack artillery (Razlog, Asenovgrad and Trgovishte), three regiments of anti-tank artillery (Kustendil, Chirpan and Razgrad), three anti-aircraft artillery regiments (Sofia, Kazanlyk and Yambol) and two coastal artillery regiments at Burgas and Varna (Stalin).

The air force, exclusively tactical, included one fighter division, one fighter-bomber division and one bomber division, made up of two regiments (groups) each. The Bulgarian navy being practically non-existent, the ports of Varna and Burgas were under the protection of the Soviet navy. The forces of the interior included five brigades of frontier guards and eight regiments of security troops.

In all, the Bulgarian armed forces comprised 210,000 effectives, almost four times as many as the 55,000 limit imposed by article 9 of the Paris peace treaty.*

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The Albanian army is small and consists only of three divisions stationed at Tirana, Shkodër (Scutari) and Vlorë (Valona)—with one battalion of some 40 tanks attached to each division. To keep this army at full strength represents, however, a very great financial burden for a poor and backward country of some 1,200,000 inhabitants. General Enver Hoxha, the prime minister and foreign minister, is also minister of national defence and commander-in-chief, with General Bekir Baluku as his chief of staff. There are five battalions of frontier guards and four battalions of security troops. In all, there are 50,000 men armed with the Soviet Tokarev rifle, which is no longer in use in the Soviet army.† All this would be insufficient to protect not only the external but also even the internal security of the precarious Communist régime. In view of the great strategic importance of Albania the Soviet Union is doing its utmost to keep the country under its control. Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that Albania alone among the satellites was not admitted to the privilege of a formal treaty of friendship and mutual aid with the Soviet Union.

The island of Saseno, which commands not only Valona Bay but also the Otranto Channel, is transformed into a sort of Soviet Gibraltar. There are concrete hangars for submarines, 220 mm. guns and a regiment of Soviet marines; another regiment of Soviet marines is stationed at Valona. There is also a Soviet air division in Albania with three fighter squadrons, one bombing squadron and two transport squadrons. In all, the Soviet military personnel in Albania is estimated at 5,000, the officer commanding this force being Rear Admiral Igor Rzhevsky.

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Although its tactical expression has altered, Soviet policy in Germany remains to-day unchanged from that of 1945, the aim being to institute within the Potsdam frontiers a people's democracy; only such a solution would include the western German industrial

* Whereas Marshal Tito estimated the Bulgarian army at 195,000, the Greek General Staff put it at 210,000 (*Stratiotika Nea*, Athens, October 1950). The military correspondent of the Athens newspaper *Embros* reported on January 24, 1951, that Bulgaria had 12 divisions under arms; on the other hand, Turkish military circles give the figure as 11 divisions.

† *Stratiotika Nea*, already quoted, estimated the Albanian army at more than 55,000. Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., said in the House of Commons on February 14, 1951, that there were nearly 4,000 Russian "technicians" at Valona alone. (*Hansard*, vol. 484, col. 432.)

area in the Soviet-controlled heartland extending from Kamchatka to Saarbrücken. As the goal of the three western signatories of the Potsdam agreement is to revive German unity under a truly democratic and freely elected government and to incorporate a Germany thus regenerated in a peaceful European community, no compromise is possible between the two conceptions. The Berlin crisis in 1949 convinced the Russians that the western powers were serious in their declarations and the Kremlin was made aware that the German problem was to be solved, even if only provisionally, by the partition of the country into two States.

No Communist State can exist without a trusted praetorian guard and as early as in June 1949 the Soviet Military Administration decided on the formation of such a force. Major General Gorokhov, head of the S.M.A. Department for Internal Affairs, was the first organizer of armed police in the Soviet zone. Officially, however, Kurt Fischer and Wilhelm Zaisser, two old-time Communists, were in charge. In July 1948 the one became chairman of the Central Administration for the Interior in the Soviet zone, and the other, who as "General Gomez" had commanded one of the international brigades in the Spanish Civil War, was appointed chief of the *Verwaltung für Schulung* (Administration for Schooling). The first *Bereitschaften* (alert units) were formed in September 1948 and a month later, at a press conference in Berlin, General Sir Brian Robertson, the British military governor, revealed to the world the existence of these para-military units.

When the first government of the Eastern German Democratic Republic was formed in October 1949, Wilhelm Zaisser became chief of the *Hauptverwaltung für Ausbildung* (Main Administration for Training) at the Ministry of the Interior. Poor health prevented Fischer, who died in 1950, from joining the cabinet, and another Communist, Karl Steinhoff, was appointed minister of the interior. In February 1950 Wilhelm Zaisser's organization became the Ministry of State Security (*Staatssicherheitsministerium*) and he remained minister in the second eastern German cabinet formed in November 1950. Meanwhile, the Soviet Military Administration became the Soviet Control Commission and Marshal Vasily Danilovich Sokolovsky was succeeded by Colonel General Vasily Ivanovich Chuykov, who became directly responsible for the creation of the German armed forces to Marshal Bulganin, head of the Bureau of the Allied Armies in Moscow. Ivan Semichastnov, deputy chairman of the Soviet Control Commission, a general of the Soviet security troops though masquerading as a civilian, and Major General Petrakovsky, of the Soviet General Staff, transmit Russian orders to the three German lieutenant-generals, Wilhelm Zaisser, the minister, Karl

Maron, the commander of the *Bereitschaften*, and Kurt Hoffman, the inspector general. Under this trio of trusted Communists a group of former officers of the Wehrmacht are working as experts in training, organization and planning.

Because of lack of good generals among German Communists and also because at this stage it was politically imperative to make use of the names of prominent Wehrmacht leaders, Wilhelm Zaisser was instructed by Moscow to secure the collaboration of Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus and Colonel-General Walther von Seydlitz, who were members of the Free German Committee organized in Moscow in 1943. Both refused but many other generals, former prisoners of war, accepted. Some of these had been pupils of the "Antifa" (anti-Fascist indoctrination) schools such as that of Krasnogorsk.

Most prominent among the collaborators are General Vincenz Müller, head of an office described as *Führungsstab* which has all the appearance of being the operations division of the general staff, and General Hans von Wülz, who is responsible for training. Five major generals, Arno von Lenski, Schubert, Martin von Lattmann, Weissenberger and Breithaupt, all former general staff officers, are serving as commanders of the *Volkspolizei* in the provinces of Brandenburg, Mecklenburg-Vorpommern, Saxony-Anhalt, Thuringia and Saxony.

Why do these German generals help Marshal Stalin to create a Red Wehrmacht? The kindest explanation is that they are under the spell of the *Tauroggen-Mythus* and think they are following the example of the Prussian General Yorck von Wartenburg who, betraying Napoleon, plotted with the Russian General Count Dybich-Zabalkansky. The situation in 1812 was, however, vastly different from the present one; Prussian patriots could legitimately consider Napoleon the oppressor and Czar Alexander the defender if not of nations at least of dynasties. But the German generals delude themselves if they think to use the Kremlin as an agency for achieving parochial aims; when the new officers' cadres are ready they may expect to find themselves discarded.

There are 11 officer-training schools, with strengths of approximately a thousand each, and at least 39 *Bereitschaften*, or regiments, organized as military formations of a particular arm or service, that is, infantry, artillery, armoured, signal, etc. Each *Bereitschaft* is subdivided into three *Kommandos* or battalions. By the end of 1951 there will be a sufficient number of trained officers to form ten divisions with a total establishment of some 250,000 men, including 50,000 security troops.*

* Protests have been made to the Soviet Government by the British, U.S. and French Governments, against the rearmament of Eastern Germany. See the text of the British note in *The Times* of May 24, 1950, and the U.S. note in the *U.S. Information Service* (London) of the same date.

This seems to be the limit which the Kremlin in its own interests is not likely to exceed. Although admiring certain of their characteristics, the Russians do not trust the Germans and the Russian people have reason to hate them. However, as the main object of Soviet policy in Germany is to "liberate" the western zones from imperialist oppression, there must be a German army ready for the task. It is anybody's guess how the Russians hope to succeed in this aim without unleashing a third war. Unquestionably, there has been no more disturbing portent in Europe since 1945 than the decision to create a Red Wehrmacht.

* * * *

In the table below is summarized the information which has emerged from this examination of the military organization of the European satellites. The numbers quoted of effectives of armed forces comprise all servicemen, that is, not only "line" divisions but also recruits in training, army artillery divisions and technical troops, the air force, anti-aircraft defence and the navy. The forces of the interior comprise frontier guards and security troops, excluding ordinary police or militia.

Country	Population (million)	Effectives		Active Divisions	
		Armed Forces	Forces of the Interior	March 1951	Spring 1952
Poland	25.0	410,000	100,000	16	20
Eastern Germany	17.3	70,000	50,000	0	10
Rumania	15.9	255,000	70,000	9	12
Czechoslovakia	12.4	190,000	60,000	8	12
Hungary	9.2	135,000	50,000	8	12
Bulgaria	7.1	170,000	40,000	11	11
Albania	1.2	40,000	10,000	3	3
Totals	88.1	1,270,000	380,000	55	80

Impressive though the figures are, they should, like most figures, be qualified. By 1952 there will be between the "iron curtain" and the Narva-Kiev-Odessa line some 165 divisions, but by 1953 the North Atlantic Treaty powers will have in western Europe 60 divisions, excluding the still problematic armed forces of western Germany. As the strength of an American or British division is almost equal to that of two Soviet or satellite divisions the unbalance of force will not be as great as figures would suggest.

The west has and will maintain the absolute mastery of the seas. There is no chance that the Soviet air force would ever be superior to the combined air forces of the west, the industrial potential of which is such that in the armament race forced upon the North Atlantic

Treaty powers by the Kremlin the Soviet Union must inevitably fall behind. Steel production, for instance, affords an ample illustration. In 1950 the Soviet Union claimed to have produced 27.6 million metric tons of steel and the combined production of the satellite countries allegedly reached 7.6 million tons. In the same year the United States alone produced 87.8 million metric tons, the United Kingdom 16.5 million and western Europe 28.1 million tons.

Of crude oil, the Soviet Union claimed to have extracted 37.6 million metric tons and its satellites 6.7 million tons out of the 1950 world production of 522.8 million tons. Control of almost all the remaining production was in the hands of the United States, the United Kingdom and their allies.

Extremely effective as a fighting force, the Soviet army could not alone even dream of winning a major war. It is for this reason that Marshal Stalin organizes with such "paternal solicitude" the satellite divisions which in a year or two will be as good as the Soviet divisions from the point of view of training, equipment and officering. But what of the spirit of these armies? Are they ready to die for Stalin? The morale of an army cannot differ from the spirit of the nation it represents. Here the answer is that the nations of eastern Europe are not victims of mendacious Soviet propaganda. Among the oppressed and exploited peoples Moscow will not succeed in arousing hatred against the west in general and the United States in particular. The eastern European nations are not the allies of the Kremlin: they are its janissaries. By dynamic statesmanship and a clear demonstration of military strength on the part of the western nations the satellite nations not only might be neutralized as accessories of Russian power but also secured as allies of the west.

DEVELOPMENT IN AFRICA

BY A. SILLERY

THE Overseas Resources Development Act of 1948 established two corporations: the Colonial Development Corporation with a capital of one hundred million pounds and the Overseas Food Corporation with fifty million pounds. The second need not detain us; its aim was to relieve commodity shortages as quickly as possible, and it came to grief on its "first object", the East African Groundnut Scheme, with a loss of thirty-six million pounds, in a welter of controversy and music hall jokes.

The aims of the Development Corporation were deeper, more significant and of longer term. They were to secure "the investigation, formulation and carrying out of projects for developing resources of colonial territories with a view to the expansion of production therein of foodstuffs and raw materials, or for other agricultural, industrial or trade development therein." An oversimplified comparison of the objects of the two corporations may be stated thus: the Food Corporation (which for the sake of the illustration we will mention once more now, and then dismiss from our minds) was primarily concerned with the speedy provision of food—especially vegetable oil—to Britain. The Development Corporation, on the other hand, was created "for the purpose of improving the standard of living of the Colonial peoples by increasing their productivity and wealth."* That its activities would in the end result in an increase in the world's supplies was a desirable, but still secondary factor.

It must not however be thought that the Development Corporation was another Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, a financial expression of the Mother Country's goodwill towards her colonies. Rather was it, as it were, the commercial counterpart of that fund and the board were enjoined, by section 15 of the Act, "so to exercise and perform their functions as to secure that their revenues are not less than sufficient to meet all sums properly chargeable to their revenue account . . . taking one year with another." In other words, though a certain measure of supra-commercial risk is permitted, the corporation is a commercial concern and is expected to break about even. It might accept a number of speculative risks over its whole

* Annual Report for 1948.

field of operations but it would hope and expect that some of its undertakings would make profits large enough to set off losses.

The board set about their duties with energy. A large number of projects, in various stages of preparation, were received from the colonies. Some were accepted after investigation. By the end of 1949 no less than 28 had been launched of which 12 were in Africa. The African projects include a cement factory in Northern Rhodesia, a rice farm and a poultry farm in the Gambia, a tung estate in Nyasaland, participation in industry in Kenya, fisheries in West and Central Africa, forestry in East Africa and Swaziland, and an African settlement scheme at Mokwa in Nigeria. All these enterprises may fairly be represented as commercial undertakings calculated to enhance the prosperity of the territories concerned—though one, the Gambia poultry farm, has since failed—while some tend directly to the welfare of the people, by improving their diet or by providing a market for their labour. It is a pity that the principles on which most of them are based should be a generation out of date. In fact, the very conception of the corporation, at least as demonstrated in its early activities, is out of tune with modern Africa.

The change in Africa during the last 25 years is perhaps not fully nor widely understood. Occasionally such occurrences as the Gold Coast elections, to which publicity is given in the press, remind the stay-at-home Englishman that a new political consciousness, increasingly urgent and sometimes unruly, is spreading throughout Africa. The African is asking questions and is demanding a larger (indeed a full) share in determining his destiny. He not only feels able to play a greater—in extreme cases, an exclusive—part in his own government, but he also thinks, rightly or wrongly, that he can effectively control his own financial and economic affairs and enjoy larger direct returns from any increase in the material prosperity of his country. He is suspicious of European companies, corporations and concessionaires. On the one hand he resents the profits that they make; on the other he tends to overlook his own share in the benefits flowing from royalties and other taxes and dues, since these are occult and indirect. In general his relations with such organizations are those of a labourer or of a subordinate employee and he has no say in the distribution of wealth which, he understands, is derived from his country and with his direct assistance. Even in the application of the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, where Governments are at great pains to carry the people with them, this kind of suspicion persists. "Government", says the African, "never does anything for nothing; therefore there must be a catch in it somewhere." More and more it is becoming plain, at least to workers in the field, that prosperity must be stimulated from below, from the people, with their full co-operation and partnership, and that the temptation to

confer it from above must be resisted. Just as Mary, in T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion*, resented that in her childhood

. it all seemed to be imposed on us ;
Even the nice things were laid out ready,
And the treats were all so carefully prepared ;
There was never any time to invent our own enjoyments.

So a man, when he has advanced, dislikes and distrusts having his prosperity ordered for him, in ways that he cannot understand.

In the political sphere the ability of the African to take a larger share in his own government has been fully recognized, but the annual reports of the corporation for 1948 and 1949, apart from some rather vague references to co-operative farming and settlement, show almost no sign of parallel recognition on the commercial side—an exception is the Mokwa scheme in Nigeria. Unlike the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, the corporation is not permitted to find its reward in the better standard of living which the people enjoy as a result of its activities; it must also pay its way. So the emphasis has been on a certain brisk efficiency, well-qualified European supervision, and no nonsense from the country or its climate or its people. This has allowed no time for the winning over and education to the point of co-operation of conservative peasants, whose rôle in most of the projects falls very far short of partnership. Indeed one has sensed that in some cases the presence of resident Natives in a prospective field of operations is regarded by the corporation's executives as a rather tiresome incidental, an obstacle to be surmounted before the project can have full scope. Where their rights are affected, the people have been consulted, no doubt; but once they have given their consent to a scheme there has rarely, if ever, been any question of giving them a decisive say in the manner of its execution. In spite of its excellent motives, parliamentary supervision and, it seems, an intention to plough back certain profits into further development, the corporation has till now presented to the African the appearance of just another of those investment companies that have exploited Africa in the past, with the difference that it receives from colonial Governments concessions which—at least in recent times—have not been enjoyed by its predecessors.

Lately, however, one senses a change. The necessity for co-operation with the people whom it is intended to benefit is beginning to be realized, and an ex-Member of Parliament has been engaged by the corporation to promote this emerging trend of policy. Whether the selection is altogether a happy one it is too early to say. On the face of it the post might have been more suitably filled by one with a better understanding of the needs and fears of colonial peoples, and more tolerance of individual wishes and idiosyncrasies than a Socialist politician is likely to possess. However that may be, it is important

to understand that it is not sufficient to obtain the backing of traders, legislative councillors and notables. It is essential to catch the imagination of the peasant, so to persuade him that the operations of the corporation are to his benefit as to get him to identify himself with them—a much more difficult task.

The change in attitude is also reflected in the annual report for 1950, where co-operation is mentioned in forthright fashion for the first time: "It is desirable that colonial peoples should be able to understand, approve of and co-operate in the Corporation's schemes and objectives" and the report goes on to describe the steps that have been taken to bring this about.

One notes too that both in the project for wattle growing in Tanganyika and in that relating to soft-woods in Swaziland, it is now the intention, which was not apparent in previous reports, to assist the local Africans, in Tanganyika to establish plantations of their own and in Swaziland to re-afforest their own lands.

Apart from the fact that "desirable" is too weak a word to describe the necessity for African co-operation, this statement of policy, and the few examples where that policy has been applied, are all to the good. Its effectiveness will much depend on how far the corporation can put it across to executives in the field and how far colonial Governments will guard against any signs of default. It cannot be too firmly emphasized that nothing short of full and equal participation by the African in undertakings that immediately affect him will meet the case. Even where the demand does not at present exist we must anticipate it, for it will surely come.

There must of course be exceptions. For example, one projected activity is the establishment and management of hotels. It is unlikely that any African would desire, or indeed have any strong claim, to participate in an undertaking such as this, except indirectly in the stimulus that a hotel would bring to the prosperity of the territory. Various industrial schemes may fall into a similar category. But the principle of participation holds good in every activity in which the African is interested and which impinges on his country and on his life. In other words and speaking very broadly, it would apply to trade, to the growing and selling of crops and livestock, and to the exploitation of minerals (whether the rights in these have been assumed by Government or not) in any area owned or occupied by Africans or set aside for their use.

There is a feeling that African co-operation involves delay and results in inefficiency. Communism, it is said, threatens Africa and will batten on the African's poverty. Wealth must therefore be pumped in quickly in order to avert the threat. This argument can be pushed too far. It is doubtful whether you really win back a potential Communist by giving him a new suit. In any case the

benefits accruing from most of the corporation's present undertakings are too indirect for the individual to appreciate, while its structure and methods are too reminiscent of old-fashioned capitalism to buttress loyalty or to inspire enthusiasm. A generous and confident partnership might well provide the weapon wherewith to combat the economic ideology of Communism.

We need not be unduly dismayed by the prospect of delay, if by delay we mean the failure to get quick results. We should by now have learned the folly of over-optimism on that score. Provided that we waste no time in getting things going on a footing which to the African appears to give him fair opportunities, he will give us credit for our intentions and will be patient. The inefficiency argument, on our present record, is not convincing.

The ways in which partnership can profitably be exercised are many: strong African representation on the boards of commercial or quasi-commercial undertakings, responsible positions in the management of schemes, shareholding tenancies, joint co-operative societies; all these suggest themselves as possibilities. Classic examples of one form or another of co-operation are the Gezira scheme in the Sudan and the Kilimanjaro Native Co-operative Union in Tanganyika; while one awaits with interest the result of a tripartite arrangement in the Bechuanaland Protectorate between Government, the local tribe and a commercial company for the exploitation of minerals. Then we have the examples sponsored by the Colonial Development Corporation itself: the Mokwa scheme, described in the 1950 Annual Report as "one of the most interesting and satisfactory of the Corporation's projects"; wattle planting in Tanganyika and, of its kind, afforestation in Swaziland. One looks forward to the time when all projects, except those in which the interest of the African is so remote as to be negligible, shall be planned and operated on a basis of African participation.

Of course there may be disappointments, but the present system has provided disappointments too. Of one thing however we may be sure and that is that there is no more certain way to disaster than to fail to secure the support of the people in whose country operations take place. They must be given the chance to identify themselves with their economic development no less than with their political emergence. And in this context we must think not only of the present generation but also of the African as he will be ten or 20 years hence.

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INQUEST ON THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

IN July 1936 General Franco asked Italy for twelve transport or bombing planes, declaring that with their aid he would win his civil war within a few days. Before the war ended, almost three years later, the Italian contribution had grown to over 1,000 planes, 6,000 dead, and 14 billion lire; Germany's was valued at close on 500 million RM. The conflagration, that time and again threatened to set Europe too on fire, was one more illustration of the peculiar capacity inherent in the smouldering cauldron of Spanish politics for dividing not merely a country but a continent into violently opposed camps, and therefore of the interest that all sane elements in Europe have in preventing that cauldron from erupting. Only Spaniards can hope to extinguish its fires.

Fifteen years is too short a period for historical objectivity where passions were so stirred and memories are still so vivid. But if objectivity ever is to be attained, it will be less by allowing indifference to grow on the mere lapse of years than by a succession of cooling processes as successive liftings of official veils let in cold factual light on just what happened, and how, and why. The issue of the 1939-1945 war, which has been the decisive factor in determining what General Franco was able to make of his victory, has now made possible the publication of the diplomatic history of the struggle as seen from Berlin.* The volume is admirably edited, without discoverable bias in its 951 pages; and if the reading of diplomatic source-books on this scale be an acquired taste, those who possess it may learn much here both of contemporary history and of human nature.

The 811 documents provide material for divers inquests: on German foreign policy in the years immediately preceding the gambler's final throw, a policy which, if opportunist, does not emerge from these pages as particularly Machiavellian; on the sustained play-acting of the London Non-Intervention Committee, that sorry farce of the innocents at home; on the ultimate price paid by mankind at large for the failure of the democracies, and Russia, to call the bluff of Italy and Germany, whose initial apprehensions over

the consequences of the Spanish adventure were very real. When the Civil War was already a year old, Germany's Spanish policy was still conditioned by the over-riding need to avoid a world war. Hitler and Mussolini took the measure of western weakness much more accurately than western diplomacy did of their strength.

For an interim inquest on the Civil War itself the evidence is necessarily incomplete. Germany was as indifferently informed of issues and events on the Republican side as Great Britain was of those on the Nationalists'. It may be good ethics not to maintain relations with parties of which one disapproves, but for the intelligent pursuit and defence of one's own interests it makes as good sense as would a refusal of Scotland Yard to inform itself of any but good citizens. Since General Franco won in the end, however, the evidence of the German archives throws light where historian and student of current affairs alike most need it; and the quality of German diplomatic reporting was high. Sidelights abound also, in despatches both from Spain and from the German Embassy in Rome, on the extent of Italian intervention and — this not without a certain *Schadenfreude* — on the Spanish opinion of Italian fighting quality. "The entire rôle of the Italian divisions in Spain has been a tragedy," said the Generalissimo to Ambassador von Faupel in July 1937, and he was prepared to raise no objections, from the military standpoint, to their withdrawal provided they left their equipment.

Unfortunately there were other viewpoints, especially — on the Italian side — that of prestige, and the Italian reaction to Guadalajara was a proposal to send poison gas to Spain. Mussolini held for his part that the Spanish Nationalists "were obviously lacking in offensive spirit and also in personal bravery"; at most the Spaniards "were very good soldiers but had no idea of modern warfare." His difficulty, as he became more and more embroiled in a struggle that belied all the calculations, was psychological. Having said "a", to quote a phrase that recurs several times in these documents, he was determined to go on to "b". And, "b" leading likewise to "c," there seemed no limit to his involvement while there were letters in the alphabet. True, he was playing for higher stakes. Germany, initially at least, confessed to no higher interest in the matter than the prevention of a Bolshevik victory in Spain. Italy wanted to enmesh Spain beyond escape in her own Mediterranean policy or, at the very least, to rule out any possibility of political co-operation between Spain and France or England. For Portugal the issue was much simpler, and more immediate. "A Red Spain would inevitably result in a Red Portugal," and Salazar promised General Franco from the beginning that he would help his cause with all available means.

What no one, and he least of all, had foreseen was the duration

* *Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945*. Series D (1937-1945). Vol. III: *Germany and the Spanish Civil War 1936-1939*. From the archives of the German Foreign Ministry. H.M. Stationery Office. 25s.

of the struggle. Of the many actors in the tragedy, Time stands out as the most inexorable. "The quick occupation of Madrid is of decisive political importance," Berlin represented very emphatically to General Franco in October 1936; the capital held out through a 28-months' siege. "It must be admitted that time is not in our favour in Spain," said Berlin, still in the autumn of 1936, adding for Germany's part too now that, having said "a", one must go on to "b". But beyond "b" Germany was at first not inclined to go. "Unless we wanted to accept the risk of war," wrote von Neurath as Foreign Minister in January 1937, "we would have to realize that the time was drawing near when we would have to abandon any further support of Franco." "Germany refuses to permit the Spanish crisis to lead to war," Weizsäcker, then Director of the Political Department, noted six months later. "At present... the opposing side... would have an incomparably better point of departure both politically and militarily."

In January 1938, the new Ambassador von Stohrer reported from Salamanca that forces in Spain were again equally balanced and time was once more working against General Franco. Afraid of risking a drive into Aragon, which could have been the decisive blow but failure in which might equally have lost him the war, he still leant to the simpler operation against Madrid. By June 1938 air superiority lay with the Republicans; by September, with the military situation now "very unsatisfactory", violent scenes between the Generalissimo and his generals were multiplying, and von Stohrer gave it as the considered opinion of German and Italian military authorities in Spain a month later that, without new great sacrifices in material and supplies by his two allies, it was inconceivable that General Franco could win the war militarily in the foreseeable future.

This Fabian in the field came close on occasion to exhausting the patience of Führer and Duce. For five months in the first winter of the war, apart from the taking of Málaga, virtually nothing was achieved. In the attack on Bilbao in the spring of 1937 he took 11 weeks to cover 25 miles, notwithstanding a great superiority in artillery and planes. After the Republican crossing of the Ebro in July 1938, close on three months were needed to win back, at a cost of 33,000 men, what the enemy had occupied in two days. There were reasons. The Italians, very sensitive to Spanish opinion after Guadalajara, and threatened by Mussolini that not a man of them should leave Spain alive if they failed to avenge that defeat, sulked like Achilles in their tents for weeks on end and could not be persuaded to launch even the smallest attack. Guerrilla warfare, notably in Asturias after the fall of Gijón in October 1937, was carefully concealed from the outside world, but its scale was such as to make Teruel possible and to rule out the projected renewal of the offensive

against Madrid. At times an S.O.S. from General Franco to Berlin reveals the total exhaustion of his ammunition and the imminent danger of a Nationalist collapse. His allies reproached him with sacrificing their manpower while never ordering a general mobilization of his own. The answer was again lack of armament and the unpleasant fact that an estimated 40 per cent. of the population behind his lines was politically unreliable. Up to the very end, in consequence, he never had an army reserve, and any sizable enemy attack launched during a Nationalist offensive was enough to throw this into confusion.

The Germans had other complaints. From the point of view of the general staff officer, the higher command suffered from extremely inadequate organization. "Franco actually did everything at headquarters himself." It suffered also from his obstinate refusal to give Germany and Italy the voice they claimed in the conduct of operations. "Franco personally is a ruthlessly brave soldier, but whose military training and experience do not fit him for the direction of operations on their present scale," was von Faupel's judgment after the initial failure to take Madrid. "The training of officers and men," he went on, "is very poor. That of the Falangist militia can scarcely be said to exist." The greatest single need, on which the Germans harped unceasingly, was for assault units. With them the 11 weeks of the Bilbao offensive could have been reduced to three. When General Franco at length, and reluctantly, sanctioned training courses by German officers, Nationalist losses were cut by one-half.

But the ultimate reason for the long and so bitterly drawn out contest was best given by a liaison officer and interpreter at headquarters who had lived in Spain for many years and was said to know the Generalissimo more intimately than any other German. "Wilhelmi spoke very highly of the Spanish soldier. He praised the bravery of the Spanish troops and their disregard for death and was of the opinion that with good training and good commanders the fighting quality of the Spanish infantry could be called first-class. The fact that the Reds were Spaniards, too, explained the great severity of the fighting and the slowness of Franco's military victory. The piety of the Spaniard played an important part in his disregard for death; also the centuries-old Arabic influence and the character of the Iberian race, such as we knew it from the history of Numantia."

These documents suggest indeed that had there been no intervention from any quarter, the character and duration of the war might have been little changed. As for its outcome, that hung so long in the balance, there are grounds for thinking that this was decided in the last analysis not by Franco, Hitler or Mussolini, but by the Anglo-French surrender at Munich on September 29, 1938. The severe defeat there suffered by Moscow, quite apart from its effect on

further reinforcements and supplies from Russia, brought about just that collapse of Republican morale on which Franco had long been banking as his only hope of a decisive victory. Having been held up on the Ebro for four months, once across, in December 1938, he was in possession of Barcelona within a month. The taking of Barcelona cost him a single casualty ; the entry into Madrid two months later not even that. On April 1, 1939, the Civil War was officially declared to be over, and one million dead and a country in ruins proclaimed how glorious the victory.

More interesting still, however, than the study in the light of these documents of how the war was fought is that of why. Asked in the first weeks of battle whether it was not easier to conquer a country by force of arms than to win over the soul of its people, General Franco replied that he did not conceive this latter to be his task. As a soldier, he had felt it his duty to prevent the bolshevization of Spain. If successful in this, he would place himself with the army at the service of any national movement supported by the mass of the people. A year later he remarked to von Faupel that recognition had come very late in Portugal that the regulated police State there established required an ideological and party foundation. This recognition had come to him too in the interval, and among the most revealing documents are the periodic analyses from Spain of the attempt, following on the Decree of Unification merging Falange and Traditionalists in April 1937, to give to an originally purely negative movement a positive content. In this life-and-death struggle between the two Spains, as Berlin phrased it, one "nationalist, traditional, agrarian, monarchist, Catholic-clerical, now also strongly oriented toward a social programme and syndicalism through the influence of the Falange," the other "the Spain of the Liberals, Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, Freethinkers and Freemasons, stemming in some ways from the French Revolution," it was clear to Germany from the beginning that the former's prospects of survival after victory in the field would depend almost entirely on its social reforms, just as clear as that social questions lay at the root of the war itself.

Here too there were difficulties : General Franco's insistence, like another Philip II, on keeping all the strings in his own hands (not until January 1938 did he form a government with responsible ministries) ; his awareness that in the sphere of social legislation he was out of his depth ; his determination to admit no challenge to his personal position from the Falange (in April 1937 he arrested Hedilla, leader of the Falange, and sentenced him to death on charges of insubordination). To these the Germans added the no lesser unsatisfactoriness of the Spaniard as political than as military material : "There is hardly a people in the world so difficult to

handle as the Spanish," wrote von Stohrer. But Germany, intervening to save Hedilla's life, kept urging ; and General Franco, who had thought for a moment of trying to take over parts of the Falangist programme without the Falange, ended by accepting both, though causing himself to be proclaimed leader of the party and, in his most memorable phrase, "responsible only to God and history."

The Germans were ready also with advice on the rôle of the Church. Spain had been at her greatest, under Charles V and Philip II, when her rulers forbade papal encroachment on her internal affairs, and at her weakest precisely when interference by the Vatican was most in evidence. General Franco agreed ; he also was having to fight against the Vatican in this respect. As for the power of the Church in Spain, he had thought at one stage that all that was necessary was to induce the wealthy among its leaders to make great sacrifices for the national cause, and then to see to it that they never again had opportunity for enrichment. But this proved over-simple. The defence of religion was too important a plank in his propaganda abroad, and if he was to prevent the Falange from walking away with him at home it could only be by playing off against it the clerical-traditionalist element. Even Germany, once she realized that he was trying "to effect a synthesis between a social and a clerical course", fought shy of working openly with a Falange that still remained anti-clerical and stood by its original demand for the creation of an independent State Church.

The rehabilitation early in 1938 of the Society of Jesus, which the Republic had suppressed, with even more rights than before, and the Vatican's despatch of a nuncio as reward, marked a turning-point. Von Stohrer feared a fatal rift, seeing cause for alarm in the fact that the Falange's social programme now stood "essentially not at all far removed from the demands which the more moderate circles in Red Spain have advanced." He instanced a Falangist in General Franco's service, son of a very conservative family, who had confessed to having many more points of contact with the "Reds" than with the clerical and reactionary elements in his own camp. The loud insistence of the Falange that it would still carry through its reforms to the creation of a new social order was therefore a challenge not merely to the traditionalists but to the authority of the Generalissimo to determine what that new order should be.

Had Germany and Italy won their war, there can be little doubt that the Falange would eventually have come out on top, even against the army, whose interests inevitably lay with reaction. "An authoritarian government could make something very important out of this country in a few years, in spite of losses and destruction," said Berlin in 1938. The compulsion on General Franco to trim his sails to the winds prevailing after the Axis collapse told, paradoxically, against

social change ; and the Caudillo who for long had proclaimed on hoardings all over the country " I believe in Spain because I believe in the Falange " was to announce to the world in July 1945 that the Falange no longer wielded any political power.

But if there be tragic irony for the Spaniard in the thought that the victory of the democracies has meant for him all the trappings and tyrannies of the totalitarian State to the end merely that reaction, inefficiency and corruption may flourish as never before, he will derive at least this consolation from the evidence now published, that the " something very important " that an Axis victory might have made of Spain would have been a country tied hand and foot to the German Juggernaut, so subtly successful did Germany's finally confessed objective of " deep penetration into the main sources of Spain's wealth " promise to be. To von Faupel's claim, made early in 1937, that : " There is hardly a politically-conscious Spaniard who has not recognized that France and England always want a weak Spain and only we are interested in a strong Spain," this volume gives the answer for all time. As for the " glorious revolution ", von Stohrer's anecdote, to which he conceded " some truth ", may stand as at least an interim verdict on that too. " How do you find the new Spain ? " a German long resident in the country was asked shortly before the Civil War ended. " When I find it," he replied, " I will tell you about it."

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

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY C. V. WEDGWOOD

IN two senses it may be said that history embraces the whole of literature : first, because the creation of all literature occurs within the limits of history and secondly, because all literature arises, directly or indirectly out of history, for all literature arises out of human experience and all human experience is potential history. The writer may treat his material in any number of different ways. He may express himself in romance or fantasy, in poetry, drama or satire. He may adapt and organize material copied from the world before him ; he may soar into realms of speculation. Yet at some point every work of creative literature is attached, however slightly, to experience. At some point it must make contact with what we think of as reality—the observed world about us. A work of literature, were this not so, would be inconceivable. No human mind is capable of ideas which have not at their source some kind of human experience. History, rightly understood, includes the whole of human experience. Therefore, it may be argued that all literature is in this wide sense historical.

In the highly complicated civilization in which we live, we have of necessity attempted to classify, simplify and divide various branches of human knowledge and experience, history among others. As a result of this its universal and all-comprehending character is sometimes, almost insensibly, overlooked. Our education and the very idioms which we use, perpetually emphasize certain elements of historical experience as though they alone counted. Thus a statesman is described as having " made history " as though this were a special function of statesmen ; or a nation is said to be " making history " when it becomes involved in some particularly violent or remarkable circumstances. But every human being is making history all the time. We live in history as we live in air and we cannot escape it.

If history and life are one and the same thing—all life being potential history—the same ethic and the same aesthetic which applies to subjects not generally regarded as historical (the novel, the drama, poetry) should also apply to historical writing. The historian ought to apply the same standards of integrity, ought to set before him the same ideals as any other kind of writer. The technical treatment of the material may be—indeed is—quite different ; but the attitude to

it should be the same because the material is fundamentally the same.

It would not however simplify my argument if I were to wander over every possible realm of literature to demonstrate my point. In comparing historians with creative writers I shall therefore confine myself to such works as have an historical basis in the popular sense of the word. History, in that sense, has supplied subjects to a very great part of the drama, the poetry and the fiction of the world. My contention, moreover, stands or falls with the idea of the creative artist as one whose function it is to illumine in one way or another the predicament of man, to reveal from time to time the fragments of universal truth and understanding which are concealed in every human life and every human situation.

It is to perform just this function that writers have very often made use of the events and the characters which they find ready to hand, in recorded history. They have taken up and simplified or embroidered some actual situation, some story whose principal characters were at least already outlined for them. Sometimes they have imbued such individual happenings with something of universal value. This use of historical material goes back a long time before the arrival of the self-conscious and sophisticated creative writer. It is one of the earliest and most natural tendencies of man to try to distil out of harsh facts a more poetic and universal meaning, to give them at once a quality of simplicity and permanence.

In the process of turning history into the simpler and profounder stuff of poetry it was sometimes found necessary, and therefore permissible, to adapt and alter the material. From this fusion of a little that was historic with much that was poetic sprang many of the great epics, the *Iliad* or the *Chanson de Roland* the *romances* of Spain, the ballads of Scotland and much of the folk literature of the world. Until recently more sophisticated writers retained something of this natural freedom in adapting the facts of recorded, or remembered, history to their needs. In this age when we are by way of making a god of accuracy—and accuracy is not necessarily at all the same thing as truth—it is worth pausing for a moment to look at the effect of this, not on historians but on creative writers who are attracted towards history.

The extent to which a writer dares to modify the facts about which he decides to write depends on the conventions of his time. Schiller was perfectly at liberty to arrange a meeting between Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth—a meeting which, if we are to be accurate in our history, never took place, but the liberties allowed to a modern dramatist or a modern novelist by a modern audience are not nearly so great because there is now considerable confusion in the public mind as to the purpose of the historical drama or novel—or for that matter the historical film. It tends to expect from them instruction in

history as well as, or possibly even more than, eternal truths. The modern writer therefore who wants to convey something more valuable than mere historical instruction, and yet wants to use protagonists taken out of history, is compelled, more or less strictly, to keep within the limits laid down by record.

It is instructive to notice how often in modern times a great creative writer who is using historical material has to employ some different approach or some ingenious device when he wishes to emphasize the more profound message that he is seeking to convey. He has by this means to evade the possibility of purely pedantic criticism on the part of the public. Shaw in *St. Joan* transferred the whole of his last act to a dream, and in dreams all laws of realism can be suspended. Again T. S. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral* uses throughout a vocabulary and a technique which removes the drama from the solid earth of the twelfth century and lodges it essentially in the human soul which knows no chronology.

It was possible for Shakespeare, for Goethe, for Corneille, for Schiller, even for Victor Hugo, to use historical names as empty vials into which they could pour their own conceptions and so illumine the passions, the weaknesses or the virtues of man. Is Shakespeare's *Macbeth* an exact portrait of a certain eleventh century King of Scotland? Probably not. But is it an exact picture of a living and comprehensible man? Is it a study of a weak character not without nobility utterly corrupted by ambition? As such has it not a value far superior to a more accurate portrait of the historic Macbeth? Is Schiller's *Don Carlos* an exact portrait of the eldest son of Philip II? Very definitely not. But it is a most wonderfully moving and compassionate study of a young irresolute man, of more nobility than character, torn between conflicts which are too great for him. These, and others like them, are great studies of human character. To ask whether they are true accounts of the people whose names they carry is simply irrelevant. The poetic truth is here too great to be challenged by mere historic truth.

It is a delicate and rather a dangerous thing for a historian to appear to attach only an inferior value to accuracy of statement about historical events. There are contexts in which the suggestion that poetic truth is superior to historic truth is very dangerous. The examples I have put forward are not intended to convey that the creative writer has a perfect right at all times and places to tamper with history. The rights and liberties which he is free to exercise in dealing with historical material vary with the conventions of his age, and liberties which are permissible and fruitful at one time are no longer permissible and therefore can no longer be fruitful now. Yet whatever the present situation, it has been from very ancient times a natural and a healthy habit of mankind to poeticize and to simplify

the most striking events of history : to modify individual historic truth into simple permanent forms. The creative artist may within the conventions of his epoch as legitimately use historical material in the same way.

As for the historian himself, if he has any ambition beyond that of amassing a mere catalogue of uninteresting and therefore unintelligible statements, he must approach his material as any other creative artist does—with the sense that it contains some essential and permanent truths which it may be his skill or good fortune to release. It is with the character of those truths and with certain technical difficulties in approaching them that I am chiefly concerned.

The poet, the dramatist, the novelist are free to exercise their imagination as widely as they choose. But the historian may not be allowed so long a tether. He must fulfil his function as a creative artist only within very rigid limits. He cannot invent what went on in the mind of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The poet can. He cannot suppress inconvenient minor characters and invent others who more significantly underline the significance of his theme. The novelist can. The dramatist can. The historian, as Sir Philip Sidney has said, "is captive to the truth of a foolish world." Not only is he captive to the truth of a foolish world, but he is captive to a truth he can never fully discover, and yet he is forbidden by his conscience and his training from inventing it.

He gains his knowledge through evidence which, at the very best, is incomplete ; which is always contradictory ; which raises as many questions as it solves ; which breaks off tormentingly just where he needs it most, or, yet more tormentingly, becomes ambiguous and dark. He can never establish the truth. He can only grope towards it ; he gropes, moreover, with brains which, being made and furnished in the twentieth century, find it extremely difficult to understand any other, which are over-confident, apt to leap to the wrong conclusions, unaware of their own shortcomings or at least unable to make allowances for them : human in fact. The greatest scholar can never really reach more than some kind of partial and personal version of the truth as it once was. All the efforts of historical scholarship are ultimately reduced to a mere matter of human opinion. In the preface to his *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* the wisest of historians Jacob Burckhardt has said :

In the wide ocean upon which we venture, the possible ways and directions are many and the same studies which have served for this work might easily in other hands not only receive a wholly different treatment but lead also to essentially different conclusions.

Could the whole painful predicament of the historian be more effectively expressed, or with greater authority ? But it is important

to remember that, in Burckhardt's mind this defeatist view was closely linked with another implicit assumption : that neither the uncertainty nor the personal nature of his own judgments exonerates the historian from applying the utmost of his critical faculties and scholarly abilities to establishing the truth of the fact according to his own lights. To do anything less is intellectual treason.

Surmounting the difficulties of discovering the truth about the historic facts, as far as in him lies, is a matter for the technical skill and conscience of each individual historian. It must be assumed of him, as of other writers, that he will have the self-respect to live up to what he considers the highest standards of his own profession. Historians certainly do commit deliberate dishonesties and, far more often, *bona fide* mistakes ; there are as many blindnesses, perjuries, tergiversations, errors of judgment, blemishes of character, foibles, frailties, prejudices and shortcomings among historians as among any average group of mortals—or as among any average group of other writers for that matter.

None the less there are among historians a few who have from time to time cast as much light on the predicament of man as the free creative writers. There have been a few with as much insight into the human situation, as much creative imagination (within the limits allowed them), as much vision and compassion as the greatest writers outside the special bondage of history. But there is a terrible paradox inherent in the historian's profession which has done damage both to historians as writers and to society at large. The historian ought to be the humblest of men ; he is faced a dozen times a day with the evidence of his own ignorance ; he is perpetually confronted with the humiliating fact that he can never fully interpret his material ; he is, in a sense that no other writer is, in bondage to that material. Yet it is just precisely the historian among writers who is often the most arrogant. It is just precisely the historian who will often claim that he is not merely the master of his material but, by being the master and interpreter of the past, also the master of the future. It is just precisely among historians that the most arrogant assumptions of knowledge, the most assured prophecies of the future, the most *ex cathedra* judgments of right and wrong will be found. On closer examination these judgments, these prophecies, these constructions of vast philosophies explaining the past, present and future of man will all prove to be rooted in the temporary political prejudice or philosophical beliefs of a particular historian or of a particular age or society. That there have been among such philosophies and among such interpretations of history on a large scale some which have a nobility and a value of their own, not as history but as guiding ideas to mankind, no-one can deny. Great names from St. Augustine onwards shine out to redeem the noble error.

But it is an error. It is the great pitfall of history. The historian who forgets to be humble, who forgets the essentially inconclusive nature of his evidence and his own fallibility, who furthermore confuses the temporary opinions of a party or a nation or a religion with the absolute standards of right and wrong, can unfortunately be very persuasive. He can take the petty developments of a few generations or a few centuries for some immutable law of progress ; or imagine that the ephemeral rivalries of nations are in some way eternal and inevitable ; or indulge half a dozen other aberrations. And he may lead whole societies with him into error and make them act upon it.

Might not the historian who feels this powerful temptation take a lesson from the geologist ? The Alps, for example, so majestically immutable as they seem, are to the geologist upstarts. They are a mere matter of thirty million years old. Yet these youthful mountains, which came so late to their present shape and grandeur, make the entire duration of recorded history look like the poor, trivial scantling of time that it is. From this little fragment, this few thousand years—about which in any case we can never know more than the hundred-thousandth part and that uncertainly—historians have tried to construct systems and cycles of a scientific immutability. This is the minute kingdom over which, from time to time, a historian lords it as though he were the arbiter of the universe.

In pursuing such speculations, the historian is surely wrong—sometimes nobly wrong, sometimes basely wrong. The importance of history is not that of a science or a system ; it is as a record of human beings, a source from which human experience can be studied. The purpose of this study is not to make general rules either political, economic or moral, but to get to the heart of the human problem. Even after several thousand years of experience in human society we are still very bad at understanding that problem.

Thus it can I think be justly argued that the historian's function is exactly the same as that of any other creative writer. All literature arises from human experience and therefore all literature arises in the ultimate resort from historical material. The discipline and technique to which the historian submits his material is different from that of the prose writer. But the nature of his material is the same and the historian, in so far as he stands or wishes to stand within the bounds of literature at all, has the same task as that of the creative artist. He is not to judge and prophecy and create systems, but within the limits allowed him, to illumine the human soul.

(The article is based on the address the author gave at the recent 23rd International Congress of the PEN at Lausanne.)

CREWE, THE RAILWAY TOWN

BY ROGER LLOYD

NO social adventure could be as enthralling as the building of an entirely new town. In due course several of them are to be built by the Government, and if they want precedents to guide them the planners will have to read their railway history. Places like Bournville, Port Sunlight, and Welwyn Garden City are not true precedents for each of them is really an outlying district of a town which existed before. The true pioneers of brand new towns built in green and virgin fields were the early railway companies, and the classic examples of this kind of social adventure as the early Victorians conceived it are Swindon, Wolverton, and Crewe. All three were conceived and begun in 1840. Plenty of books about railways were then being written, and most of them had something to say about each of these new towns. But their authors rarely if ever perceived the social significance of what was being done, and were much more interested in the new station refreshment rooms. Long accounts still exist of what travellers could buy at Wolverton and how refined were the waitresses who served them. The first refreshment room at Swindon seems to have been specially famous. In fact there were two very large ones on each platform, for first and second class passengers only ; third class passengers were not served. They were heavily decorated in execrable style, for they had arabesque walls and ceilings and marble columns painted to resemble wood.

Crewe had no refreshment room at that date. It was merely a small station in a field where the Grand Junction, the Manchester and Birmingham and the Chester railways converged. As a matter of fact nothing seems to have remained in print about Crewe's first refreshment rooms, and this must be the one and the only aspect of the life of Crewe which has escaped the notice of Dr. Chaloner, who has published in *The Social and Economic Development of Crewe** a particularly detailed and thorough survey of the growth of the foremost town of railwaymen. This well written work of social science should be read as a duty by all in the Ministry of Local Government and Planning who will have to do with the new towns which are to be built, and the book has a topical as well as an historical

* *The Social and Economic Development of Crewe*, by W. H. Chaloner, Manchester University Press. 30s.

importance.

The planners will learn many things from it, and among them what is no longer possible as well as what was never desirable. For the keynote of the first 40 years of Crewe's life is pure paternalism on the part of the company. In June 1840 Joseph Locke, after Robert Stephenson the greatest of railway surveyors, was ordered by the Grand Junction Railway to prepare plans for railway workshops, engine factories, and running sheds at Crewe, and to get ready to build at least two hundred cottages for the workers who would have to be transferred from Edge Hill, Liverpool. When the London and Birmingham decided to move their engine works from Wolverton, and these and two other lines became fused in the new London and North Western Railway, it was clear that the new town of Crewe would become the most important of all the new railway communities.

The company knew well enough that it was creating something new in social history and was determined to do it well. Moreover it had a real and deep sense of responsibility for the men and families it was bringing from Wolverton, Manchester and Liverpool to start a new life in a new place. It was true that these men were skilled and replaceable workmen on whom the company depended, but the directors were not only or chiefly moved by calculations like these. In their hearts they were the fathers of their people, feudal magnates of an industrial age which as time passed had increasingly little use for feudalism. They honestly desired the good of their workpeople and were determined to make Crewe a model town. But it all had to be done in their way and Crewe must think of itself as the "Company's Town", and from this attitude much trouble was later to stem. But for 40 years it worked very well, and the railway magnates who created Crewe deserved well of their generation and of history. The houses they built were all good, the best of their kind in that day, and in the 'forties Crewe might well have been a Mecca for housing reformers. Nantwich and Chester were apt to taunt Crewe as an upstart, but the workpeople of Crewe had their answer and they used it: "We have no slums in Crewe. What about you in Chester?" In 1850 *Chambers Journal* published an account of Crewe:

The general appearance of Crewe is very pleasing. The streets are wide and well paved; the houses are very neat and commodious, usually of two storeys, built of brick, but the brick concealed by roughcast plaster, with porches, lattice windows, and a little piece of garden ground before the door. The accommodation is good, and it would be difficult to find such houses at low rents even in the suburbs of a large town.

The company in fact provided everything that was necessary for the well-being of the workpeople it had uprooted from Liverpool and Wolverton. It gave them drainage, schools, shops, paving, doctors,

a hospital, a library, and, from the beginning, it was not forgetful of their religious needs. The shareholders were asked to contribute £1,000 towards a church and a school, and to add to this sum the directors gave up a proportion of their fees. A number of the rigidly sabbatarian shareholders were in the habit of refusing to accept the proportion of their dividends which came from Sunday trains, and this accumulated money too went towards the church of Crewe which was to be built and managed "on the principles adopted by, the London and Birmingham Railway"—whatever they were. The chief of them seems to have been the company's insistence on the right of choosing the vicar. So far as religion is concerned Crewe seems to have fared rather better than Swindon which was being built at the same time. For in 1840 the Great Western Company were asked to give half an acre of land for a church, and though the bait was held out that "a certain number of Sittings would be appropriated to the Servants of the Company", the shareholders objected, making the excuse that it was not legal for the company property or funds to be so used. It was not until 1842 that the directors raised a voluntary fund to provide Swindon with its church.

Crewe very quickly became the most important railway junction and the seat of the biggest and best-equipped engine building works in the country, and its population steadily increased. All this industry paternalism had created, and beyond question its work was good. The trouble naturally came when the growing importance of the town made the issue of its self-government one which had to be faced, and the problem was how to turn it into a proper borough, with a mayor, a council, and the inevitable elections, and yet to give to the L.N.W.R. the authority over the town which, as its creator, it was determined to retain. Crewe had become the centre of gravity of its whole system and its desire to retain the power to shape its development was not therefore unreasonable. But the determination of the people of Crewe to win democratic self-government for their town was also reasonable. Here, then, were the seeds of conflict; and the story of this struggle is the main theme of Dr. Chaloner's narrative, and the pivot round which he groups and makes intelligible all the multitudinous detail of his social survey.

The company saw that if its paternalism towards Crewe was to survive, it must somehow be fitted into the new pattern of municipal self-government and the obvious way to do it was to make sure that its nominees were always in a majority on the council, and that, if possible, its chief mechanical engineer should be its chairman. In this manoeuvring the company was successful, and for years Crewe was a self-governing borough which the company controlled as firmly as ever before, through the locomotive department. This happy state of affairs might have continued unimpaired into the twentieth century.

had it not been for the personality of Francis Webb, the most famous and the most unfortunate of all the long list of North-Western C.M.E's, and one of the oddest and most intriguing personalities which decorate British railway history.

Webb has gone down to history as the man who so dominated his directors that he was allowed to continue almost indefinitely in building engines of his own revolutionary design, many of which frequently refused to move an inch. He called it double compounding and each of his engines had both a high and a low pressure cylinder. He built three classes of them, of which some were worse than others, but all were bad. At Euston, and other terminus stations, men had to be handy on the platform with pinch bars, in case the driving wheels of the engine started revolving in opposite directions when the driver was trying to get his train on the move. When that happened—and it often did—the man with the pinchbar had to jump down on to the track, stop the wheel which was going backwards and, with a movement of his bar, set it turning the required way, and then jump for his life. Porters at Euston were agile people in Webb's day. They had to be. Very, very occasionally, for bearding Webb on the subject of his temperamental darlings was no joke, an official complained. Webb would then come and see for himself, and the engine would at once behave magically. The drivers said this was because the engines daren't do anything else while in the presence of their maker. But they and their foremen seethed inwardly.

Nobody dared face the old man. To speak of his engines to him with anything less than real enthusiasm was to court the most terrifying outbursts of fury. He hurled defiance in all directions. He once told his directors he would paint his engines any colour they liked as long as it was black. On one occasion an anonymous engineer, calling himself Argus, challenged him in an engineering journal, and called him "a neophyte who, having seen a compound engine at an exhibition, went home to try to build one like it." Webb's retort was to call his very next compound Argus. He must have cost the company millions, for not only did his engines often refuse to go, but they were more extravagant with coal than any other engine in England. Yet for years he got away with it, and this is all the more remarkable when one remembers that his chairman for most of the period was none other than Sir Richard Moon, by common consent one of the most alarming and formidable figures in the railway world, which had plenty of them. Perhaps the fact that Webb was a passionate Conservative, as was Moon, had something to do with his immunity.

A man of such character, wielding such power, could not do other than bedevil the course of municipal politics, for he unabashedly used the prestige and authority of the company to make sure that the

town council remained conservative. On one occasion the results of an election did not wholly please him. The men of Crewe works, he wrote, "so far forgot their obligations that they did not exert themselves to return some of the company's officers to watch over . . . this railway town of ours." Before the next election he issued a public statement saying: "If the people of Crewe do not study the Company's interest I shall not be responsible for what the directors will do." In the election of 1882 nothing was left to chance, as this comment of a nonconformist Liberal shows:

I have seen and heard foremen of the Company stand at the entrance to the various polling booths, and, as the men passed in to record their votes, patting them on the back, and, with a significant nod, say: 'Jim, Dick, Tom', as the case might be, 'remember your bread and cheese; vote for so-and-so', so-and-so being the Company's representative brought out in the municipal contest against the Liberal candidates, never in one instance against the Tories. The foremen on such occasions are backed up by a lot of 'seconds foremen' and various understrappers whose business it is to abuse and vituperate the Liberal candidates and their supporters.

However in Sir William Hodgson, a local Liberal, Webb struck a Tartar whom he had no power to intimidate. But his methods were sufficiently unscrupulous as to draw from Mr. Gladstone a tremendous letter of reproof, which Dr. Chaloner prints in full in his appendix. The tragedy was that Webb had a passionate and a perfectly sincere desire to seek the good of the people of Crewe, but his suspicious autocracy made him distrusted by all, and the only result of his efforts was to hasten the day when the old affection of the workpeople for the company died, and the old paternal relationship changed into the semi-suspicious impersonalism of the modern industrial economy. Dr. Chaloner puts the date of this change in Crewe as 1880, and there is no doubt that Webb was mainly responsible for creating the very thing he hated. In the end Nemesis caught up with him, and he had to go. Hamilton Ellis has described the sadness of the last page:

Webb's locomotive policy became more than ever a liability on the L.N.W.R. and efforts were made to dislodge him. Announcements of his impending retirement kept appearing in the papers, to be emphatically denied. But he was ageing and ill. When George Whale was announced as his successor elect it was the last straw. He walked into the Euston Hotel one morning, had breakfast, told the head waiter that he had no money and was looking for a job, and stalked out. Soon after making this cold, solitary joke he retired to Bournemouth, where, after a few years, he died, leaving a great fortune to good works and worthy causes in the town of Crewe.

By the intemperance of his partisanship Webb damaged most of the causes in which he really believed. His successors got rid of his stock of engines as fast as they could, and no more double compound engines were built for any British railway. His ideal picture of Crewe was rubbed faint in his own time; and after he died it became not a Liberal but a Socialist stronghold. But though he failed in

most things he touched, his name has lived on, for the English have a queer affection for their distinguished failures, provided they are characters, and so create a cycle of legend which lives after them. The railway service has always been the seedbed of strongly marked 'characters'. They crop up in the service of one company after another, and of them all few were stranger or remained more completely themselves than Webb. Thus his memory is still green.

When the twentieth century came it was made clear that the company could not longer keep exclusively for itself the community which it had created. Crewe, though a key strategical centre of communications as long as railways exist, was shown to be not exempt from the danger which threatens every town dedicated to one industry alone. The first 30 years of this century Dr. Chaloner calls years of stagnation. Emigration to other towns began to take place and the birthrate to fall. There was also serious unemployment among women, and the men joined them when the company decided to buy rather than itself to manufacture steel. Salvation came from the enterprise of the town council which set itself to capture other industries. It was markedly successful; and to-day the people of Crewe make Rolls Royce engines, clothing of all kinds, electric refrigerators, and a number of other things. The railway naturally dominates it still, but it is now an industrially balanced community.

(Canon Roger Lloyd is the author of the recently published book The Fascination of Railways.)

MIRAGE IN VENICE

(An extract)

BY JAMES MONAHAN

Remember—in vaporetto from the Lido,
Leaving the afternoon of sand and tan
And saxophone—remember
The approaching skyline where the spires were drawn
In silver tumult against the Venetian blue,
Where the city lay like a sea-shell cupping the light
From water and sky, and the light was forever changing,
Sentient-fingered, nervous, smooth as the stroke
Of a craftsman's insatiate hands—could not put aside
His masterpiece, must touch it and brush it again.
Remember the fluctuant sense of it—now, as we watched
Sealight and sunlight were idlers musing on Venice,
Now the lilt of dead music, a flicker, a ripple returning,
Possessed the lagoon and it danced; the measure was stately,
Elaborate, grave. Then it quickened. It turned to a flurry of plumes,
To a cavaliers' gay agitation—they gathering, crowding,
Courting their mistress, adorning her. She, the enthroned,
Smiled and her radiance grew with their grace and their mood.

And the midstream moment then as the steamer paused,
The slow bows swinging till squarely she faced the Mole
Where the gondolas clustered and rocked and were idle as gulls,
Where the Saint's and the Lion's columns rose—as lances,
Slim, tapering, soaring, pennoned against the sky,
Or as trumpets that lordly heralds raised, proclaiming
The Palace's whiteness and the golden domes
And the city that dreamed like a swan among tranquil shallows,
Alive with the latent suddenness of wings—
Proclaiming that ever changeable, poised wonder
To Mediterranean centuries.
The moment it was of reminder: here was the vision
Galleys of war, galleys of merchandise
Had carried to Jerusalem and Asia.
Its curious, glittering peace was about us again.

But what I tell is the reverie that took me

Once in that boat in the sun as we silently
 Drifted the last slow distance towards the pier.
 I know there was lapping of the calm lagoon
 Under the steamer's quietness. I know
 That my eyes were drunk with the white and gold cascading
 From Palace, arcades and domes, till all but these—
 Till time and identity seemed faraway,
 Blurring and fading, dwindling out of the world.

And in that reverie I saw again
 A truculent, old, upright warrior
 Whom Tintoretto long ago had caught
 Swiftly against a panoply of war :
 Black-armoured, rigid hand on a rail, white hair
 Cropped bristling-close, great spade of his stiff, white beard,
 Back straight as an obstinate spear war had not broken,
 And eyes blue, dominant, giving their brusque command—
 But most of all the battle-line of his mouth,
 The granite line, but the line where the odds were written,
 The hesitant fears and calculations, silent
 Victories that none of his men must know ;
 With something on that bleak mouth of sadness also,
 Almost of candlelight and dusk and shadows
 Subduing a stubborn fortress, changing it all,
 His name : Veniero, Admiral of Venice,
 Who led the Venetian fleet when drunken Selim
 Took Don John's challenge at last.

I saw again
 Veniero silent at his galley's stern,
 The same black-armoured obstinacy, the same
 Unyielding, bitter vigilance. About him
 Scarlet and yellow cloaks, quick voices, laughter—
 Laughter for danger done, home, courage proven—
 Veniero the solitary quiet one.
 The deck so stacked with trophies—we could see,
 Even from our boat's level, how the sun
 Flashed from those tumbled shields and silver standards,
 Could see the uncounted bales of brimming, silken
 Garments of trampled arrogance ; at stern
 A banner of infidels, startling and bright and wide,
 Trailing down to the water's edge, there floating,
 Blue of the banner, gold of its crescent moon,
 In the conqueror's wake through calm Venetian sea,
 While over it the winged, high lion flaunted

Triumph of Christians. And all were loud, triumphant
 Save he, the solitary quiet one.
 Slowly the oars dipped then ; and the galley slowly
 Came down that hemmed-in lane, where the lilac-sprays,
 Leaves, lilies, hyacinths and heaped wild flowers
 Fell as a sudden carpet to the Mole,
 Where, robed and jewelled, the Signoria waited
 And the Doge in canopied grandeur. Gondolas
 So hemmed each other about the galley's passage—
 Crammed too the highway of the Grand Canal
 To where it curves from sight at the Charity—
 That it seemed a man might pick his way dry-shod
 From midstream to that islet of the new
 White marble blocks and scaffolded tall dome
 Of Giorgio Maggiore. Every pole
 Of every gondolier, it seemed, bore flowers
 Waving and welcoming, their gondolas
 Garlanded also with the trellised leaves.
 And still before the conqueror's slow progress
 Fell lilies, lilac ; and the carpet grew.
 San Nicolo, the Lido's Nicolo
 Whose benediction is the last that rings
 For sailors dipping, dipping to the southern
 Battle or commerce or discovery,
 The voice they remember most in fight or tempest,
 Their old grey-towered guardian to whom,
 As galleys pass the Lido, heads are bared—
 Clang of the bell of Nicolo's had told us
 When first against the southern, tremulous,
 Head-vague horizon stood that puff of sail,
 A swelling and crimson blur, too small, too far
 To judge of the masthead flag or pennons streaming
 Or what saint's and what city's sign upon that canvas.
 But soon they had known her of Venice—the curved, high prow,
 The bowsprit short for a Genoese and stouter
 Than any Spaniard's. Soon as she drew inshore
 Came the sail's quick furl, came the rhythm of freemen's oars
 With their twinkling, dolphin-attendants of silver spray.
 And so from the beacon of that single bell
 News ran, a fire among the towers of Venice,
 Awoke the high chimes of San Salvatore,
 The Frari's deep-voiced welcome, old San Rocco's
 Jingle of ancient gaiety—Zaccharia's,
 The Charity's, Sebastian's, Barnaba's,
 Came clamorously in. By brown canals,

By arm-spanned streets, too narrow for the sun,
 The word ran on to Chrysostom's, to Simeon's,
 To Giacometto's shy, hid cupola
 That watches the Rialto. Northwards also
 Mazed bridges and the Merceria took it
 To Zanipólo's where the great ones lie—
 Proud Zanipólo's boomed official praise ;
 And slowest, weightiest, most resonant,
 The Campanile of San Marco tolled
 Till surely out on Terra Firma, out
 Among the fields by subject Padua,
 Men must have stood to listen, must have known
 Lepanto's admiral come home again.

The poem continues : Veniero, aloof and grim amid his triumph, remembers how Venice, on the very eve of Lepanto, had irretrievably lost Cyprus to the Turk. He remembers the two great mistakes made long ago by Venice, the first being when she had encouraged the Crusaders to sack Constantinople, thus turning that potential and Christian ally into an easy victim for the Turk ; and the second had been when, by acquiring an empire on the Italian mainland, she had faced the power of Spain and France. Venice, in her proud folly, had overreached herself. The poem returns to Veniero's homecoming : he lands and the day-dream is broken and time comes back again to the present. The end is a brief comparison between Venice 1571 and Britain 1951.

IN A GREEN ARBOUR

BY A. V. STUART

In a green arbour, down by the water side,
 There as I lay, I heard a bird complain :
 " Sweet, sweet is love in the flowering springtime,
 But O flown, flown in the cold autumn rain."

I turned as I lay, and looked at my loved one
 Lying there lightly, and breathing so near,
 And in the first sunlight ashift through the branches
 I learned me by heart the looks of my dear.

Though fate should bereave me, or fickle love leave me,
 I hold my love safely, where nothing can us part,
 And it still springtime, and the birds still carolling
 In the green aisles of memory, deep in my heart.

ENGLISH POETRY : 1938-1950—II.

BY HERBERT PALMER

ARNOLD V. Bowen, a melodist with his lips leaning towards the ears of the reader, was a corporal in the R.A.M.C. who died in 1947 as a result of his war sufferings. As personal and nostalgic as Douglas Gibson, but rather more hazardous and daring, his eyes were more on the zenith and horizon than on the features and details of landscape. His *Lyrics of Love and Death* (the title reveals some affinity with Alun Lewis) commenced thus :

Sharpen my arrows, Muse,
 The bow burns in my hand.
 I have no time to lose ;
 The light dies down the land.

The cities splutter and sink,
 Like candles burnt away . . .
 There's little time to think ;
 The dark brooks no delay.

Quick ! quick ! One quivering dart !
 I with exulting string
 Shall sweep the heavens apart
 Till men hear angels sing

While all the stars that dance
 This foolish world above
 Gaze down on man's mischance
 With streaming eyes of love.

A great deal of his verse is still in manuscript and cries out for complete collection. Not very far from his right elbow stands James Walker, who has something also in common with Douglas Gibson (who in one or two of his aspects* is not entirely unlike Wilfrid Gibson). Nature looms beckoningly in the verse of James Walker, but he has a variable human voice, though less of an individual manner than Hal Summers, who is a very original traditionalist. Much the same applies to W. R. Rodgers, who is rather too dominated by Gerard Manley Hopkins. The fact that Rodgers is more disciplined and logical than Hopkins does not save him from revealing a too-obvious discipleship. But he is a striking and sometimes

* He was described as " a pastoral poet with a human background " in the first part of this article, published in the September issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

exciting poet in a new manner based on early tradition. Another poet of a new manner, in this instance entirely his own, is Alan Rook. Like James Walker and others he has seen active service in the war and one of his lyrics is entitled "Dunkirk Pier". But the best of the books of war-verse, judged as war-verse, is Herbert Corby's *Hampdens Going Over*. He has been jostled by John Pudney, a less opulent and exuberant poet in his diction, one who made something of a reputation previous to 1938 and does not belong to this list under survey. John Pudney, who has been popular as the flying-man's laureate, has been the victim of much foolish criticism, for he is a symbolist rather than a realist reporter. John Bayliss, an ex-flying officer, is a difficult poet to place. He has been a favourite with the anthologists, but much of his verse is too cerebral and hesitant (a great deal of it is still in manuscript) to make a quick appeal. Something the same might be said of Derek Stanford, who has confessed admiration of the French symbolists and has told us that the English poets who have meant most to him are Darley, Arthur Symonds and T. S. Eliot—a rather anarchic mixture. Stanford is a gloomy, adventurous, and rather flat symbolist, but he seems the most promising of our young poet-critics, so it is likely that he will make his major reputation as a critic. His single (and singular) book of verse to date, *Music for Statues*, is in its title a faithful expression of self-criticism. Another gloomy symbolist is Laurie Lee, but he is rather more melodious than Derek Stanford, and certain bitter lines of his (which point back to the Spanish Civil War) have always stuck in my head :

A boy is shot with England in his brain ;
But she lies brazen yet beneath the sun.
She has no honour, and she has no fear.

There is little in modern poetry that clings to the brain, but these other lines by H. W. Harding (an older poet and strict traditionalist, who came to writing verse late in life) do it :

My will needs more than mortal strength
To curb a heart that over-leaps ;
She smiled and spoke, and Time lost length,
And Space its deeps.

The shapely poets among the applauded young are in the minority. Roy Fuller is as gloomy as the gloomiest, but much of his verse has traditional precision and beauty of form. Another formalist, and one who has been popular with the anthologists, is G. S. Fraser. His verse, in its early stages, was much influenced by the middle and later Yeats, but it has lost something of its attraction since he deserted Yeats for the French symbolists. During the later war years he was much to the fore as a promising poet with a certain future. He is cold, one who seems to distrust the emotions, but that feature may be only

temporary. Somewhat warmer and considerably more sensuous is John F. A. Heath-Stubbs, some of whose poems were really made for the voice, but he might write still better if he were not conscious of any poet later than 1920. This applies also to Norman Nicholson, who can sing an arresting ballad in traditional sprung-rhythm and is a poet of Christian faith. Both are romantics somewhat worried by recent developments and uncertain which way to turn. Not so Sean Jennett, who seems to me the foremost of the post-Munich Faber poets. He sits, if he does not stand, on a stable Elizabethan platform, and shows consciousness of both Georgian and Modernist movements without being beguiled by either of them. He has shape without dullness, and melody without monotony :

Fighting in naked deserts he thought of home,
the soldier swallowed by the drought of war,
of fields and heavy trees and quiet rivers
and the apple-hearted hollow forests where
the girders of the blackthorn blossomed over
in early spring ; and thrushes love to sing
through all the cool green shadows of the summer
their bell-dropping, water-falling song.

Henry Treece, on the other hand, is a very erratic and inconsistent poet, one who has much dark power in his elbow which, as yet, he scarcely knows how to use. I believe he calls himself a "post-apocalyptic", and the sombre alley-ways of symbolism have frequently beguiled him. Moreover, he has been too attracted to the indisciplined fantasies of Dylan Thomas, though he has a clearer voice than Dylan Thomas, that poet of rhapsodical metaphor and Stonehenge-syntax—dadaist, surrealist, and strained symbolist, with a passion for transferring nouns and epithets and changing the correct into the incorrect. Something of the same criticism placarding Henry Treece can apply to John Waller. But in this instance the influence which he has allowed to befog his strong promise is that of the early W. H. Auden. At the opposite pole stand Margaret Willy, Kenneth Hopkins and John Arlott, the last sometimes confused with Kenneth Allott, a modernist who was heard of previous to 1938.

A traditionalist who has used modern movements to produce fertilization, but sparingly used them, is Phoebe Hesketh :

The afternoon closed round us like a witch,
Grey-haired with rain.
In the twist of misshapen thorns we saw her nature,
Spiteful and dark,
Bent hunchback down to brush the rocky cheek
Of crags in a withered kiss.
The harridan in rusty rags of bracken
Sat in a stone-grey huddle
And chilled us in her scarves of mist,

While her boneless hands
Unmercifully squeezed the bloodless day.

The passage, however, borders on free-verse, which Phoebe Hesketh, who is a sweet and sometimes powerful melodist, rarely essays. She is prominently a poet of nature ; and next to nature a poet of love. While she often writes with the strength of a man she has more poignancy and tenderness than most women-poets of to-day. Her crowded book, *Lean Forward Spring* (1948), seems to point towards a new movement in poetry. She has been linked with Wordsworth and Emily Brontë, and she may owe something to Donne. Many of her lines stay rooted in the brain ; she is a poet for the verse-speaker. Kathleen Raine has much in common with her, but Kathleen Raine, who has been influenced by the later Blake of the Prophetic Books, is too apprehensive of tradition, particularly of traditional melody. She may be more profound than Phoebe Hesketh, and she is certainly one of the best known and most read of modern poets, but her sense of shape is less uniform. Among her lyrical contemporaries she has won a reputation as a mystic ; though mysticism enters frequently into the verse of Phoebe Hesketh, this poet is more prominent as a sensitive recorder of the phenonema of the countryside, her spiritual pantheism, in spite of her affinity to Emily Brontë, perhaps less pronounced than Kathleen Raine's, but her voice and handling of words and metre more variable. She partially belongs to a company of which Douglas Gibson is not the least significant. But because she is occasionally a word-spinner she has some slight affinity with Ian Serrailier, a very original but not profound poet whose light verbal melodies dimly suggest the pictorial somersaults of Walt Disney.

Many of the moderns, including Patric Dickinson, Norman Nicholson, Anne Ridler and Christopher Fry, have written verse drama. By far the most successful has been Christopher Fry, who has Elizabethan opulence and magnificence ; but his relationship seems closer to Ben Jonson than to Shakespeare. He can really write blank verse, and new-sounding blank verse, a rare achievement in these days, but his frequent habit of mingling free verse with blank verse, in response to a slovenly " high-brow " taste, robs him, for the reader, of much of his natural power. Free verse may be sufficiently effective on the stage, though it can never take the place of blank verse, but to any ear trained to rhythm and verbal music it makes an impossible substitute when the eye is wedded to the ear and meets the page. Plays by T. S. Eliot (who seems to have set the fashion of free verse for the stage) would have a greater chance of survival if he had observed the laws of tradition. To me, his stage verse sounds like slack prose, and it is with real apprehension that I ring a bell of warning. Verse plays that have had a long popular run and appealed

strongly to the crowd have always been written in traditional blank verse, as, for instance, those of the post-Tennyson poet, Stephen Phillips. It is odd that in these Socialist days verse drama has become so aloof. Even the Irish poet Austin Clarke is aloof, though his plays are written in consistent blank verse.

Many of the poets of the 1930-1940 period pushed forward into stronger daylight, sometimes led by T. S. Eliot, who in course of time issued his *Four Quartets*, somewhat freeing himself from the bitterness and perversity of *The Waste Land*. W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and Cecil Day Lewis, that trio who made their appearance on the threshold of 1930 and startled the literary world with red rosettes and Communist bravura, have all published many new volumes and changed their political outlook. W. H. Auden, after fleeing to America, became more traditional, and captured a large public with verse that is sometimes unpleasantly cynical, while Cecil Day Lewis has settled down in a more salutary climate and, though losing little of his flatness, has contrived to make the reader feel that he is developing into a poet in the good old noble English tradition. But he is still lacking in any kind of religious faith or feeling, very different from his namesake C. S. Lewis. Louis MacNeice has developed into a more shapely and communicable poet than Stephen Spender, but they both still leave the critic in doubts as to their most vitally original qualities, for the penalty to pay for so much noisy publicity (from which W. H. Auden and C. Day Lewis have not escaped) is the creation of a sense of insecurity or confusion in the mind of the critic, especially when he is a lyrical practitioner in another hemisphere. Ronald Bottrall, a poet who belongs to the same modern school, has perhaps expressed their true position in a poem which begins :

The future is not for us, though we can set up
Our barriers, rest in our dead-embered
Sphere, till we come to pause over our last loving-cup
With death

That sombre song is like a looking-glass reflecting so much that the modernists have thought and written, though they are not always given to such humility. But we have been attracted to some of them, and the war years helped us towards a better appreciation, especially where there was obvious sincerity. John Lehmann, traditional in outward shape, frequently supported the untraditional poets in acting as their shepherd. David Gascoyne revealed himself as a unique shapely symbolist of overpowering religious gloom, but to deteriorate recently into utter formlessness in *The Vagrant*. George Baker, in his indisciplined exuberance and misunderstanding of symbolism, continued to intermingle nonsense with the poetically original and attractive. Charles Madge showed his bitter talent to

much better advantage than Yeats had contrived for him in *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, and William Plomer finally became plain to eye and ear as a shapely poet, who like Roy Campbell, had "imported astringents from South Africa."* Rex Warner published some moving love sonnets, and R. N. Currey gathered his numerous scattered lyrics into three volumes, the last, *Formal Spring*, a collection of translations from the French Renaissance poets. Geoffrey Johnson, Christopher Hassall and John Betjeman fulfilled much of their strong promise, so that all of them, in varying degrees, are now recognized as good traditional poets with a thoughtful content and tempting to the verse speaker. Laurence Whistler, a very disciplined and sensitive poet whose verse is over-intellectualized, published new volumes; and John Gawsworth, that indefatigable bookman and bibliographer, turned away from earlier influences, partially substituting A. E. Housman and then running along the track with Sheltonian speed, and here and there knocking his knees against the side-posts—though a number of John Gawsworth's lyrics have an air of accomplished finality, and may be durable.† More even in general execution is G. Rostrevor Hamilton, who made his chief reputation after the outbreak of war, though he had published several volumes previously. He is a thoughtful and precise poet, pleasantly metrical, religious-minded and somewhat epigrammatic, a traditionalist who rarely stumbles or falters, the influences on his verse not at all obvious, though it is not specially individual. But he is occasionally a wit (how much fine verse owes its power to the presence of wit!) and one who rarely allows his wit to be too obvious.

On the opposite side of the fence sits Edith Sitwell, whose voice has somewhat changed, though it is never subdued, for she seems to have jumped into the arms of *Maud* and the Victorian spasmodics. Unfortunately, the two best lines in her most dynamic lyric, "Still Falls the Rain", are culled from Marlowe‡ and likely to set a bad example in the way of tempting the unscrupulous into plagiarism:

Then—O Ile leape up to God : who pulles me doune—

See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament . . .

Too much of that kind of thing has already been perpetrated.

(The last part of Mr. Palmer's article will be published in the November issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

* See *A Hundred Years of English Literature* by Professor Sherard Vines.

† See *Collected Poems* : 1929-1947.

‡ They occur (but without "Then") in the final speech of Faustus in Christopher Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*. Edith Sitwell's "Still Falls the Rain" is the first poem of *Street Songs* (1942).

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY

Sir,

POLITICAL EDUCATION

Mere enemies may be discounted, they usually stumble in their attacks. Friends are sometimes an embarrassment; but it would be impolite to give no answer to a patient critic as Mr. H. G. Nicholas. It is true that in his article in the August number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, he made no mention of what I regard as the important difficulties in the position I was defending in my lecture, but one may be expected to know all about these oneself. What is valuable in his review is the revelation of how some bits of my argument strike a contemporary who is willing to consider it carefully.

The minor points may be neglected. But what is all this about the past and *temps perdu*? I am not aware but I was ever so foolish as to suggest that a tradition of behaviour exists only in the past and that it is revealed only in a backward glance: indeed I opposed such a view. And there is nothing "negative" or "world-weary" or "depressing" in the enterprise of pursuing the intimations of our manner of attending to our affairs. A critic is in order if he points out that this is a misleading description of political activity, but he has merely misunderstood it if he supposes it to be a circumlocution for inactivity. And that there should be people who lack a common recognition of a manner of attending to their arrangements is not conclusive against my designation of political change—it shows only that there are "people" incapable of politics and whose arrangements may be expected to be in the hands of a few who suffer no such lack, even if their tradition of behaviour goes little further than the assassination of their opponents. Though what one can mean by a "people" other than a recognized way of behaving, I should find it difficult to say.

But it is Mr. Nicholas's two theoretical points which interest me more. I am accused of arguing the chronological priority of a tradition of behaviour whereas what my thesis requires is that the priority should be logical. Some of my illustrations may have led Mr. Nicholas astray, but I had hoped when I suggested that a tradition of scientific activity was prior to the formation and verification of specific scientific hypotheses, it would be perceived that what I had in mind was precisely logical priority—the logical priority which, for example, a language has on its grammar. That it shall also, and from another point of view, be a chronological priority is irrelevant. I know, of course, that calling a political ideology the grammar of a tradition of behaviour does not make it so, but Mr. Nicholas's criticism is beside the point unless, for the sake of argument, the analogy is accepted. Nor is it quite correct to say that I neglected to observe the significance of constructing a grammar of politics: my argument was directed, not to erasing political principles from the earth, but to discovering what in fact they are, to distinguishing between their proper and improper use, and to showing that they and not a tradition of political behaviour had the vulnerability of a Maginot Line. I did not pursue the question, why have they so often been misused? But surely illusion is common enough to make it a bit far-fetched to be incredulous of it. Perhaps even it is necessary (as Pascal thought) when politics is popular.

Politics, says Mr. Nicholas, is a totally pointless activity unless it is an activity directed towards the achievement of some premeditated goal—unless it is interpreted on the analogy of travel and arrival at a specified destination. This I find odd, if it is intended to be more than a tautology. Travelling and reaching prefigured final destinations is characteristic of so few of our activities that it would be remarkable if politics were among them. Have science, or art, or human life in general premedi-

tated goals ? And are they a "total waste of time" because they have not ? My point, for what it was worth, was not that non-arrival was characteristic of political activity, but that politics is an activity (like many others) to which travel (either hopeful or hopeless) towards our appointed destination was an inapplicable concept, and that the projects which from time to time we pursue are not, and do not need to be, more substantial than intimations of our manner of behaviour.

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT.

London, W.C.2.

(Professor Oakeshott's inaugural lecture (published by Bowes and Bowes, 2s. 6d.) on assuming the Chair of Political Science at the London School of Economics was the subject of Mr. Nicholas's article.)

Sir,

TURKEY AND BULGARIA

I am a regular reader of THE FORTNIGHTLY and I consider it one of the most serious periodicals of this country. I was, however, much astonished to read in your August issue the article entitled "Turkey and Bulgaria" by Dr. Malcolm Burr. I do not have the honour of knowing him personally and I do not propose to take any side on any of the political issues or tendencies behind his article. I feel it my duty, however, to try to correct his inaccuracies and so help to stop the spreading of ignorance or tendentious utterings on the vital Balkan entanglements.

For convenience I will follow the course taken by Dr. Burr in his article. He maintains that the step about to be taken against the Turkish minority "is unique in international relations". I would like to remind him that not very long ago, to quote only Balkan happenings, the Turks, themselves, expelled tens of thousands of Greeks and Bulgarians from Anatolia and Thrace, and the Greeks, Serbians and Rumanians expelled hundreds of thousands of Bulgarians from Macedonia, Thrace, Dobrudja and Tsaribrod.

Dr. Burr further maintains that "everyone in Bulgaria, except the children, was bilingual while customs and costumes were a reminder that the Turks had left within the memory of most men then living. To-day only the Bulgarian speech is heard." Doesn't he know that not one of the Balkan nations, in spite of the 500 years of Turkish domination, learned the Turkish language ? And that, on the contrary, it was the Turks, residing in the Balkan countries, who had to learn the local tongues ? And about costumes and customs. Mr. Burr seems to forget that all Balkan nations under Turkish rule (with the possible exception of a few groups on the far west of the Balkans) were Christians and that the Turks were Mohammedans ; so how on earth then could customs and costumes be the same ? Or maybe Dr. Burr wants to tell us that all Balkan women were wearing veils as were Turkish women until very recently ? Or that men were wearing fezzes ?

Much could be said against the present rulers of Bulgaria or other Communist-led countries in the Balkans, but to maintain that "to-day only the Bulgarian speech is heard" is sheer nonsense. Whatever the Communists there did or do, they never did prevent the Turks from speaking their own mother tongue. And I was there long enough under Communist rule to know. Communist or no Communist, Bulgaria and the other Balkan countries never persecuted the Turks for speaking the Turkish language.

With an anecdote Dr. Burr wants to prove that Shukri Pasha surrendered the fortress of Adrianople and his sword, not to the Bulgarians, but to the Serbs ; a thing that is not maintained even by the most chauvinistic of Serbs. Happily photography was invented by the time of surrender and Dr. Burr can always see who conquered Adrianople and to whom Shukra Pasha really handed his sword. By the way, the

year of surrender is not 1912. The exact date is March 13, 1913. Shukri Pasha really "knew which had defeated him"—Bulgarians or Serbs. The one who doesn't know is Dr. Burr.

The population of present-day Bulgaria is well above seven million people and even the Turks themselves have never claimed that their minority in Bulgaria is 800,000. The highest figure given is 650,000. Why does Dr. Burr diminish the first figure and augment the latter ?

Whether the Turks "are aliens" to the present rulers of Bulgaria or not, I cannot tell. But even the Turks themselves do not maintain, as Dr. Burr does, that "in the eyes of the Bulgars they are aliens." Why he makes no discrimination between peoples and rulers is beyond me.

Whether out of ignorance, or of specific feelings inappropriately mixed up with politics, or for other reasons, several prominent British personages have recently made important misstatements which, although perhaps aimed at political expediency, might, in the long run, touch the feelings of a whole nation which, after all, occupies an important place in the Balkans, and eventually harm British interests.

Such utterances are extremely short-sighted. They might help on the spur of the moment, but, in the long run, they are harmful, as feelings are weapons that might be sharpened at both ends. To fight Governments or régimes is one thing ; to be spiteful towards whole nations—quite another.

And I hope the publication of these lines of mine will help to put things right in future.

BORIS V. KOUSSEV.

Sir,

WORLD GOVERNMENT

The September article by Mr. Gilbert McAllister, M.P., makes more encouraging reading than I had thought possible at the present time. It is easy to see why apathy and despondency have seized hold of ordinary people all over the world. They have tried for so long to secure a lasting peace and yet, however much they have wanted it, events have always taken control of their destinies. No wonder they are so sceptical to-day about the promises which a world government would hold out—they have heard it all before.

That is why last month's Parliamentary Conference on World Government was so heartening. It was something active and something definite. I cannot believe that all those Members of Parliament who came from all over the world will allow the fruits of their labours to be frittered away. I feel certain that the knowledge and the enthusiasm that is theirs after the Conference will be taken back to the Assemblies of their own countries and will in turn inspire others with the same spirit of common endeavour for the common good.

Of course that great obstacles exist which must be overcome before world federal government is achieved is undeniable, but, as General Eisenhower said recently, it is amazing how obstacles fade into nothing at the first signs of success. Unfortunately public opinion remains apathetic but this is something which can quickly pass. I am certain there is no popular opposition in this or any other country to any of these plans for greater unity and integration and it may well be the case that the London Conference will turn mere absence of hostility into more definite popular support as was achieved by the Hague Congress.

I think that Mr. McAllister and the sponsors of this Conference merit our interest and support for I believe that the work they are doing may be more important to our future than either they or we now realize.

D. W. SANDERS.

Northwood, Middlesex.

GRAHAM GREENE

BY LUKE PARSONS

EVERY so often a writer is presented to us, by consent of critics and public alike, as the outstanding exemplar of contemporary fiction. For quite a time it was Mr. Somerset Maugham, in reaction, possibly, to Conrad and any suggestion that man may be, in the last resort, a heroic animal. For even longer it was Mr. E. M. Forster with his presentation in the novel of that liberal humanism which, unlike "pure" humanism (as Mr. Eliot claims), is incompatible with Christianity. More recently there was Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the Catholic, right-wing satirist who was so funny and withal, so bleak that, after the guffaw, one reached for the suicidal firearm. To-day it is Mr. Graham Greene, famed alike for a film in which the zither played a *leitmotif* of despair, those bleak holocausts he calls "Entertainments", such as *A Gun For Sale*, and the serious novels ranging from the adolescent shambles in *Brighton Rock*—a horrid memento from the seaside—to the adult capitulation of *The Heart of the Matter*.

The essays in Mr. Greene's collection* are occasional, fragmentary, with a tenuous autobiographical thread connecting them. Literary criticism predominates but, as the B.B.C. 'Critics' pointed out, this helps us more to an understanding of Mr. Greene than to a fresh appraisal of the poets and novelists of whom he writes. Mr. Greene's Roman Catholicism, at times a strength in his novel-writing, is nothing but weakness in his literary criticism. We are unconvinced of the Manichaen taint in Dickens. We do not find in Henry James what Mr. Greene finds in *The Religious Aspect*. We are repelled, with him, by Samuel Butler's cocky blasphemies—but would not call this criticism. We feel that

Mr. Greene admires Conrad without truly understanding him—perhaps because he was not, in Mr. Greene's view, a "good" Catholic—and regret, in an uncritically adulatory essay on the Catholic novelist Mauriac, an ungenerous aside on Conrad's *Lord Jim*. Elsewhere there is a critical reference, not developed, to *The Secret Agent*. This is surprising since it may be argued that, in the tradition of that work, Mr. Greene's own "Entertainments" and such a novel as *It's a Battlefield* are weaker and less successful derivatives.

The novels of Graham Greene are technically almost flawless. But there are seldom other than neutral tones in his landscape. "Human nature" he believes, "is not black and white but black and grey." We may prefer to believe that most natures have their black, grey and white moments. But Mr. Greene's confession gives a clue to the philosophy behind his work. Our life here is expiation. This gives the piling on of agony its meaning. Sometimes he seems led towards a strange form of other-worldliness. Is only suffering significant? Is all else just marking time before hell fire or salvation? At other times it is as though he is seeking to prove that faith, and only faith, can withstand and transcend the worst this life has to offer. Obsessed, we might almost say, with the sense of guilt he seems sometimes to forget that we are here also to serve God and love our neighbours. As a result a near-great book like *Brighton Rock* leaves some of us exhausted but unsatisfied.

His novels, unlike the fantasies of the late G. K. Chesterton, are not damaged creatively, at least to nothing like the same extent, by his dogmatism. Nor are his criticisms so marred as were

Chesterton's *Chaucer*, and even his fine *Stevenson*, by religious propaganda. Rather, even the most light-weight of Mr. Greene's pieces—such as the notes on Buchan and Anthony Hope—are coloured by his view of life, his philosophy. And his prose is the perfect instrument to express what is in his mind. Only, we may feel, that mind does not take in the whole of life. It does not grasp Conrad's heroic conception of man. Also, as Lytton Strachey, unable to comprehend religious experience, could not be fair to General Gordon, we may suspect that Mr. Greene is totally unable to understand the visionary West Highlander, Hector Hugh Munro. Mr. Greene may be haunted, but he isn't fey.

All this may seem carping, ungenerous to one of our foremost novelists. But Mr. Greene is the contemporary idol of critic and general reader alike. His virtues are cried from the roof-tops and need not be echoed here. His limitations are ignored—and yet he has limitations. It was a fault in *The Heart of the Matter*, for example, that the moral problems therein—however valid, universal in application—were presented in a too esoteric, purely Catholic way. The Roman Church may embrace all problems involving sin—but all sinners do not embrace the Roman Church. Thus the central dilemmas in *The Heart of the Matter* were presented in a specialized form which, one can only say, gave it a parochial air. By science the Christian Scientist means philosophy; Mr. Graham Greene, as novelist as well as Catholic, should not confuse his readers in that sort of way.

The case against him as potentially a great novelist—a candidate for posterity—of course goes deeper. Does he not state it himself when he proclaims human nature to be only black and grey? He knows much about sin and "the dark midnights of the soul." But do we get in his books a full picture of man in the image of God, down in the mud yet reaching for the stars?

We are child-like, sinners, yet only a little lower than the angels. Mr. Greene's characters appear sometimes a little lower than men. All the climactic action of *The Third Man*, and Harry Lime's death, take place in the sewers below Vienna. It could be symbolic. So often Mr. Greene's dramas seem to be played out mentally, even spiritually, in a twilight world.

THE CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS, by Colin Clark. Macmillan. 50s.

Alluding, no doubt, to the first edition of this book, a French economist, statistician and demographer of international repute, M. Alfred Sauvy, wrote in his essay "*Le Pouvoir et l'Opinion*" (1949):

Despite his temerity in the use of statistics which may well be frightening to the cautious, Mr. Colin Clark's investigations, based as they are on observed facts, have done more for the progress of economic science, than a hundred confused elaborations of Walras' model of economic equilibrium.

This judgment, as correct in its praise as in its criticism, came back to my mind as I read the second completely revised edition of Mr. Clark's big volume.

Its first edition, completed in 1939, published in 1940 and long since exhausted, did to inductive, what Keynes' "General Theory" did to deductive economics. It gave a major impulse to national income investigations the world over. It had a lot to do with the publication, annual since 1941, of Britain's National Income White Paper and similar official publications since undertaken in other countries. It revolutionized the teaching of economics which to-day tends more and more to approach the whole subject from the angle of national income. Indeed, the national income concept is to-day predominant. Recently, a French economist, M. J. R. Boudeville, published a book entitled *Revenus nationaux et paix mondiale* which, *inter alia*, seeks to explain political developments by reference to the evolution of national incomes. No such study, it is safe to say, would or

**The Lost Childhood and other essays*, by Graham Greene. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.

could have been thought of before Mr. Clark's publication, if only because the statistical material was lacking.

Mr. Clark certainly satisfies the first and second conditions in the epigram he quotes by Edmund Bishop for the making of a great book:

... a German to collect all possible and impossible material, an Englishman to use his judgment in selecting what was useful and relevant, and lastly a Frenchman with the literary instinct to write it.

He has indeed assembled all useful and relevant material on national income; productivity in primary, secondary and tertiary industries; consumption of goods and elasticity of consumption in relation to prices and incomes, and distribution of labour as affected by relative income levels and other factors. But his literary instinct has failed him in this second edition. Disregarding minor errors of language (such as the use of the verb "hypothesize" on page 566 when it should clearly be "hypothesize"), it was a major mistake to omit the chapter "Summary and Conclusions" which was so useful a feature of the first edition. In the second, Mr. Clark gives few generalizations or summary conclusions. Such as there are must be hunted for all over some 500 pages. The result is that the reader is confronted with what frequently is no more than a mass of rough data. Sometimes, typographical devices alone would be sufficient to bring some order into their presentation. Thus, subdivisions by countries, now lacking on pages 83, 86 and 88, would help to construct more clearly the chapter on "Comparisons of Real National Product". At present the sources of Dutch, Belgian, Swiss and Italian statistics suddenly appear under the last preceding heading "France", which appears on page 71. But, conversely, Mr. Clark has enriched the second edition by a fascinating new chapter entitled "Economic Comparisons with the Ancient World". From this it would appear, incidentally, that in Aristophanes' time, the standard of living of the free population in Athens

was higher than the average for Greece in 1929 (500 International Units, that is, dollars of average 1925-1934 purchasing power, against 332, per head).

Comparisons over such vast periods are of course highly speculative and it is of no practical importance if their margin of error is high. But for contemporary periods M. Sauvy's remarks about "temerity in the use of statistics" become apposite, for one might well feel that both in time and in space, the field of comparisons had better be restricted. What is the margin of error in a comparison between the national incomes of China and the U.S.A. when to obtain comparable figures, we must know China's population and there is nobody to supply any even approximate figure? Substitute India for China and here again the census of population is still most imperfect. Or take the case of Holland where, in the chapter on real national product (p.83), it is necessary for purposes of comparison to determine the value of consumption, by Dutch farmers, of home-produced food, at retail prices: in the absence of Dutch statistics, Mr. Clark takes the French figures and adjusts them in proportion to the relative size of the agricultural population in France and in the Netherlands respectively. Failing any better solution, the method may be legitimate, but what is the margin of error? These are minor criticisms which do not detract from the immense value of this very remarkable book, of which for once, it is no exaggeration to say that it is indispensable to the study of economics.

R. P. SCHWARZ.

THE MAHDIYA—a history of the Sudan, by A. B. Theobald. *Longmans*. 21s.

Mr. Theobald introduces his book by emphasizing that although many books have been written about the Sudan in the last 70 years, there is no history of the Mahdiya and its study has been almost entirely neglected. His book may be said to fill the gap in so far as the history

of the Sudan is concerned. His story of that enormous, physically inhospitable country begins with the Turko-Egyptian occupation in 1821; but concentrates on the years from 1881 to 1898, of Mahdiya rule.

As a story it is competently told. The Egyptian collapse from 1881 to 1883; the surge of revolt ending in the capture of Khartoum and General Gordon's murder; the first ineffective British intervention ending with Queen Victoria's historic "Too late"; the subsequent adventures of the Khalifa—the Mahdi's successor in 1885—which led to the temporary subjugation of the country to his rule; his defeat of the Abyssinians and his defeat by the reorganized Egyptian army—all are recorded with accuracy and diligence and some slightly controversial comment. In the last four chapters he deals with the Anglo-Egyptian reconquest from 1896 to 1898—again a lucid story and well documented.

The book is, in fact, comprehensive as plain history should be. But it is a history not a study, which is disappointing. True, Mr. Theobald speaks hopefully of a Sudanese historian of the future who has "a virgin field for research in the light of contemporary Arabic records." But as I read on through his 250-odd pages, I became increasingly restless. For 80 per cent. of Mr. Theobald's history was, on analysis, only a digest of other well-known books—all by European authors, and the "virgin field" had not, as far as I could judge, been explored at all by him. The main British characters are vividly painted—as they have been painted before. But the Mahdi and the Khalifa only emerge as very remote figures—as shadowy almost as Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, as Attila or as Hengist and Horsa. The title of the book was therefore to me misleading. I had hoped for pictures of Omdurman and Khartoum under Mahdist rule and of the Mahdi and the Khalifa themselves in the height of their power, and I know that material for

such pictures is available.

There are still some alive—Greeks, Sudanese and Egyptians—who went through the siege and lived on in Khartoum from 1885 to 1898. There are thousands of others whose parents will have told of their adventures during those harsh years. These sources, as well as the "Virgin Field of contemporary Arabic records" still await exploration; and only when they have been explored will the true story of the Mahdiya be known. Let us hope that "the Sudanese historian of the future" is already at work.

OWEN TWEEDY.

WASA-WASA, by Harry Macfie and Hans G. Westerlund. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

FOURTEEN MEN, by Arthur Scholes. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

OUT OF THIS WORLD, by Lowell Thomas, Jr. *Macdonald*. 18s.

"Those were terrible days and nights when I was paddling against death for my friend's life. In order not to lose the paddle, which had happened once when I dozed off for a moment from sheer weariness, I tied it firmly to my wrist." This passage in *Wasa-wasa*—an Indian word which means far, far away—is an example of what Mr. Macfie, a Swede of Scottish extraction, underwent in the wilds of Canada.

He migrated to America in 1897 on account of "a longing for real adventures among gold-diggers and trappers." The adventures were numerous and perilous enough; they are here related without any literary artifice, but in such a manner that we do not doubt that they all happened exactly in this hair-raising fashion. One of them, for example, tells us of a moose which the author encountered when he was temporarily without a gun; he sought safety in a tree and the furious animal set to work uprooting it. Far friendlier were the Indians, such as Mandamen, with whom the author went hunting, and his squaw who served a white fish soup and wild rice. So long did Mr. Macfie stay with them and other Indians that he became

quite conversant with their language. One of its words is *nichichin*, very good, and that is the word we can apply to his book.

A more practised writer is Mr. Arthur Scholes, who threw up a job in an Australian newspaper office in order to take part in an expedition to Heard Island, a speck so small that hardly in any map is it to be found. In 1926 its sealing and mineral rights, together with those of the nearby McDonald Islands, were considered of such small value that a South African company obtained them for an annual payment of £100. However, as a weather station to study cosmic rays, magnetic observation and to make tidal records, this fragment of land, Heard Island, is important and the expedition was most thoroughly equipped by the Australian Government.

Mr. Scholes went there in 1947 with 13 companions and his account of the 15 months they spent in utter isolation—"our little adventure"—he modestly calls it—is extremely vivid. "I was afraid," said the very experienced captain on one occasion on the way to the island, "that the very deck would be ripped up and rolled back by the force of the wind." A great deal of valuable work was accomplished and the members of the expedition remained the best of friends. Their sole link with the outer world was by radio and, if someone had not for some time had a personal telegram, "have a read of mine, mate," said the lucky to the unlucky. Among the compensations of life on Heard Island is the absence of microbes, so that colds, influenza and various other ills of civilization do not occur.

Mr. Lowell Thomas and his father, the well known broadcaster, were invited by the Tibetan authorities to visit that remote country because it was considered opportune to make America realize Tibet's serious problem of defence against Asiatic Communism. Moreover they wanted America and all the world to know that they are an independent nation. Their problems

are so great that they have two Foreign Ministers to attend to them. An excellent picture displays these two gentlemen; and the highest praise must be accorded to the book's illustrations. One of them shows His Holiness the Dalai Lama with a smile on his face, a picture which on that account is extremely rare, for he has of late had little to cause him to smile. He appears to be a kindly young man, as are most of his subjects, for we are told that they rarely murder anyone in Lhasa except policemen. So kindly are they that when a butcher slaughters a yak he first begs it to forgive him for the deed. One illustration we would have liked to see, but which was unobtainable because the floods made that particular monastery impossible of access, is a portrait of the famous abbess of an all-male monastery; she is the holiest woman in Tibet. She is supposed to have the power to transform herself into a sow, one of her predecessors having done this not merely to herself but to all her lamas to escape from an enemy army. And now she is the only Tibetan woman permitted to ride in a palanquin.

If any reader feels moved, after being so delightfully entertained by Mr. Thomas, to proceed to Tibet he will find in a copious appendix what he should wear and what gifts he should take with him. The nobles, it seems, are interested in sherry, while whisky is also appreciated; and the films one should take on such a trip are those of Tarzan or the Marx Brothers.

HENRY BAERLEIN

COINAGE IN ROMAN IMPERIAL POLICY 31 B.C. TO 68 A.D., by C. H. V. Sutherland. *Methuen*. 21s.

Few genuine scholars have the gift of writing on their own chosen subject to appeal, without controversy, even to a narrow circle of experts. In learned circles, controversy is usually welcomed as a means of pooling information obtained by long and serious study. Theories are propounded and disproved; facts are established and then comes to

us the truism so often put forward in "whodunits" that the theory must be made to fit the facts and not *vice versa*.

Mr. Sutherland has achieved the feat of writing a book which must be attractive and instructive to three separate and distinct classes of community—to the serious student of Roman history; to the pure numismatist and to any general reader of history with the vision to assimilate and appreciate new evidence, whether this evidence and original approach concerns his specialized period or any other.

It is essential that special mention be made of the illustrations; in a volume such as this, in which the evidence to support the arguments most learned, is, to an important extent visual, it was wise indeed to use collotype and the author is generous but, I feel sure he will agree, not more than fair in acknowledging to the respective curators of the Ashmolean and the British Museum his thanks for the privilege of making casts for his illustrations from the superb coins in their care which he needed to prove his case. These illustrations can seldom, if ever, have been bettered.

In my view it would have added to the general interest of Mr. Sutherland's book had he not assumed that his readers were as learned as himself. To a keen reader of history who, for example, collects or studies a series of coins other than Roman, some explanations of the relative denominations, or perhaps their approximate English equivalents, would be welcome, and perhaps may be added as an additional foreword in future editions. Notes of weight and quality of metal would increase the interest for those who are not experts in Roman numismatics. It would, I feel, also be a great help to have the legends and quotations in support of arguments clearly translated in the text. The book is a highly technical excursus into a field of numismatic study which has attracted serious interest only in recent years. Future research will probably produce new data as the years go by. Future studies may

produce revised theories; but surely no reports of work in the future can better the style and care which those who know his work expect from Mr. Sutherland.

K. R. R. READHEAD.

A GUIDE TO THE PREHISTORIC AND ROMAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES, by Jacquetta Hawkes. *Chatto and Windus*. 18s.

When the first farming peoples crossed to this island between four and five thousand years ago, they not only practised the first husbandry here but taught it to the hunting folk who were here before them. They had nothing better to work with than the antlers of deer, stone axes and hoes and other tools chipped from flint and socketted into wooden handles. But they changed the face of Britain. For they were the first to begin the clearance of trees and shrub from the uplands, to till and sow and save some of the seed for another sowing. Their successors, wave on wave, throughout prehistoric times to the dawn of history and beyond, cleared and cultivated—until late Celtic and early Teutonic agriculture descended to the river valleys and their richer soils. The pattern of modern Britain had been sketched.

The island itself had taken shape at a date brought much nearer by recent scholarship. "About eight thousand years ago, Britain began to assume its present familiar shape as the North Sea broke through to the Channel and turned what had been a west European peninsula into an island. This was an event whose future significance for human history could hardly have been appreciated by the fishers and fowlers who gradually settled the new coast-lines..."

In such vivid and attractive pictures Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes justifies her attempt to bring into a single volume the principal prehistoric and Roman monuments in England and Wales. The attempt is ambitious because we have been in the habit of separating the period of the Roman occupation (which

belongs to history) from prehistory (which by definition does not). The author has made archaeology into a story and, as she is a competent archaeologist we can take both facts and story from her, bound together by the theme of the continuity of life in our island from the earliest times.

The scope of the book, as outlined in a useful chronology, is from the cave dwellings of the old and middle stone age to the towns, amphitheatres, roads, frontier works, and other monuments of Roman rule. The detailed chapters range from Surrey and Kent, through Wessex, the south-west, Oxfordshire, the Forest of Dean, Wales and Monmouthshire to eastern and northern England. It would be impossible to reconcile individual preferences over so wide a field. For example, Roman Canterbury is dismissed with a brief and almost contemptuous paragraph. Pevensey Castle ranks with Richborough and Burgh Castle in impressiveness, and if the author was chilled by new bungalows near she had not allowed herself to forget them as she would in Pevensey Marsh. A great deal more of the remains of London Wall are "worth visiting" than the sections mentioned. Verulamium is none the worse for being "the most spectacular Roman site in Southern Britain."

These instances are differences about emphasis; the text stands up to all tests applied to its accuracy. The book is plainly the result of first hand study on the sites; and even where we know them well we are likely to learn something. Mrs. Hawkes is at her best among the chalk uplands of Wessex ("lordly walking along the Ridgeway"), and when she comes down to the plain in the Wyllie Valley it is to find villages with material reminders of "almost every century of the last nine."

Such writing is infectious. It must send its readers in search of antiquities of which they have heard and others new to them. The book fills a vacant place in the rapidly growing literature of the living past.

W. THOMSON HILL.

MINIATURES IN THE XVIIIth AND XIXth CENTURIES, by Donough O'Brien. Batsford. £3 3s. 0d.

On the one hand, his book is a measure of the considerable information that the Hon. Donough O'Brien has amassed, on the other, it is a reflection of the keen enjoyment that he has found, in a long and varied experience as a collector of miniatures.

Some results of his research are to be seen in nearly 400 examples occupying over 130 half-tone plates at the back of his book. These reproductions illustrate miniatures produced over a period from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the time in the late nineteenth century when the art was almost totally eclipsed by the rapid development of photography. The index includes a list of names ranging from celebrities like Richard Cosway, George Engelheart, Ozias Humphry, Jean Baptiste Isabey and Andrew Plimer to those whose identities have been all but obscured by the passing of time. In a preceding chapter, each picture is the subject of a separate commentary. A convenient system of indexing and numbering leads the reader quickly to the relevant passage where each miniature is discussed at some length. The author describes its size, colour and treatment and gives, wherever possible, details of signatures and inscriptions together with biographical information about the artist and sitter.

The reproductions and descriptive notes are of absorbing interest. In so great a number of miniatures, the quality is almost necessarily uneven. Miniature painting has the advantage of a characteristic charm that belongs to little things; but, as Miss La Creevy says to Kate Nickleby: "You have no idea of the trouble one little miniature is." It is essentially an exacting art which calls for outstanding draughtsmanship and a highly accomplished technique. Smallness of scale provides no cloak for shortcomings. In fact, as anyone knows who has tried, the faults of tiny drawings are far more apparent than those in larger works. However,

if many of the miniatures here reproduced fall short of artistic distinction, they offer lavish compensations of historic interest, sentimental appeal and personal associations. Obviously, the choice of a collector cannot be governed, always and wholly, by aesthetic considerations.

The remaining chapters deal, rather shapelessly, with many aspects of the art. The Hon. Donough O'Brien writes with a curious blend of authority and artlessness. He gives accounts of many different kinds of miniatures, advises would-be collectors on the acquisition and preservation of specimens and intersperses stories of the old miniaturists with anecdotes of his own experiences. If his manner is rambling and sometimes strangely ungrammatical, it is none the less engaging, and his matter is full of entertainment and interest.

The book is teeming with printers' errors which are far more numerous than those acknowledged in the lengthy list of errata and corrigenda. From an accompanying prospectus, it is understood that the book was printed in Egypt, "the resulting production" it states, "being creditable to all concerned." Perhaps it is only ignorance of the circumstances of production which hinders ready agreement with this assertion.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

THE STRUCTURE OF COMPLEX WORDS, by William Empson. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

Mr. Empson is anything but a prolific writer, but what he writes has a permanent value. *Seven Types of Ambiguity* is one of the considerable works of criticism of our time, and this is an equally valuable successor. Mr. Empson acknowledges his debt to Professor Richards, with an almost too cosy (his favourite word) acquiescence, but it is likely that this work will last as long as his master's—if only because of the less desiccated style in which he writes. In any event it is a notable contribution to literary criticism. He

is to be congratulated on a major piece of scholarship.

In his earlier work Mr. Empson examined the overtones in various sentences. Now he examines in detail the senses of particular words, and relates their history to that of the contemporary value to the reader. He suggests that dictionaries should develop this, by ceasing to strive themselves to be each a thesaurus, but rather by seeking to relate each word to its various implications.

This is his method: he starts by a proposal for the tabular assessment of words, which is original, scholarly, and profoundly abstruse for those not interested in semantics. It is far too intricate to summarize or to set out his symbols. Yet it may be agreed that every word is susceptible to puns, to conscious double use, and to emotive overtones. There are also 'poetic' words, called upon for their stock reflex associations, and 'exact' words—the "best words used in their best sense" of the poetic definition. There is nowadays, moreover, and much has been done in this field by Mr. Robert Graves, realization that many words carry with them a sub-conscious or associatory sense which it is the task of the critic to disentangle.

It is with this that Mr. Empson is now concerned. And the second part of his book, while not less valuable than the first, is the most readable for the general scholar, as opposed to the specialist. In it Mr. Empson applies himself to analysis of the meanings, moods and overtones of Pope in his use of 'wit', Shakespeare in his use of 'dog' and 'honest', or Wordsworth in his use of 'sense'. It would be impertinent to abbreviate what he says into generalizations.

Mr. Empson finishes with the suggestion for a re-treatment of dictionaries which would enable them to give the subtler, rather than the more obvious and redundant definitions of various words. This might not benefit the general scholar. But it would certainly be to the great advantage of the

specialist, and a dictionary on the lines he suggests would have lasting value. Unfortunately, if as much industry as his were put into each word considered, the volumes would be endless.

This is a highly professional work for those interested in words. It is also, in detail, a benefit to literary criticism in the fields in which Mr. Empson cares to illustrate his thesis. In all, it is a work of patient erudition which will take an enduring place in an aspect of literature which is being studied with increasing sympathy.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Heinrich Straumann. *Hutchinson's University Library*. 7s. 6d.

The title of this book suggests that its subject is literature but the Introduction makes quite clear that literary values are to be a secondary consideration. The author's aim is to trace the expression in selected American prose, poetry and drama of twentieth century thought. He explains that the book is to be "a study in attitudes." Each of the first four chapters deals with a different "attitude" and its protagonists. In the fifth and last their conflict is worked out in a penetrating discussion of drama.

The first chapter is entitled "The Power of Reality" and it is unfortunate that Professor Straumann does not define his term. Beginning with the work of William James and John Dewey he shows that the fundamentals of pragmatism are implicit in the novels of such writers as Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Farrell, Sinclair Lewis, and, rather oddly, Edith Wharton, who deal mainly with sociological problems. He turns next to America's rediscovery of its past, basing his survey on the work of Henry Adams. In this section the danger of equating the best-seller with literature is not entirely avoided, and the discussion on regionalism is weakened by being confined to a few sympathetic comments on Willa Cather.

In these first two chapters the author is concerned with writers well-known in

this country, nor is there anything new in his evaluation of the ideas they accept and promulgate. The third chapter is labelled "The Fate of Man." To the English reader it offers help precisely where this is most needed, at the road-fork where the materialistic ideas that we term American, shift from the pragmatic to the metaphysical view of life. After an excellent comment on the influence of Reinhold Niebuhr and helpful notes on the work of Faulkner, McCullen, K. A. Porter and Glenway Westcott, all little known here, Professor Straumann considers the novels of the enigmatic Ernest Hemingway to which he devotes nine pages of clear and stimulating criticism. The paragraphs that follow on Fitz-Gerald, Wolfe, Penn Warren and H. Miller are equally illuminating.

"The Realm of Imagination" as a title for chapter four is unfortunate as the words are used very loosely. The section on poetry, "in which the basic attitudes of the different writers are the main concern," is the weakest in the book, notably in its treatment of Ezra Pound and its complete omission of Eberhart, poet of the "fearful paradoxes of the spiritual."

In the last chapter of his book Professor Straumann shows that in American drama the main conflict lies between "an outlook based on the acceptance of reality," such as he has analysed in his first two chapters, and "one that looks for values beyond the world of experience," discussed in chapters three and four. His analysis clarifies many of the problems raised by Eugene O'Neill and Thornton Wilder. The whole discussion is provocative and stimulating, and with its ample book-lists should promote the study of American ideas, and thence of American literature.

GRACE A. WOOD.

CHRISTOPHER FRY: an Appreciation, by Derek Stanford. *Peter Nevill*. 12s. 6d.

The plays of Christopher Fry have had plenty of individual attention from

the critics. Now comes the first attempt at a general assessment and appreciation of this writer's work. It can at best be only an interim valuation of a playwright whose output has yet to grow in quantity and no doubt in depth; of variety it presents enough for Mr. Stanford to be able to treat, as separate propositions, three comedies, two religious festival plays, one tragedy and one adaptation from the French. The latest play, *A Sleep of Prisoners*, comes too late for inclusion in the argument. To make up a full length critical work the author devotes chapters to Fry's language, the nature of his comedy, his metaphysical content, his relation to certain other dramatists, and his treatment at the critics' hands.

Altogether then, it has become a heavy programme, and Mr. Stanford is not disposed to treat it as a light one. There is every reason why he should work strenuously against the hasty judgment of Mr. Fry as a purveyor of elaborate verbal felicities without meaning or philosophy. He sees the dramatist as expressing a sense of mystery through paradox, and as having worked through the modern intellectual phase of disenchantment to a further possibility of wonder and renewal.

All this is excellently argued, but it carries with it a solemnity that hardly suits its subject. In theory Mr. Stanford submits, and even pleads, that humour has its place in the cosmic scheme, that tragedy is not the only truth. But he tends to orate on gaiety, not to relish it. How, otherwise, could he be so censorious of Jean Anouilh for presenting a pattern of blithe fantasy (in which there are at least some sharply poignant strands) instead of a theory of world order? As a loyal admirer of Mr. Fry it has ruffled him to find the critics praising *Ring Round the Moon* for a shapely combination of qualities that were seen in raggeder form in Mr. Fry's own plays. Metaphysics are important, but good theatre and well-focussed characters

are important too in a dramatic work. The slight puzzlement felt by so many over the comedies is due, one suspects, not to the profundity but to the fluidity of the characters, who shape themselves to the poetical moment at the expense of their own outline. Could there ever be soldiers, in whatever place or period, like Tereus or Thomas?

Mr. Stanford does drive home the outstanding fact that the comedy, in Mr. Fry's plays, is not used as mere contrast and alternation with the real dilemma, but has merged and become a part of it. The immediate danger in this otherwise happy union is that (as with the earlier Shaw plays) fancy or mockery will seem, to the audience, to dominate. Mr. Stanford himself is perhaps not beyond an error or two. For instance he seems to miss, as an elemental factor, Mr. Fry's interest in astronomy. No imaginative writer since Hardy has so hitched his waggon to the stellar universe. Like Carroll's game of chess in *Through the Looking Glass*, the eclipse in *Venus Observed* is described correctly, though the terms are lightened by whimsy. If the Duke's speech about asteroids and cepheids, nebulae and magellanic clouds is "fanciful inventiveness" so, then, are the reports of astrophysicists concerning galaxies in space.

Without trying to trace Christopher Fry's masters, Mr. Stanford makes some interesting comparisons. Prominent among them—apart from Shakespearean echoes—are the romantics T. L. Beddoes, Stephen Phillips, Flecker, and the Rostand of *Cyrano*. (Might he not go back to Otway's *Venice Preserved* whose very title seems to have been shaped into re-use?) It is noticeable that none of these exponents of the diffuse poetic expression has remained in the regular repertory. Mr. Stanford argues, and with some reason, that Mr. Fry outdoes them all by his basic urgency. The critic's own tendency to over-solemnize a brave venture must be excused on this score.

SYLVA NORMAN

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

"I did not suffer from any desire to be relieved of my responsibilities. All I wanted was compliance with my wishes after reasonable discussion." The writer, of course, is Mr. Churchill and it is yet another mark of our joy in him during those war years that we can read it even now with an exclamation of delight for his glorious arrogance and assurance which percolated down and, when fortune had forgotten how to smile, sustained the humblest of us.

Agreeable change

It will not be surprising if many readers of Mr. Churchill's history of the second world war consider the latest and fourth volume *THE HINGE OF FATE* (Cassell, 25s.) the best. Mr. Churchill's style is well fitted to momentous events. The sharp sentences beat at the reader with a rhythm that reminds him of those pulsing times; the buoyancy of the wording of the memoranda prodding their recipients with reminders of the importance of detail echo in the reader's heart Mr. Roosevelt's delighted cry: "It is fun to be in the same decade with you." Mr. Churchill writes that for the first six months of the period covered by the present volume (January, 1942-May, 1943) "all went ill; for the last six months everything went well." He calls this an "agreeable change". Those first six months included the fall of Singapore ("the worst disaster and largest capitulation in British history"), immense losses to U-boats, the invasion of Burma, the perilous Arctic convoys, the fall of Tobruk ("I did not attempt to hide from the President the shock I had received. It was a bitter moment. Defeat is one thing; disgrace is another"). But victory was near and with it the mood of Mr. Churchill changes, according to his own precepts laid down, from defiance to magnanimity. Were all Mr. Churchill's judgments sound and just? Perhaps not, but the error was negligible when compared with the inestimable advantage to Britain and her allies of that

"one mind playing over the whole field."

Labour law

Had Sir Harold Butler lived he would have reviewed for *THE FORTNIGHTLY* Mr. Churchill's fourth volume as he reviewed the earlier three. His was a wise mind, which readers of this review were fortunate to know. His interest, too, must have been great in John W. Follows' book *ANTECEDENTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR ORGANIZATION* (Oxford University Press, 18s.) for Mr. Follows had prudently allowed him, a former director of the I.L.O., to read some at least of the manuscript. Mr. Follows unfolds an encouraging story. A little over-anxious, perhaps, to explode Robert Owen's spurious reputation for being the first to propose international labour legislation, he pays earnest tribute to those who really helped the cause of labour reform in England and other countries of Europe. To Charles Frederick Hindley, Member of Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne, goes the credit for first suggesting labour legislation by foreign treaty. This was in 1833. Yet there were many others who, fighting to reduce the hours of work, especially for children, saw clearly that only international action could overcome the manufacturers' argument that reduced hours would mean bankruptcy for the country adopting them in face of competition from abroad. One pleasing discovery for those who have shed tears over the heartless conditions endured in Britain by the workers for too many years in the nineteenth century is that on the continent England was quoted as being in the van of reform.

Parliamentary Government

Two splendid short books to add to the "civics" shelf of home or school library are *THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT WORK* by Eric Taylor (a Pelican from Penguin Books, 2s.) and *PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN THE COMMONWEALTH* (Hansard Society, 9s.). The Hansard

volume is a symposium edited by Sydney D. Bailey and has a wealth of excellent contributors. Apart from chapters on each dominion there are valuable papers on "The Commonwealth Today" by Sir Alfred Zimmern, "The Crown in the Commonwealth" by H. V. Hodson and, as a distinguished tailpiece, "The Ideals of the Commonwealth" by Sir Ernest Barker who reminds us that the "fundamental ideas of the Commonwealth are rooted and grounded in principles of English law which are almost as old as that law..." There is also an excellent bibliography and some good photographs—Mr. Taylor, in his book, plainly describes the procedure of the House. He makes an heroic attempt to be lively and certainly achieves a breeziness which may help some the better to assimilate the well-marshalled facts.

Two lives

Concerned not with government but with administration, Sir Alexander Paterson, the much loved Prison Commissioner, left a number of papers and reports which have been collected and published in a volume *PATERSON ON PRISONS*, edited by S. K. Ruck (Frederick Muller, 15s.). It is doubtful if they do him full justice. His great achievement in life, as Mr. Attlee points out in a Foreword, was his unconquerable interest in and sympathy for the individual. He achieved much in prison reform and the Borstal system was largely his conception but what he achieved was the result not of pondering over administrative problems but of an overwhelming desire to help people. A man who can write: "Imprisonment leaves no visible scar to shock the eye, but it may well have done damage to a human character that nothing can repair" may well be thought the right man to be charge of prisons. He insists that the prisoner is punished by being sent to prison, deprived of his liberty; he is not sent to prison for punishment. Some of the arguments may have an old-fashioned sound; they plead points of view now generally

acceptable. If this is so, it is well to remember that Paterson made them so. —C. B. Purdom in his book, *LIFE OVER AGAIN* (Dent, 18s.) misses his opportunity to engage the sympathy of the reader. It is an essay in autobiography of a man whose setbacks are too often excused by laying blame at other people's doors. And this is a pity for Mr. Purdom has had an unusual career which could have been narrated without offence to anyone and with more profit and pleasure to all. The garden cities of Letchworth and Welwyn, journalism and authorship, the theatre are all subjects which Mr. Purdom can write about from personal experience and some of it of a unique kind. In short a book which flows along on an easy style, to be enjoyed in parts.

Country ways

Another disappointment is *NORFOLK* by Doreen Wallace and R. P. Bagnall-Oakeley, one of *The County Books* (Robert Hale, 15s.). To begin with the division, almost exactly into halves, of the book's space between Miss Wallace writing of people, history, topography and industry and Mr. Bagnall-Oakeley describing the county's natural history seems hardly just. If merit is to be the only criterion then Mr. Bagnall-Oakeley deserves all the space he gets and more; he could hardly have done his job better, but for a book of this kind, and even for a county so rich in natural history, more room was needed for the remaining subjects. Perhaps Miss Wallace felt cramped; perhaps she was just unlucky in her approach: whatever the reason she has produced a scrappy account which will be far from satisfying to those who have often had cause to admire her work.—One turns, with relief, to a volume one can wholeheartedly praise. Richard Perry has often delighted readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* with his observations on birds and mammals. For *BRITISH BIRDS IN COLOUR* (Odhams Press, 21s.) he is chief contributor of the text; the 108 coloured plates are reproduced from

John Gould's *Birds of Great Britain* and there are many splendid photographs contributed by E. J. Hosking, G. K. Yeates and others. Mr. Perry's main purpose is to describe British birds which task he admirably performs in a chapter occupying rather more than half the whole book. He accepts the classified list of British birds compiled by H. F. Witherby and each section of the chapter deals with a family or group of birds. Beautifully illustrated as it is there could hardly be a better introduction to ornithology for young students. Nor is this all. Mr. Perry himself contributes another good chapter on "The Technique of Bird-Watching", R. M. Lockley writes on the pleasure of it, Dr. Bruce Campbell's chapter is an important one on "The Habitats of British Birds" and there are other chapters on migration, bird protection and eggs.

True to its name

In the 'thirties many people, myself among them, added books of lasting value to our shelves by buying, at a price to suit our pockets, reprints issued in the Phoenix Library by Chatto and Windus. Now the "Library" appropriately enough has risen again adding the adjective New, incorrectly I think, to qualify Phoenix. As before it promises to meet all tastes and, what is perhaps more valuable, satisfies us that in spite of current criticism a good many books of worth have been written in our own time. There are now sixteen volumes in The New Phoenix Library and the most recent four to be laid on the table are A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by G. K. Chesterton (6s.), FIERY PARTICLES, by C. E. Montague (6s.), LOLLY WILLOWES, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (6s.) and VESTAL FIRE, by Compton Mackenzie (a double volume, 7s. 6d.). Renewing my acquaintance with the Chesterton and loving afresh his determination to look at everything from an original vantage point, I was amused to read at the start

of Chapter III :

We should be startled if we were quietly reading a prosaic modern novel, and somewhere in the middle it turned without warning into a fairy tale. We should be surprised if one of the spinsters in *Cranford*, after tidily sweeping the room with a broom, were to fly away on a broomstick.

Something much like that does happen in *Lolly Willowes*, when the lady, who gives her name to the title, grows tired of being Aunt Lolly and makes a compact with Satan. Miss Warner has a pleasant originality and a felicitous turn to her sentences. Almost anywhere in *Lolly Willowes* it is possible to open the book and be pleased with the paragraph which first catches the eye. Take the occasion when Miss Williams is trying to explain to her brother why she wishes to move to Great Mop after many years in his London home. She thinks she has always meant to move but "one day is so like another, it's almost impossible to throw salt on its tail."

There was another long pause. She could not make out Henry at all. It was not like him to say nothing when he was annoyed. She had expected thunders and tramlings, and those she could have weathered. But thus becalmed under a lowering sky she was beginning to lose her head.

In French

During the past ten years readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY have enjoyed and appreciated from time to time articles by Tibor Mende. Mr. Mende lived in London for some years but now, after a period in India, he resides in France. Two recent books of his L'INDE DEVANT L'ORAGE (*Editions du Seuil*, 27, rue Jacob, Paris VIe) and LA REVOLTE DE L'ASIE (*Presses Universitaires de France*, 108, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris) bear witness to the penetrating manner in which, as a journalist, he examines the evidence before him. It is a great pity that the first of these books has so far failed to find an English publisher; in France, I believe, it is already in a third edition.

JOHN ARMITAGE

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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CANADA AT THE CROSSROADS

BY W. FRIEDMANN

OF the British Dominions both Australia and Canada have, in recent years, been faced with new and great opportunities as well as with heavy responsibilities—the price of independence and political maturity. The Westminster Conferences of 1926-1930, only partly embodied in the Statute of Westminster 1931, gave all the British Dominions the outward symbols of sovereignty and independence, freeing them from all the remaining traces of legal inequality, a process which in Canada has now been completed by the abolition of all appeals to the Privy Council. Only the last war and its aftermaths could have forced Australia and Canada to face problems formerly dormant under the shield of British power and guidance. The decline of British military and economic power has compelled both Dominions to survey their own resources, their strength and their weakness realistically. It has also made them look for new associations. The constant pressure of the cold war leaves no room for escapism.

Here the parallel ends. The specific problems facing Australia and Canada are very different. Australia finds herself, together with New Zealand, an isolated outpost of the British Commonwealth in the western world, surrounded by a swelling tide of Asian nationalism. But their very isolation seems to make Australians more self-confident, and determined to develop a country not too richly endowed with national wealth, through planned scientific and industrial advancement. Canada is in many ways more fortunate. In a country which has already the third largest volume of trade in the world, every month brings news of new, untapped, natural resources. Large oil deposits in Alberta and high-grade iron ore in Labrador add to such vital raw materials as nickel and timber, of which Canada is the world's largest producer. Present strategic needs and the almost unlimited scope of armament production, make these developments even more important. Indeed, quite a few Canadians are content to quote these facts, to point to Canada's growing volume of industrial production and to be sure that Canada is on the threshold of a very great future. Those who hold this view think in economic terms only and are mainly found in industrial and business circles. They accept, or even welcome, the facts that Canada's industrial development is

already deeply intertwined with American industry and business, that the great Canadian manufacturing concerns producing finished and semi-finished goods such as steel or motor cars or processed foods are mostly controlled by American interest, and that American rather than British capital will predominate in the development of Canada's untapped reservoirs of oil and iron ore. Recent trends in trade and investment tell their tale. In 1938 more than 50 per cent. of Canadian exports went to other members of the British Commonwealth and less than a half to the United States. In 1950, two-thirds of a very much larger volume of Canadian exports went to the United States while the Commonwealth took only a little over 20 per cent. At the tariff conference at Torquay, Canada alone, of all the Commonwealth countries, made a satisfactory bargain with the United States. Direct American investment in Canada, in 1950, amounted to 175 million dollars. Most of this represents American shares in Canadian enterprises. The inflow of American capital was large enough to enable the Canadian Government to free the Canadian dollar from any fixed exchange parity, and let it find its own level, which is at present between five and six points below that of the American dollar.

Canadian currency being linked to the American dollar and the chronic difficulties of the sterling area are likely to strengthen the economic bonds between Canada and the United States and to weaken those between Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth. If, as is likely, Canadian armament production is standardized with American rather than British types of weapons, this trend will be powerfully increased. The adoption of a new British infantry rifle, different in calibre and design from the American standard rifle, is therefore particularly disturbing to Canada.

For if, as *The Economist* put it: "The Canadians have made their decisions that they must live freely with the American economy and... are optimistic about the results", this is far from saying that most Canadians are reconciled to a gradual and total absorption by the United States. On the contrary, the very strength of the American economic pull, and the emergence of the United States as the overwhelming political and military force of the western world is causing Canadians to do a great deal of self-searching. There is no longer any question of British hegemony, politically, economically, or culturally. On the contrary, Canadians are now concerned how to maintain a modicum of British and other European influences, against the overwhelming impact of Canada's great continental neighbour. The attempt to acquire and maintain a position which does not impair Canada's unique relations with the United States and yet enables her to remain a full and active member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and one of the most important of the democratic middle powers in the international field, has been the great and moving

theme of Canadian politics in recent years.

Industrial and commercial links, the constant move of large numbers of Canadians to the United States, the influence of the American press and films, the standardizing effect of advertising and other factors, make many parts, especially of eastern Canada, barely distinguishable from the United States. But the pattern of her political life is entirely different. When tension over Korea was at its highest, the contrast was particularly noticeable. Not only is the Canadian system of Government modelled on the British Cabinet system, but Canada has also inherited something of the placidity of British politics compared with the nervous restlessness of American political life. Even if full allowance is made for the fact that the United States has, within a few years, moved from relative isolation to the tremendous responsibilities of a world power, at a time of universal and relentless tension, the differences between American and Canadian politics still remain vital. Instead of the complicated balance between President and Congress, between the two Houses, and the highly organized lobby of pressure groups, Canada has the relatively simple British Party and Cabinet system, an Upper House of little significance, a public opinion which is seldom excited, and great stability of Government. Americans find Canadian politics sleepy and unexciting. To a Canadian, on the other hand, the tempo and character of American political life is hardly less strange than to an Englishman.

The desire to preserve a distinct Canadian policy has been particularly marked in international affairs. Time and again, especially under its present Foreign Minister, Mr. Lester Pearson, Canada has pursued policies different from, and sometimes in direct opposition to the United States. Over Korea, Canada has on the whole sided with Britain, in her desire to limit the conflict and not to bar the way to a possible recognition of Communist China. Canada has been a consistent supporter of every move to reach some kind of "live and let live" settlement with Russia or Communist China. She has never accepted the inevitability of a third world war. Yet the Canadian Government has been a firm supporter and one of the chief architects of the Atlantic Treaty. It is as a member of the Atlantic community rather than a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations that Canada now has a direct stake in the defence of western Europe and in the preservation of Britain, and, more often than is apparent on the surface, Canada has used her geographical and political position to act as a mediator between British and American policies. Americans easily get suspicious of the British but they regard Canadians as more of their own kind, speaking the same language, eating the same kind of food, reading the same magazines, and altogether living and thinking similarly.

The position of Canada is, however, further complicated by the more than 40 per cent. of French-speaking Canadians who are as far removed, in their political and cultural outlook, from the Americans as from the British. Indeed, they are a people entirely on their own. For while they preserve, with dogged obstinacy, their particular brand of French language and culture against a strict Catholic background, they are far removed from the outlook and habits of modern France. The experience of two wars, the anti-Communist alliance, and the eminence of many French Canadians in public life—the present Prime Minister as well as the Chief Justice of Canada, are French Canadians—have greatly reduced the danger of a political schism. Yet, Quebec remains a distinct and separate factor in Canadian life, blocking both any important increase in the powers of federal government, and any too far-reaching identification of Canada with either the United States or Britain.

More than ever, political influence is to-day determined by actual or potential military power. Canada's military unpreparedness in time of peace is a factor of some concern to the Americans as well as to the Atlantic community. Canada increased her share in the United Nation's action in Korea, by sending a full brigade. While she was training another brigade for European service General Eisenhower was reported to be pressing strongly for a much larger contribution. There is little prospect of peacetime conscription in Canada. French-Canadian opposition to it is traditional and the guiding theme of Canadian politics has been the avoidance of any situation which might sharpen the conflict between its British and French elements. It is too early to say how the slowly swelling stream of immigrants from Britain and Continental Europe will affect the picture. In 1951 Canada expects about 160,000 immigrants. As in the case of Australia, most of these will come from continental Europe. Dutch and Germans in particular will form large contingents. Whatever the eventual racial composition, this will counteract to some extent the discrepancy in the birthrate of French-speaking and English-speaking Canada.

There are thus a number of question marks for anybody who thinks about the future of Canada. The geographical proximity to the United States, and even more the growing economic links between the two countries, pull in one direction. Canada's membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations pulls in another. Her French-speaking population exercises a pull of yet another kind. More than ever, Canadians are asking themselves where their national future lies. What will it mean to be a Canadian? This question was simpler to answer as long as Britain was the overwhelming political and cultural influence. It would also be simple to answer for those who regard Canada's absorption by the United States as either

unavoidable, or desirable, or both. But the vast majority of Canadians would prefer a third way. The most significant expression given to this feeling was the Massey Report, the work of a Government-appointed committee of five distinguished Canadians, under the chairmanship of Mr. Vincent Massey. The assignment of the committee being to report on the position of cultural and educational facilities in Canada, the result was a document of historic importance. It gave a full and candid survey of Canada's achievements and deficiencies: in broadcasting and publishing; in university education and other educational institutions such as libraries and museums; in music and the theatre. But the Report did more, it was an eloquent and searching appeal to Canadians to develop their own heritage and to preserve their cultural individuality as a nation. It recognized that there have been important achievements: in the work of the universities; of the publicly-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; in music-making, and in at least some of the public museums and libraries. But far greater than the sense of achievement was the sense of alarm, every page being instinct with apprehension at the growing predominance of American culture and ways of life. The average Canadian gets his information from American news agencies. He reads American rather than Canadian or English magazines. He sees American films and, except for the programmes of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, he mostly listens to American-sponsored programmes on the radio. American educational foundations assist Canadian scholars and educational schemes. Once television is developed in Canada, American influence will extend to this field also.

Politely but firmly, the Report says that such one-sided predominance is not good for Canada. It is emphatic and unanimous in its opinion that Canada should not become a cultural carbon-copy of the United States and deplores the overwhelming attraction which the United States exercises on Canadian university teachers and other graduates. It finds that commercial radio has displayed little if any interest in culture and education. The Report strongly advocates greater support and scope for the Government-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and it urges the Federal Government to give far greater assistance to Canadian universities as well as to public libraries, concert halls, theatres, museums, the preservation of Canadian folklore and other cultural pursuits.

But the Report also recognized that all such measures will avail little unless the Canadian people in general wish to retain and develop a national identity of their own. Should they do so? Those who see the contemporary world in terms of power and bigness only would answer a contemptuous 'No'; they are the same people who can think of little but the struggle between United States and Russia

for supremacy. Such thinking is essentially strategic. Standardization, not only of production and defence but of thinking and feeling, is essential to efficiency. Ultimately, such thinking leads to George Orwell's world of 1984. Nations and peoples will merge into a few super-States, which will become increasingly alike, though they may fight each other. And their governing cliques, of generals, scientists, engineers and politicians will increasingly pursue power for the sake of power.

There are enough people in the United States to deplore and apprehend such a development, who fear the curse of bigness and uniformity. As a symbol of political and military sovereignty, nationalism is an anachronism. It is indeed necessary that, for the sake of survival, nations should pool their military and economic, and ultimately perhaps their political sovereignties. It is no less essential that they should preserve the diversity of habits and temperaments, of history and patterns of life. Without it the present struggle for survival and power may become meaningless, whatever its apparent result. The greatness and vitality of the United States itself has been the product of a multitude of races and civilizations. To-day this healthy diversity is threatened by the standardization of city life, of mass production, mass entertainment, regimentation of thought and of taste.

Canada, if she chooses, can do much to counter such deadly trends on the American continent. She combines, within her borders and under a single government, British and French civilizations, with all their differences of temperament, language, religion, law and art, and a substantial leavening of other European influences, German, Dutch, Ukrainian, Hungarian and others. As a member of the British Commonwealth, Canada is linked not only with Britain, but with its Asian members. As a party to the Atlantic Treaty, Canada is immediately concerned in the preservation of western Europe. Of all the allies of the United States, the Canadians understand it best and are the least suspect. Yet Canada's British traditions of government, the relative tranquillity of her political life and her desire to remain an independent middle power, give her unique qualifications for bridging the political, economic and temperamental differences between the United States and Britain. There are great opportunities here. Whether they will be used, is still an open question.

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PERON AND VARGAS

BY GEORGE PENDLE

The history of the South American republics may be reduced to the biographies of their representative men.

Francisco García Calderón.

IN General Perón and Dr. Vargas, the republics of Argentina and Brazil have produced two statesmen who are not merely outstanding figures but who, also, are truly representative of the civilization of the Atlantic area of South America, as it exists to-day. Both men were born amidst the wide pasturelands of the Uruguay-Plata river system, and they both still enjoy a return to the country, where they don the baggy cotton trousers traditionally worn by local horsemen. That, obviously, is the proper background for rulers of American nations, whose wealth is in the good earth and whose rural workers, though they be poor and (by present-day western standards) backward, provide the means for the urban populations to increase and prosper. General Perón and Dr. Vargas are representative South Americans in their outlook, which is optimistic and nationalistic; in their taste for demagogic methods of government; and in their general manner, which is human and engaging. They greatly differ in appearance. Juan D. Perón, aged 56, is tall, dark, handsome, and, as is customary with Argentines of his age, putting on weight. When younger, he was the champion swordsman in the army, and one of its best shots. Getúlio D. Vargas, aged 67, is short, plump, smiling and wears spectacles. As a youth in southern Brazil he entered the army, but abandoned it for law and politics.

Together, these two men rule some 70 million people, and, so doing, they have adopted programmes and faced problems which are remarkably similar. They have both devised plans for transforming their under-developed, under-populated, under-educated countries into industrialized, self-sufficient nations; and they have both been compelled by internal and external circumstances to curtail those plans. At the present time Argentina and Brazil lack heavy industries and are deficient in the fuel that modern mechanization requires. They are therefore dependent on Europe and the U.S.A. for plant and for many vitally important manufactured articles and raw materials, all of which have to be paid for by exports of local produce. The progress of industrialization has been retarded in both countries by the difficulty experienced in obtaining those supplies because, first, of the Atlantic nations' rearmament drive and, secondly, of the in-

adequacy of the exportable surplus of the products of the Argentine and Brazilian soil. In both countries, people are still drifting from the rural districts into the towns, and the production of livestock and crops is not keeping pace with present-day requirements. Two examples will serve to illustrate the disequilibrium between town and country in this vast area of the American continent: Argentina, though it possesses enormous herds of cattle, has been unable to export the quantities that it undertook to ship to several foreign markets in the past year or so. And it is remarkable that this land of cattle produces insufficient milk to satisfy the demand of the population of Buenos Aires. Likewise Brazil, in whose north-eastern regions the world's supply of natural rubber originated, is now actually importing raw rubber for the needs of the local factories and, although recently self-sufficient in automobile tyres, is again obliged to supplement the local output by purchasing tyres abroad.

Each statesman has learned something from the other. Dr. Vargas was the pioneer in creating a new South American brand of social and economic reform which owed much to Mussolini's corporate State and which Perón in 1945 began to adopt, adapt, and "legalize" in Argentina. The main point of similarity—and originality—in the policies of the two men, is that they have both relied chiefly on the support of the working class, instead of on that of the army and the upper middle-class oligarchy, which formerly constituted the foundation of political power in Latin America. Until the coming of Getúlio Vargas and Juan Perón, the working classes of Brazil and Argentina were generally neglected by their rulers. But the social reforms that have been introduced in both countries have so far benefited the organized urban workers rather than the scattered peons who labour in the forests, the plains and the high mountains, and this is one of the principal defects alike of Getúlio Vargas' *Estado Novo* and Juan Perón's *Justicialismo*.

It is natural that the current social and economic movement should be developing on approximately parallel lines in Brazil and Argentina, and that the results should differ from the European prototypes of Fascism and the welfare State. For generations, the Latin Americans have been accustomed to "paternal" governments. Therefore Dr. Vargas' undemocratic régime of 1930-1945 did not really shock the Brazilian masses, and General Perón's demagogic methods do not displease the majority of Argentines to-day. Times change, however, and General Perón has effectively demonstrated that a Latin American *caudillo* can, and now-a-days should, operate within the law. Dr. Vargas' refusal to allow elections in Brazil, at the end of the last war, was the cause of his temporary eclipse. His uncompromising paternalism clashed with the aims of the then newly victorious United Nations, which included Brazil in their number,

and he was obliged to retire to his ranch in the south. It is too early yet to know the shape that the new Vargas régime (which began in January 1951) will take; but it is already evident that the ex-dictator has learned a lesson from his earlier error and from his pupil General Perón's subsequent example. On the first occasion, in 1930, Dr. Vargas seized power by force; but in 1950 he conducted his electoral campaign in accordance with normal practices of democracy. In 1937, he decreed a new constitution of his own making; but Juan Perón has since proved the wisdom of never breaking the law of the land: it is better to arrange for the law to be changed. When the Argentine president wishes to take unconstitutional action, he usually bides his time, first assuring that Congress shall by legal methods alter the constitution according to his requirements. It is of course inevitable that Latin American constitutions shall constantly be altered to satisfy local, present day needs. None of these constitutions was a spontaneous Latin American growth. They were all created in imitation of United States and European models existing at the time of the attainment of independence by the Latin American peoples a hundred or so years ago, and they have rarely been respected by the local populations, who have preferred to give their allegiance to colourful—and, in most cases, unconstitutionally-minded—*caudillos*. The *caudillo* is applauded, not for his democratic principles (which, normally, are lacking), but for his human qualities, his personal prowess and charm. It is required, first of all, that he shall be virile and *simpático*. But Latin Americans are convinced that it is their destiny to be in the vanguard of civilization, so now-a-days they expect to be granted the opportunity of demonstrating to the world that they are not backward in their observance of democratic etiquette. Democracy, therefore, is gradually becoming a reality in Latin America, though Europeans and North Americans often fail to recognize it in its unorthodox Latin American form.

There are, of course, points of dissimilarity in the conditions prevailing in Argentina and Brazil. One of General Perón's advantages, is that his people live in a land where the climate is mainly temperate. They are not faced with the heart-breaking Brazilian problem of rendering a vast tropical jungle habitable by whites and *mestizos* before its natural wealth can be exploited. The Argentines are usually able to work somewhat harder than the easy-going Brazilians, many of whom still believe that the ideal life is "to gather the fruit without planting the tree." General Perón, moreover, has had the backing of a much larger parliamentary majority than Dr. Vargas, and the support of a much more powerful militant political party, which, until quite recently, was in appearance a united body, in spite of its great size. The Argentine president is also blessed (though it is a mixed blessing) with the enthusiastic and

able assistance of a popular consort. Dr. Vargas, on the other hand, can count on receiving much greater financial and technical aid from Washington in exchange for past and future favours. Although Brazil is becoming increasingly nationalistic in temper, no one imagines that the courteous Brazilians are seeking continental hegemony for themselves—a suspicion which has sometimes existed in regard to the more extreme and arrogant Argentine nationalists. Moreover, from the United States point of view Brazil, because of its proximity to the Panama Canal and the west coast of Africa, is of much greater strategic importance than Argentina, and Brazilian raw materials (such as manganese) are particularly valuable in a time of rearmament.

In one significant respect, however, General Perón has benefited from Washington's antagonism: it has stimulated Argentine anti-Americanism, on which he thrives. His contention that foreign "imperialists" are plotting to overthrow his régime is far from meaningless to most of his compatriots, no matter how ridiculous it may seem to North American and British newspaper readers. Many Argentines, indeed, consider that the president's violent treatment of supposedly U.S.-sponsored radicals, socialists, and military insurgents is not only justifiable, but necessary—the notorious events of the last electoral period being fresh in everyone's memory. At that time (1945) the American ambassador at Buenos Aires, Mr. Spruille Braden, delivered a number of public addresses in that city denouncing dictatorships. He avoided openly attacking the Argentine Government (whose most powerful member was Colonel Perón, though he was not yet president); but no one misunderstood the ambassador's intention, which was to emphasize that the U.S.A. disliked the Colonel and his friends and would be pleased if they were displaced. The *Peronistas* made good use of Mr. Braden's indiscretions. Anti-Braden circulars and posters were widely distributed and exhibited, and the forthcoming elections were represented as being in reality a personal contest between Juan D. Perón and Uncle Sam's ambassador. In February 1946, just a few days before the elections, the State Department at Washington issued a blue book, in which certain Argentine citizens were charged with having collaborated with Nazi Germany during the war. In this publication, the outstanding presidential candidate of the day, Juan Perón, was prominently mentioned as having been a collaborationist. This information, derived from the captured papers of the German Foreign Office, was known to have been in the possession of the U.S. Government for some time. Its release on the eve of the Argentine elections was recognized as being a deliberate attempt by Washington to discredit Colonel Perón and ensure his defeat at the polls. The *Peronistas'* riposte was simple and effective: they plastered the walls

of Buenos Aires with the slogan: "Perón or Braden". In the February 1946 elections Juan Perón was democratically elected to the presidency and, thereby, in the Argentine view, Mr. Braden was decisively defeated. During the recent electoral campaign President Perón has lost no opportunity of reminding the Argentine people that less than six years ago a North American ambassador and the State Department did everything in their power to secure the rejection of the country's most popular candidate.

It is inflation, however, rather than foreign "imperialism", that constitutes the most serious immediate threat to *Peronismo*, for the rising cost of living has caused a decline in the workers' gratitude for the benefits accorded to them under the Perón régime. It was doubtless the knowledge of the growth of working-class dissatisfaction that encouraged a group of military officers to attempt the September *coup d'état*. It is in the tradition of the Argentine army, which has a high regard for the national honour and dignity, periodically to enter the Casa Rosada and eject a president who has been too long in power; but such methods seem out-of-date in a republic wherein the democratically-elected (though demagogically-minded) president has always professed a high regard for legality. Nevertheless, the crushing of this revolt has neither cured the inflationary disease, nor eliminated current discontent.

Meanwhile in Brazil Dr. Vargas, also, is plagued by inflation, which has compelled him to postpone some of the much-advertised schemes for economic and social development. No one yet knows whether the new Vargas régime, faced by such a grave problem, will require authoritarian powers. A few months ago a speech by the president did contain an ominous threat. On that occasion the ex-dictator not only criticized the Brazilian profiteers whose speculations have certainly contributed to the fabulous rise in the cost of living: he also warned them of "the day when the people will take the law into their own hands." More recently, however, Dr. Vargas' pronouncements have displayed a moderation which has been conspicuously lacking in the utterances of the Argentine president, and it is probable that the time will come when General Perón will be obliged to learn a useful lesson from the Brazilian's example in this respect, just as previously he learned from Dr. Vargas that in modern South America the good will of the working-class was the surest foundation for a *caudillo's* ambitions. Of course, Dr. Vargas is an older man, and a statesman of much longer experience, than his Argentine opposite number. His new Government does not consist entirely of *Vargistas*, as it might have done, but contains talented men from rival parties. In spite of his habit of appealing directly to the masses in his public speeches, so far during this second term in office he has given no indication that he really intends to override

the authority of Congress. At the present time, therefore, the courses followed by these two South American statesmen are tending to diverge in one particular : whereas Dr. Vargas, safely in power, is behaving with unwonted restraint, General Perón, coming to the end of a period of power, is growing increasingly aggressive, under the pressure of adverse circumstances. If he can again convince the public that his opponents have the backing of foreign " imperialists ", and if he can prove that the mass of the working-class are behind him, his position—either as a re-elected president, or (after the Nicaraguan model) as the strong man behind a puppet president—should be secure for a long time to come. If he is wise, he will then emulate Dr. Vargas' moderation.

There is one other important similarity in the attitude and methods of the two men. Although both are essentially South American personalities, they are both very " modern ". They believe in mechanization, industrialization, propaganda to the masses, social security, motor-roads, air-lines, and so on. And both of them have known how to borrow the latest foreign ideas of government—totalitarian or democratic, capitalist or socialist, according to their immediate needs. It was General Perón—but it might just as well have been Dr. Vargas—who remarked in a recent address to Congress : " We collected all the good ideas that we found on our road to Government House. " He says that he does not want monetary reserves (and Dr. Vargas, with certain qualifications, would agree), but equipment, machines and essential raw materials ; hydro-electric plant, diesel engines, tractors, harvesters, aeroplanes, trans-Atlantic ships, television, fuel, atomic energy, chemicals. He is, moreover, " modern " even in some of the more superficial implications of that term. Married to a radio actress of considerable glamour, he realizes the enormous prestige enjoyed by stars and sporting aces to-day. He bestows his personal patronage on local sporting heroes—boxers, motor-car racers, swimmers and footballers—and thus shares in their vast popularity. Nor is Argentina a negligible competitor in international sport at the present time.

It is evident that something momentous is now occurring in Argentina and Brazil ; the immense fertility of those great countries, their local qualities and traditions, and the latest theories, techniques and conceits of Europe and the U.S.A. are all being stirred (so to say) in a melting-pot, whose final product will surely be a distinctively South American civilization. We can only guess, how long the process will take. Long ago, Montaigne ventured a prophecy. He wrote : " This late-world shall but come to light when ours shall fall into darkness. "

(For many years a writer and broadcaster on Latin American affairs, the author is a regular visitor to Argentina and Brazil.)

THE FINNISH TIGHTROPE

BY WENDY HALL

S EVEN years ago Finland made an armistice with Russia, which brought her two wars to an end. Ever since, the Finns have been balancing on a political tightrope. On the one side there is Communist Russia, on the other Finnish Communism. Viewed from the outside, the tightrope looks desperately narrow and taut ; but once you are in Finland, you discover that it is pliant and firmly anchored at each end, and that those who walk on it do so with remarkable ease and cheerfulness, and with a certain amount of surprise that anyone should fear lest they fall.

A certain amount of feline agility is needed by a country which is as determined to keep its own Communists at bay as it is to maintain correct relations with Russia. In spite of the Communist gains in the elections held in July this year, Finland is succeeding, as no other country on Russia's European borders has managed to do, in maintaining her democratic institutions intact and pursuing a good neighbour policy towards the Soviet Union.

But Russia can, and does, exert pressure at three points : internally, through the Finnish Communist Party by way of the Cominform ; externally, by a limitation of Finland's freedom of action in foreign politics ; and in the economic sphere, by making Finland to some extent dependent on her trade with the east.

To assess the strength of Communist pressure it is necessary to survey the party's fortunes and misfortunes since the war ended. In the immediate post-war elections, held early in 1945, the Communist party secured 49 seats in the single-Chamber Parliament of 200 members. A Communist Prime Minister headed the " Red-Green bloc " formed by his party, the Social Democrats and the Agrarians. The next elections were held in the summer of 1948, a few months after the Czechoslovak coup. The Communists had already made themselves unpopular, and events in Czechoslovakia reminded the Finns that they needed a longer spoon than they had previously thought if they were to continue to sup with the devil. The Communists lost 11 seats and were forced into opposition. Since then, Finland has had a Social Democrat minority government led by Mr. K. A. Fagerholm, an Agrarian Government headed by Mr. U. Kekkonen, and finally a Social Democrat-Agrarian coalition in

which Mr. Kekkonen retained the premiership.

When, in July this year, the time for triennial elections came round again, the Communists were able to retrieve almost half their previous losses, at the price of only a thousand more votes while all the other parties except the newly-formed Liberals lost between one and five seats each, the losses of the Right being rather heavier than those on the Left. The Social Democrats headed the poll with 53 seats, followed by the Agrarians with 51, the Communists with 43, the Conservatives with 27, the Swedish Party with 15, and the Liberals with ten.

What were the circumstances which led to this increase in Communist strength? While one can list a number of reasons for the leftward shift, one must place fairly high on the list the general deterioration in the internal political and economic situation which set in after Mr. Kekkonen took over the Government in March last year. Mr. Fagerholm's Government had done well. It had disbanded the secret police set up by its Communist predecessors, and the Social Democrat party had initiated an active anti-Communist campaign in the trades unions and the factories. Partly due to its own efforts, and partly due to an improvement which would have come about in any case, it had provided ample supplies of food and consumer goods. Because of the allegiance it commanded among the workers it had been able to enforce a wage freeze and keep prices stable. According to normal constitutional procedure, Mr. Fagerholm tendered his resignation after the 1950 Presidential elections, in which Mr. Paasikivi was re-elected for a further term of six years. The premiership passed to Urho Kekkonen, leader of the Agrarian party. Mr. Kekkonen is not a popular figure in Finland. His career has been opportunist and meteoric, and he has graduated from the extreme Right to a point in the centre from which he has flirted even with the Communists when it has suited his purpose. Even in his own party he finds many detractors. His farming associations are vague, and he is frequently at pains to be rid of the discourtesy title of "asphalt Agrarian" generally bestowed on him. But he is undoubtedly clever and in many ways far-seeing. He also has the useful distinction of being one of the few political leaders in Finland who are viewed with any degree of favour in Moscow.

His first nine months as Prime Minister were unsuccessful. The time was ripe for a small economic upheaval. Demands for increased wages could no longer be refused, and once the Social Democrats were out of the Government their policy changed. Their hold on the unions—of which they controlled only 60 per cent., while the rest was Communist-dominated—was not sufficiently secure for them to advise further restraint. They feared that, unless increases were given, they would lose their members to the more irresponsible Communist

section. Equally, they claimed, general price levels of Finnish export goods warranted a revision of wage scales. So wages went up and there began a period of acute inflation which was only stemmed—and then temporarily—by an economic truce dating from May this year. The inflationary curve in Finland is steeper than almost anywhere in the world, and so infinitely more difficult to arrest.

Mr. Kekkonen's Agrarian Government—at heart concerned only with the fortunes of the agricultural population—was unable to deal with the situation. It became clear that political stability was to be bought only through a coalition with the Social Democrat party which, in January this year, agreed to serve with the Agrarians. However, stern measures are necessary, and no-one was willing to take them in pre-election months. So the elections took place in an atmosphere of dissatisfaction and economic instability which undoubtedly played into the hands of the Communists, and gave additional points to their onslaught on the cost of living—even if the previous Government was extravagantly accused of pursuing a "policy of starvation".

The Communist party played a second card which probably also had some success. It accused the Government of preparing Finland for war, under the direction of the legations of the western powers in Helsinki; it continually harped on the fact that one of the Social Democrat leaders, Mr. Skog, was Minister of Defence, and so was "betraying the workers"; it even alleged that 200 Finns, recruited by the Social Democrat Party, were fighting with the South Koreans. These claims are so ridiculous that few responsible people would believe them. Even the party leader Hertta Kuusinen, when asked by the present writer to give more precise evidence of the Government's so-called warmongering activities, said: "Well, they are not important really—only psychological."

Nevertheless, the fear of war—or, rather, the realization of the consequences for Finland of a third world war—is deeply rooted. Neutrality under the Russian aegis has had one negative advantage—it has imposed no obligation to take sides openly in any of the post-war issues. From this armchair position, though, the Finns also know that their independence could not survive a third war.

A diminished sense of urgency in the parties of the Right may also have helped the Communists. If inflation is rampant, if the cost of living is astronomical, Finland is nevertheless very prosperous on the surface. The paper and woodworking industries are commanding superlative export prices, and enabling the country to make heavy import purchases. There is thus an air of plenty which contrasts sharply with the difficulties of past years, and which may have dulled many people into semi-apathy. At all events, the total poll dropped from 78 per cent. in 1948 to 70 per cent. in 1951, and

only the Communists and the Liberals recorded more votes than those of three years ago. Also, inflationary tendencies are stimulating large personal spending, particularly on travel, and it was estimated that at the time of the elections 30,000 Finns—a high figure in a total voting population of less than two-and-a-half millions—were out of the country. It can safely be reckoned that very, very few of these were Communists.

All this adds up to the fact that the Communists have now strengthened their position sufficiently to demand representation in the Government, and that their claims were considered seriously enough for the formation of that Government to be postponed until September. This was an exceptional measure. Normally a new Government would have been formed immediately after the elections. Instead the previous administration carried on over the summer months, thus allowing some time for reflection on the situation before Mr. Kekkonen set about forming a new Government.

Normally, too, it might have been expected that the Social Democrats, as the strongest party, would have been asked to form a government. Here the problem is to some extent one of personalities. Mr. Fagerholm, as the most intransigent opponent of Communism in Finland, is bitterly disliked in Moscow, while Mr. Kekkonen seems *persona grata* with the Kremlin. The Finns are sufficiently realistic to know that such a figure is worth sacrifices in other directions. And Mr. Fagerholm, for his part, is sufficiently realistic to know—along with politicians of all parties—that stable government in Finland can be assured only by co-operation between the Agrarians, representing the predominating agricultural interests, and the Social Democrats, representing the workers. At the same time, he has categorically refused to participate in any coalition which includes the Communists.

Hence Mr. Kekkonen has formed a Government on lines similar to his previous one. In it the Agrarian and the Social Democrat parties have seven Ministers each, and the Swedish party two. The most notable change is the appointment of a non-party Liberal, Mr. Sakari Tuomioja, as Foreign Minister. Mr. Tuomioja, the Governor of the Bank of Finland, was Minister of Trade and Industry in the previous Government, and his appointment may reflect the importance which foreign trade at present assumes in Finnish external affairs.

The new Government faces an early test in the application of a fresh stabilization plan to combat inflation. A firm policy is essential to prevent further dislocation playing into the hands of the Communists. There are only two encouraging factors: Finland's foreign trade position is at present excellent; and on the labour front, Communist power was considerably reduced in the four-yearly

elections to the central council of the Finnish T.U.C., held last April. And as long as the other political parties remain aware—as they certainly are at the moment—that the battle against Communism which unites them is far more important than the economic issues which divide them, it can be said with certainty that Finland, unlike the satellites, will never be taken from within.

Capture from within has been proved to be the method preferred by Moscow. Capture from without would be a costly business in the case of Finland, and at present, at all events, the Soviet Union seems in no mind to embark on any adventures on her north-western frontier. The situation, from Russia's point of view, is reasonably satisfactory. She has got valuable territorial concessions from Finland: the ice-free Arctic port of Petsamo, and the naval and military base at Porkkala Udd, opposite Tallinn, from which the approaches to Leningrad and Kronstadt could easily be sealed off. For the last seven years, the Finns have behaved with consistent correctness towards Russia, and the Russians have maintained a gentle political pressure, just, as it were, to remind them that they must not allow their sympathies with the west to divert too much of their attention.

During the last year, this pressure has concerned the Aaland Islands, which have been part of Finland since the Middle Ages. They are, however, inhabited by a Swedish-speaking population which, after Finland became independent in 1917, demanded incorporation with Sweden. The question was referred to the League of Nations, whose commission ruled that they should remain Finnish, though with a certain degree of provincial autonomy guaranteed by the right to appeal to the League should Finland fail to respect it. A convention signed by all the Baltic powers except Russia, and by Britain, France and Italy provided for the demilitarization of the Aalands and for their neutrality in the event of war.

The provisions of the convention were re-affirmed in the Peace Treaty. But a year ago the Russian Minister in Finland pointed out to the Finnish Foreign Minister that the international guarantees constituted an infringement of Finnish sovereignty; that in any case the League of Nations had ceased to exist; and that the situation of the Aalands was a question of interest only to Finland and Russia.

The Swedes, separated from the Aalands by less than 50 miles, took quite another view. Their Government announced firmly that any change in the situation concerned all the powers who had signed the convention. The Finns temporarily got the best of both worlds by agreeing in principle to the removal of the international guarantees, but by postponing the Parliamentary debate on the subject indefinitely. The matter was brought up in the Diet just before the elections, but no decision was reached. But the fact that even the

intransigent Mr. Fagerholm wishes to see the guarantees removed, in return for which the Aalands will receive other advantages, is a measure of Finnish willingness to make certain concessions to Russia in the international sphere. The Russian move is also a measure of Soviet determination to keep Finland clear of any formal entanglements with the west.

Each side is proceeding with a certain caution and on a tacit *quid pro quo* basis which underlines the realist strain in Russian politics. The Finns applied for membership of the United Nations; the Russians vetoed their application, but raised no objections to their taking part in the work of several of the specialized agencies. The Finns would have wished, for many reasons, to participate in the Marshall Plan, but they were wiser than to attempt it. The Russians then reduced considerably the total amount of reparations they had previously demanded, and it is thought in Finnish political circles that this was a form of compensation for the loss of American aid.

It may even be that it is in the economic sphere that the Russians hope eventually to wield the strongest influence over Finland. The reparations programme obliged the Finns to build up heavy metal, shipbuilding and electrical industries which had never existed before, and which were fundamentally unsuited to the country's economy. In September next year the reparations will be paid off—but the metal industries will still exist. For many years their future has concerned Finnish economists. They cannot compete with the larger British and German industries. Buyers could be sought only in the east. Russia—surprisingly to many Finns—proved a relatively willing customer. Last year a trade agreement, covering the period 1951-1955 was signed, by which Russia will continue to take, in the form of exports, approximately the same goods and amounts as she has been taking in reparations. The immediate problem of the metal industries is thus solved; the problem left unsolved is how much the Russians will pay. The basis of "world market prices" is quoted in the agreement, and this, the Finns are aware, may mean anything. It may even mean that the metal industries will function at a loss.

Great Britain has been for years Finland's largest single customer. The full operation of the Russian trade treaty will mean that the Soviet Union will occupy a place comparable with that of Britain in Finnish export trade. Finnish trade with the west as a whole, however, will continue to outbalance her trade with the east. The Finnish Communist party, no doubt under Moscow's guidance, is pressing for an increase of trade with the east at the expense of the west. "Why", asks their leader, "should we sell our valuable wood products to Britain when we cannot get British coal? Why should we buy grain from the Argentine when we could just as well

get it from Russia?"

But Finland sets enormous store by her trade relations with the west. She would probably be willing to accept economic disadvantages, if necessary, in order to retain the political advantages which western trade gives her. (At present, there is no question of economic disadvantage. The American appetite for newsprint and the American ability to pay high prices for it, are even greater than the Finnish appetite for dollars.)

An interesting sidelight to the Russian aim of integrating Finland more closely in the eastern European economy is the fact that Communism in Finland profits thereby. Under the Potsdam agreements German assets in Finland were handed over to the Soviet Union, and negotiated by trading organizations financed by international Communist capital. These same organizations handle all trade between Finland and Russia and eastern Europe. A percentage of their profits goes automatically to the Finnish Communist party. It is true that other political parties in Finland get substantial funds from business firms; but in no case is the contribution so automatic and assured as in the case of the Communist party.

The overall picture of a slight increase in Communist power within; of a constant, if gentle, pressure on external politics from the Russian side, and of increasing economic ties with Russia and the east is, on the surface, scarcely encouraging. But against it can be set one overwhelming fact which enables the onlooker to lay long odds on Finland's continued internal independence: a fearless and open-eyed determination to retain that independence, and a burning but realistic love of freedom which makes it the last thing the Finns would sacrifice.

One has only to compare Czechoslovakia and Finland to realize how far this determination has carried the small Arctic nation. Czechoslovakia ended the war as a victorious ally of Russia, and is now an imprisoned satellite. Finland was twice defeated in war by Russia, and is to-day the only country on Russia's borders which can hold free and secret elections. She is also the only country in the world which has rid herself, as she did in the 1948 elections, of a Communist Prime Minister and a Communist-dominated Government, by the old-fashioned democratic method of voting it out of office.

In spite of concessions and vicissitudes, the Finns can be proud of their record of the last seven years. Their geographical position allows them no hope of ever being able to walk anywhere but on a political tightrope. But in this art they are becoming all the time more skilled.

(The author has recently returned from another stay in Finland.)

SWISS GUNS AND BUTTER

BY PAUL EINZIG

MACHIAVELLI, writing in A.D. 1513, observed in *Il Principe*: "The Swiss would not at this moment be so free but for the consciousness of being so well armed." What was true four and a half centuries ago holds good to-day. And it is equally true that, in the twentieth century as in the sixteenth, Switzerland succeeded in achieving a high degree of security through being well armed, without sacrificing her relatively high standard of living. Early travellers' accounts contain much evidence about the remarkable degree of prosperity that then prevailed. Recent visitors to Swiss holiday resorts—including the writer of these lines—have been struck by a visible evidence of a high and rising standard of living that carried more conviction than any amount of statistics.

During the summer and early autumn there was feverish military activity in towns and villages, troop movements on busy railway stations and remote mountain roads. From time to time lively artillery fire was audible near the scenes of the military manoeuvres, and the air above the peaks and glaciers was buzzing with the noise of warplanes flying in formations. While listening to the gunfire, the tourist was helping himself to unrationed rich Alpine butter. Evidently, Switzerland can combine guns with butter in a concrete as well as a symbolic sense.

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According to information published in reference books, the mobilization strength of the Swiss armed forces is 720,000. For a small country with a population of 4,500,000 this is impressive enough. But what matters is that this impressive force consists of trained up to date and well equipped men who can be organized into military units in a matter of hours in case of emergency. This is the result of the operation of the system of national militia which ensures that the able-bodied male population receives adequate military training and is not allowed to forget what it has learnt. The initial period of training is 118 days (for certain categories more). This may appear on the short side, but there is subsequent training, 20 days per annum for those between 20 and 36 years of age, and another

36 days altogether during the following 12 years. From 48 to 60 the men must hold themselves in readiness for auxiliary and non-combatant duties.

Swiss citizens have to sacrifice much of their time for military training, not only in early youth but in later years after settling down to their respective professions or occupations. It is a sacrifice not only to the individuals concerned but also to the country as a whole, for a large proportion of its man power is employed for unproductive purposes. Nor is this all. The provision of the soldiers with equipment—whether home-produced or imported—diverts additional manpower from producing for civilian requirements. The result is, however, that the Swiss people have achieved a higher degree of security against sudden aggression than any other nation this side of the Iron Curtain.

During the 1939-1945 war Switzerland maintained a mobilized army of sufficient strength to convince Nazi Germany that her conquest would be more trouble than it would be worth. So far from dismantling the fortifications and shelters erected during the war, she spared no effort and cost to maintain them in good condition and reinforce them. She certainly could not be taken by surprise by Russian invasion, being able to make the best use of her unique natural defences, thanks to the availability of trained divisions immediately on the outbreak of the war. The sacrifices that her citizens have made in the cause of achieving that degree of security have surely been worth while.

But sacrifices were made only in a relative sense. It would have been well worth while for the Swiss nation to put up with a setback of its standard of living, to forgo freedom from want for the sake of freedom from fear. In fact the standard of living has not only been maintained but materially raised since the war, and it is to-day appreciably above pre-war. In the quantity and quality of goods in mountain village shops which do not cater for the tourist but solely for the villagers—the poorest section of the Swiss population—there is little trace of the shoddiness that characterizes the goods displayed in shops in British mining villages or slums. Some of the lines kept are remarkably high-class, without being too expensive. And even though many prices compare unfavourably with those of the corresponding British goods, the fact that the high-priced commodities are stored in large quantities shows that the villagers can afford to buy them.

A very large proportion of the houses has been built since the war, and in every small village many new ones are being erected. Remote hamlets are being linked with the main arteries of traffic by new expensive motor roads. Various other public works are in course of execution. The fertility of mountain meadows is increased with

the aid of newly constructed irrigation systems carrying the water from the glaciers to distant villages, ensuring full use for every drop of it. The utilization of the country's immense hydro-electric power is making progress. Evidently capital investment is proceeding at a reasonable rate; it does not have to be curtailed for the sake of meeting defence requirements and the demand for consumer goods.

Beyond doubt Switzerland compares favourably with any of the European countries in her standard of living. She is progressing in spite of the expenditure of money, materials and manpower on national defence. Other western European countries jeopardized their national security after the war by allowing their defences to decline, for the sake of satisfying popular demand for lower taxation, more consumer goods and better social services. Even the United States achieved her unprecedented post-war prosperity largely through neglecting—with the exception of the atomic weapons—her defence measures. On the other hand, countries such as Spain, Yugoslavia and Greece have endeavoured to maintain their fighting strength at the cost of accepting a very low standard of living.

Switzerland alone among all countries has been able to acquire both guns and butter. What is even more remarkable, she has been able to achieve this result with the minimum degree of inflation. A country which is trying to do too much at the same time, by raising its standard of living while spending much also in arms and capital equipment usually pays the price of its ambition in the form of rising prices. Admittedly there is a certain amount of inflation in Switzerland. The trend is world-wide and no country can isolate itself from it without drastic deflation, causing economic depression and all-round misery. But Swiss prices have been kept down to a remarkable degree, especially if we remember that there are no food subsidies in Switzerland. It is true, many foreign visitors motoring through the country find it very expensive. But those who know where to stay, where to feed and where to shop find Switzerland a remarkably cheap country, allowing for the high quality of the goods and services received.

It is an often-repeated argument that the reason why Switzerland has been able to maintain a high standard of living in spite of maintaining strong national defences is that she has been neutral in the two wars. She suffered no devastation, and during the 1939-1945 war the cost of her military preparations to safeguard her neutrality was small compared with the cost of fighting Germany, reconstructing war damage, and, in the case of liberated countries, making good the losses caused by German occupation. On the other hand, Switzerland did not of course receive large-scale assistance in the form of grants and loans after the war. In any case reconstruction in the former belligerent countries was more or less completed years ago, and

the full productive capacity of the nations concerned became available for current requirements, civil or military. Countries other than Switzerland could have afforded to strengthen their defences. Yet they preferred to feed well instead of securing the peace of mind derived from the consciousness of being well armed for defensive purposes.

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The secret of Switzerland's success in combining guns with butter lies mainly in hard work and good administration. The Swiss people are not only prepared to die for their freedom if necessary, but also to work hard for it even when the danger does not appear to be imminent—which requires a higher degree of intelligent patriotism. They are puzzled by the contrast between the self-sacrificing attitude of the British people in 1940 and the popular appeal of the anti-rearmament campaign in 1951. They accept willingly the sacrifices imposed on them by the requirements of national defence, and make up for lost time by working even harder. They are willing to forgo the extra butter they could derive from their intensified work if they were to neglect their defences to the same extent as other democratic countries have done.

Wherever one looks in Switzerland one gathers the impression of hard and well-organized work. There everyone appears to believe in giving a full day's work for a full day's pay. Building operations, for example, proceed in rain as in fine weather, from sunrise to sunset. Those of us who are used to the sight of the supreme slow-motion-picture of British building cannot help being impressed by the way the construction of Swiss houses is progressing from one day to the next. The whole spirit of the Swiss working classes is utterly different from what one encounters in France and further west. The feeling that they are their employers' equals is so deeply ingrained in their minds that they do not feel the need for asserting it by truculence and bad service. Swiss hotel employees listen incredulously to accounts of the details of our Catering Wages Act. They are not desirous of being "feather-bedded" in such a way. In smaller hotels waiters and waitresses think nothing of doing other housework between meals. In mountain resorts hotel employees spend their spare time on agricultural labour.

Nor are Swiss owners of property content to rest on their laurels. They are busily engaged, with or without the aid of hired labour, in improving their houses or fields. It is true, they are not prevented from doing so by a licensing system, nor are they discouraged by a development charge. Switzerland is a property-owning democracy, and such handicaps on improvements would not be tolerated.

It is this willingness to work hard that has enabled Switzerland to reconcile a high standard of living with a high degree of military

preparedness. No doubt there are flaws in the latter, and the former is in many respects far from ideal. While the trained men are available at a moment's notice, the volume of "heavy" equipment—warplanes, tanks, and so on—is far from adequate. Hence the decision adopted by the Federal Government last year to increase arms expenditure, following the example of other democratic countries. More guns are needed, but their acquisition need not necessarily reduce the amount of butter available. And if sacrifices have to be made after all, they will be made willingly by the Swiss people. No politician in Switzerland could gain popularity by asserting that the nation, or substantial sections of the nation, would refuse to defend its freedom unless its higher post-war standard of living is maintained intact.

(Dr. Einzig is the author of many economic works ; he has recently returned from Switzerland.)

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION

BY DOUGLAS VEALE

UNIVERSITIES differ from other big institutions, whether governmental or business, because of the kind of work they do. In a university, what men struggle for is not power over other people (attained either by amassing money with which to buy their services or political authority with which to command them) but opportunities for their colleagues, their pupils and themselves to amass or advance knowledge. Thus they are organisms in which the individual members are more important than the body. This is what gives university administration its distinctive character. The administrative authority is not the director of the business, and it does not prescribe how the various parts shall contribute to a common purpose. The university administrator, therefore, is, or at any rate ought to be, the servant and not the master of the constituent parts of the university ; he is "the insignificant implement of necessary services." In public administration the lack of trained administrators during the nineteenth century, when government began to interfere in earnest with the life of the individual citizen, had disastrous consequences, but in the universities the exact reverse happened.

During a great part of the nineteenth century, Oxford and Cambridge, after the considerable reforms at the turn of the century, were as static as society at large had been during the previous century. They were occupied with a limited range of traditional studies in which by well-established methods conscientious and able teachers brought their pupils, themselves the pick of the upper and middle classes, to a high standard of knowledge. Administration was then a part-time job for an academic amateur. All he had to do was to see that the simple business of the university was done in an orderly way and with scrupulous accuracy. How simple the business was may be illustrated by the fact that thirty years ago there was still living in Oxford an old lady who, as a girl, had helped her uncle, then vice-chancellor, to keep the university accounts. At the beginning of the twentieth century, science forced its way into Oxford and Cambridge with the same sort of disruptive effect as the industrial revolution had wrought in the world at large, and once more the administrative authorities, but this time with the happiest results, were outrun by change. By the time Oxford and Cambridge realized

that administrators trained for the job were needed, the scholars were already in control. Bureaucracy never had a chance because, before it became efficient, the healthy tradition that a university must be a self-governing community in the sense which will be described later in this article was firmly established.

But another lucky accident was needed to remove all risk of bureaucracy taking control. Before the 1914-1918 war Oxford and Cambridge were not only self-governing but also self-sufficient. As long as studies were almost entirely literary, the material equipment needed was cheap, and salaries were not in competition with those of more highly paid professions. Even when science created a demand for expensive laboratories, private benefactors and the resources built up by thrifty management proved to be equal to the occasion. But the war both stimulated scientific development and, by what then seemed crippling taxation, restricted the flow of private benevolence. In spite of some opposition within the universities, the need for government grants was recognized. A Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge was appointed and, in accordance with its recommendations, the first regular recurrent government grants were paid to those universities in 1922-1923; £30,000 to Oxford and £38,500 to Cambridge. Had this happened before the war, some measure of government control would almost certainly have been imposed; and that could only have been done through the agency of a local bureaucracy, with consequences to Oxford and Cambridge about which it would now be idle to speculate. But in 1922 Parliament and public opinion were troubled by the extent to which the independence of local authorities was threatened by the receipt of a large part of local revenues, earmarked for special services, from the central government. Already the idea was in the air that this might be avoided by substituting block grants towards the total expenditure of each local authority, paid without conditions (except that the local authority must be up to the average of efficiency), for percentage grants for special services. And so it was settled without public controversy that the grant to each university should be an annual sum fixed for five years at a time in aid of the general expenditure of the university. These grants are administered by the University Grants Committee, a body with an academic chairman and members, which advises the Government how much money altogether is needed to maintain the efficiency of the universities and to pay for their necessary growth, and then divides this sum in fair proportions among the universities.

By 1930, then (to take an arbitrary date), the position was that Oxford and Cambridge were enjoying revenues which were sufficient for their needs partly from endowments, partly from fees, partly from

private benefactions (which even now are notable in amount), and partly from government block grants: above all they were self-governing communities controlled by scholars who were served by permanent officials whom it would not be becoming for the present writer to describe as efficient.

If scholars are both to control administration and to remain scholars the burden of their administrative work must be spread over many shoulders. Luckily university work is by nature specialized and so lends itself to sub-division. Experts can fairly easily be found in each sub-division who for the sake of their own convenience, if from no higher motive, will spare time for its administration. And since they really are experts, many of them of international renown, no permanent official can possibly hope to know as much as they do about the problems they discuss. His function is executive—to do what his academic masters tell him to do. At Oxford there are more than eighty such sub-divisions, to each of which is delegated almost complete control of the unit it administers. These units vary in size (though their academic importance cannot be measured by their size) from the Bodleian Library, of which the curators get a total income from the university of about £90,000, to the Committee for Classical Archaeology, which gets a total income of about £100. The curators of the Bodleian, having secured the income of the library, appoint their own staff and within the limits laid down by university statute (the Bodleian statute occupies 12 pages in a volume of 502 pages of “statutes” and 275 of “decrees”, from which it is obvious that the statute must be in very general terms) manage the library as if it belonged to them. Only if they wish to enter into a contract or secure an amendment of the statute need they get the sanction of any higher authority. They can, of course, be questioned officially and publicly criticized by their fellow scholars, which, in their case, means practically all the university. At the other end of the scale, the Committee for Classical Archaeology is so highly specialized that it really consists of everyone in the university who is specially interested in the subject and is therefore less exposed to criticism, though perhaps more liable to internal stresses than the curators.

Although in Oxford the intention of those who framed or adapted its present constitution was to ensure by the sub-division of business in the manner just described that the university should be controlled by scholars, whose views were to prevail over those both of the professional administrator and of the lay administration addict, in a body of the size of the university there must be some central authority intermediate between the sub-divisions and the whole body, to exercise general supervision. It would be easy in the absence of safeguards for this central authority to develop an appetite for power.

Constitution-makers have usually adopted one of two kinds of safeguards, against any such risk. Either they weaken the intermediate central authority by splitting it into mutually antagonistic sections, for instance by giving an independent body the power to refuse money for what the policy-making body wishes to do, or they put arbitrary restrictions by means of a written constitution on the power of the central authority itself. Both these devices lend themselves to delay and obstruction in the conduct of business. In Oxford the constitution-makers adopted both kinds of safeguard but the university in practice observes neither. Instead, it has adopted some unwritten conventions, which have become more binding than any constitution.

The central authority is by the constitution split up into three bodies, the Hebdomadal Council, the General Board of the Faculties and the Curators of the University Chest, whose powers and duties are strictly defined by statute. Of these, the Hebdomadal Council, which consists of 18 members elected by all the resident M.A.'s (Congregation) and four *ex officio* members of whom one, the vice-chancellor, is chairman (as he is also of the other two), is the policy-making body. But Council cannot propose new expenditure without consulting the curators of the Chest who manage the property of the university, collect its revenues and keep its accounts and who, therefore, can best judge whether money is available. Nor can Council propose anything which affects academic standards, such as altering an examination syllabus, creating a new professorship or appointing teaching and research staff, except after consultation with the General Board which represents the teaching and research staff who actually apply the standards. Each of these three bodies has its own chief permanent official, though the three of them work as a team of which the registrar, because he is the secretary of Council, is *primus inter pares*. It might seem, therefore, that unlimited opportunities for obstruction exist in the constitution of the central authority. There is indeed a constitutional device for preventing obstruction in a provision that any irreconcilable difference of opinion between Council and either the General Board or the Chest, shall be resolved by a committee of six members, three appointed by each of the two disputants, with the vice-chancellor as chairman. Obviously this is only another way of leaving the decision to the vice-chancellor; and the device is now never used because it is repugnant to the self-governing character of the university. Nor is it necessary, because any difference of opinion which arises can be referred without difficulty or delay to Congregation, which does not indeed initiate business, but whose consent or at least acquiescence is final, and which, as just noted, is the whole academic community. The important point to observe, when describing the university as a self-governing

community, is that Congregation can make its decisions at once.

Now if Council, having acquired an appetite for power, spun its policy out of its own inner consciousness and tried to impose that policy on the university by constant appeals to Congregation, Council would not be a central authority at all, but only an advisory committee. But there is an unwritten convention, perhaps more correctly to be described as a wise habit, that Council shall never make any important proposal without first consulting all the subordinate administrative bodies in the university whose interests are affected. Thus when Council submits a proposal to Congregation, it has nine times out of ten already either gained the agreement of the experts concerned or has disclosed some irreconcilable difference which it submits for the decision of the university as a whole. Council's method, then, is to consult, suggest, even, maybe, to cajole. In this way it exercises great influence. But it is the influence of a leader in a free community, who remains a leader only as long as anyone chooses to follow.

The present writer does not know enough of the administrative methods of other universities than his own, to state how far they resemble those of Oxford. But from the nature of the work to be done it seems certain that they cannot differ fundamentally. This administrative machinery seems well-designed to ensure the predominance of academic views in the conduct of university business. Does it equally ensure that there is some means of adjusting academic policy to the legitimate demands of the public? All British universities have subscribed to the view that they cannot discriminate between the academic importance of subjects. As a Cambridge scholar once put it: "The middle ages were no doubt deplorable, but they did take place, and are, therefore, a proper subject of study." Scholars may, indeed, be able to state with some confidence that until some startling new discovery is made, a particular study is not likely to yield results important enough to justify the diversion to it of any considerable part of a university's resources; but no scholar would ever be bold enough to say that any subject is completely exhausted. Still less could anyone weigh the claims of active, expanding studies. Such claims must in any university be settled, as claims are settled in self-governing communities, by the general sense. Now that is just the point at which academic opinion is likely to fall foul of public opinion.

To the man in the street, the problem of preserving a proper balance of studies, which is so baffling to the man in the university, seems simple. How, he asks, is anyone to doubt that the study of atomic energy is more important than the history of ancient Egypt? From listening to B.B.C. talks and reading some simple primers, he can give a hundred reasons for casting his vote for atomic energy. But what

he is really claiming is the power to decide an academic question on social grounds. He cannot appreciate, as indeed only a scholar can, the delicate interactions of seemingly remote studies upon one another. It is, however, the man in the street who now pays through taxes more than 60 per cent. of the total cost of the universities, and he naturally claims to have a voice in their management. The universities can neither ignore nor surrender to these claims. What sort of compromise to work for is now perhaps the most important problem confronting the authorities of the universities and the University Grants Committee. It is unlikely that a formula will ever be devised by which the universities can determine when they should acquiesce in an activity of social value but not of equal interest academically. The tendency will, no doubt, be for government departments and other bodies to seek to impose upon universities more than they ought to undertake, and for the universities in consequence to resist this pressure more than can perhaps be socially justified. In the end, no doubt, a reasonable balance will be reached, though it would be too much to hope of human nature that government departments will never protest that the universities are doing too little, nor the universities that they are being asked to do too much.

From the foregoing account, it is clear that not even the friendliest critic could describe the methods of university administration as slick. Truly enough, in a university's relations with the outside world, its officials have from time to time to take quick decisions of the same kind as the business man has to. But most of the decisions are reached after meticulous discussions for the outcome of which no individual has the personal responsibility. That, however, is true of most organisms which are governed by committees. What makes the task of the university particularly difficult is that there can be no quick test of results. The university declares no cash dividends and publishes no statistics of output. The amount of knowledge produced cannot be measured whether it is issued to the world in the shape of books and learned papers or in the shape of young graduates. The only evidence a university administrator can have of the success of his work is the approval of his colleagues and their readiness to turn to him for advice.

(The author has been Registrar of Oxford University since 1930.)

THE RETREAT OF THE CITY

BY ASA BRIGGS

BY far the most interesting feature of the Preliminary Report on the Census of 1951, issued recently by the General Register Office, is the information it provides concerning the equalization of the rates of growth of urban and rural population between 1931 and 1939 and the subsequent movement ahead of the rate of growth of the rural population. The years 1939 to 1951 are the first occasion for more than a century that the rural section has gained at the expense of the rest of the community.

Before sweeping conclusions should be drawn about the return to the land or the rediscovery of the village, it is important to note that since 1939 there has been a virtual suspension of local government boundary changes, which has prevented some suburban growth from being brought within the sphere of urban administration, and that furthermore some of the flight from the wartime towns and cities was a once-and-for-all change rather than a phase in a longer sequence. Yet even when factors of this kind have been taken into account, the information provided by the Census suggests that the period of urban development which began with the industrial revolution is drawing to a close and that new facts and new problems are emerging.

Quite apart from the over-all balance between town and country, the position of the industrial city has changed within the framework of a growing community. Liverpool and Manchester, for instance, both declined in population by about eight per cent. between 1931 and 1951, while 43 other towns with a population of 50,000 or more declined during the same period, ten places losing more than ten per cent. of their population. Among them were some of the new towns of the industrial revolution, the "insensate industrial towns" of Mumford, the grim unfinished communities exposed in the Blue Books of the 1840's, and painted in their worst colours by the Hammonds. Merthyr Tydfil fell in size by 14.1 per cent. between 1931 and 1951, continuing an earlier fall of 11.3 per cent. in the previous decade. Rhondda, Salford, Oldham, Burnley, Smethwick, Rochdale and Gateshead were in a similar position. To some extent their fall was checked by the 1939-1945 war, which served to increase the rate of fall in Greater London.

London is a special case, which would merit detailed study on the

lines already mapped out by demographic historians of Paris. In 1939 Greater London reached its peak population of 8,728,000. Since then, partly as a result of bombing and evacuation, it has fallen by nearly 400,000. Within the County of London itself the fall has been much more marked, from 4,397,003 in 1931 to 3,348,336 in 1951 a decline equal in numbers to the total population of Birmingham, England's second largest city.*

Birmingham too appears to be a special case. With a population in 1951 over 10 per cent. higher than in 1931 it has increased the extent of its lead over other English cities. Indeed its total municipal housing estate population exceeds the total population of cities of the size of Leicester and Plymouth. During the great depression its relative economic prosperity made it act as a magnet, while the Midland region, of which it is the administrative and business capital, has also risen in population from 3,743,000 in 1931 to 4,442,000 in 1951, more than 18 per cent. Yet the central wards of Birmingham have been falling sharply in population since the days when they acted as storm centres of Joseph Chamberlain's radical caucus, and if the total population of the area rose so steeply between 1931 and 1951 it was partly because the Greater Birmingham Act of 1911 carved out wide city boundaries, which allowed for civic *lebensraum*. Manchester, hemmed in by a ring of rival authorities, has been less fortunate, although apart from administrative differences the industrial structure of Birmingham has proved more flexible and adaptable than that of its northern rival. The case of Birmingham justifies in itself the cautious paragraph in the Preliminary Report, which warns the reader to study the detailed local background of the general statistical tables before leaping to conclusions.

The cases of both Birmingham and London illustrate the outward pressure of city populations into surrounding areas of countryside during the last 60 or 70 years. The population of London County was greater in 1881 than in 1951, the most rapid penetration of the Outer Ring occurring between 1881 and 1901 when suburban railway expansion made modern "commutation" possible.† The Bournville Trust publication *When We Build Again*, based on Birmingham material collected in 1938, showed a similar trend. Since 1939, while Birmingham has continued to grow, the growth of the outer ring of London has slackened off, but it is significant that nine of the ten counties with the highest increases of population between 1931 and 1951 are located around London or in the south-east of England. Hertfordshire with an increase of 52 per cent. easily leads the rest. The congestion of suburban transport may well explain part of the

* With the exception of County Durham, London is the only county with a population smaller in 1951 than in 1931.

† The verb "to commute" is beginning to be used in London, but so far has not travelled much further. "To journey backwards and forwards from work" is still the usual English phrase.

movement further away from the city centre, for a station with fast trains is often nearer in time to a city centre than are nearer local stations with slower trains,* but there are other reasons too for "colonial expansion" away from the cities—the quest for houses with adequate garden space, the implementation of green belt policies, and sometimes bomb damage in the centre.

The Census Report suggests, however, that more is happening in modern towns and cities than the familiar flight from the city centre. The size of conurbations, now acknowledged officially as recognizable social phenomena,† has been remarkably stable since 1931, only the West Midlands block round Birmingham and Coventry having continued to grow at a relatively rapid rate. At the same time the size of large towns, not necessarily forming part of conurbations, has shown signs of stabilization. The 1931 Census Report pointed out that for provincial centres a figure of 50,000 to 100,000 marked a limit of effective aggregation, beyond which the advantages of further accretion begin to be counter-balanced by increasing disadvantages. Since 1939 this limit appears to have fallen to 40,000 or to 75,000. Towns larger than this size have rates of growth which taper away until they actually culminate in a decline in population at the upper levels. Towns smaller than this size—the rates of growth of which also tapered away before 1939 until at the lowest levels of 3,000 and under they also began to decline—have in the last twelve years tended to increase at a fairly uniform rate irrespective of size. It is possible that the small town is coming back into its own again at the expense of the city, without any conscious effort to make it so. Certainly it is interesting to see, while scanning the pages of the Census Report, that as Merthyr Tydfil and Rochdale decline, Stamford and Warwick rise.

The motor car and the motor bus have produced a new map of England, which already makes a map of industrial England in 1851 look completely archaic. For the first time it is now possible to begin to stand back and examine the whole process of population growth and re-distribution, which depended on textiles, coal and iron, and railways. It is possible to re-assess too the qualitative as opposed to the quantitative aspects of industrial urban growth. A re-assessment of the sequences of urbanization, suburbanization and conurbanization can be made which will cover real case histories of towns and not laboratory models.

The early industrial town may now be following parts of our

* A striking rail isochronic map of Birmingham time-distances in 1949 is given in the British Handbook, *Birmingham and its Regional Setting* (1950).

† Patrick Geddes's term "conurbation" is still only just respectable. Although the West Midland Group chose it as its title for its survey of Birmingham and the Black Country, it has not been a popular word in civic circles in Birmingham, and even when it was recently used by a peer in the House of Lords, a national newspaper columnist took occasion to comment on it.

railway and canal system and some units of our early industry along a road of retreat. With all its much advertised housing horrors and its lack of social amenities, it frequently possessed partially compensating qualities of character, compactness and individuality. Even the old city had a dangerous vitality, which made statesmen exclaim that great cities needed strong government. As times change, we still remain pre-occupied with the problems of the legacy of nineteenth century urbanization rather than with our own twentieth century problems of the housing estate and the new town. The technical progress which along with social legislation has saved England from the squalor of the worst abuses of the old, will not be sufficient in itself to produce effective and colourful twentieth century communities. An age of scattered housing estates demands wireless and television. Our problems are different in character from the old.

The Census, which throws much light on the past, throws a less certain light on the future. Already much twentieth century urbanization is as depressing as anything the nineteenth century produced. A glimpse of growing Corby, which now has a population of over 16,000, is as chilling to the writer of this article as was the sight of Merthyr Tydfil to Thomas Carlyle. And worse than such a monstrosity, which can be seen by night from miles around, is the unstable mixture of town and countryside on the edges of all the great cities, in which the amenities of the country are destroyed without the amenities of the town being secured. If the city retreats only at the expense of the village, which it is already doing in some parts of England, it is doubtful whether anyone will be the richer.

The Census talks in terms of statistics—and some of the unpublished statistics, particularly those relating to occupations and places of work, will make the interpretation of population trends far more reliable—but even at this stage it is possible to examine statistics in terms of the contemporary topographical background. It may be that once the occupational figures are released the rise in the rural section of the population may be revealed as a paper phenomenon rather than a real increase, and that in time the retreat of the city may be counter-balanced by the expansion of urban boundaries, but the social facts of towns like Corby and hybrid urban-countryside like that between Gloucester and Cheltenham, are with us now and cannot be escaped. As we watch the recession of the industrial city and meditate on its obvious vices, which were clearly seen by nineteenth-century critics, we may well become complacent about new problems of our own time. To put the facts behind the Census of 1951 alongside the town-planning material at the Festival of Britain produces a picture of paradoxes and contrasts, which is at least as unsettling as any of the contrasts between the Great Exhibition and the social landscape a hundred years ago.

(The author is a Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford.)

INCENTIVES

BY W. R. INGE

TACITUS tells us that that great and good man the emperor Tiberius, who had been asked to relieve a distressed gentleman, replied: "Industry will languish and idleness be encouraged, if a man has nothing to fear or hope from himself. Every man will calmly expect help from others, useless to himself and a burden to the government." This is of course the stock argument against Socialism. It is not love but hope and fear that make the world go round. Abolish these and the work will not be done, and as it must be done fear must be reintroduced somehow. So Herbert Spencer thought: "Socialism means slavery and the slavery will not be mild." Plato also thought that democracy must lead to tyranny, the one thing worse than itself. Democracy for him was the state of the do-as-you-likes, which according to Kingsley ends in an ape. This was hardly fair, for no self-respecting gorilla would do the things that we do.

Democracy was a bludgeon for the abolition of great abuses. It has done its work, and is now only the pillage of the unrepresented minority, a process which must end in the extinction of the bearers of our civilization. Those who agree with Euripides, that "of the three classes it is the middle that saves the country", will lament the fate of the class which ruled England at the time of its greatest prosperity; those who hope that our new masters will at any rate behave no worse than those who used and abused power in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may still be uneasy at the relaxation of the intense energy which for 40 years made England the workshop of the world. "Damn braces; bless relaxes", exclaimed William Blake in revolt against the gospel of Mr. Bottles and Samuel Smiles. Matthew Arnold's weary Titan is now like the sick lion of the fable; he is kicked with impunity by Persia, Egypt, and Guatemala. Battered and bloodless, he is the victim of two cold wars. For we are not only opposed and insulted by Russia in every part of the world; we seem to be helpless against the pressure groups which maintain a ceaseless economic war against the community. Behind the Iron Curtain strikes are forbidden. Until we have a government strong enough to forbid them we shall continue to bleed to death under progressive inflation.

A nation which depends for its existence on foreign trade can never be a working man's paradise. We are paying the penalty for the century of hope, which levied unlimited drafts upon the future. Victorian prosperity was a great gamble. We were to go on being the workshop of the world. Our exports, imports and population were to go on expanding by leaps and bounds. We sacrificed our agriculture to provide cheap food (and wages) for our industrialists ; we exported our capital to help the "backward nations" to do without us ; we maintained a high birth-rate until the advances of medical science made a parallel reduction unavoidable. The result is that we are in a more dangerous position than any other nation in the world. If we lose the command of the sea in wartime, many millions of our people—perhaps one-third of our population—will die of hunger. It will be the most horrible calamity in history. And we cannot afford to make ourselves secure against attack.

The biological change in the duration of life is perhaps more important than political movements, though ignorance and prejudice prevent it from being discussed. In this country we live almost twenty years longer than our great-grandparents did. A hundred years ago the average expectation of life in England and Wales was 48 years for a man, 52 for a woman ; at present it is 65 years for a man, 71 for a woman. People still talk nonsense about race-suicide. The birth-rate reached its minimum, 14.7 in the early 'thirties. Since then it has risen almost everywhere. The war of course disturbed it violently ; now it will probably be stabilized in this country at about 15, against a death-rate of 11½. We still hear laments that the poor Red Indian is dying out. In Mexico, an Indian country, the birth-rate is 43, the highest in the world, as compared with 17 north of the Rio Grande. There are two million people in Mexico City. By introducing modern sanitation the Americans have halved the death-rate of Japan in five years.

Hope is not always a good thing ; it may be a very bad thing. The optimist in private life is a man who would buy from a Jew and sell to a Scot and expect to make a profit. In religion he believes in a cosmic law of progress, what Tennyson oddly calls an increasing purpose. A popular religion is a superstition which has enslaved a philosophy. The superstition is secularised apocalypticism ; the philosophy is a complete misunderstanding of Darwin. Biologically our race culminated ten or twenty thousand years ago ; if we want to know our ultimate fate we may look at the moon. A poetical housemaid left in her room :

O moon, lovely moon with thy beautiful face,
Careering throughout the boundaries of space,
Whenever I see thee I think in my mind
Shall I ever, O ever behold thy behind ?

She never will, but the posterior of Queen Hecate would not be more encouraging than her front view.

"This world has its dark nights and they are not few," said St. Bernard, who lived in one of them. Carnot and Clausius have taught us that the time-process is irreversible ; but there are great pulsations, renaissances and dark ages which come and go ; all things in time have a beginning and an end. To accept a dark age as final would be to give up hope, which if we are Christians we have no right to do ; though St. Paul says that if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable. This raises the question whether the supramundane hopes encouraged by Christianity diminished the incentives to make this world a better place. Messianism, the expectation of a supernatural deliverance in the near future, was a Jewish patriotic dream which meant little to Gentile converts, and the Jews, as a nation, have never been indifferent to worldly advantages. The truth is that unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday, in default of tangible evidence, are seldom more than half-real to most of us, except symbolically. St. Paul already notices that the pagans "have no hope" ; they believed that they were in an age of decline. This mood of depression is found in Horace and even in Lucretius. It was deepened under the Empire ; in the third century a chorus of woe bursts from pagans as well as Christians. Even the phrase *fin de siècle* (*ipsa clausula saeculi*) is found. Men were conscious that civilization was on the wane, as indeed it was. This period is of special interest to us, because then only, so far as we know, before our own day, has the sense of living under the threat of a collapse of civilization spread far and wide. This pessimism was not, as is often said, part of an eschatological expectation of a coming end of the age, for the pagans expected nothing of the kind. It was due to a half-conscious realization that a phase of civilization had produced all the fruits that it was capable of bearing, and that, as they put it, their world was senile (*senuisse iam mundum*). The parallel seems rather close, when we think of the deplorable condition of the fine arts, including poetry, the increase of puerile superstitions, and the childish excitement over competitive athletics, enjoyed vicariously. The diabolical cruelties of the extermination camps in Germany were worse than anything in imperial Rome. But there are important differences, on the whole in our favour. There was a real *taedium vitae* in the Roman Empire. All the old families disappeared except the obscure Anicii, who were honoured as if they had "all the blood of all the Howards." Statius exclaims quaintly, *orbitas omni fugienda nису*, but the 'effort' to avoid childlessness was not made. The population was declining ; the towns were shrinking into mere forts. The common estimates of the population of the capital are quite incompatible with the known area of the city, which contained huge

public buildings and large open spaces ; there were no suburbs. There are no signs of *taedium vitae* among us, and there is an earnest desire to find a cure for social evils, which we do not find in antiquity. Above all, natural science, both as pure pursuit of truth and as applied in invention, has never been more vigorous and more fruitful than at present. The Romans were not inventive. They never learned how to harness a carthorse properly, and the refuse of their coal mines is by no means all slag.

We have not lost hope, and we have certainly not lost fear, as we did under good Queen Victoria. The main incentives thus remain to us. And we should not forget that those who live in the service of the ultimate values, truth, goodness, and beauty, will continue to work well however unfavourable external conditions may be.

There is one way in which we are certainly on the down grade, through no fault of our own. The circumnavigation of Africa and the discovery of America opened what we may call the Atlantic period, under which first Spain, then France, then Great Britain were for a time successively the leading nations of the world. This period has now come to an end. The three Atlantic nations, with Holland, are now *ci-devants*. The future belongs to nations with a larger area and less congested population. There are now only two great powers, Russia and the United States. This does not at all mean that we shall cease to be a great nation. All the great things in history have been done by small nations—in Palestine, Attica, the Italian republics, Elizabethan England, Holland, the Germany of Kant and Goethe. But it does mean that we can no longer act as the policeman or schoolmistress of Europe. The truncheon and the birch are no longer in our hands.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way.” If Bishop Berkeley was thinking of America he may have been right ; if he was thinking of the old world he was wrong. Intelligent Germans saw this more clearly than we did. Hitler, in my opinion, had no designs against this country, and no dream of conquering the world. He saw that Russia would be the great danger of the future, and thought that if he struck at once the Slavs might be driven out of peninsular Europe and that Germany, in possession of Poland and the Ukraine, would not only have room for colonists, but would be secure against being starved out by naval blockade, as it was in the last war. Aggressive war is always wicked, but it was not stupid. The stupidity was elsewhere. In 1939-1945 we ruined ourselves in knocking out Germany and Japan ; in 1951 we think of rearming them to help us if we are forced into another war. “Do you not see, my son,” said the Swedish statesman Oxenstierna, “with how little wisdom the world is governed ?”

For better or worse, the acquisitive incentives are less now than they

were in the last century. The most successful businessman cannot hope to found a family. No income will secure for him all the domestic comforts which even the possessors of middle class incomes took as a matter of course. There will and must be a slackening of enterprise ; society is no longer organized for the benefit of the good apprentice, the respectable man. But other incentives remain, and possibly there is more room for them. For the stake is very large ; it is all that makes life worth living. Improved organization, ‘planning’, is not the remedy. Power is always abused and always will be. Even the most pressing of needs, the abolition of war, has failed ; the League of Nations is dead. There was no general will for peace, and it takes only one to make a quarrel. Communism is no cure for class warfare ; in Russia a new *bourgeoisie* is in power. “Russia is becoming a *bourgeois* society for the first time,” said Berdiaeff the great Russian thinker, himself at one time a Communist. The disease is in human nature ; it is loss of faith in the absolute values, loss of hope, loss of charity. The great tradition in philosophy, the perennial philosophy as the Catholics call it, must be maintained against popular disintegrating movements which after depriving man of his soul threaten to rob him of his mind. In religion we may remember a saying of George Tyrrell, that a time may come when all that will be left of Christianity will be mysticism (personal religion) and the law of love. Whatever else is kept or lost, these two remain.

Something a little more definite may be desired, some social change to work for. A drastic simplification of life has been forced upon all who had anything to lose in the way of comfort or luxury. We need a new version of the nursery rhyme :

The king was in the cellar
Shovelling the coals ;
The queen was in the kitchen
Washing up the bowls.

If this simplification were embraced as well as accepted by the class which still sets the standard—for the British working man is not a ‘proletarian’, he is a *petit bourgeois*—something might be done to check the growing appetite for embellishments which are not necessities and which only complicate our problems. “Take thy share of hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ” is the sound advice of a New Testament writer. The Dutch sociologist Huizinga ends his admirable book *In the Shadow of To-morrow* with the following words : “The new asceticism will have to be a surrender, a surrender to all that can be conceived as the highest. That can no more be nation or class than the individual existence of self. Happy those for whom that principle can only bear the name of Him who spoke, I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

MY FESTIVAL

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

DON'T attempt it," said the wise man who combines knowledge with experience. "You couldn't do what you propose to do nor see what you would like to see and your failure might involve others. The Festival is not for you." "I'll take your advice" I told him, "but I propose to enjoy the finest and oldest of all British festivals. I hope to have it displayed for me and a few friends; it should start before South Bank is in working order and continue after the last visitor has gone home. In 1952 it will re-open with all attractions renewed; age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. My festival holds sway for unlimited hours, there are nights in May and June when its capacity to delight the visitor is only controlled by his capacity to keep awake." "I think I can follow you," he said, "since I know your way of looking at things. Good luck to the venture, but won't it be rather restricted?" "Seating accommodation isn't good, but it should be sufficient," I admitted.

In the past fortnight a local handyman had set up a bench in the shade of a mountain ash and the shadow of a broom bush. There I could sit alone or in company and see my festival displayed in all its beauty. There would be no admission fees, no noise, no crowds. When forced to leave the scene because duty called, I could walk downhill, along a bracken-bordered path, across a meadow with a stream that flows under great alder trees, over a tiny bridge, successor to the one "Searchlights" cut down because they wanted it for firing, and up a hillside from which the menace has been taken by two seats. While I was away the festival would continue; it does not need support nor admiration; turnstiles and box offices mean nothing to it.

* * * *

There was only one manager in the woodland; his name is Time. He devised the scenery and changed it so slowly and skilfully that the stage was always full and action never faltered. His festival concerts could not be rivalled; he had called superb soloists from across the seas, beyond the confines of Europe; under a contract that lasted for life they worked until their voices passed and then they returned home with assurance of a renewed engagement next spring.

As he dealt with music, so with colour. Before my festival opened

the prevailing note was grey-green, then came the fuller and deeper tints. Following colour came perfume. I think the South Bank had no equal fragrance, no like sense of tranquillity, no such overmastering sense of peace. Halcyon days and halcyon nights were offered freely; almost one heard the world pursuing its road in peace, though not altogether without strife. Raptorial birds, with magpies, jays and even stoats, invaded the festival precincts; death came in pursuit of life, but all such happenings, being in accordance with a law we cannot fathom and whose severity we cannot mitigate, did nothing to check the ordered progress of the pageant. It seemed better to turn from contemplation of the inevitable while seeing that whatever might be done to reduce cruelty was kept in mind. Nature never fails to assure us that we are neither omnipotent nor omniscient and that our place in the scheme of things is infinitely small.

The festival performances that have yielded such delight were being given when Julius Caesar landed on these islands and found there "one horrible wood"; they will persist when you and I are "dust to the last digit." Our tiny share is that of spectators, let us accept the rôle and be content—we can no other. But with due sense of humility it is possible to enjoy the pageant to the full, just as we enjoy the Bellinis in Venice, Fra Angelico in Florence or Girolamo dai Libri in Verona.

I went to the opening of my festival in April and the Chorus from Atalanta came with me. It seemed good to quote it then and there.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

(I find immortal music in Swinburne, though gentlemen whose brows are much higher than mine incline to scoff, well aware that, had they been so minded, they could have done better. But how much of what is written to-day will be so delightfully readable when my pageant is repeated 90 years hence?) As the guests arrived, their names and qualities were noted as accurately as possible, but when April turned to May, it was clear that the visitors' list must be closed. Paper shortage and limitation of space alone would have compelled, for, while April could deal with newcomers singly, a month later they were arriving in battalions.

The few fine April days brought butterflies: brimstone, red admirals and peacocks; over the tree tops skylarks quarrelled and sang; in the conifers wood-pigeons brooded, in two bushes thrushes nested, soon chaff-chaff and willow wren announced the arrival of migrants. Cuckoo called cheerily from his springtime home, nightingales reached the wood and sang in the morning hours as

bravely as at night. A couple of swallows passed ; they must have endured anxious days, for the sun was hardly strong enough to bring their food and they could not have had much strength to pursue it after the long flight from Africa.

In still hour of morning one could hear the murmur of innumerable honey bees, seeking pollen. Easter palm, dandelion and crabapple served their needs and the earliest bumble bees were seen ; those that would come in their hundreds when the lavender flowered had yet to be born. Whitethroat and turtle dove were next on the visitors' list ; fly catchers sprang suddenly into active life, and they hawked within 20 yards of my seat. All the time I sat watching the arrival of migrants and the nesting of birds that do not leave us, I was aware of fresh changes in woodland, following the decision of tree, bush and weed to wear festival dress. Elder and sycamore were the gayest trees, dandelion the brightest weed, wood sorrel the most welcome little flower, while across the valley white blossom marked the plum trees. On the floor of the wood sweet violets clustered here and there, not so generously as the occasion demanded ; lesser celandine shot up, rousing lady fern and bluebells. I think the sorrel for all its modesty was the quiet queen of woodland ; the white, bell-shaped flowers that come so inconspicuously and pass so soon gave assurance that spring was really with us and that rough days were merely incidental.

Yes, all through April festival guests had been arriving but, owing to the reluctance of those responsible for the weather to give us a series of really warm days, progress had been slow and there was no suggestion of overcrowding. Indeed, if truth be told, there were certain hours when the armchair by the log fire seemed to call more loudly than the seat in the wood. But one likes to praise April, if only because she has left the less attractive half of the year behind to serve a sentence of six months banishment from a world that will neither regret its absence nor welcome its return. Had it been possible I would have slept in the wood to enjoy the morning hymn of praise—but this can only be done by consent. "Not at your time of life," said my C.O.

So it became necessary to leave the night festival to the nightingales and late crooning pigeons, joined now by many turtle doves, the brown owl and an occasional bat, while the Master of the Ceremonies called to the bracken to fill all waste places and familiar paths and generally to prepare the conditions that in due season might tempt the sly elusive night-jar to the plateau or the woodcock to the patch of wet ground where food in abundance is waiting amid the sights and scents and sounds of summer.

Festival made certain demands. Only an ear-aid could reveal

the faint music of bursting beech buds or the subdued song of the tree creeper. It was well to carry a few books to the wood to set scenes to the music made by dead lovers of woodland ways ; had my dangerous enthusiasm for picnic meals been shared, I fear, the home would have been deserted for days on end.

It was worth remembering that the most devoted visitor to the urban Festival of Britain would hardly go more than once or twice a week while every fine day brought mine in reach with little fatigue and no expense, never a queue and never a crowd. If the day should be unworthy of the festival it did at least serve a purpose, for, following a shower, all the natural colour and all the natural fragrance were intensified, and you had only to listen to the birds to be assured that rain is worthy of the highest praise and can only be disliked or rebuked by those who have forgotten or never known how much it means to all the life it serves. Perhaps, to appreciate rain, one should have lived awhile in the East. My own sojourns in Africa and Asia have been brief, but have sufficed to keep me from impatient comment when downpour spoils a sporting fixture. Only when it lodges the corn and delays the harvest, whether of hay or corn, is there ground for unavailing complaint, but there is no arable to be seen from this festival site, only woodland, meadow and stream.

* * * * *

My exhibition is over ; the singers have gone ; woodland colours, for all their richness, are those we associate with the passing of the year ; leaves begin to fall, summer time is waiting to go on leave. But without proclamation or *réclame* my festival will return with April. May I be there.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

BY B. EVAN OWEN

THERE is seldom more than a suggestion of inevitability in even the greatest of Matthew Arnold's poems and too often the undoubted competence of his technique reduces to rigid formality the wayward beauty of his thought, or the startling brilliance of his invention. He was not a great poet and he did not write any major poetry, but he left a wealth of very good minor poetry in which there is a prophetic element that renders him immensely readable at this time. He was a critic who did not balk the hazards of self-criticism and he was hard indeed on "Empedocles on Etna", a dramatic poem of considerable power and of unequal importance. Whether the poet was primarily concerned with the poem's faults as considered in relation to his own limited conception of the need for tight, intellectual organization in poetry, or whether he knew the poem to be a revealing and unflattering portrayal of his own spiritual dilemma, is a question that cannot be satisfactorily answered. Certainly there are faults of construction and it is conceivable that Arnold was not anxious for the Victorian world, in which without self-assurance a man was accounted of little worth, to discover the unrest that plagued his mind. For us, "Empedocles" appears as a poem of crisis, and the moral conflicts that separated Arnold from most of his contemporaries are a part of our uncertain existence at the half-way point of the twentieth century. We recognize the conflicts as a part of the moral pattern of man's progress through history and acknowledge the inescapable conclusion that upon the resolution of the conflicts depends the future of mankind. Arnold was unable to see this dilemma so clearly, for, despite his resistance, the optimism of the times did not fail to make an impression, and the heresy which he preached was often swamped with vague generalities arising from a bewildered incoherence of thought. But we are only too familiar with the truth of lines such as these :

The world's course proves the terms
On which man wins content ;
Reason the proof confirms ;
We spurn it, and invent
A false course for the world, and for ourselves, false powers.
Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still ;
We would have health, and yet

Still use our bodies ill ;
Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to life's last scenes.
We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within ;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin ;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means ;
We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through ;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.

There is an existentialist flavour about Arnold's insistence upon man's responsibility for the state of his world ; his implied acknowledgment of man's terrible powers of choice between good, that often appears in the guise of sinful rebellion, and evil, clothed in white and bearing the banner of righteousness. For Empedocles, the final confrontation with death affords him a brief moment of exultation and freedom, and crying

Is it but for a moment ?
Ah ! boil up, ye vapours !
Leap and roar, thou sea of fire !
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me ! Save me !

he hurls himself into the crater of the volcano. Lacking faith, Empedocles chose suicide as final and irrevocable. Also lacking faith in himself, in humanity, in God, though unwilling to admit it even to himself, Arnold chose instead the death of his poetry and strove to achieve integration with society through an intellectual concern with public affairs. He felt his isolation very deeply and saw himself as quite alone in the boisterously optimistic world of his fellows. That is no uncommon state of mind for the artist, but Arnold does not stop at that point. As he is alone, so are all men, each separated from his fellows by an unbridgeable distance.

Yes : in the sea of life enis'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the encircling flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

Who order'd that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?—
A God, a God their severance rul'd ;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd salt, estranging sea.

This poem, of which only the first and last verses are given here, is one of the most beautiful of Arnold's shorter poems, complete in the exposition of his theme and constructed with an unerring ear for the suitability of metre, assonance and alliteration.

Mr. T. S. Eliot considers Arnold's poetry to have "little technical interest . . . It is academic poetry in the best sense . . . 'Empedocles on Etna' is one of the finest academic poems ever written." It is hardly fair to dismiss Arnold's technical achievements in such a cavalier manner, for he did attempt, though with small confidence, a search for verse-forms that were free enough to fit the moods of his poetry. But the academic label would have pleased the son of Arnold of Rugby, whose heavy influence upon the essentially romantic Matthew can easily be under-estimated. The poet, striving always to annihilate the romantic yearnings in his own soul, fashioned his poetry in what he considered to be a severely classical style. Wordsworth he idolized, Shelley and Byron he admired greatly, but he believed that the "purple riot" of their poetry needed to be wedded to the restraining austerity and formal beauty of Homeric verse.

In poems like the hauntingly lovely, "To a Gipsy Child by the Seashore" and the less successful, "Lines written in Kensington Gardens," the influence of Wordsworth is immediately apparent. Empedocles he described in terms overwhelmingly Byronic,

And I could watch him with his proud, sad face,
His flowing locks and gold-encircled brow
And kingly gait, for ever . . .

That he did not entirely succeed in the suppression of the romantic in himself is a measure of the value of his poetry. It is only when his romanticism triumphs over the restricting bonds of an over-intellectualized classicism that he succeeds in writing poetry that compels our attention.

The excellence of "Dover Beach" derives from the essentially romantic vitality of the imagery that is disciplined, but not overwhelmed, by the poem's classical construction. In the two final stanzas the poet achieves a perfect integration of form and content. It is also a plain statement of Arnold's recognition of the spiritual dilemma of his age.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

"The Strayed Reveller", another poem where the romantic is, at least, partially triumphant, can be severely criticized since it contains many glaring faults of construction and language. It also contains some of the most vividly lovely imaginative poetry in Arnold's work. Against the paucity of these lines:

Ah, the sweet fumes again!
More soft, ah me!
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's flute-music.
Faint—faint! Ah me!
Again the sweet sleep.

must be set the limpid clarity of:

The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes:
And see, below them,
The Earth, and men.
They see Tiresias
Sitting, staff in hand,
On the warm, grassy
Asopus' bank:
His robe drawn over
His old, sightless head:
Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes.
They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools;
With streaming flanks, and heads
Rear'd proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind . . .

This poem, incidentally, offers one instance of Arnold's attempts to discover a freer verse-form and despite the harsh treatment it has received at the hands of earlier critics is unlike anything else in Mid-Victorian poetry.

All the available evidence would suggest that the subject of the group of poems, "Switzerland", was something more than a mere by-product of Arnold's repressed romantic yearnings, though it is hardly conceivable that his attachment to Marguerite was more than a platonic liaison. The towering image of his father was too close upon his heels for such an abandonment to passion, and whatever

happened in his poetry, he was well able to suppress the romantic in himself in his relations with women.

Again I spring to make my choice ;
Again in tones of ire
I hear a God's tremendous voice—
" Be counsell'd, and retire ! "

He probably met her in Switzerland in 1846, three years before the publication of his first book of verse and five years before his marriage. The bliss that he glimpsed with Marguerite in Thun was not for him.

. . . the rest, a few,
Escape their prison, and depart
On the wide Ocean of Life anew.
There the freed prisoner, wher'er his heart
Listeth, will sail ;
Nor does he know how there prevail,
Despotic on life's sea,
Trade-winds that cross it from etern ty.

The chains of his upbringing were too strong for him and he was compelled to seek relief in a self-pity that often approached the maudlin in its regretful righteousness. With Marguerite and Switzerland behind him he returned to respectability and marriage with the daughter of a judge.

The infusion of romantic melancholy into his poetry did not please the poet. " ' The Gipsy Scholar ' at best awakens a pleasing melancholy ", he wrote to his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, " . . . this is not what we want. " But in this matter Clough was a better critic than his friend, for he recognized the poem as one of Arnold's greatest achievements. In it he displays to the full his powers of invention and the extreme delicacy of his imagery, especially in the stanzas that speak so beautifully of the Oxfordshire countryside, with its " wide fields of breezy grass . . . Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames " and " the warm green-muffled Cumner hills. " And over all the quiet melancholy inspired by contemplation of the eternally changing world. Arnold sought for the scholar Gipsy as he sought for the freedom he desired but was unable to recognize when it was offered to him through the medium of his poetry. On that level the poem stands as a condemnation of his age and a protest against the " strange disease of modern life . . . With its sick hurry, its divided aims . . . Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts. " The wandering philosopher is urged to keep away from the world's contamination while he yet retains " the unconquerable hope ", and still clutches " the inviolable shade " of his forest paradise.

For strong the infection of our mental strife
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,

Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made :
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

A clear picture of Arnold's later years, when his poetry was over and the sickness of the world had claimed another victim, is contained in the last few lines of that verse.

Matthew Arnold had too much respect for the memory of his father to blame him consciously for the failure of his poetic mission in general and for the failure of his affair with Marguerite in particular. But it is significant that the poem he admired above all others was " Sohrab and Rustum ". The story of the poem is derived from the Persian and describes the career of a young warrior, Sohrab, the illegitimate son of the great Persian hero, Rostum. The theme is the slaying in battle of Sohrab by Rostum, who only learns of their relationship after the fight, and as his son lies dying. In a vain hope that it is not true, Rostum demands proof of their kinship. Sohrab bears his arm and shows his father the tattooed likeness of a signet given by Rostum to his mistress as a proof of their secret relationship. Thus would Matthew Arnold appear to portray the slaying of his own poetic self by the memory of his own father, and of the romantic world which lived for him in the poetry of Wordsworth, by the materialist, industrial one in which he was living.

The influence of Homer on Arnold, exemplified by the too lavish use of the extended " Homeric simile ", is clearly seen in the passage which describes the baring of Sohrab's arm and the revealing of the paternal seal : an expression of the intangible in terms of the tangible.

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loos'd
His belt, and near the shoulder bar'd his arm,
And shew'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd : as a cunning workman in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :—
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.

In this passage the metaphor is well chosen. The delicacy of porcelain expresses well the texture and inherent fragility of flesh from which the life is fast ebbing and " the emperor's gift " refers to Rustum's relationship with Sohrab, and also to the fact that Rustum gave his son the fatal blow. Arnold employs some other equally felicitous similes in this poem—and a few that are ill-chosen; as, for example, in the lines describing the death of Sohrab :

. . . the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream : all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soil'd,

Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
 Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
 By romping children, whom their nurses call
 From the hot fields at noon. . . .

This sort of inconsistency in the quality of his work can be found in all his longer narrative poems and in many of his shorter poems. It is one of the reasons why Arnold is a very good poet, but in no way a great poet and clearly is a reflection of the unrest and uncertainty that governed his life.

When Goethe wrote: "There is a great difference between the poet who seeks the particular for the sake of the universal and one who seeks the universal in the particular . . . the latter is the true method of poetry," he might have been speaking directly to Matthew Arnold. It is arguable that after Wordsworth, it was Goethe who had the greatest influence on the young Arnold and his later critical essays owe a great deal to the German genius, as well as to the Greeks. They are, indeed, to quote a modern critic, the product of a "Germanized Hellenism". After writing of the Greeks that, ". . . with them the poetical character of the action itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration," it was but a short step for Arnold to such a convinced belief in the supreme importance of moral significance in poetry that he could dismiss Chaucer as of only average importance because he was wanting in "high seriousness". But despite the occasional faults of judgment in his critical work, Arnold remains the foremost literary critic of his age and we, in this century, owe him more than is usually recognized by modern literary historians. He did much to introduce us to the rich literary heritage of France and his Homeric studies are patterns of lucidity. When considered in the light of the theories advanced by Croce and his followers on the importance of the aesthetic sense in critical evaluations, Arnold's essay "The Study of Poetry" appears to be almost obsolete. Yet there are many critics writing to-day who would do well to temper their judgments anew in the spirit of Matthew Arnold.

Poet, scholar and critic—in all of these rôles Matthew Arnold can still claim our attention and our respect. He was a true representative of his time, a period we are only just beginning to understand, and in which there were many elements familiar to us in this middle period of the twentieth century. Having passed through such extremes of crisis over the last fifty years, we can afford to be tolerant of the Victorian's exaggerations and regard objectively his particular cultural inconsistencies. In Matthew Arnold's poetry, and occasionally in his prose, we can discover, through his reactions to the turmoil of his own experiences, a reaffirmation of the supremacy of the spirit in a materialist world.

THE HEAVENLY HEIGHTS

BY WILFRID GIBSON

IN Chartres Cathedral, as a youth,
 Mazed by the medieval atmosphere
 Of incense-dreaming centuries
 Of spiritual aspiration and the sheer
 Exultant adoration in pillared stone
 Springing to soaring arches, whose austere
 Fabric was flushed with rich resplendences
 Of multi-coloured stained-glass light
 Streaming from windows brilliant with the glow
 Of southern summer, blazing row on row—
 While I sat, day by day, alone
 In a bedazzled dream,
 Writing romantic rhymes
 Of visionary times,
 I first became half-conscious of the truth
 That most men seem
 To shrink, at sight,
 From the exaltation of celestial height:
 For, as they entered by the western door,
 The visitors would give one casual glance
 Towards the vaulted roof, and then no more
 Would lift their dazed
 Awe-stricken eyes above
 The plane of their own minds, earthbound;
 But with relief would turn
 To wander round,
 Inspecting with meticulous concern
 Each detail, craftsmen of old France
 With dexterous love
 Had carved on shrine and screen,
 While overhead, by them unseen,
 The etherial lights of heaven burned and blazed.

Yet, even though the dreams
 Of youth have faded and necessity
 Has, for the most part, kept my eyes earthbound,
 My soul has ever found
 Escape from apathy
 In zenith-piercing spires and sunset-gleams
 On mountain-peaks and heaven's infinity.

ENGLISH POETRY : 1938-1950—III.

BY HERBERT PALMER

WILLIAM Soutar made a considerable reputation in Scotland before the war, but his voice rarely passed beyond the Border till just before his death in 1943. His numerous volumes, culminating in *Collected Poems* (1948), revealed him as a foremost twentieth century poet of Scotland, hardly challenged even by Hugh MacDiarmid, who thinks that he is at his best and most individual in the vernacular. There is a warm streak of tenderness and poignancy in some of Soutar's lyrics, so rare in these harsh days.

A single book that caused a sensation in the corridors and was much praised by Desmond MacCarthy, was *The Defeated* by P. D. Cummins (the Phyllis Mégroz of that superb lyric "The Silver Bride"). The poems reveal a master hand in traditional forms, their chief theme the futility of mere sexual love, the defeat of the soul by lust. Here, at any rate, is a book where the theme shapes the verse, and not *vice-versa* as has so often happened with very modern poetry.

The note of P. D. Cummins was bitter and even old-fashioned. Less old-fashioned but equally remote from current vogues because somewhat reminiscent of AE (George Russell) were 80-and-odd lyrics published by Clare Cameron, a mystical and pastoral poet, in two unobtrusive brochures of verse, *Far from Home* and *A Stranger Here*. Spirituality and the breath of comfort flow from some of these lyrics, their earthly atmosphere pastoral and the shape of the best of them melodious beyond reproach. The probable reason why Clare Cameron is not better known is because she has always avoided every sort of sensationalism, and her kind of note went out of fashion after 1925. Nevertheless, she has affinities with Kathleen Raine and Phoebe Hesketh as well as with AE.

Another poet of mysticism whose beginnings precede 1938, but who has published rather more copiously, is Dallas Kenmare. She is a warm admirer of Robert Browning, about whom she has written a book, but with whom she shows no affinity whatsoever except in content. Most of Dallas Kenmare's poems are in free-verse and deal primarily with frustrated love, and love as it should exist between true lovers. But her free verse really is verse (even rhapsodical at times) and not prose-verse. Ordinarity of epithet and phrase interfere

with its impassioned content and atmosphere, and perhaps explain the public's neglect of her. Poets, supported by critics and anthologists, have been epithet-and-phrase crazy, and as I think I was the first new poet after 1917 who was lavish with phrase and epithet—perhaps in semi-conscious opposition to the "Georgians"—I think I have the special right to say that this verbal idol has been placed on too high a pedestal.

Another woman poet, who has been continually passed over by others, is Alberta Vickridge, the editor of that little North of England verse-quarterly, the *Jongleur*, which she heroically kept going throughout the 1938-1950 period. She is a scrupulous traditionalist, and is one of the few poets who can tell a romantic tale and write it in good blank verse. Her fellow north-countrywoman, Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, has continued the publication of her unique poems in the Yorkshire dialect.

One of the most considerable developments since 1938 is the poetry of T. W. Ramsey, who is now conspicuous as a thoughtful poet of fine shapeliness, sometimes in traditional sprung-rhythms which lightly touch fingers with Irish wavering rhythms. He is outstandingly good at short narrative poems for the verse-speaker, as these opening stanzas from "Herod" bear witness :

Bring hither the bronze platter.
Let me see the head—
I would know how the desert falcon
Looks when he is dead.

I have seen those eyes so filled with lightning
When thunder was their lord,
I would have thought such fire and fury
Might have turned the sword.

Yet for the whim of a lightfoot dancer
Now lie they low
Never to burn this side the water—
What wind shall blow

These coals to flame again
Runs not over earth.
Here is an end of their deadly speaking—
From their death what birth ?

He is less occupied with himself than Frederick Meyerstein, who has written much intellectual verse in tightly strung rhythms, melody that does not always yield its content swiftly.

The author of the long narrative poem "Dymer" has revealed that his real name is not Clive Hamilton but Clive Staples Lewis. He has become widely known as the author of those imaginatively religious prose-works, *The Screwtape Letters*, *Pilgrim's Regress* and

The Great Divorce—the general influence on him, Charles Williams. Some gripping lyrics in *Pilgrim's Regress*, as well as in anthologies and the literary press, bring him to our attention as a considerable lyrical poet. A much earlier, but equally disciplined romantic, J. Redwood Anderson, followed up his volume of pastoral lyrics, *The Curlew Cries*, with a very long fascinating poem, "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grania" (competing here with Austin Clarke), which shows great knowledge of Irish myth and legend and complete mastery in a new kind of flexible blank verse, but which Anderson had already successfully essayed in "The Human Dawn". Another scholar-poet F. L. Lucas, one who has always shown himself a master of the simple lyric, has published a massive volume of translated verse, *Greek Poetry for Everyman*, which has been judged unusually successful, both as translation and poetry. But many others of the older poets have more firmly established their reputations. It is not quite certain if Roy Campbell did it in *Flowering Rifle* (written just before the outbreak of war and published at its beginning), that satirical swash-buckler volume in which he stormed against Communism, Democracy, the Jews, John Bull, the International Brigade, Free Thought, Modernist Poets and the English Left Wing, writing too as a British soldier in General Franco's Spanish army. In *Talking Bronco*, which followed it, his wit and invective are often less lucid, modernist fog and indecipherable *argot* adding nothing to his originality, so that in spite of some towering and exciting passages of galled self-esteem, the book does not seem as virile as *Flowering Rifle*.

Others who published new volumes quite certainly did add to their reputations. They include not only Walter de la Mare and Edwin Muir, but Dorothy Wellesley (Duchess of Wellington), who, in addition to two successful new volumes, published one of selected verse in which she showed herself a powerful and original poet in an old tradition, touching fingers lightly with things modern. Richard Church's poetry became better known, and Ruth Pitter continued in semi-classical diction her lyrics of restrained self-revelation, and in *The Rude Potato* showed herself capable of laughter-raising humour. John Masefield, Yeats (posthumous), Austin Clarke, Edmund Blunden, Siegfried Sassoon, V. Sackville-West, Charles Williams, Lord Dunsany, Robert Graves, Frank Kendon, Stanley Snaith, Gerald Bullett, Clifford Dymont, published new volumes. And De la Mare, Lilian Bowes Lyon, Richard Church, Richard Aldington, Ruth Pitter, Laurence Whistler, Seumas O'Sullivan, Cecil Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, W. H. Auden, Roy Campbell, R. C. Trevelyan, Vivian Locke Ellis, John Gawsworth, Thomas Thorneley, and Geoffrey Faber, issued at different intervals their collected poems. R. C. Trevelyan is a scholar-poet who moves in the same circle as Robert

Bridges, though he is only just inside its rim. He had particular bad luck, for his *Collected Poems* of 1939 were all destroyed in a London blitz, and a later book *Aftermath* (containing a few of the earlier poems) seems to have been smothered by the modernist racket. *The Collected Verse of Thomas Thorneley* was a strange overflow from the past, for the author, who defines himself on the dust-cover as "formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in History", has written entirely in the outmoded Victorian and pre-Victorian metres and idioms. He has been somewhat influenced by Wordsworth, though much of his verse may be defined as "light", of which he generally shows himself a master. He is a frequent caustic critic of the modern scene, perhaps the most caustic of any poet, as in this limerick :

Said a Writer, who rose from obscurity
By polluting his page with impurity—
To be decent and clean,
As so many have been,
Is a mark of the mind's immaturity.

And he deftly hits off "The Ultra-Modernist Poet" with these lines :

Enough that, as the tides of feeling pass,
Some trivial moment of the unmeaning flow
Is caught and pinned beneath transfiguring glass,
That we may watch its tortured image grow.
What else is left us ? gone are codes and creeds,
And smug conceits that waked Victorian lyres ;
Mind is for us a string of worthless beads,
And life a fatuous round of balked desires.

Perhaps among the poets of the last 60 years his closest relationship is to William Watson, and he certainly challenges him as an epigrammatist, though he is more often disappointingly commonplace. G. Rostrevor Hamilton and John Arlott included five of Thomas Thorneley's descriptive lyrics in their topographical anthology, *Landmarks*.

The strangest of the whole company of collectors is Geoffrey Faber, who has been described by the chairman of a London University students' society as "the godfather of modern verse." Geoffrey Faber is certainly not the lineal father or grandfather, for his volume of collected poems (1908-1940), *The Buried Stream*, is completely traditional, and one wonders why Edward Marsh and Harold Monro overlooked him when they compiled their Georgian anthologies, especially as he fought in the 1914-1918 war ; perhaps it was because his note seemed too distinctly Victorian and not sufficiently of the new mode. Now he has become the head of a famous publishing house, most of whose publications of verse may be described as "modernist" and the title "Faber poetry" affixed to them as opposed to "Georgian

poetry ”.

A curious feature of recent English poetry is its tendency to become regional and out of touch with the average English reader. Keidrych Rhys is a very queer Welsh poet, and his anthology *Modern Welsh Poetry* is a very queer anthology, and poets like Lynette Roberts and H. L. R. Edwards are very queer contributors, and such frequent lines as the latter's :

Between my thighs an extraordinary
Sun dangles, emptying light on London

seem to suggest that it is time the Welsh got Home Rule. The main influence is manifestly Dylan Thomas, but when a poem gets away from him and really hits the bull's eye the result is truly electric, as in Huw Menai's black and blazing "Back in the Return", a poem about the sinister darkness of the Welsh mine "Where Night is rotting in her tomb" and about the filth of its overworld.

Modern Scottish Poetry (1946) edited by Maurice Lindsay, himself quite one of Scotland's best young bards, is much broader in range, embracing poets who made their first appearance during the years immediately preceding the 1914-1918 war, for Violet Jacob, Marion Angus and Muriel Stuart are in it. Among the more recent poets there are Hugh MacDiarmid, William Soutar, Edwin Muir, Hamish MacLaren, Andrew Young, Douglas Young, Ruthven Todd, Adam Drinan, G. S. Fraser, Tom Scott. Tradition here has triumphed, though in two or three of the poems the diction is distinctly odd, and its metaphors, similes and symbols against nature. One of the most violent critics of the formless poets in Scotland was William Hutcheson of Milngavie, a bard in an older tradition (though a number of the poems in Lindsay's anthology must have well pleased him) who died in January 1951. In an issue of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* of 1944 Hutcheson wrote :

I smole a smile when I read the wise worrrds on our
new Scots bards the ither night. As I have been
a rantin rhymer in Doric and English for a guid
ween years maybe this ballade will stir the skep.

After which follows his "Ballade on Bunkum", of which this is the first stanza :

Ach ay, they died off one by one
The auld bards wha could rhyme a treat ;
The new hae neither guts nor fun,
Rhyme, rhythm, nor convincing heat.
The auld had leanings towards the sweet,
They charmed new beauty into view ;
The new boys bay the moon, or bleat,
Now poetry has gone askew.

Maurice Lindsay has sub-titled his collection "An Anthology of the

Scottish Renaissance 1920-1945", and perhaps that is true.

The Irish literary renaissance more or less came to an end a few years before the death of AE in 1935, for it was AE rather than Yeats who held things together. Who to-day are the most prominent of the new poets of Ireland ? Is it that poet of the soil, Patrick Kavanagh ? Or is it Patrick MacDonogh ? Or is it Donagh MacDonagh ? Or is it Sean Jennett ? Or John Hewitt ? Or Roy McFadden ? Or W. R. Rodgers ? Or Robert Farren ? They have all written some vitally beautiful or powerful verse, and they have all been classed as Irish poets. To me, one of the most essentially Irish of them is Patrick MacDonogh. He is a poet of love and nature, but often sombre and unsatisfyingly nostalgic. He came to the front in Ireland during the war, but had his beginnings in what, I think, was jestingly known as "AE's Poultry Farm". Another late-comer who missed the Irish renaissance and published several volumes after 1937 is John Irvine. He writes in a manner that cannot be identified with that of any of the recent Irish poets. He is a graceful and compact poet, if a little too ordinary in epithet, and seems to have been influenced by Landor, Fitzgerald, Flecker and the poets of the *Greek Anthology*. At any rate there are affinities, and he has translated much verse from the last.

The wind now is blowing from all directions and from none. The only living English poet who seems to stand unchallenged and four-square is Walter de la Mare, for John Masefield of recent years has not been given a fair deal. The poetry of the second half of this century will probably owe most of its impulse to the two kinds known as Victorian and Georgian, with fertilization from the later moderns. Little interest is shown by the sensitive man in the street, but such as it is is all in the direction of verse that can be easily spoken and easily listened to. Three verse-speakers' anthologies published in 1950 seem to indicate the direction of the coming new wind : *Poems for Speaking*, compiled by Richard Church ; *Personal Choice*, compiled by Wilfred Pickles ; *Anthology for Verse Speakers*, compiled by E. Guy Pertwee. This last, to which I added a preface, is the most bulky of the three. But they each contain verse from Shakespeare to the poets of the present day, and show how all new poetry must be based on tradition if it is to be effective. The verse in all three anthologies has been tested by verse-speakers and found attractive to listeners. They were all compiled to fulfil a crying need, and they were all published independently of one another yet within a few weeks or months of one another. What is peculiar about them is the very small amount of space given to characteristic verse of the last two decades. The Georgians get a fair deal, and the battle between Georgians and modernists seems to have ended in easy victory for the

Georgians, who despite their limitations are now seen to be in the great tradition of English poetry, even though they were not flowing sufficiently in the centre of the stream. Their revolt against the Victorians may now appear more of an escape than a revolt, an escape towards the banks of the stream, but they never settled into the little bays and side eddies. The Georgians tended to avoid the patriotic, the ethical and religious ; but the modernists have done little better, and, if less amoral, have been hesitant of expressing vital religious and absolute truths in communicable diction. Nearly all the best Christian poetry with a swift and lucid appeal pre-dates 1930, though it was often written by poets who were not definitely classed as Georgian. Tenderness and gracefulness, which were frequent features of Georgian poetry, gave way to the harsh and obscurely cerebral. Worst of all, many of the new poets sought to do with poetry what sanity had never previously attempted. But a great deal of all this is obviously at an end. What the future is to bring forth is not yet clear, but we are possibly on the eve of a very interesting and exciting poetry revival.

(The first and second parts of this article appeared in the September and October issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Next month will be published an appreciation of Herbert Palmer himself, by Derek Stanford.)

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

CERVANTES AND HIS COMPANY

By E. ALLISON PEERS

WHAT is the quality in Spanish literature, those who teach or study it often ask, which commends it so strongly to foreigners ? Those who view it from the outside can have no conception of its attractiveness. It is like Spain itself, and like the Spanish people : one may not have the good fortune to visit the first or to come to know the second, but those who do will be irresistibly drawn to them again and again. So it is with what Mr. Brennan calls the "literature of the Spanish people"*, the literature (or should one use the plural ?) that has had its birth in Spain. I think the explanation of this attraction is its universality. It is intensely human, this literature of the "man of flesh and bone"—a mirror in which each of us sees himself, his moods, his ideals, his failings, his problems. This remark is a commonplace when applied to *Don Quixote*, in each of whose two great characters there is something of every man and woman of us. But a similar remark might also be made of Jorge Manrique, whose elegy on the death of his father echoes the experiences and the moods of us all ; of Juan Escrivá, whose poem on death shows us humanity in one of its unmistakably pagan moments ; of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, a magnificently impudent eulogy of the children of this world who are wiser in their generation than the children of light ; of the *Celestina*, whose two lovers are not just any two lovers, but, regarded from one angle, are *all* lovers.

And, if we think of our other selves—of the moments when we have immortal longings on us—Spanish literature can still give exquisite expression to what

most of us would say if we knew how. Had it only St. John of the Cross, for all his love of beauty so austere and inflexible, we might well despair. But it has also the Lope de Vega of the *Rimas Sacras*, the incorrigible yet repentant sinner, with his sweetest songs telling of saddest thought, his fervent apostrophes, his moments of devastating candour, his startling flashes of insight.

Some of these things, and many others, Mr. Brennan has set out to convey in his substantial, well-written and frankly subjective account of a literature which has captivated him as it captivates us all. Though it follows an approximately chronological order, it is an essay, rather than a history, saying much of writers, books and poems, but little of tendencies and movements. So it should be read less with a view to examinations than for pure pleasure. Unfortunately its author hardly goes beyond the beginning of the twentieth century, which, in any work on Spanish literature, would be a pity, but is doubly so in such a personal one, untrammelled by any need to pronounce objective judgments or to show a precise historical perspective. This limitation means that Mr. Brennan can "do little more than mention" so eminently universal a figure as Jacinto Benavente, the greatest living Spanish creative writer, enviably productive to-day at the age of 85. Still, not all the moderns are so scurvily treated. If Benavente gets only 12 lines, García Lorca only a hyperbolic epitaph, and most of his contemporaries among the poets nothing at all, Pío Baroja (whom Mr. Brennan rates very highly) is given four and a half pages, and Juan Ramón

* *The Literature of the Spanish People*, by Gerald Brennan. Cambridge University Press. 40s.

Jiménez nearly nine. The fact that the "facile, inventive, often rather flippant" Gómez de la Serna has a full page and that a minor poet like José Moreno Villa "requires to be mentioned" while the really great poetry of Salinas and Guillén goes unmentioned and unquoted shows that Mr. Brenan, though an enthusiastic guide, is by no means a safe one.

Enthusiasm, however, if backed by knowledge, is a valuable quality, and Mr. Brenan has it in a high degree. I should not myself dissent from many of his superlatives: "The Archpriest (of Hita) is the most self-aware of all the writers of the Middle Ages"; "Celestina herself is one of the most vivid and splendid creations of all literature"; "Calderón's most thrilling poetry was written in the first half of his life." But where I do (as with the view that Pérez Galdós, discussed at greater length than Lope de Vega and almost as fully as Cervantes, is "by far the greatest of Spanish novelists") I can respect them. For there are no rights and wrongs in these matters, and Spanish literature, just because it is so intensely human, elicits an unfailing response from human nature. There is a simple but striking phrase in Rubén Darío's sonnet to Cervantes which admirably illustrates the spirit of this book. "Hours of sadness and depression," exclaims the poet, "I spend in my lonely retreat. But *Cervantes es buen amigo*." Exactly: "Cervantes is a good friend." And what is true of Cervantes is true of the rest of the varied and vital figures in the procession. They are no solemn statues on pedestals, appealing only to the intellect. Juan Ruiz, Gil Vicente, Luis de León, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Calderón, Rosalía Castro, Pérez Galdós, Pío Baroja; they differ widely in merit and in genius, but they have one thing in common—they are our author's good friends, and he would have them the good friends of us all. Some years before the last war, a well-known Spanish poet and critic published an anthology of contem-

porary poetry which various of his contemporaries, not themselves included in it, maliciously dubbed: "Anthology of my best friends." The term, in a more flattering sense, and in all sincerity, may be applied to Mr. Brenan's essay.

It is the more appropriate because he has provided generous selections (with literal translations) from the poetry of the Spanish people, ranging from a Latin hymn by Prudentius to a seascape by Juan Ramón Jiménez. He also provides an annotated bibliography—not a mere book list—"to help the general reader to find the best available texts of the writers he may wish to read and the most useful books of a critical and biographical nature that have been written upon them." For this, and for the conception and execution of the book as a whole, the general reader will certainly be grateful.

THE FOURTH REPUBLIC OF FRANCE: Constitution and Political Parties, by O. R. Taylor. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*. 15s.

The study of modern government can be conducted at several different levels, and the writer of books on the subject must decide on what plane his work is to lie. Ultimately, no working system can be fully understood without going below the formal institutional and legal level to the political level of party alignments and activities, and then below that again to the economic forces and social tendencies which explain the make-up of political parties. At each level, a sense of historical growth and change has to be preserved, since even the newest régime inherits, and is moulded by, past experience.

Mr. Taylor has deliberately chosen to confine his study to the institutional and the political levels, and has made his aim descriptive rather than interpretative. There can be no quarrel with this choice, and the book's subtitle makes it clear that this is his choice. But it means that the reader must not expect to find here a penetrating expla-

nation of why the balance and alignment of political parties in the Fourth French Republic is so different from the pattern of the Third, nor a discussion of the economic problems (especially fiscal and inflationary) which have caused the fall of so many French ministries these past five years. What he will find is a clear and orderly description of the new Constitution of 1946, and of the present party spectrum in the National Assembly. This job was worth doing, for it has not been easy for the general student of French affairs to find, in handy form, the simple facts of these matters. Mr. Taylor's book is a most useful compilation of them—a political handbook of current French politics. Fair criticism must begin by treating it as just that.

As such, its main defect is a certain lack of historical perspective, which robs some of its judgments and even its descriptions of completeness. It omits those large parts of the working constitution which were taken over, tacitly and virtually intact, from the Third Republic: the judicial system and the administrative system, with the *Conseil d'Etat* at its head; the traditions of parliamentary procedure, so admirably described in Mr. D. W. S. Lidderdale's book on *The Parliament of France*; the structure of local government and administration. Judgments on the Third Republic are often lopsided: was President Poincaré so negligible a factor in government as it is implied the President normally was (p. 55), and were pre-war cabinets, with *pleins pouvoirs*, so utterly at the mercy of the Chambers as it is suggested (p. 44)? The significance of M. Blum's 'caretaker' cabinet, the only single-party government in the history of modern France, is completely missed. One could multiply such omissions, which even on the chosen level give the book an air of superficiality. Already—and given printing delays this is no censure on the author—the details of electoral laws are out of date. A much more systematic index would have greatly improved the usefulness of the

book, which lies in being a ready-reference for facts, names and constitutional details of what is new in the political system of France.

DAVID THOMSON.

ESSAYS ON GOVERNMENT, by Sir Ernest Barker. *Oxford University Press*. 25s.

In this second edition of his *Essays on Government* Sir Ernest Barker has omitted one essay which was in the first, on the Government of the Third French Republic, and brought in two others, "The Theory of the Social Contract in Locke, Rousseau and Hume" and "St. Augustine's Theory of Society". He has also revised two of the other essays in the collection. Both the additional essays have been published before as introductions to texts of the authors they discuss.

Sir Ernest Barker's quality of scholarship is familiar. He is urbane rather than trenchant, balanced and not challenging. He does not approach the great thinkers of the past with the cocksure bellicosity of many of his less able contemporaries. It is not his purpose to shock or to shake, but to expound. He enters the society of great minds as he would a dignified club to which he had been not long elected. He listens with pleasure and respect, making his own polished interventions. We must not then look for explosive or contentious writing in either of the additional essays in this book. They were written as introductions to the theory of social contract and the *Civitas Dei*, and it is this purpose that they faithfully serve.

It is a measure of the calm receptiveness of Sir Ernest Barker's mind that he writes with equal sympathy and understanding of St. Augustine, who never lowered his eyes from God once he had raised them, and of Locke who saw God rather as a constitutional monarch, and of Rousseau who hardly saw Him at all. In his essay on social contract he makes clear the antiquity of this notion, how it was grounded in the idea of natural law which Antigone

invoked against Creon's edicts, how it had long flourished in European thought and how the originality of Locke and Rousseau lay in the twists they gave the theory. Similarly St. Augustine's writing is shown as the confluence of ancient streams of thought, Plato, the Stoics, Posidonius. But though nourished on classical learning he was, as Sir Ernest Barker remarks, a sentinel looking forward to medieval Christendom. The boldness and subtlety of St. Augustine's thought is not likely to do more for a modern reader than give him a historical understanding of what followed. The concepts of which he writes, the heavenly and earthly cities, do not have an extension that corresponds to any sub-lunary grouping of people or institutions. The earthly city is not the State, and the city of God is not the Church, emphatically not the Church upon earth. His communities include angels and devils, thrones, dominations and powers. His political philosophy is determined by his theology. His justification of slavery, for instance, must be quite unacceptable, irrelevant in fact, to an anthropocentric generation. His thought is unlikely to have more than a historical interest in an age in which a correspondent can write to *The Times* of the gas-turbine as a prime mover, without so much as an inverted comma.

OWEN HICKEY

RUSSIA BY DAYLIGHT, by Edward Crankshaw. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

It must be a little unusual to feel refreshed after reading a book on what is the central political problem of our time and the greatest contemporary menace to our lives and liberties. The intellectual independence and the reasonable temper of Mr. Crankshaw's approach to his subject, though they certainly offer no easy solution of the problem of the relationship of the free world to the Soviet Union, at least offer some hope that a firm but discriminating policy, pursued over a term of years,

may lead to a relaxation of present tensions. Russia, says Mr. Crankshaw, is an expansionist but not a warlike power; and in the course of her history "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that when a particular expansionist threat has been frustrated the Russians have recoiled and sunk down into passivity, almost with a sigh of relief. Total resignation replaces total arrogance."

There is no question but that the present is a period of Russian expansionism, and the question must be how to frustrate Russia's expansionist ambitions without driving her rulers to desperation. The "general thesis" of the book, in the author's words, are "that Stalin and his friends are not, to put it vulgarly, all they are cracked up to be, and that Soviet Russia, even if she has not feet of clay... has, to put it politely, her fair share of those internal contradictions in which Karl Marx... saw the downfall of organized societies." The large-scale organization of slave labour, for example, revelations of which have done so much to damage Russia's reputation among the movements of the Left, which had previously been her main sources of support, has been, in Mr. Crankshaw's view, "not the deliberate creation of a malignant autocrat, but the outcome of a natural process stemming from the revolution." In foreign affairs, too, the Russian leaders have made grave errors of judgment, as with Tito, and Mr. Crankshaw considers that in consequence of his aggressive foreign policy Marshal Stalin has lately lost his hold over the Russians: "we have frightened ourselves into hysteria with a chimera of our own imagination... in the light of recent Soviet actions the idea of a master-plan simply will not hold water."

Marshal Stalin himself, according to Mr. Crankshaw, is a Marxist only in the sense that for him the "internal contradictions" in the capitalist world obscure "his consciousness of all other aspects of that world;" and his

revival of Leninism and Marxism after the war has been partly due to his desire to use Communist parties abroad "not interested in the glory of Russia," partly to the need of a disciplined organization to support the régime at home and partly to secure the succession, which, as a Russian patriot, Marshal Stalin is anxious to do.

"I do not believe that Stalin will start a war of conquest." In Russia's industrial backwardness, in her comparative lack of progress in agriculture, in her army, which, though very formidable, has problems which it is easy to underestimate and a striking power which it is easy to exaggerate, Mr. Crankshaw advances powerful arguments to support his belief. The most important question, however, is simply whether Russia will start a war—whether of conquest or not. That largely depends on the reactions of the Politburo to western rearmament; and though here again Mr. Crankshaw's reasoning suggests a favourable answer, in the field of psychology there remain too many imponderables for either the author or ourselves to adopt this answer with complete confidence. All we can say is that the Russians, including Marshal Stalin, will respect strength and despise weakness.

W. T. WELLS

A SHORT HISTORY OF ZIONISM, by Israel Cohen. *Frederick Muller*. 15s.

The State of Israel is over three and a half years old and has settled into its place on the map at such speed, that the calling into existence of the State is no longer a matter of discussion. Thus to many—certainly among non-Jews—the story of Zionism was tending to become blurred by the passage of time and the general hustle of our changing world. That is why Mr. Cohen's latest book *A Short History of Zionism* is a timely publication. It has, too, the merit of being well up to date and of conciseness and of chronological coherence; and, though it is a "success story", it avoids, with a deftness on which Mr. Cohen is

to be congratulated, that strain of embarrassingly exultant propaganda which latterly has been all too present in Israelite literature written for America by Jewish authors.

The book's contents cover the now well-known evolution of Zionism from the days of Sir Moses Montefiore down to Doctor Herzl and on to Dr. Weizmann. The chapters on the British Mandate for Palestine handle an acid issue with commendable objectiveness though there are comments "more in sorrow than in anger" which will strike a jarring note of patronage in the minds of English readers who are weary of being told by Jewish writers how allegedly stupid they have been. It ends with a short and temperate account of the Arab-Jewish armed conflict and an extremely interesting review of the way Israel is setting about putting its house in order.

But one topic which is going to loom large in Israeli politics for many years, is, perhaps, too lightly discussed, for the Arab refugee problem is to-day the largest refugee problem in the world. Mr. Cohen has limited his forecast of the future of Israel to very brief comments, but it is a disappointment that he has dismissed the Arab refugees in a few very non-committal commonplaces whereas the non-Jewish reading public, to whom his book is presumably addressed, are still awaiting a constructive Israeli policy on this vexed issue.

This omission—which I presume was deliberate—does not fundamentally detract from the value of the book. It is a fine readable record—easy to follow and unaffectedly written. On the inside of the cover is a surprisingly adequate map which supplements the text admirably. Above all there is, as Appendix I, a thorough chronology of Zionist evolution; and it and the well-compiled index will pilot readers safely through a story which other writers, less objectively-minded, have only too often reduced to incoherent melodrama.

OWEN TWEEDY

APPRENTICESHIP AT KURUMAN, edited by I. Schapera, Series 5, Central African Archives, Oppenheimer. Chatto & Windus. 30s.

Robert Moffat was only 25 when he and his wife Mary came to the Mission at Kuruman, founded in 1817, but until Moffat's arrival languishing under ineffective direction. By his energy and passionate faith, with much hardship and in face of great difficulties, he promoted Kuruman to a foremost place among the missions of Southern Africa.

This book deals with the early struggles of one of the giants of nineteenth century evangelism to establish Christianity among the tribes of southern Bechuanaland. The papers now assembled cover the first and most difficult period of Moffat's ministry, among tribesmen whose interest in his message was at the best faint, at a time when Bechuanaland, like so much of the sub-continent, was torn by tribal war. They consist of journals, compiled by Moffat for his directors, and of selections from his official and personal letters, the whole covering the period 1820 to 1828. There are also letters from Mary Moffat to relatives in England.

This period in Moffat's life has of course already been dealt with in his own *Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa* and in J. S. Moffat's biography of his father and mother. But if this publication lacks something of the historical interest of others in the same series (for instance, *The Matabele Journals*), it provides much material useful as a background to the later chronicles. It also contains several things that are new. There is considerable information about the various inter-tribal disturbances that distracted the country, the actors in the troubled scene are shown in greater detail, while the true composition of the horde of starving bandits—the so-called Mantatees—that invaded the Tlhaping

country in 1823, is explicitly stated for the first time. Of lesser—and mildly scandalous interest—are some uncharitable comments on Moffat's colleagues and acquaintances, but a surprising discovery is his dislike for Dr. John Philip. It seems however that Moffat, who held that the missionary's task was first and foremost to convert the heathen, disapproved of the political activities into which Philip was led by his championship of oppressed peoples. Strange that in 1884, the year after Moffat's death, his successor John Mackenzie, compelled to fight the same battle as Philip by the impact of the Boers on the tribesmen, should become the first Commissioner of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland!

Much of the interest of these papers lies in the light they shed on Moffat's character. His flawless physical courage, his ardent faith, his resolution and capacity for quick decision, as well as his dependence on Mary for solace in moments of depression: all these are underlined. But so too is his total lack of sympathy with the African as a human personality, his disregard for any beliefs that did not fit into his own sombre theology, his boundless contempt for any customs that did not conform to his narrow idea of Christian living. To the end of his life he would never admit that the African had any religion of his own worth consideration, and this correspondence is full of comments so intolerant, so lacking in perception, that they leave one speechless.

As was to be expected from this source, the book is very well produced. Professor Schapera's abundant notes are invaluable, and his introduction, in addition to comment on the documents themselves, gives a clear description of the setting in which Moffat and his colleagues laboured. There is a good index and the map is simple but adequate.

A. SILLERY

LLOYD GEORGE, by Thomas Jones, C.H. Oxford University Press. 21s.

This biography is a fascinating study of marred greatness. "A dynamic force" was Lord Baldwin's description of David Lloyd George whom he disliked and distrusted. The ordinary man forgets the quality of sheer physical endurance demanded from a politician; his life, for one who lives it with a will, is the hardest on earth. For marked success in politics, to be among the few outstanding in each century, a man needs first and foremost tireless energy and vitality. It is a quality which needs to be joined to brilliance, but it is rarer than brilliance. Gladstone had it, Mr. Churchill has it, and also Mr. Aneurin Bevan—which is why he looms so formidably over the future of the Labour party. David Lloyd George had it in a quite special degree. One of his successes was the Irish Constitution of 1922; this is Dr. Jones's judgment on his conduct of the difficult negotiations with Griffith and Collins:

He put every ounce of energy into the conference. Tenacity, foresight, vigilance, fairness to opponents, patience with opponents and colleagues alike, a mind of the most extraordinary intuitive swiftness, the most unfailing good temper day and night, in hours of intense strain no less than in times of comparative smoothness—these were the shining qualities that brought to an end the deadlock which had baffled all the great statesmen of England.

It is natural to compare Lloyd George with Mr. Churchill. He had fewer advantages. At this stage no sound judgment can be made, but one can guess that while both were great war leaders, Mr. Churchill was perhaps the better administrator of a war. Lloyd George despised, but kept, Haig and Robertson. The vastness of the machine they controlled gave them a strength which no general in this last war of smaller armies possessed. Lloyd George certainly failed to have his way with them. He lacked, of course, that more detailed knowledge of military matters which Mr. Churchill had gained

for himself.

On the other hand, Lloyd George has two reputations. He was as great in peace as he was in war. The social reforms of the pre-war Liberal Ministry were his; they are the foundations of the welfare State. It has to be remarked that Mr. Churchill, at the Board of Trade while Lloyd George was at the Exchequer, was a junior partner in this work. But the Liberal who stayed a Liberal, who "was always on the side of the under-dog," is here in a class by himself.

His greatness was marred. Dr. Jones, who worked closely with his subject, has done well to bring this out so delicately. For this reason his book, while it should delight the general reader, is a primer for politicians. He remarks at one point that Lloyd George had no real friends. This is probably significant. Just as he had no friends, he had no real party loyalties. He was thinking of coalitions before the 1914-1918 war. He hugged his private fund and would not share it with the Liberal party which he, though not wittingly, did more than any man to split and ruin. He was a magician in love with his magic. Dr. Jones quotes Lord Robert Cecil: "It is better to have second-class brains than second-class characters." In England people as well as party politicians tend to agree.

WALTER JAMES

THE GERALDINES, by Brian Fitzgerald. Staples Press. 15s.

Mr. Brian Fitzgerald tells his magnificent family history from the Norman Conquest to the Battle of Kinsale, which ended both the Gaelic-Norman and the Geraldine power in Ireland. This greatest of Norman-Irish families was "sprung from a house whose beginnings go back to the days of Troy." From the Gherardini family of Florence, came, through Normandy, into England, the Baron Otho of Edward the Confessor's reign, whose grandson Gerald married

the famous Princess Nesta of South Wales. One of their sons was Maurice FitzGerald, invader of Ireland with Strongbow.

From Maurice's line sprang the great Geraldine clan—the Earls of Kildare and Desmond and their offshoots, whose place in Ireland was to be unique among other Norman-Irish families in which similar culture assimilated with Norman-Gaelic intermarriage of body and mind. The Geraldine history, which Mr. FitzGerald says rightly, is the history of Ireland, is as confused as that, in political allegiance. Now some serving the English Crown, now some with other Geraldine and Gaelic allies, in revolt—for a land rather than a national war—again themselves suppressing Gaels and cousin Geraldines ruthlessly. The Great Earl of Kildare, of whom Henry VII answered the Bishop of Meath's plaint: "All Ireland cannot rule this man" with: "Then he shall rule all Ireland"—which he did as Lord Deputy—came near to being king of a united Irish nation, in which, as in him, Norman and Gael might have been perfectly fused.

The author begins significantly with the Irish land, a chief character among many great characters; he describes fascinatingly the life of castle and cabin and countryside of each period; he illuminates the Elizabethan age, recording such events as the massacre of the Spanish and Italian garrison at Smerwick in 1580—at the end of the Desmond Rebellion, when pregnant women too were hanged—an operation directed by Sir Walter Raleigh; but he does not conceal the violence of his own illustrious ancestors. If he reveals an occasional prejudice, it is against the Church of Rome, while he is kinder to the humble friars, friends of the poor.

Mr. FitzGerald writes with a beautiful evocation of landscape and atmosphere and a novelist's power of showing living characters, and a peculiar and enchanting intimacy, which makes the reader a guest in those FitzGerald castles. Behind the violence and

tragedy lie the gentlenesses which made the legend in which the Geraldines—once of the 'middle nation' in Ireland and never wholly native Irish—remain to-day a beloved legend in a country prone to bitter memories. They showed high sense of chivalry, were patrons of the arts and of Gaelic scholars—the third Earl of Desmond wrote his poem "Against Blame of Women" in Gaelic—their ladies often tended the sick and miserable poor; the Great Earl was a champion of the poor; they included friars in their noble hospitality. They were so important a factor in English history that Henry VIII executed six Kildare FitzGerald on one February day in 1537 at Tyburn, in an attempt to exterminate the family, thus reduced to one eleven-year-old boy.

All over Ireland those FitzGerald castles stand, tall, ivy-covered Norman towers in ruins. Now, after reading Brian FitzGerald's history, I shall see them alive, lit and warm and populated. I shall hear in imagination the music once played within which was one strong assimilating influence of half-Celtic Normans and Irish Celts. And in Dublin by the Liffey I shall see Silken Thomas ride, a "tall, pale figure" at the head of his rebellion, shouting the Irish war cry 'Crom-a-boo!' to rouse Dublin for the Geraldines.

PAMELA HINKSON

AUDEN: An Introductory Essay, by Richard Hoggart. *Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.

This book, by a lecturer in English at the University College of Hull, the first full-length one on Mr. Auden's work, is welcome and valuable. The "enfant terrible" among the poets of the 'thirties, has, in his subsequent development, taken many of his earlier admirers and critics out of their depth, and it is primarily for this reason that a really authoritative assessment of his poetry was needed, which Mr. Hoggart's book supplies. In its precise and progressive examination of W. H. Auden's work, its exposition of his technical achievement, its setting of the

political, the personal and the symbolic scene, it is admirable.

Many who admired the early poetry have been puzzled—and sometimes alienated—by the longer works Mr. Auden has written in America. From the tobacco-laden atmosphere and psychological symbolism he seems only to have moved towards still denser obscurities. Some have sought the cause for this in his emigration to America, some in his conversion to Christianity. Mr. Hoggart's great service has been to show that these recent works (*New Year Letter*, *The Sea and the Mirror*, *For the Time Being* and *The Age of Anxiety*) are still interim, that the obscurities are caused, in part by the complex nature of the ideas W. H. Auden is now trying to express, and in part by the search for an adequate artistic form for them. Moreover, his old conflict, between the artist and the moralist, is now heightened so that he tends, in Mr. Hoggart's words, "... to make statements in his verse rather than to explore his experience ..."

W. H. Auden's early poetry, with its self-conscious experimentalism, its mental posturing, its exhibitionism and its intellectual glamour, had a strong—and occasionally quite deleterious—influence. Young poets without his brilliance were tempted to imitate him, with unfortunate results. But now that Kierkegaard and Niebuhr have supplanted Marx, Freud and Groddeck in his philosophy, and he has seen that man is not naturally good or self-sufficient, and that even to aim at personal happiness is spiritual destruction, his following has diminished.

There is no doubt that his spiritual development has given a new source of potential strength to his work. The old faults persist, and, as Mr. Hoggart indicates, it may be that the Christianity Mr. Auden now sees to be man's need, is still in his case too exclusively an intellectual concept.

Can I learn to suffer without saying
Something ironic or funny
About suffering?

in *The Sea and the Mirror* does indeed suggest this.

But if he can forget to worry about his public and to harangue it, to be "clever" or to pose, and let his poetry embody the fundamental truths which he has in recent years apprehended, then, surely he will find that, far from there being a split between art and these fundamentals, it is the privilege of the artist to help others towards the same truths. For this, the hopeful still wait.

The claim on the book-jacket and implied also in the text, that W. H. Auden is "... with T. S. Eliot, one of the two most influential living poets in the English-speaking world" should not be allowed to pass. The future is unpredictable, but no one now shares the peak with Mr. Eliot. The suggested parallel, too, between the causes which prompted the emigration of these two poets, seems forced and improbable.

LOVEDAY MARTIN

WINGED CHARIOT, by Walter de la Mare. *Faber & Faber*. 10s. 6d.
SELECTED LYRICAL POEMS, by Richard Church. *Staples Press*. 8s. 6d.

WITHIN FOUR WALLS, by Winifred Gibson. *Fortune Press*. 10s. 6d.

To those of us who belong to a younger generation it is hard sometimes to remember that a revolution in the practice of poetry took place some thirty years ago. To us, the language of Eliot and after-Eliot is so much our mother tongue that we feel (quite rightly) that it is a natural development of the English tradition. But to many who grew up in the age of the Georgians, the new language, the new manner, and the new subject matter seemed to open a tremendous chasm between the familiar and the new. This revolution, this rift, presented a very special problem to poets who had formed their style in the pre-1914 period. Some declined into the merely archaic; some gave up writing altogether. A few, such as Yeats and Charles Williams, deliberately adjusted their style to the

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

To eyes made lately aware—of the incredulous shock of beauty in the bullfighter's entry and preliminary stance; of the singleminded teamwork brought to a pitch of apparent effortlessness by the entertainers in the open air of a Barcelona night club; of the stateliness in the genuflections (which reduce those of Ireland and even of Italy to the company of rustic bobs) at high mass in the monastery church clinging to a rocky ledge of Montserrat; of women walking, as goddesses, under the trees of Madrid or beside dusty ochre-red roads in the sierras—Londoners look a graceless lot. And a return just in time to see the closing programmes of Pilar Lopez and her companions at the Cambridge Theatre, changes tentative heresy into a defiant shout—that Spanish dancing causes contemporary ballet at home to seem pallid, sugary, lethargic, with its ethereality wispily tenuous, and ankle-stretching exercises its imitation of poise.

A drop in temperature

The grave down-bent profiles and flung hands of Spain, the drumming feet, music like a stir in the blood: all this stored warmth and vitality should help dispose of a task that, arduous always, on this occasion (and in sight of falling leaves and late-October fog) is chilling too. So for the plunge that is supposed to brace, straight into *THE SCANDINAVIAN BOOK*, compiled and edited by P. F. D. Tennant (*Hodge*, 15s.), who owns to the pleasant occupation of "devising a travelling companion for visitors." As would be expected from a former Lecturer in Scandinavian Studies at the University of Cambridge, his prefaces to the chapters on such subjects as the Vikings, manners and etiquette, food and drink, fauna and flora, fill in the background and complete the pictures sketched by the various extracts which follow. So that modern tourists may "acquire some sense of perspective" no author later

than the middle of the nineteenth century is quoted, and in the realm of books, art and music the reader is encouraged to search for himself.

The Vigfusson Reader in Ancient Icelandic Literature and Antiquities in the University of Oxford, G. Turville-Petre, goes further back, to *THE HEROIC AGE OF SCANDINAVIA* (*Hutchinson's University Library*, 8s. 6d.). But, though the period between the eighth and thirteenth centuries covers his canvas, his aim is to show the region as part of the developing civilization of Europe entire. His discussion of the content and form of rune and scald and the *Edda* itself discloses the intermingled history, even while the deeds of individuals were the professed theme.

Royal lives

It is so in the saga called *A CENTURY OF BRITISH MONARCHY* (*Longmans*, 25s.) which Hector Bolitho lovingly records. His "series of detailed biographical studies"—of Queen Victoria and her Consort, the two Edwards and the two Georges, with the Queens Alexandra, Mary and Elizabeth—are inevitably, and with no connivance from him, so fitted into the industrial advancements, the quickening social concern, the developments in home and foreign affairs, the widening British Colonial family, that deliberate attempt to detach would have damaged and impoverished the whole. Nevertheless, for those who care exclusively for the personal daily doings of royalty there is still plenty of enjoyment, aided by the many photographs which culminate in a coloured reproduction of James Gunn's recent "Conversation Piece at Royal Lodge, Windsor".

A world in chains

As a New Zealander, who moreover lived for seven years in the cloisters of Windsor Castle, Mr. Bolitho is entitled to express the *ne plus ultra* of affectionate loyalty which is sometimes

almost a Commonwealth badge. There are Americans, too, for whom things and people British are what they call "the tops". With his first "lecture" in *THE PROSPECT BEFORE US* (*John Lehmann*, 15s.) John Dos Passos qualifies as an Anglophile, his subject being wartime Great Britain, which he subtitles "Ordeal by Fire". When he proceeds to "Ordeal by Government", meaning the Socialist variety, one feels that the admiration has waned. But then he finds much for misgiving in South America and the United States as well, especially when implying that after all "there is no place like home." His fear is that freedom is being strangled everywhere and, if the device by which he arranges questions with answers to precede and follow each "lecture" seems to be cumbersome, his mind and pen are agile enough to run sharp little pricks of terror all over his already uneasy reader; his picture, for example, of the beautiful Eva Perón in Buenos Aires dispensing bounty "among the overstuffed chairs and the salmon-coloured draperies" builds up into quite a nightmare.

Word from Majorca

Perhaps the nightmare—mental, spiritual, physical, or all three—is still haunting the life of Robert Graves and that is why so stimulating a writer can so often be exasperating. His *OCCUPATION: WRITER* (*Cassell*, 12s. 6d.) a collection of "bye-works", seems to lend support to the supposition, for in its preface we learn that his "temporary pension for neurasthenia" granted after the 1914-1918 war was "later made permanent". So, this time, pity as well as irritation is aroused; his sense of humour can be impish and endearing—or a savage bite; he flouts sometimes delightfully and deservedly, but cannot be bothered to replace or rebuild when he has wantonly destroyed. We may balance a play for children, wherein the stable inmates talk horse sense to each other, with one in which library, tennis court and golf links

provide settings for the everlasting theme of homosexuality. It is for the sake of many of its short pieces, and particularly for the candour and courage of the last essay, that the book is recommended. Here speaks Robert Graves, the poet.

Day's end

Honesty is not only the luxury of poets; it is one of the compensations of the advancing years, as Gwendolen Freeman demonstrates in *WHEN YOU ARE OLD* (*George Allen & Unwin*, 9s. 6d.). She gathers together her mostly humble people who, she says, on the whole are not encouraging on what they think of life: "My dear, rather a wash out", as one of them told her at 76. There is genteel Mrs. Pratt, crippled, "with hands folded together like crooked buds", living on memories of a long-ago trip to Spain. Rosetta is here, afraid of everything, and most of all of dying; she lies, seeing the Pope, who "had always been an arch-villain to her, mixed up with Anti-Christ and the Scarlet Woman," going across the ceiling. But there is 80-year-old Mrs. Baker too; given a dreary life that "was not her doing, she met it with a cheerful temperament. Was that her doing or not? And so back to the old question of free will."

Hearing the call

Is it this that sent a man in 1860 to a cluster of coral islands in the South Pacific—so remote that "to this day there is only a monthly mail steamer and a fortnightly passenger aircraft linking Tonga to New Zealand"—to preach the Christian gospel? *MEMOIRS OF THE REV. DR. SHIRLEY WALDEMAR BAKER, M.A., LL.D.* (*Mayflower Publishing Co.*, 15s. 6d.) recounted by his daughters Lilian and Beatrice Shirley Baker, one of whom still lives in his house on the island, has a Foreword by K. Westcott Jones, who wrote an article "The Friendly Islands" for this review in July 1950. He traced the influence of the man who, as Prime Minister, ruled Tonga. This power behind the throne was responsible for

legislation still current in the reign of Queen Salote Tabou. Of enemies Shirley Baker seems to have had plenty, but that there are no illiterates on the islands speaks for the solid achievement of a man who single-handed established schools and Government colleges. It is claimed that the only native peoples in the Pacific basin who have not deteriorated since the coming of Europeans are these 34,000 inhabitants, their lessons, in independence, religious tolerance and respect for the individual, being first taught by him.

Glamour

From this former rich field of anthropological research we turn to America's own primitive village community, "ruled by magic, with all the savage apparatus of totems, taboos and superstitious mumbo-jumbo." You have guessed it: HOLLYWOOD THE DREAM FACTORY (Secker & Warburg, 18s.) is the place, and a "trained investigator" who is also a Doctor of Philosophy (London) has written the book. Almost unnecessarily suitable is the author's name, but this is not to underrate Hortense Powdermaker's H-certificate revelations. Some of her chapter headings will indicate, as they say, her terms of reference: "Habitat and People, Mythical and Real", "Front Office", "Men who play God", "The Scribes", "Acting, in Hollywood", "Stars"; a year spent in the south-west Pacific studying the stone age culture of the Melanesians obviously stood her in good stead when she turned her searchlight eye on the jungle whose tribal deity is Money. Because she resists any attempt to satirize, her character sketches and statistical tables are all the more telling. What she calls the "totalitarian concept" in action there is ominously expressed in her closing chapter:

The Hollywood atmosphere of crises and

continuous anxiety is a kind of hysteria which prevents people from thinking, and is not too different from the way dictators use wars and continuous threats of war as an emotional basis for maintaining their power.

The forward march

By contrast, ENGLISH SOCIETY IN THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES (*Penguin Books*, 2s. 6d.) seems to have been orderly, quiet and kind. Doris Mary Stenton follows the evolutionary process, speeded up by the Norman Conquest, whereby the Departments of State derived through the king's household from his direct responsibility for government, just as Parliament grew out of his own small council. The countryside and its inhabitants with forests, open fields, village communities and manors, the organization of diocese and parish, and the establishment of religious orders are seen as part of the increasingly complex pattern of the medieval world. If Lady Stenton has over-brightened her tapestry with gold and silver threads, who can deny that the fabric of the mid-twentieth century, after six hundred years of "progress", is more tarnished and threadbare than it need have become?

Luxury printing

A glittering, elegant and opulent flashback to the opening paragraph shows the first number of a new quarterly FOYER (*Staples Press* 7s. 6d.) devoted to music, opera and ballet. In format, colour, illustrations and advertisements it has a sparkle only equalled by the names of those who serve on the editorial board. It surveys the chosen spheres from past, present and future angles, and its next issue promises among other enticements Dolores de Pedrosa y Sturdza's "Contemporary Spanish Dancing".

GRACE BANYARD

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1951

ATLANTIC UNITY: TIME FOR DECISION

BY KENNETH LINDSAY

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL speaking at Harvard towards the end of the war warned his audience that "it would be a most foolish and improvident act on the part of our two governments to break up the Combined Chief of Staffs Committee, not only until we have set up some world arrangement to keep the peace, but until we know that it is an arrangement which will give us that protection we must have from danger and aggression, a protection we have already had to seek across two vast world wars." Lord Halifax said in New York a month ago: "We must think in terms of a continuing partnership—or perhaps of something more than a partnership, a relationship that cannot be dissolved—between our countries . . . Just as it is the duty of military staffs working together in time of war to foresee and prepare ahead for any possible enemy move, so in this state of twilight war I would like to feel that our Foreign Office and your State Department were planning against any possible development." Eight years have intervened between these two speeches, but the wisdom implicit in the two quotations has been fully borne out by events.

* * * *

The United Nations has provided a forum for public display of rival ideologies, but the lack of agreement among the Permanent Members of the Security Council has undermined the foundation upon which the peace machinery of the United Nations was built. Partly in consequence of this deadlock a series of regional treaties and less formal arrangements has been created. Western Union has developed inevitably into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, commonly called N.A.T.O. The Marshall Plan and its agency the Economic Co-operation Administration (E.C.A.) gives way at the end of this year to a new body called the Mutual Security Administration, of which Mr. Averil Harriman has been sworn in as Director. During the last month an historic meeting took place at Strasbourg between fourteen American and fourteen European parliamentarians. The Organization for European Economic Co-operation, known as O.E.E.C., with its off-shoot the European Payments Union is getting

into difficulties and the Belgian Finance Minister has suggested that an Atlantic Payments Union is necessary if a real liberalization of international trade is to be secured.

These developments are more than straws in the wind ; they are part of a slow and painful realization that European unity is not enough. This is not to condemn the many efforts made by individuals, movements and governments to restore the economic, social and cultural life of Europe. Marshall Aid has wrought an immense change on the material fare of Europe. The Hague Congress created the Council of Europe which itself has done much to bring about better understanding among the parliaments and people of Europe. The efforts of Mr. Schuman to break down economic barriers and of Mr. Pleven to build a European army are beginning to bear fruit. The creation of the European college at Bruges and other European institutes are to the credit of the European movement. Other bodies, notably the trade unions have established new organizations to foster friendly feelings among their members in the free European sector.

But the broad fact which emerges from the many organizations and committees is clear, namely that the smallest nucleus round which unity may crystallize cannot be anything less than an Atlantic community, uniting North America and Western Europe, linking them through the Pan-American Union with South America and through the Commonwealth with Africa, Asia and Australia. Compelling mutual interests have set in train during the last three years the most momentous development of this century, the growth of an organic Atlantic community with a clear and undisputed centre of strength in the United States. The visible expression of this community is the North Atlantic Treaty Organization which is in process of change to meet quite novel situations. Never before in peacetime has military planning for unified action to prevent war proceeded so far. History is strewn with the wreckage of alliances made for purely military purposes, but N.A.T.O. has within it the seeds of a wider political and economic partnership.

The theme of the century is world unity ; the ultimate ideal of a world at peace under the reign of law is not at issue. But the manner in which the peoples of the world can and should organize themselves is very much at issue. In the Atlantic world the facts of international life conform with the spirit of the Atlantic Charter. Though the ideas it contains are not completely realized, they reflect the intentions of the people and to a large extent their performance. We believe that the State exists for man and not man for the State ; that the State is under the law, not above, and that the individual has sovereign and inalienable rights. The cultural tradition of Western Christendom has extended into the whole basin of the Atlantic ocean. The

Atlantic is now the Mediterranean sea of this tradition and this faith. But when one surveys the majesty of this heritage and the power of inspiration it holds for over 400 million people, one is struck by the weakness and disunity in political and economic affairs and the absence of common organs of government.

There is some excuse for the present misunderstanding which exists between Britain and Europe on the one hand, and the United States on the other ; this is due largely to re-armament. But in the longer and larger view, still more *sub specie aeternitatis*, there is every reason why we should draw closer together. What are the facts ? There has been a growing dis-equilibrium between the United States and Europe for the last 50 years which the war only accentuated and brought to a head. It was not an accident that millions of dollars of gold found the way to Fort Knox ; it was not an accident that Italy and Germany produced economic nationalist régimes, dressed up in fancy names, that Britain embarked on bilateral economic treaties and concluded the Ottawa agreement, that the Hawley-Smoot tariff in the United States rose to record heights. It was not an accident that the intellectuals of the 'thirties flirted with Communism in Europe and the United States. These trends economic, political and moral were all part of a struggle which culminated in the 1939-1945 war. In a word, the war was not an accident. Can we learn nothing from it ?

* * * *

The 'thirties are dead. There is in economics, politics and morals a new hope, born out of the revolution in American foreign policy and the travail and sickness of Europe's sufferings. Intellectuals like Gide and Koestler, Silone and Spender and hundreds of others have, as an eloquent book testifies, deserted the " God that failed ". But if a greater measure of Atlantic unity is to be achieved, there are three major considerations which must be satisfied. First, the idea of unity must appeal to the vital interests of all categories of men and offer a means of co-operating in one great constructive task. Secondly, it must not be the private preserve of any one party or nation, but must guarantee the preservation of authentic diversities. Thirdly, it must be founded upon the tradition that made Europe and the United States great and must permit a genuine renaissance of creative activity and prosperity. It is my belief that these three conditions can be satisfied.

It is a curious but hitherto unmentioned fact that in Britain the most adventurous minds now contributing to modern thought are mainly those educated in the Victorian era, most of whom are over 75 years of age, if not over 80 : Bertrand Russell, Lord Samuel, Gilbert Murray, Sir Norman Angel, Sir Ernest Barker, R. H. Tawney, Lionel Curtis, Winston Churchill—to name a few. They all have one

thing in common ; they appeal to an audience and advance ideas far wider than a national forum. The ideas are there, but action lags. This is in part due to Britain's embarrassing economic position, partly to lack of leadership and even more to the lack of informed popular discussion. The survival of the free world requires the energy and devotion not only of professional diplomats and military men, but of whole nations. The European governments have not won the consent of their peoples to the sacrifices which re-armament imposes, still less to the wider implications of Atlantic unity. Britain has lost respect both in Europe and the United States through its failure to state clearly its approach to European or Atlantic unity. We are evidently approaching a time for decision.

Professor Schwarzenberger, an acknowledged expert on international law, has recently stated that "the present twilight position stultifies foreign policy and reduces international law and the United Nations to an ideology and a mockery." In part reply to him, Dr. Gilbert Murray wrote "the remedy seems to be a closer and more continuous co-operation between the North Atlantic Treaty nations." Such co-operation is of course the whole object of N.A.T.O. and S.H.A.P.E. (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe). In a word, we seem to have come full circle back to Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Harvard, but with one important difference—the inclusion of western Europe and perhaps before long, of Germany itself. A new British Government have taken over at the precise moment when important developments are due both in N.A.T.O. and S.H.A.P.E., half-way between the conferences at Ottawa and Rome.

* * * *

What now are the chances of reconciling European and Atlantic unity, thus establishing partnership on an inter-continental basis and what are the chances of rallying public opinion behind a policy that will make the Atlantic community a living force ? To be more precise how far are we prepared to support a common defence policy, a common foreign policy and consequently a much closer partnership in economic affairs ? Are we prepared to support regular meetings of a council of ministers, served by a common secretariat and guided by a common assembly ? There are one or two stock objections which can be answered without great difficulty. It is said that we dare not sacrifice our welfare State to continental standards ; the short answer to this line of argument is that many other members of the N.A.T.O. powers have equally advanced social legislation and others are anxious to improve their existing standards. It is said by others that Britain has unique relations with the Commonwealth and Empire and is a loyal member of the United Nations, why introduce another complication ? The first and obvious reply is that Britain has solemnly signed the North Atlantic Treaty which accords with

Article 51 of the United Nations ; secondly, one important Dominion—Canada—is a pioneer member of the Treaty and there is no evidence that other Dominions resent our association ; thirdly, it is time that the dollar and sterling sat down together and worked out their mutual responsibilities, and fourthly, it is time that the N.A.T.O. powers worked together in Asia and the Middle East, as they are beginning to do in Africa. The rising nationalism in these areas is to be welcomed and only the combined resources of the N.A.T.O. powers, working within the United Nations, can begin to find and train the engineers, the technologists, the doctors, the teachers, who are essential for the provision of a rising standard of living as well as a rising nationalism. There is abundant evidence that the free nations wish to share their knowledge and resources with the less developed areas, but there is a complete failure to dramatize the whole effort, because of the over-lapping of agencies and lack of responsible direction. Sooner or later this aspect of world strategy must be linked with the military efforts in Korea, Indo-China and Malaya, if only because of the drain on resources of the N.A.T.O. powers. It is idle to talk of sharing the burdens, if attention is only focussed on the shop-window of Europe while the back-door or larder of the social democracies is being forced open and raided elsewhere.

Nobody with even a casual knowledge of China, Africa or the Middle East would wish to stratify the national expression of the various communities which we call nations. Certainly nobody would assert that all wisdom resides in the Atlantic community. But equally nobody who has inherited the traditions of that community—and above all who is aware of what is at stake—will not ask himself a more fundamental question than those I have enumerated. How is the Atlantic community going to respond to the ' cold war ', if that is an adequate description of a situation where British, French and American lives are weekly being sacrificed ? It must be apparent to every business man, to every student, to every mother of sons that we are at a great watershed of history. Such a period can only be compared perhaps with the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. Lord Halifax in the speech already quoted called it "a duel of creeds, a volcano slumbering uneasily for years and now and then breaking into violent eruption." Even the neutral scientist would agree that the moulds of ancient thought have been broken and that the vacuum waits to be filled.

To the statesman it must be apparent that events have overtaken political organization. He must wish to effect a consolidation of power sufficient to keep the peace and thus unity in foreign policy and defence. Hitherto I have tried to give him a dozen different arguments for taking the initiative. He must know that neither a more or less welfare State, nor more undiluted private enterprise—much less,

hysteria or complacency—provides an adequate answer. But this may be stated with assurance that, unless a feeling of security returns among the free peoples, there will be less and less inclination to invest capital, less inclination for the creative spirit to work, less trust and confidence throughout the Atlantic community. The main case against Mr. Bevan is that he endangered that trust and confidence. He was right to put forward his point of view and was right to resign. It will require statesmanship of the highest order to harness for a common policy not only the impulse of self-interest and self-defence but the standards and values born out of our democratic institutions. In the long run a wider electorate must vote for distinctive institutions, concerned with peace and war, with foreign policy and defence, but in the short run action must take place which reflects indirectly the will of the peoples. If governments are to act, they must receive their mandate from the peoples.

There is now the nucleus of a movement in the United States, in Canada, in Britain, France, Norway and Denmark and also demonstrated at Strasbourg last month, which asks the governments of the N.A.T.O. countries to concert their policies and to put military authority at the service of political direction. But political directives in the twentieth century must have their roots in moral forces and convictions held by the millions who constitute the people. It is, therefore, for political leadership to give the people a sense of participation, for the first time since the war, in a common foreign policy. But it is equally important for an Atlantic movement, broadly based and free from party or purely national bias, to spread among the four hundred million inhabitants who constitute the Atlantic community. This has been called a new mysticism ; surely the Atlantic statesmen are unwise to pitch their ambition so high, say the cynics. Yet this was the language used by Mr. Lester Pearson, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Morrison at Ottawa and by Sir Hartley Shawcross at Copenhagen ; it has been used by Dr. Stikker of Holland, and by Mr. Lange of Norway ; it has been used by General Eisenhower and one hopes that by the time this appears in print it will have been used by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden. It was implicit in the two speeches, quotations from which started this article. There is a cloud of witnesses and, once leadership is conjoined with the aspirations of the masses, resolution will replace the purely tactical considerations of politicians seeking party advantage and power.

It may be necessary to hold an Atlantic congress on the lines of the Hague congress which met in the spring of 1948. We cannot afford the time to sit in our conventicles and proclaim our dogmas. The two main objects of such a congress should be, first, to give a re-assurance to the North American people that the Europeans mean business and also a re-assurance to the Europeans sitting in a sort of

no-man's-land that the North Americans mean business. This is the more intangible but utterly necessary objective. The second object is to demand a unified foreign and defence policy and modern political institutions to make the policy effective. If the youth of Europe and North America is to be animated and challenged, the magic of leadership must offer positive policies, supra-national authorities and spiritual rededication.

If I may apply some of the closing words used by the Hammonds in their life of Lord Shaftesbury :

The devil, with sad and sober sense on his grey face, tells the rulers of this world that the misery which disfigures the life of great societies is beyond the reach of human remedy. . . . To the law of indifference and drift, taught by philosophers and accepted by politicians, he opposed the simple revelation of his Christian conscience. When silence falls on such a voice some everlasting echo still haunts the world to break its sleep of habit or despair.

To-day it is the task of statesmen to heed the voices of millions whom they serve.

(From 1945 to 1950 Mr. Kenneth Lindsay was Independent Member of Parliament for the Combined English Universities. He is the Chairman of the British Committee of the European College at Bruges.)

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE COLOURED VOTER

BY SIR CHARLES DUNDAS

AMONG the multi-racial elements of the Union of South Africa is that of the half castes, "Coloureds" as they are commonly called, numbering a million souls, and originating in the Cape, where also they are to the largest extent domiciled. Between the two branches of the European inhabitants they stand rather nearer to the Afrikaners of Dutch descent than to the British; the majority bear Dutch names and speak the Afrikaans language; most of them are adherents of the Dutch Reformed Church. General Hertzog, formerly leader of the Nationalist party, said of them: "We have to remember that we have to do with a section of the community allied to the white population and one that is fundamentally different from the Native. He owes his origin to us and knows no other civilization than that of the European . . . and speaks even the language of the European as his mother tongue. That is why during the last seven years the Nationalists in Parliament have held the view that the Cape Coloured people must be treated on an equality with Europeans—economically, industrially and *politically*."

General Hertzog said more in this vein and was in those days supported therein by Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of the present Nationalist Government, who in 1928 declared: "Our policy is that a dividing line must be drawn between natives and coloured people and that the rights of the white man shall be given to the coloured people." Nevertheless in the last parliamentary session Dr. Malan passed—better said, steam-rollered—the Separate Voters Act, which provides for the removal of the Coloureds from the common voters roll and gives them separate representation very similar to that instituted in 1936 for natives of the Cape in lieu of the common franchise they had enjoyed for the past hundred years.

This measure was foreshadowed long ago when Dr. Malan and his followers broke with General Hertzog, who described their policy in this regard as one of "falsity, infidelity, disloyalty and insincerity". In defence Dr. Malan could plead that it was done in conformity with the policy of *Apartheid* for which he held the mandate of the electorate to whom his intention had long been known, also that conditions had fundamentally changed since 1928 justifying his complete *volte face* in the interval. But the gravamen of the charge now levelled

against the Nationalist Government is less what was done than the manner of its doing.

When in 1909 a convention representative of the then existing four South African Colonies, deliberated the terms on which they might be formed into a Union one of the most contentious points was the franchise right to be accorded to non-Europeans and breakdown of the negotiations was narrowly averted by compromise whereby it was agreed that existing rights in the Cape would be preserved while in the ex-Boer Republics, where franchise had always been restricted to Europeans, it would not be extended to Natives and Coloureds. The rights thus accorded in the Cape were written into the South Africa Act, that is to say the constitutional statute of the Union, and the better to safeguard them they were enshrined in specific articles commonly known as 'entrenched clauses'. These clauses were made unalterable save by a two-thirds majority vote of both Houses of Parliament sitting in joint session, but the Nationalist Government, not commanding such a majority, proceeded to put through the Separate Voters Bill by simple majority in each chamber separately. Thus the Bill was enacted but the Nationalists laid themselves open to the triple charge of violating the pact on which the Union was founded, infringing the constitution and breaking their own solemn pledges. For at the time of the adoption of the statute of Westminster assurances were given that the sanctity of the entrenched clauses would be respected.

Here again the Nationalists may plead in excuse that the conditions in which their former promises were made no longer obtain, particularly that the rising tide of colour, which they genuinely regard as imperilling white civilization, must be stemmed. But, relying on that argument, they must take into the bargain that repudiation of past undertakings inevitably shatters faith in present and future assurances. Thus when Dr. Malan promises that minority rights, as for instance language equality, will be respected, his opponents may be pardoned for asking whether that will hold good after a lapse of time, and so also his assurance that a republic will be established only by the clear will of the people, is accepted with reserve.

The strangest part in these proceedings was that of Mr. Havenga, Minister of Finance. He was not a member of the Malanite Nationalist party, but leader of the Afrikaner party, the remnant of the Hertzog party after the defection of the Malanites, and a professed faithful disciple of Hertzog, who had so scathingly denounced Dr. Malan's apostasy in the matter of Coloureds policy. Moreover, as late as 1948 Mr. Havenga had said that there should be no decision on "fundamental colour problems without due regard to a clear cut expression of the will of the people," which he took pains to explain could not be represented by the slender majority of the Nationalists

in Parliament. Finally in 1950 Mr. Havenga said : " If putting the coloured people on a separate roll involves a diminution of the existing political rights I must ask Dr. Malan to proceed without me." It was therefore a reasonable presumption that Mr. Havenga would not support the Separate Voters Bill ; it was questionable even whether it would be possible for him to remain in the cabinet and there was speculation—wishful perhaps—that he might go over to the United party and become successor to General Smuts. And then suddenly there came the surprising announcement that Mr. Havenga had come to agreement with Dr. Malan ; he was satisfied that the Bill entailed no diminution of rights, and, as for its constitutional validity, he was content to leave that to ruling by the Speaker of the House of Assembly.

It was not easy to follow Mr. Havenga's logic on the first of these points. Whereas Coloureds had theretofore voted in 55 constituencies they were now to be allowed to vote for four representatives ; these members (all white because only Europeans may sit in Parliament) would hold their seats for five years irrespective of changes of government, so that the coloured vote could in no way influence political issues on which general elections may be fought—as for instance, racial policy ; the four members might not take part in parliamentary election of senators and the one senator allotted to them as representative in the upper house was to be nominated ; the number of coloured representatives might not be increased until European representation had been enlarged by 37½ per cent.

As to Mr. Havenga's second point it seems strange that a cabinet minister should submit his policy and principles to the judgment of the Speaker. But Mr. Havenga was rather helped over that stile by the circumstance that the Opposition took the initiative by opening the proceedings in Parliament with submission to the Speaker and President of the Senate respectively for ruling as to the constitutional legality of the Bill, having regard to the entrenched clauses whereunder, as it seemed, such a measure required enactment in joint parliamentary session. Parliament thereupon resolved itself into a court of law with the party leaders arguing the case before the presiding officers sitting as adjudicators. The verdict in both chambers, given after prolonged deliberation and with much erudition, was to the effect that Parliament, being sovereign, was not restricted in action by any law and that the mode of procedure was within the discretion of Parliament itself. In further debate the Bill was challenged at every point, but, and as was to be expected, it was eventually passed intact by simple majority vote in both houses.

Thus it has come on to the statute book, but not without repercussions. The Opposition at once made known first that the constitutional validity of the Act would be challenged in the courts; secondly,

that failing to win their case in that way they would introduce a Bill of Rights for guarantee of rights which, as it would then appear, were not secured by the constitution. Since then several suits have been filed in the high court on behalf of Coloureds challenging the legality of the Act and judgment has been given against four coloured politicians whose appeals are presently pending. Most injudiciously the Nationalists have permitted themselves to utter veiled threats of extraordinary action should judgment go against them, threats that are capable of being construed as intimidation of the judiciary. If it comes to introduction of a Bill of Rights the Nationalist Government may find itself in an awkward position for, if the constitution does not ensure rights, the citizen may surely demand to have some protection in law against arbitrary curtailment of his liberties by governments of whatever political complexion and however unrepresentative.

It is just here that Nationalists are on precarious ground. In the final analysis it is not so much the legality of the Separate Voters Act that is in issue as the validity of the constitution of the Union. The truth is that there is growing feeling that the Nationalists are deeply tinged with Fascist leanings. Notoriously they were, to say the least, partial to Nazi Germany and sundry of their actions have tended to confirm that estimate. They have put through several drastic measures that confer arbitrary powers on the Government ; for examples, the Anti-Communism Act, which makes it possible for them to brand a person as a Communist and then deprive him of citizenship rights, the Group Areas Act, whereunder people can be deprived of house and home, the Immorality Act by which marriage and consorting between persons of different race is made a crime. They have already given notice that they will abolish Native representation, presumably again by simple majority vote, and on top of all this they have set at nought the provisions of the South Africa Act, so virtually rendering the Union devoid of any constitution. If they can do these things with their small majority what else may they do ? What of minority rights, of language parity, of equality in other respects as between the two sections of the European population ? What of the monarchy and commonwealth membership, abolition of both which Nationalists have not hesitated to proclaim as desired ends ? In fine there is growing apprehension that the rights and liberties and national status of the people are endangered and this feeling has of late found expression in a movement that is yet another outcome of the enactment of the Separate Voters Act.

If that Act cannot be said to have produced this movement by itself it was the spark that set alight a flame that comes near to political revolt, political resistance, as it has been termed. While the Bill was yet before Parliament a protest demonstration was staged in Cape Town in the form of a torch light procession organized by ex-soldiers,

notably one popularly known as Sailor Malan V.C., who figured as a war hero. The movement, now styled Torch Commando, has spread, it is well organized and has influential backing. It proclaims itself non-political, but its avowed purpose is to rid the country of the Nationalist Government, not for party ends but as a national cause. If not exactly partisan in character it is yet militant and defiant. To what lengths it may go or be led has still to be seen, but at least it must be a thorn in the flesh to the Government and that they are perturbed is manifest from ministerial threats uttered, which have had the effect of swelling the ranks of the Torch Commando.

Lastly among repercussions of these events has been the extinction of the Afrikaner party by absorption into that of the Nationalists. It could not be otherwise; they had foregone the last shred of independence and justification for their existence. Whether that will be to Mr. Havenga's advantage remains to be known. He might have continued to uphold the principles of his revered Chief, General Hertzog, most respected of Nationalists; he could have held the balance in Parliament and exerted a moderating influence, the which is much needed. Instead he has lost in prestige and it will be surprising if he is able to maintain his place in the cabinet against more extreme elements of the party he has joined. He may well have wrecked a career that might have been brilliant.

The motive for elimination of Coloureds from the polls was ideological rather than practical. For the coloured vote carried little weight in elections and that little is said to have weighed as often as not in favour of Afrikaner candidates. To gain this academic point the Nationalists have antagonized the otherwise, well disposed coloured people and given them common grievance with the Natives from whom they generally stood aloof. They have laid themselves open to accusation of breaches of faith and violation of the constitution; they have involved themselves in litigation and prompted counter-legislation hard to combat; and they have roused against themselves a strong and determined movement that at very least strengthens the hand of their political opponents, who in fact polled a substantial majority of votes at the last general election. And finally they have handed to their detractors at home and abroad, against whose machinations they so constantly inveigh, yet another instrument for their castigation. Surely no government ever fashioned more sticks for their own beating, a veritable lictor's bundle!

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

THE BRITISH PROTECTORATES IN AFRICA—I.

BY A. SILLERY

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EMBEDDED in the Union of South Africa are the three Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland*. They are in the Union and yet not of it, for they are administered by the British Government through the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in South Africa, who thereby combines the functions of ambassador to the Union Government and governor of the three so-called High Commission Territories.

Basutoland, mountainous, in area 11,700 square miles, dubbed the African Switzerland, with a population of 600,000, is entirely surrounded by South African territory, its boundaries running with those of the Orange Free State, the Cape Province and Natal. Swaziland, with 6,700 square miles and a population of 180,000, green and well watered in places and bounded on the north, south and west by the Transvaal and on the east by part of Natal, has nevertheless an outlet on the east to Portuguese East Africa with its port of Lourenço Marques. On the western side of the sub-continent, Bechuanaland, consisting mostly of the Kalahari Desert (which should more appropriately be called steppe, for it is by no means a sandy waste), 275,000 square miles in extent with about 300,000 people, sprawls between the Transvaal, the Cape Province, South West Africa and the Caprivi Strip—all South African or South African-controlled—but has a long common frontier with Southern Rhodesia on the north-east.

The origin of the people of these countries, like that of so many African tribes, is shrouded in legend. What does seem certain is that at the time of the great Bantu migrations into Southern Africa, a group of people called Sotho, related by ties of language and culture, spread in a broad belt across Africa from the Drakensberg in the east to the Kalahari in the west. It is from this group that the present inhabitants of Basutoland and Bechuanaland—Basuto and Bechuana, or, better, Batswana—are descended. The Swazi, on the other hand, are an Nguni race, related to the Zulu. The Basuto nation as we know it to-day is the creation of one man. In the first

* For what the distinction is worth, Swaziland and Bechuanaland are true Protectorates, never having been annexed. Basutoland was annexed and is therefore a Colony. In practice no differentiation is made and for convenience the word Protectorate is applied in this article to all three.

quarter of the nineteenth century a petty chief named Moshesh or Moshweshwe collected numbers of fugitives from the onslaughts of Shaka's Zulu, and retired with them to the mountains on the east of the Orange Free State. These sad remnants attained a robust homogeneity in an astonishingly short time, and the dynasty founded by Moshesh rules the tribe to this day. While Moshesh was founding his nation, the Swazi and the tribes who make up the Batswana were establishing or had established themselves more or less in their present countries.

During the rest of the century the three territories were tossed about on the sea of South African politics, between the British Government on the one hand, chronically unable to make up their mind but whom, because of their generally benevolent drift, and partly through the advocacy of the early missionaries, the chiefs would have liked to have as friend and protector; on the other hand the Boers, who knew exactly what they wanted—freedom from government control, more land and the people on it, and that security which, in their view, masterful domination over the Natives alone could give. It was not until towards the end of the nineteenth century (and in the case of Swaziland not until 1906), after many vicissitudes the narration of which has no place here, that the three countries came finally and fully under British protection.

When delegates from the four colonies of South Africa met to hammer out the Union, it was made quite clear to them that the incorporation of the Protectorates in the new State depended upon the liberality of the constitution towards the Natives and particularly on the treatment of the native franchise. Unless the Natives found such provision in the constitution for their protection and for their interests as would induce them to be included in the Union of their own free will, then the Protectorates would not be handed over.

In the event the other provinces rejected the comparatively liberal system of franchise obtaining in the Cape and the question of the incorporation of the Protectorates fell away. Instead, there was a compromise: the South Africa Act of 1909, commonly known as the Act of Union, the instrument that welded the Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal into the Union of South Africa, provides, in a permissive and not mandatory fashion, for the transfer of the Protectorates at some future, unknown date:

The King, with the advice of the Privy Council, may, on addresses from the Houses of Parliament of the Union, transfer to the Union the government of any territories, other than the territories administered by the British South Africa Company*, belonging to or under the protection of His Majesty and inhabited wholly or in part by Natives, and upon such transfer the Governor-General in Council may undertake the government of such territory upon the terms and conditions embodied in the schedule to this Act.

* There is a separate provision for these in a previous section.

The schedule that follows contains safeguards of native rights and interests, including Royal powers of disallowance of any law made by the Governor-General for any territory, and reservation to the King of all Bills to amend or alter the schedule.

The Act and its safeguards have several times been supplemented by pledges given by the British Government. When the Act itself was before the House of Commons, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies said: "The House may rest assured—and I have the full authority of the Government and the Prime Minister for saying so—that it will have the fullest opportunity of considering the matter before the transfer of the Protectorates." And later in the same debate he said: "The wishes of the Natives in these Territories will be most carefully considered before any transfer takes place." At the same time the former assurance was repeated with an additional statement that the House "will have an opportunity of discussing, and if they wish, of disapproving, of the action of the Government." Pledges in a similar sense have since been given from time to time.

The Statute of Westminster of 1931 and the Status of the Union Act of 1934 considerably affected the validity of the schedule to the South Africa Act and the value of its safeguards of native rights in the event of transfer. For instance the power of disallowance and the reservation of legislation fell away. Nevertheless the British Government considered, and stated in a White Paper (Cmd 4948), that transfer could only be made subject to agreement that the general scheme of the schedule would be maintained.

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The extra-territoriality of the Protectorates has always been an irritant to South Africans, who have for long asked for their incorporation in the Union, with an increased note of asperity since the present Nationalist Government came into office.

While, in the nineteenth century, British interest in these territories was an irksome curb on the enterprise of the *voortrekkers*, the matter has, since the Act of Union, become one of national pride. Here, say South Africans, embedded in our country, geographically and racially part of it, and economically dependent on it, are three territories politically excluded from it and administered by another power, though incorporation was clearly envisaged in the Act of Union. It is as if three English counties were administered, say, by France. White South Africans consider themselves fully capable of administering their black fellow subjects. Indeed many of them would say that they are the only people, by experience and contiguity, who are fitted to do so. And since it is they, the South Africans, who will suffer most from any mistakes that are made, so it is only right

that they should mould native policy in the sub-continent.

Here let it be said that the practice of native administration in that Union has been much maligned by people who know very little about it. The Native Affairs Department is staffed by many able and devoted officials who do their best for the people in their charge. That they have to struggle against a most inequitable division of land to the disadvantage of the black, and much popular and political prejudice, is not their fault. But of course the theory that informs the whole is that of the permanent dominance of the white, and the maintenance of the white man's security in all spheres. However the manifestations of this attitude are to be regretted, there is nothing surprising in this to anyone who has studied South Africa and its history; the surprising thing would be were it otherwise.

On the other hand the administration of the Protectorates savours much more of that of British tropical Africa, where the British Government are committed to the grant of an ever-increasing measure of self-government, and envisages the time when the African colonies will become self-governing countries within the empire. Not that the Protectorates are capable of standing on their own feet or anywhere near it, but the liberal theory of government is there all the same. To the white South African, who has been in South Africa (at any rate in the southern parts of it) as long as the Bantu, and who has built up with his brains and blood and toil a civilization which he is determined to perpetuate, outnumbered though he may be by four to one, British principles of native administration seem to be destructive of all security. It is, incidentally, in this context that *Apartheid* should be interpreted, rather than in such petty annoyances as different railway carriages and so on, which owe more to popular prejudice than to political theory. For the British to spread their poisonous doctrines in tropical Africa is bad enough, but to import them into the heart of South Africa is not to be borne.

The political argument is supported by others more concrete: to all intents and purposes the Protectorates are part of the Union. Imports and exports, in the greater part, flow from and to South Africa and hardly anywhere else (there has however lately developed a good market for Bechuanaland cattle in the Rhodesias and the Congo). It is on the Union that the people depend for their numerous requirements, including vitally necessary foodstuffs in times of local shortage, while it is to the Union that they sell most of their products, and—very important—their labour. A significant part of the Protectorates' revenue comes from a fixed percentage of Union Customs receipts. The Protectorates have no currency of their own but use South African, while most of the firms that operate in the three territories have strong South African affiliations.

Next, South Africans point to the condition of the Protectorates under British rule: precarious budgets, bad communications, poor social and, by modern standards, almost non-existent public services, under-development or abuse of resources. In particular the British are blamed for permitting erosion to take place in Basutoland at the headwaters of the Orange River, with a consequent threat to the economy of all that area of the Union through which this important river flows right across Africa to the west coast. Then it is said that the Okavango River and its delta in the north-west corner of Bechuanaland, with its great potentialities for relieving a drought-stricken country, are neglected and that this neglect results in the loss of the asset to the whole of Southern Africa. The Protectorates are also accused of failure to control cattle diseases, which omission, it is argued, would be remedied if the countries themselves were under Union control. On the positive side, the advantages of incorporation in a country with the financial and technical resources of the Union, are strongly underlined.

Most of these arguments can be answered more or less effectively. As regards the Act of Union, though provision was certainly made for eventual transfer, no promise was made that transfer would ever take place. On the economic side, while it is true that during the first 30 or 40 years conditions in the Protectorate were stagnant and that very little was done to relieve them, things have greatly improved in the last two decades. The Colonial Development Fund, already in existence before the war, has since made really substantial grants, and in the last two years the Colonial Development Corporation has begun important work in Bechuanaland and Swaziland. In the same two territories mineral surveys have also been started and prospects of mineral discoveries are not at all unhopeful. Of the progress in recent years it can be said that the picture is one of purposeful and promising activity. The budget still gives cause for anxiety but too much emphasis can be laid on the poverty note. Given time, and freedom from grave interruption, Bechuanaland and Swaziland at least should become quite prosperous. As to specific complaints of neglect, the campaign against soil erosion in Basutoland is being vigorously fought and a survey of the Okavango delta in Bechuanaland is now being carried out. A recent dangerous outbreak of foot and mouth disease in Bechuanaland was so well controlled (with the co-operation of the Union) that in spite of fearful risks it did not spill over the frontiers.

It is true that the Protectorates are economically dependent on South Africa and quite what would happen if the Union were to declare an economic embargo one does not know, but it is to be hoped that it would never come to that. To some extent there is a reverse side to this argument: the mines and industries of South Africa set

a great deal of store on the thousands of labourers who migrate to the Union for work every year ; though in fact this migration would probably continue whatever the relations between the Governments, we must assume that South Africa would not wish to do anything that might imperil the supply.

In higher politics it could be argued that so far from importing abhorrent policies into South Africa, the British Government have done something that South Africa, with her mingled and interdependent populations, can never do : that is to produce, at any rate in Bechuanaland and Basutoland, perfect examples of *Apartheid*. Here we have homogeneous blocks of Bantu, where the African, with the support and encouragement of a European government, can attain the highest of which he is capable, without either swamping the European's towns, or competing with him in his employment, or robbing him of any of his political hegemony in his own area. In these two countries Europeans and Africans can live alongside, but not on top of each other, in mutual respect and without constantly treading on each other's toes. The situation in Swaziland is different owing to concessions made in the past by native chiefs which have resulted in much inter-penetration of white and black areas.

None of these arguments for or against incorporation however touches the root and kernel of the matter, which is that the great majority of the Native peoples of the Protectorates will have none of it. No-one can live for any time in these territories without becoming aware of the intensity of the feeling that the very suggestion arouses. This unalterable opposition is in their history and in their blood, and the fear and mistrust that the idea inspires find ample nourishment in the present tendencies of the Union Government, in the utterances of a certain section of South African public men, who express the "boss complex" in its crudest form, in the racial theology of the Dutch Reformed Church, in the tangle of pass laws, in periodical scandals connected with the treatment of labour and in the behaviour and outlook of the man in the street. While it is true that many of the people of the Protectorates flock to the Union for work and stay there for long periods, this does not alter their attitude towards absorption ; as things are they feel that behind them, as the basis of their existence, they have their own country, where they can hold their head high and live as free men under their own chiefs in their own way. They may or may not understand that the guarantees against interference given in the Act of Union lost their value with the Statute of Westminster (and what would be left of any vestige of these guarantees if Dr. Malan were to get his republic ?) ; all they know is that the things that they have are much too precious to risk and that they

are determined to keep them.

What should be the answer of the British Government if South Africa were to make of the Protectorate question an imperial issue ? If, as might conceivably happen, it were to appear that the Nationalists now in power might be appeased and their demand for a republic abated by the cession of the Protectorates to the Union, to yield might at first be tempting. To exchange three at present rather poor native territories for the continued adherence of a country occupying a dominant strategic position, rich in minerals, with fast developing and important industries, capable of raising efficient armies in time of danger, would seem on the face of it quite expedient. Moreover the transaction could legalistically be defended, since the pledges given in the past do not amount to any more than a promise to consult the people of the Protectorates and to consider their wishes. There is no need to obtain their consent.

But the question goes much deeper than that. Our relations with the Protectorates are governed, as Lord Selborne said at the time of the Act of Union, by "obligations of honour of the greatest possible weight." Bechuanaland and Basutoland put themselves under the Queen's protection of their own free will. The connection with Swaziland is different, but the obligation is very much the same. Since they came into the empire, these people have stood by us very loyally in peace and war and the "obligations of honour", to which Lord Selborne referred, have become, if anything, more weighty with the passage of the years. There are indeed new factors that make transfer against the popular will more impracticable than it would have been in the past : a very definite sense of nationality has begun to pervade the people of the Protectorates and is particularly strong in Basutoland. We are not now dealing with a horde of ignorant tribesmen, but with people who have acquired, in their different countries, a definite homogeneity and a sense of the dignity of nationhood, and who are led by determined and intelligent men. It is absurd to suppose that these people could be transferred to another government in the face of their own strong objections. Furthermore the people of the Protectorates do not stand alone. We may be sure that the emergent British colonies in tropical Africa, whose opinion of South Africa's policies is no higher than that held by South Africa of theirs, will be very watchful and will regard this matter as a touchstone of British good faith.

The British Government may, therefore, be placed in a dilemma. On the one hand we risk affronting white South Africa, a dominion very necessary to our imperial policy but whose racial conceptions, comprehensible as they may be in their origins, are totally different from ours. On the other hand, by abandoning the Protectorates to the Union we should lose much in honour, and would moreover

alienate our tropical African fellow-subjects whose confidence in our good faith it is now, more if possible than at any other time, essential to retain ; and one need have no doubt of the effect of such a surrender on the Asian members of the Empire, or on that body of world opinion which, in any case critical of colonialism, is watchful for any default, real or supposed, in our colonial administration.

This seems to be a case where expediency and honour go hand in hand. It is doubtful whether the sop of the Protectorates (or, for that matter, any other concession) would long satisfy the Cerberus of separatist nationalism in South Africa. Dr. Malan and his associates will go all out for their republic as soon as they feel themselves strong enough to do so. They are far too deeply committed to do otherwise. On the other hand South Africa is bound to range herself with the rest of the empire in the event of war against the only foreseeable enemy. If we should fail to stand like a rock on the question of the Protectorates, we should not only forfeit our honour, betray our principles, and sacrifice these people who have placed their confidence in us, but we should also jeopardize our delicately poised administration in the rest of the colonial empire. While welcoming co-operation, where it is feasible, in such things as the control of human and animal diseases, matters affecting the common frontiers, labour relations, inter-territorial trade, communications and so on, the answer of the British Government to any demand for the transfer of the administration of the Protectorates must be an emphatic 'no'.

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CHILE

By N. P. MACDONALD

THERE is, in Portugal, a province known as Traz os Montes—Beyond the Mountains. It is a name which the founders of Chilean independence might well have adopted for the new republic in 1810 ; for it so literally describes that country, which stretches for 2,500 miles along the Pacific slopes of the Andes. Hidden beyond those peaks Chile was for long cut off from any great contact with the rest of the world, a solitude commemorated, perhaps, by the lone star on her national flag.

Of all the dependencies of Spain in the New World Chile was the most neglected ; she attained the dignity of a captaincy-general only late, and never that of a viceroyalty. To some extent this neglect was a reflection of the difficulty the Spaniards had in subduing the country ; for although Diego de Almagro marched into Chile in 1535 the Indian tribes he found there resisted the conquerors fiercely, and did not finally capitulate until 1768. And even then Spanish rule was never effectively imposed on the southern half of the country. But if the stubbornness of the Indians contributed to Spanish neglect of Chile it was no less a portent of the future, for inter-marriage between the Spaniards and the Indians was to produce the strong and vigorous race, of a more homogeneous type than elsewhere in Latin America, which is the Chilean people to-day.

There is no country in South America, with the possible exception of Uruguay, which is not divided fairly clearly into distinct geographical zones. Chile is no different ; the country falls into four well-defined regions. In the extreme north, bordering Peru and Bolivia, is a desert, virtually rainless but rich in copper and nitrate deposits. Then comes a region of limited rainfall and sparse vegetation, with agriculture—aided by irrigation—carried on in the valleys and mining, on a smaller scale than in the north, in the hills. Next the so-called Central Zone, with a Mediterranean climate. Here are the three largest centres of population—Santiago, the capital, Valparaiso and Concepción accounting between them for a majority of the 80 per cent. of the 5,600,000 inhabitants of Chile who live in this region. Apart from industrial development in the neighbourhood of these three cities, this district is devoted to agriculture. South again comes the region of forests, with here and there some mixed

farming. Finally come the lands stretching away to Cape Horn, mostly bleak except for Magallanes, where sheep-farming is the main occupation. These geographical divisions are important, for in Chile, as elsewhere in South America, they have helped to shape the political and social, no less than the economic, development of the country.

In the first decades of her independence Chile became known as the most stable of the South American republics. She did not make such spectacular economic progress as her Argentine neighbour; with fewer and less valuable natural resources the Chileans remained a comparatively poor pastoral people. As in Spanish times the *hacienda* was still the main feature of their economy—a large estate worked by *iguilinos* who, in effect if not in the treatment they received, were virtually serfs.

But if they were materially poorer than their neighbours, the Chileans were richer in national character. In 1861 a dispute began between them and Bolivia over Chilean rights in, and access to, the then Bolivian Pacific seaboard of Atacama. The argument continued desultorily until 1879, when Chile went to war with the Bolivians, who were joined by Peru. At the time the conflict attracted wide attention; for it was the first war in which ironclads had played an active part, and naval experts of all nations followed the course of battle with close interest. Fighting continued until 1883, when the Chileans occupied Lima, the Peruvian capital. The war then came to an end, with Chile in possession not only of Bolivia's Pacific coastline but also of the southern Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica.

These acquisitions heralded a new era for Chile. The nitrate beds of the Atacama desert, now won by Chile, had been only sporadically developed by her late enemies. In 1880-1881 nitrate was exported at the rate of 234,000 tons a year, but less than two years later the figure had risen to 1,355,000 tons. Almost overnight, as it were, the world became conscious of the existence of Chile; and for nearly half a century the Chileans had a monopoly in the supply of nitrate to the world.

But by 1913 Chile was beginning to feel the effects of the development of synthetic nitrate. In that year Chilean nitrate accounted for only 55 per cent. of world consumption instead of the 100 per cent. of former years. By 1919 Chile's share of the world market was down to one-third, and by 1927 it had dropped to a quarter. American loans and rising copper exports helped to conceal the significance of these figures but then came the world depression. Its impact on Chile was immediate; in 1932 mining production had dropped to one-quarter of the 1927-1929 average, 42 motor-cars were imported compared with upwards of 10,000 in 1929, unemployment embraced

125,000 out of a working population of 1,300,000, and the Chilean share in the world nitrate market had dropped to one-twelfth.

It was now that the faults in Chile's economic structure began to show themselves; more than that—the structure itself proved to be built on unsound foundations. Up to her acquisition of the nitrate deposits the economy of Chile had been based on the *hacienda* almost entirely in central Chile. After 1883 the northern deserts, with their nitrate and copper, began to overshadow the rest of the country in economic importance. And in time Chile, like Brazil with coffee and Argentina with meat and wheat, came to rely for her economic well-being almost entirely on her nitrate exports and, to a lesser extent, on her copper exports. For years nitrate exports alone paid two-thirds of the cost of government in Chile. They had, no less, paid almost entirely for her imports. But when the bottom dropped out of world markets it carried with it the foundations of Chile's economy.

Just as Chile, like the rest of Latin America, had based her economy on her exports, so now, like her neighbours, she sought vigorously to broaden the basis of her economic existence. Between 1929, when Chile first looked economic disaster in the face, and 1937 the domestic production of goods previously imported had risen by half against a background of a doubled consumption of electric power. The war accentuated this trend. Chile had no difficulty in finding buyers for her nitrate and copper, and the value of her exports rose by 50 per cent. There were rises in pay throughout the country. But more money did not mean more goods to buy with it; like the rest of Latin America during the war Chile found it difficult to import consumer goods. The gap was partly filled by greater purchases from Brazil and other South American States; but the main effect of the shortage of imports was to intensify the development of Chile's domestic industries. Thus, between 1937 and 1947 her manufacturing capacity increased by half, reaching a figure double that of 1929, and production of wool and cotton textiles nearly doubled. To-day Chilean woollen and cotton mills produce more than is consumed within the country; they have replaced imports which formerly cost Chile £14,000,000 a year.

This industrial expansion has been inspired mainly by the Corporation for Development of Production (*Corporación de Fomento de la Producción*) which consists of representatives of the Government, public and private enterprise, and of mining, agriculture and industry. With the general aim of developing industries of national importance, the Corporation has invested mainly in existing private enterprises, aided by its powers to contract internal and foreign loans. Most of the latter have been obtained from the Export-Import Bank in Washington, although recently some loans have been received from

the International Bank. To-day the Corporation has very varied interests. It has built, or is building, six new hydro-electric plants—important because of the high production and transport costs of Chilean coal ; it is encouraging development of a new oilfield in the extreme south of the country, and a new iron and steel plant near Concepción, for which equipment has been bought with an American loan. The Corporation also has plans for making use of Chile's considerable timber resources. A cellulose factory and a newsprint mill are now being built. When completed they will produce enough to supply domestic needs, thus saving Chile the £2,000,000 she currently pays for imports of cellulose and newsprint.

Yet impressive though this industrial progress has been, Chile's domestic production is still far from meeting her needs for manufactured goods. For instance, the equivalent of only one shoe per head of the population is yet produced at home, and of lower quality than imported footwear. Chile must still import sugar and certain foodstuffs, petroleum and capital equipment for her new industries ; and to buy these things she still depends on her exports of copper, nitrate and, recently, of iron ore. These account for three-quarters of her total exports, copper alone representing half. And being so dependent on imports Chile has been seriously affected by rises in world prices.

During the war Chile accumulated frozen dollar and sterling funds. The release of these, coupled with the immediate post-war shortage of consumer goods, intensified the trend towards inflation which had already begun during the war, when imports did not keep pace with rises in pay. Now the rise in world prices has pushed the cost of living yet higher. True, the price of copper and nitrate has risen too. But the production of these minerals in Chile is, with one exception, in foreign hands, and the companies retain about one-third of the foreign exchange earned by copper and nitrate exports. Chile has thus to pay more for her imports than she has gained by the rise in copper and nitrate prices.

In the 70-odd years since 1883 Chile has thus passed through a fundamental economic development. First her entire dependence on her pastoral resources was replaced by an equally complete dependence on her mineral exports ; then that dependence was reduced, but not obliterated, by the growth of domestic industry. This development has had not only an economic but also a geographical significance. Until 1883 the pastoral regions of Central Chile had been the centre of the country's economy. Then, with the exploitation of nitrate and copper, the northern deserts usurped that position. Nor has more recent and varied industrial development, which has spread—if unevenly—through three of Chile's four geographical regions, deprived the north of its economic hegemony.

These shifts of economic emphasis, against the background of a diverse geography, have provided the basis for the social cleavages which are among the main features of modern Chile ; for they have not been accompanied by as radical changes in the country's social structure. When nitrate and copper displaced the *hacienda* as the most prominent feature of Chilean economy the *hacendados* were not disturbed. They continued to live on their estates, which the *inquilinos* continued to cultivate by methods which economic pressure might have changed. Nitrate and copper exports paid the taxes of the landowners, subsidized their continued monopoly of political power, and enabled them to spend long periods in Europe and to give their families a European education. And so, in course of time, there grew up in Chile two nations : the landowners and the workers dependent on them, and the nitrate and copper miners, with the new and increasing middle class which industry brought to birth—a class which has grown still further with the more recent spread of industrialization in Chile. Between these two nations, each with a distinct economic background based in a distinct geographical region, there was little community of interest.

Elsewhere in Latin America social divisions based on divergent economies have led to centrifugal tendencies. But Chile has enjoyed a more stable political history than most of her neighbours. As long ago as 1890-1891 the civil war which then convulsed the country was fought on the issue of whether the republic should be ruled by an autocratic *junta* or by a representative parliament to which the executive was responsible. Thus when social discontents began to disturb Chile in the 'twenties, efforts were made to meet them by the normal processes of government. But here a difficulty arose. Chile had for long enjoyed the forms, if not always the practices, of a parliamentary system ; but the *hacendados* had retained a monopoly of power, wealth and education, and they naturally strove to keep it. In 1921 a broad programme of social legislation was drawn up by the late President Alessandri, modelled on recommendations made by the International Labour Office in 1919. The programme covered labour conditions, social security, industrial accidents, conciliation and arbitration. It also provided for the formation and protection of co-operatives. This programme was opposed by the Conservatives for three years, and only became law in 1924 after being forced through a rump session of Congress by a military *junta*.

This programme has since become a practical feature of Chilean life. Trade unionism has also developed strongly, and the industrial workers, with some of the middle classes, made their mark on the political scene with the Popular Front of 1938-1943. Not least, the Communists have securely entrenched themselves. The Chilean Communist party was founded in 1921, and profited from contem-

porary discontents in building up its membership in which, as might be expected, the copper and nitrate miners have a prominent place. The present President of Chile, Señor Gonzalez Videla, depended on Communist support for his election in 1946, as did his two immediate predecessors ; he at first took them into his Government, but has since dispensed with their aid.

Altogether Chile has made considerable economic and social progress in the last 30 years. But that progress has been qualified in two respects. One is that it has not kept pace with the rising cost of living, especially since the war, and this has led to widespread discontent which the Communists have spared no effort to exploit. The second qualification to be set against this progress is that, although the landowners have lost some of their political power they have not lost all of it ; while their economic position has remained virtually unchanged. The main reason for this is that those who have an interest in the disappearance of the *hacienda* are in a minority compared with those who, if they do not actively favour a continuance of it, have some stake in its survival. Thus, despite the growth in importance of Chilean industry, 40 per cent. of Chilean workers still draw their livelihood from agriculture, compared with 17 per cent. from industry and only 6 per cent. from mining. The miners and industrial workers are thus outnumbered by the agricultural workers, so that unless they can enlist the support of the latter there is little chance of the disappearance of the *hacienda* being brought about from below. Nor is there, at present, any great chance that that support will be forthcoming. Archaic though the *hacienda* system may be in many respects the great mass of agricultural workers have not so far shown any active discontent with it. Only 0.2 per cent. of them are trade unionists ; and when, on being given the Ministry of Agriculture by President Gonzalez Videla in 1946, the Communists at once began organizing agricultural labour they were defeated by an act of Congress which, in effect, forbade a labour movement for agricultural workers.

The *hacienda* therefore remains virtually untouched by the economic changes that have come to Chile in the last 30 years. But it is questionable whether it can survive much longer, because its continued existence has led the Chilean people into two major economic difficulties. One is that the rising standard of living has increased the demand for food, a demand the *hacendados* have been unable wholly to meet. As a result Chile has had to import, at considerable cost in foreign exchange—particularly dollars—food which she could well produce herself. For example, Chile to-day imports Argentine grain, although she herself exported grain not many years ago, and 200,000 sheep are brought in from Argentina each year to add to the food resources of Central Chile.

Only 4.7 per cent. of Chilean territory is arable land, yet even that agricultural area is greater than that of Italy. But more than 60 per cent. of that arable area is in the hands of 600 families. Half of it consists of estates of more than 12,000 acres ; some of them cover a quarter of a million acres, and seldom has the *hacendado* the possibility, and often not the interest, to cultivate the whole of his land, or train his workers to do so. The Agricultural Colonization Institute has powers to break up estates, but they have been virtually unused. In fact, rather than increase food production by breaking up the estates to enable them to be more intensively cultivated, the Chilean Government have sought to achieve the same end by accepting a grant under President Truman's Point 4 programme to spread knowledge of the latest agricultural techniques.

Shortage of home-produced food is thus one of the two major difficulties which have resulted from the survival of the *hacienda*. The other is the threat the *hacienda* represents to Chile's new industries. Capital for industrial development is difficult to obtain in Chile, and when it is forthcoming the interest rates are high. The *hacendados* could help to fill this need for capital, but they are unwilling to nourish what may prove to be their Trojan horse. Again, industrial development must go hand in hand with an increase in domestic purchasing power ; yet the low wages paid to the great proportion of Chilean labour engaged in agriculture are restricting that increase.

How, then, is Chile to resolve the problem of the *hacienda*, and so lay the foundations for a more stable economic future ? Mexico has shown her one way of doing it, and President Perón in Argentina is well on his way to illustrating another. It is impossible to prophesy the course Chile will take. But for those who may wish to learn more of this oft-forgotten land and its attractive people a recently-published survey, amply supplied with diagrams and statistics, may be warmly recommended.* Certainly the continued survival of the *hacienda* in Chile may prove an irresistible temptation to a militant Communism whose aim is first to arouse the agricultural workers and then to attack the landowners ; and a Communist Chile would be a danger to Latin America, indeed to the whole western world.

* *Chile : an outline of its Geography, Economics and Politics*, by Gilbert J. Butland. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 12s. 6d.

INDIA'S POLITICAL PARTIES

BY WERNER LEVI

THE recent defection of many prominent members of the Congress party is one symptom of the rapidly changing scene of internal Indian politics. The tense economic and social situations combined with the elections in January are bringing political activity to unprecedented heights. Dissatisfied, ambitious, or opportunistic elements are sensing an excellent opportunity to form new or strengthen old parties in competition with the Congress.

The slow deterioration of the Congress can easily be understood if it is considered not as a party in the usual sense but as the organization of the national movement for freedom and independence. As such, it concentrated upon India's escape from British rule. To this major aim, questions of detail, the nature of a future free India and, above all, personalities were subordinated. On the basis of vaguely and broadly stated goals, the vast majority of Indians found it possible to co-operate in pursuit of the common struggle. Factions of the most diverse, mutually exclusive views and interests were working side by side. And everybody hoped that the day would come when the battle with Britain would be won. But the Indian National Congress is no exception to the rule that unions designed for a single purpose begin to fall apart with the achievement of that purpose. The unifying force of the fight for freedom is waning. There is no other common objective to renew it. On the contrary, now that the problem is to build up a free India, irreconcilable differences of opinion arise as to the means, the methods, and the goals. Tensions among the groups composing the Congress, hitherto hidden or suppressed, are coming into the open.

With the responsibility of government arrived the necessity for the Congress leadership to cease being vague, to take a stand, to engage in definite policies, and especially to show results and satisfy high expectations. Yet in every respect the Government's attitude so far has turned out to be much more moderate and hesitant than might have been expected from the composition of the Congress or from the promises made during the fighting days. Congress policies indicate that the conservatives in the party have gained predominant influence. A shift of political power in their favour has taken place.

In fact, Congress is no longer the political instrument of the Indian people but only of certain sections. It is becoming a political party strictly speaking; a party of the Right. The late Sardar Patel, "realist", "strong man" and "boss of the machine", was responsible for this development. His supporters, the majority in the party executive, chose to make Congress President Purushottamdas Tandon his successor.

As a consequence of this trend, opposition to the Congress high command, that is the Government, is rapidly rising within and without the party. It is all coming from elements to the Left of the party leadership, which would permit the conclusion that official Congress policy (together with the Hindu Mahasabha) represents the furthest Right-wing politics in India to-day. For the time being, opposition within the party is still possible, providing the official and the critical viewpoints are not too far apart. This situation will presumably continue as long as Pandit Nehru himself disagrees with his own colleagues in the executive. But the group in control of Congress is getting tougher. They are increasingly unwilling to tolerate contradiction and their policy is turning more rigid. Some conservative Congressmen are so confident of their group's control of the party machine that they feel no need to "appease" Pandit Nehru to win the elections.

Naturally, Pandit Nehru finds it more and more difficult to reconcile differences within the Congress. His numerous appeals for unity have failed to halt resignations of Congress members. That they have had some success at all is mostly due to Pandit Nehru's high standing with the masses, the almost unanimous agreement that there is no equivalent successor to the premiership in sight, and the attraction of being a member of the still powerful Congress. Pandit Nehru reinforced his appeals with his resignation from the executive and the central election committee. By this step, which threatened the very party unity which he was so anxious to preserve, he presumably hoped to strengthen the hand of the progressive minority in the executive and to avoid the nomination of additional reactionary candidates. His action raised a dilemma for the conservative wing: on the one hand, they disliked his policies, but on the other hand, they realized the enormous asset which he represents for the party. The resignation of the entire working committee of the party with Purushottamdas Tandon at its head and the nearly unanimous election of Pandit Nehru as President indicate that the latter's tactics were successful. But they do not necessarily indicate that a basic change in Congress policies will take place. The continued resignations of prominent party members subsequently can be taken as evidence of this.

Pandit Nehru's victory over Mr. Tandon is essentially a personal

victory. His popularity with the voters had a determining influence. But the conservative forces, though somewhat weakened now, are firmly in the saddle. And those who left their safe positions in the organization to join another party or create one of their own must have thought little of the possibility of realizing their ideals within the Congress. For to leave the party is a daring move for anyone with political ambitions.

The party has the overwhelming following of the people. This is hardly due to the benefits received from it; indeed criticism against it is astonishingly widespread, though based on different grounds. Congress popularity is due mostly to the absence of an alternative effective organization. New parties have to work against heavy odds. They have to start from scratch. They will have to work for years to become known and create a following in the villages without which no democratic party can succeed. And they will never be able to compete successfully with the Congress as long as Congress personalities and prestige from the struggle for freedom survive. Nevertheless, a number of politicians have seen fit to engage in such competition. In some cases, for example with the socialists, the decision had to be made sooner or later in view of fundamental differences; in others, for instance with Acharya J. B. Kripalani and the dissident Calcutta group, the motives were more complicated, involving personalities as well as differences of opinion. In all cases genuine and deep dissatisfaction with the record of Congress during the past three years has been a major factor. It would be quite wrong to ascribe the present political activity merely to opportunism and expediency in view of the forthcoming elections.

The Communist party has been an independent organization since its foundation in 1924. However, some of its members worked as Communists inside the Congress. Its policy is identical with that of any other Communist party anywhere else. The Moscow-dictated line is followed even when it must be antagonistic to most Indians, such as in the case of the Chinese aggression in Korea and Tibet. The party demands a working-class government, nationalization of all foreign-owned industry, and confiscation of "feudal" estates without compensation. India is to withdraw from the British Commonwealth and join the "peace camp led by the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China." The party's propaganda output in the form of cheap pamphlets and "peace" meetings is prodigious. But, in spite of considerable efforts it has not created a large following. The reasons for this rather surprising fact are largely peculiarly Indian and temporary.* The party suffers from personality difficulties; it is considered traitorous because of its support of Great Britain (as an ally of Russia, of course) during the 1939-1945 war;

* See "India's Foreign Policy" by Werner Levi. THE FORTNIGHTLY, April, 1951.

it is unpopular because of its violent methods; and its supposed "revolutionary dynamics" have little appeal to the masses of Indians.

Probably because of its failure to attract a following and perhaps also because of the strong stand taken by the Government against it, the Communist party has changed its tactics recently. It is no longer functioning prominently as an individual organization. Instead it has fused a number of Leftist groups into front organizations and these, as "electoral alliances", oppose the Congress in local elections. They have had some success in Calcutta and the former French colony of Chandernagore. They will also function in the national elections, in addition to the Communist party itself.

The Socialists left the Congress in 1948 to form their own party. They had delayed this step upon Gandhi's request in the hope that they could strengthen his hand against the ascendancy of the Conservative forces. After Gandhi's death they fully realized the futility of working within the Congress. They also believe that democracy in India requires the existence of an effective opposition party, and they hope to be it. At present the party is weak, except in some of the urban centres. This is due largely to its youth, to its highly intellectual and idealistic leadership, and to its policy up till now of demanding of its members the devotion of several hours a week of work for the party. This policy has changed and the party is aiming at becoming a mass organization. It is extremely active in the villages with the intent of becoming known first of all and of thereafter spreading its ideas. The rather remarkable peasant demonstrations it has been able to organize indicate the success of its activities. The leadership hopes to gain 15 per cent. of the vote next January and a majority in the foreseeable future. This optimism is based not only upon the enthusiastic work of the leaders themselves, but also upon the conviction that the Socialist party will be the receptacle of the dissatisfied elements leaving the Congress. However, so far most of these groups, Acharya Kripalani's among them, preferred to form their own parties. Nevertheless, to-day the only secular Indian party of nation-wide significance apparently capable of becoming a serious competitor to the Congress is the Socialist party.

Its 12,000-word platform for the coming elections contains the usual promises of cleaning up the Government and of guaranteeing equal rights to women, minorities, and refugees. It foresees a mixed economy of socialized major industries, co-operative home industries and agriculture, and private enterprise in small undertakings and small scale farming. The land is to be distributed so that the maximum holding per farming family will be 30 acres of average productivity. A plan worked out jointly by village communities and government

will aim at the improvement of agricultural methods and land utilization and the welfare of farmers. True to the Indian Socialists' belief that India's most important capital is its labour, great stress is laid, throughout the programme, upon volunteer work. The Socialist platform calls for India's withdrawal from the British Commonwealth, for neutrality in the cold war, and for collective security arrangements among nations situated between Egypt and Indonesia.

The youngest and a potentially influential party is the Kisan Mazdoor Praja party or, for short, the Praja or People's party. It is, essentially, the creature of Acharya J. B. Kripalani, a former Congress member of 36 years' standing a former Congress President, and a close collaborator of Gandhi. In a struggle for power inside the Congress during 1950, Acharya Kripalani lost out and his ardent opposition began, partly with the backing of Pandit Nehru. Whatever personal disappointments may have determined him to form the new party, there can be little doubt that his genuine dissatisfaction with the inefficiency and corruption of the Congress was very influential. He is convinced that in its present conditions the Congress is unfit to lead the country. That several thousand Congressmen chose to join him is an indication of the strength of the criticism.

The basic disagreement of the Praja party members with the Congress is not so much over principles as over the practical application of these principles or their execution. Characteristically, therefore, the party's manifesto and much of its propaganda is devoted to a severe attack upon the lack of efficiency, integrity, and spirit of service in the present administration. The positive programme, a middle way for India, does not deviate greatly from the Congress programme. It calls for a balanced economy which is "neither capitalist nor communist". In the vital land question, the platform only calls for the prevention of further sub-divisions of small land-holdings without saying anything concrete about the fate of the large estates, except that all land should belong to the tiller of the soil. Yet, landless farm labour is envisaged as a possibility, for the platform advocates that it should be organized. The platform calls for cottage and decentralized industry to the greatest possible degree. Only a few key industries are to be nationalized. All other "centralized industries" are to be run by "autonomous corporations or by co-operatives representative of various interests including the State" and in general the sector of the economy subject to private enterprise is to be under "social control". How much the party is pre-occupied with internal problems at the expense of foreign policy is emphasized by the platform's statement that "we would fain not talk of foreign policy" but that for the sake of completeness it proceeds

to call for neutrality in the cold war.

The remaining secular parties are of little political significance. Among them, the National Liberal Federation has some slight influence through the high quality of its discussions and resolutions. It resembles a club more than a party. The members form an unorganized group of liberal, moderate, and very able intellectuals who meet once a year to discuss current issues. The forward bloc obtained some publicity through its leader Subhash Chandra Bose, once president of the Congress against Gandhi's wish, collaborator with the Japanese, creator of a Japanese approved Indian liberation army, and a man with considerable popular following during his lifetime. Bose's followers claim to be real Socialists. They have some purely local strength in Bengal.

The religious Hindu Mahasabha is regaining influence. It was established early in this century as a reaction to the Muslim League. Its main purpose then was the protection of Hindu rights. But Hindus being in the majority anyway, the Mahasabha never had a really essential task to fulfil. It willingly left broader questions of policy to the Congress and was satisfied in keeping alive Hindu religion, culture and traditions. With the growing political activities of the Muslim League, the Mahasabha too became more politically-minded and by the middle of the 'thirties had developed into a communal political party. For awhile the substance of its politics was anti-Muslim and its major activities consisted in making Congress policies more anti-Muslim. It did not participate constantly and actively in national politics. Instead it came forth with resolutions at times of crisis or when important issues arose. The partition took much wind out of the party's sails and it quietened down.

The conflict between India and Pakistan has again provided the Hindu Mahasabha with a cause and made it particularly attractive to the Hindu refugees from Pakistan. In spite of a progressive sounding platform, Mahasabha politics are quite reactionary. The party in effect stands for extreme nationalism, militarism, expansionism and pan-Hinduism. Its dream is the recreation of a Hindu State as it existed hundreds of years ago. This would include Indonesia, Burma and other States. Openly the party only agitates for the conquest of Pakistan at the moment; privately members admit freely that other States should come under Hindu rule. Such viewpoints make the party a centre of attraction for various kinds of reactionary elements in India. Hence many Indians fear that the Mahasabha may become the nucleus of a quasi-Fascist group composed of party members, the most conservative wing of Congress, some business interests, and some military interests who have become communally-minded through the war with Pakistan. The party already has its "storm troopers" in the form of the R.S.S., a group

of rowdies ready for action at any time. There is no official link between the party and the R.S.S., but a close relationship exists nevertheless.

The lively political activity in India may, on the one hand, appear desirable in a young democracy. On the other hand, most Indians are anxious to avoid the many evils of a multi-party system. The Constitution envisages a two-party system. For the time being there is no danger of unstable central governments due to a multiplicity of parties, in spite of the 12 or so admitted to competition in the January elections. The overwhelming power of the Congress is not yet likely to be broken. Too many of the parties are either instruments of individuals, or created for special and limited purposes, or founded upon purely local conditions. Above all, however, with the exception of the Socialist and Communist parties, they have so far failed to offer a real political alternative to the Congress. They criticize the corruption and inefficiency of the Government—a criticism frequently heard in the Congress itself—and its failure to solve the many problems of India. But they do not offer a convincing programme of their own which would indicate that they could improve upon the performance of Congress if given the chance. In other words they lack a *raison d'être*. To a degree they are characteristic of the mood of the people: critical and dissatisfied, but unwilling or unable to remove the causes of these feelings.

(The author, who has travelled extensively in India, writes from the University of Minnesota, where he lectures in the Department of Political Science.)

FIFTY YEARS IN ENGLISH EDUCATION

BY H. C. DENT

IT was in 1900 that I began to attend a public elementary school. Ever since then, except for five years between 1914 and 1920, English education has been my professional concern; as pupil, teacher, youth leader, and educational journalist. My experience of it thus covers exactly the period surveyed in the Ministry of Education's annual report published last June.* Though I have been in close, and almost continuous, touch with the schools throughout the past half century, I find it difficult to comprehend fully the extent, or the significance, of the change that has come over them during these fifty years. For anyone who has not been so closely in touch it must be next to impossible. Almost everything has altered—except, unfortunately, in many instances the buildings.

My family being peripatetic, I attended three elementary schools. Of the first two I remember nothing save their outward appearance. As many other details of my life during those years remain clearly with me I conclude that these schools were neither undisciplined nor over-disciplined—both frequent types at that time. Of the third school I have a host of vivid memories. Partly, no doubt, because I was older, but chiefly because I adored my teacher, and persuaded myself into the belief that she adored me. Not altogether without cause; many a time in class she would lean over me and whisper into my ear: "You *are* a nice little boy." And more than once she bent a little lower and softly kissed my cheek. I sat at the end of a row, where this would be unobserved. Miss Sykes was always gay, and often laughing. I do not remember her ever having the slightest trouble with discipline, which speaks wonders for her, seeing that it was 1903 and the school was in a tough West Riding area. Her control was the more remarkable in that she allowed us to talk freely to each other in class about our work. (It was understood that our conversation was to be about work, and within limits I think we played fair.) That was in days when for a pupil to speak in school, save in answer to a question from the teacher, was usually

*Education 1900-1950. The Report of the Ministry of Education and the Statistics of Public Education for England and Wales for the year 1950. Cmd. 8244. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 7s. 6d.

as good as to ask for the cane.

But, great-hearted woman as she undoubtedly was, Miss Sykes taught very much in the fashion of the time. Probably she thought she had to; Morant was only then composing his famous charter of liberty for the elementary school teacher: "The only uniformity of practice the Board desire to see is that every teacher shall think for himself." So we did "mental", that is, we added, subtracted, multiplied or divided in our heads (our fingers assisting behind our backs) in response to problems she shot at us, and shouted or stammered back at her (according to the slickness of our wits) jubilant or shamefaced answers. We recited daily in chorus the multiplication tables, our voices rising in a steady crescendo to a shrill finale at "twelve twelves a 'nundred-'n-forty-four." We worked on paper unending sums with astronomical figures. We read aloud round the class, from the "Star" readers, one volume a year—our sole excursion into literature. We wrote daily in copybooks, striving laboriously to approach—we could not hope to equal—the inhuman perfection ("up strokes thin, down strokes thick") of the model line that flowed across the head of each page.

We memorized the capes, bays, estuaries and rivers of Great Britain in their order round the coast "... Dungeness, Beachy Head, Selsey Bill ..." We learned the kings and queens of England, and their exploits—this sounds like legend, but it is fact—by chanting a jingle that began:

William the Conqueror long did reign
William his son by an arrow was slain . . .

We sang scales, but so far as I can remember nothing else. And on Fridays we painted "blobs". I must put in a word in their defence, even at risk of horrifying my friends the exponents of "free art"—to whom I am as grateful as anyone can be for the revolution they have wrought. To the children of 1903 the therapeutic value of "blobs" was immense. To put just the right sized drop of water on the little slab of paint. To twirl your brush on the moistened surface until it had absorbed just enough paint. To make sure that no stray hair projected from its compact body. To poise the brush above the paper, and then, slowly, steadily, firmly—but not too firmly—to press it down on the sheet, hoping, praying, that it would make a perfect "blob". What thrills the process, many times repeated, gave us! Four blobs, one up, one down, and two sideways, made what was called by courtesy a flower. It was the sideways blobs that really tested your skill of hand and eye, for it was against the rules to twist your paper round. To paint a page of perfect "flowers" was a rare achievement, long to be recalled with pride.

All that belongs to an age which has passed for ever. Gone, too,

most happily, have other, grimmer, features of those days. One of the things that made me love Miss Sykes so dearly was that she would never wake the little "half-timers" who, tired out by their morning's work in the mill, fell asleep during their afternoon session in school. It was not until 1918 that the "half-time" system was abolished, though it had been dying a natural death for many years previously.

During the year I spent in that Yorkshire elementary school an Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration recommended that "a systematized medical inspection of school children should be imposed as a public duty on every School Authority." As a result, the School Medical Service came into being in 1907. What a miraculous change in the health and physique of the nation's children it has effected! In my schooldays it was common to see a child crying in class with toothache. Adenoids, earache, ringworm and rickets were too frequent to cause comment, and short sight went largely undetected. Every Saturday night my mother went through my hair with a fine tooth comb, and purged it with borax and soda. Occasionally I had escaped infestation; my sisters, never.

School meals (for obviously ill-fed children only) were by then being provided by voluntary effort in many large towns; but not in our industrial village. Nearly every week I took a parcel of food to the house of my best friend. His father drank, as did so many fathers—and mothers. He was as poorly clothed as fed, and in neither was exceptional. In 1906 legislation made it possible for local education authorities to defray the cost of providing meals for children attending elementary schools who were judged "unable by reason of lack of food to take full advantage of the education provided for them." The Act was permissive only. The subsequent very different histories of the school medical and meals services illustrate clearly the dissimilar reactions of local authorities to a duty and power. The former, which was mandatory, from the start progressed steadily and consistently; it was not until 1941, as a measure of war strategy, that the latter was largely developed.

When, in 1904, I told my school-mates that I was leaving to go to a Grammar school they crowded round me in bewildered amazement. They had never heard of such a thing; the only transition they knew was from school to work, which they made as early as possible. (Even under the 1902 Act that could be at 13; only a year or two previously it had been 12.) They could not conceive why anyone should want more school. The Grammar school to which I went, in a nearby town, was a private establishment. Not more than a quarter of a mile from it there had recently been established one of the new-fangled municipal secondary schools which the local education authorities were empowered by the Education Act of 1902 to provide. We "sons of gentlemen" at the Grammar school were

strictly forbidden to have anything to do with its pupils ; they were "low". This was, perhaps, just as well—for the municipal school. Any contamination which might have resulted from association would I fear, have come from our side, not theirs. To say that indecency was rampant at that Grammar school is to put it mildly ; boys openly exposed themselves in class, and the lavatories (including the washplace) could not be used by the few who did not like that sort of thing. Except that I enjoyed there my first organized games (these were unknown in elementary schools) I learned little or nothing at that school. Nor, I imagine, did any other pupil fare better, for the teaching was both pedestrian and perfunctory, and the discipline so poor that no one could pay much attention to it anyhow.

I would hesitate to say that such private schools were unusual in 1905. Happily, I stayed there only one year, before being sent to Kingswood, which was then reserved exclusively for the sons of Wesleyan ministers. There I was subjected for five years to the rigours of the classical curriculum, thoroughly if not very intelligently taught in the nineteenth century manner. It was no doubt good intellectual discipline for those who took naturally to it ; at any rate Kingswood was sending a steady stream of open scholarship winners to Oxford and Cambridge. Unfortunately for me, I didn't win, and I left before I was 16.

What next ? My father had always intended me to follow him into the Wesleyan ministry, as he had followed his father ; but I had already made it quite clear that that was not my *métier*. There was no one to turn to for authoritative advice ; vocational guidance was in its infancy. (The Board of Trade was in that very year setting up the first juvenile employment bureaus, but of that I knew nothing.) Finally, I embraced the only other profession I knew at first-hand ; I became a teacher. One could, just like that, in those days, even at the age of 16. Qualifications were irrelevant. I was unlucky first time. Of the school where I made my *début* I will say no more than that in an assistant staff of six, of whom one, the second master, appeared to be a permanency, there were eight changes during the term I spent there. I took a term off to recover from the shock.

My second experience could not have been more different ; in fact, the only points of resemblance between the two schools were that both were privately owned and both took boarders. I owe a debt of gratitude to the principal of my second school which I can never repay. He taught me how to teach, and more, to see in teaching a vocation. He pointed out to me, what in my inexperience I had not realized, that a Senior Oxford Local Certificate, even with Matriculation exemption, was hardly an adequate qualification for anyone considering teaching as a career ; and he set me on the way to a

London external degree. But, infinitely more important than all this, throughout the three years I was privileged to live in his house I learned from his example what a Christian gentleman at his best could be. Nor must I omit mention of his sister, who among many acts of kindness, one Sunday evening in a three-hours' talk led me to an understanding of adult responsibility.

The school had been founded by their father 40 years before. It was known, and regarded with affectionate admiration, for many miles around. Parents put their sons' names down for it years ahead, just as other parents do for Eton. One would have thought its future secure against any assault. But the principal knew better. A large municipal secondary school had been opened in the town a year or two before I joined his staff. We younger folk—staff and pupils alike—were inclined to look down our noses at it. But the principal was wiser than we ; he had read the signs of the times aright. The small town, even with the surrounding countryside, could not support two secondary schools of the size it now contained, and he knew which would survive. He knew that his two huts in the garden, pleasant though they were, could not long compete with the brick-built classrooms of the municipal school. He had no laboratories, craft rooms, or gymnasium ; the municipal school had them all. And—perhaps ultimately the decisive factor—he knew that the unfledged and unqualified striplings that were all he could afford to employ as his staff could not produce the academic successes that the municipal school would teach parents to demand. During the 1914-1918 war he quietly gave up the unequal struggle.

My teaching service after the war was entirely in maintained secondary schools. It was during the early 1920's that these schools really got into their stride. The working classes had by then fully realized the opportunity which the "State" secondary schools offered to their children. The competition for "free places" became intense, stimulated, unhappily, not least by heavy unemployment in the skilled trades. Consequently, at any rate in the north of England, to which I moved again in 1922, the secondary schools were full of highly intelligent children, keen as mustard, and further spurred on by parents determined that at all costs the bright boy (or girl) of the family should not live out his life on recurrent doses of the "dole".

Those were thrilling years for the teacher ready to welcome new ideas. The spirit of adventure was at large ; experiments multiplied. Unhappily, bad staff work and the panic economy measures of the "Geddes axe" killed the great Fisher Act gesture of day continuation schools ; but at other points along the line advance leaped ahead. Margaret Macmillan had triumphantly proved the case for the nursery school and got it recognized in legislation. Montessori, and a

modernized Froebelism were revolutionizing methods in infant schools. The American Dalton plan of individual study was being tried out in many junior and some secondary schools. A few schools were even experimenting with the "project method", another and more daring American idea. A group of private schools, whose mouthpiece was the New Education Fellowship, began insistently to preach and to practise (with varied results, some good, some catastrophic) the doctrine of absolute freedom for the child. Some of us in the State secondary schools caught the infection, and our classrooms became cells of rebellion against traditional methods to the delight of our pupils and the fury of our more conservative colleagues.

Meanwhile, with less publicity but more far-reaching effect, the senior elementary school was once more, as so often in its history, thrusting up into the secondary sphere. Enterprising local authorities taking full advantage of the clause in the Fisher Act which instructed them to provide courses of advanced instruction and practical training for older children in elementary schools, were setting up "central" schools, after the pattern of those established by London and Manchester just before the war, and other schools which, to indicate their experimental nature, they sometimes called "modern"; and they were giving them their head.

Some of these schools, proudly conscious that many of their pupils were intellectually as able as many in the recognized secondary schools (lots of parents offered free places for their children could not face the loss of two, or more, years' earnings which acceptance implied), were going flat out on secondary courses leading to the School Certificate. But others, especially the "senior" schools, which accommodated the children who had failed to get into either secondary or central schools, were developing curricula and methods along very different lines. They were cutting down academic studies to a minimum, and introducing a wide variety of handcrafts and other practical exercises.

Always previously the elementary school had been rebuffed whenever it tried to rise above what was considered its station. But not this time. The great "Hadow" report,* published in the closing days of 1926, not only warmly approved what it had been doing but recommended that it be officially recognized for what it was: genuine secondary education of a new kind. The report went even further; education, it said, was a continuous process, its advance marked only by stages. All schooling up to the age of 11+ should be regarded as

primary, all thereafter as secondary.

What a thrill that report gave many of us, and what a period of mingled hopes and frustrations followed! The Government adopted the consultative committee's recommendation that the elementary school should be reorganized into separate junior and senior schools, but did not make this mandatory upon the local education authorities; consequently, "Hadow reorganization" proceeded most unevenly throughout the country. It is not yet complete. The Labour Government which came into office in 1929 made three unsuccessful attempts to raise the school-leaving age from 14 to 15, as Hadow had recommended. And then the world economic depression fell upon us, halting advance of every kind.

It was 1935 before the ban was completely lifted. And then the Education Act which was prepared, and passed into law the following year, was a poor compromise affair. The school-leaving age was certainly raised to 15 (to take effect on September 1, 1939), but with exemption at 14 for any pupil who could show that he had an offer of "beneficial employment". What constituted "beneficial employment" local education authorities were still disputing when Hitler blew all reform into a back cupboard.

But not for long. The quickened social conscience which modern war brings, powerfully stimulated in this instance by the shocking revelations of evacuation, was soon demanding not merely reform but radical change. By 1943 this had been proposed, and by 1944 enacted. It remains to carry into effect the high determination of those exalted years. Will it take as long as it did to work out in practice the full implications of the greatest Act of 1902? Will the next half century see as profound and thoroughgoing a change in education as the one just concluded? If the past is any guide to what will happen in the future the answer should be No to the first question, but Yes to the second. I believe we are on the verge of greater change than we have yet known.

*Report of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education on The Education of the Adolescent. H.M. Stationery Office, 1926.

VIOLENCE AND THE CARTOON

BY JOHN CULSHAW

I HAVE only the vaguest recollection of my first visit to a cinema, a hazy sense of the mystery and expectation aroused by a building which looked like a cross between a fairground exhibit and a mosque. The entrance sign had been amended to read "Palace *all-talking* Pictures" and the new word stood out in all the excitement of its bright red paint. Of the interior, the audience, the quality of projection and sound I can remember nothing; nor do I remember the feature, except that it had something to do with the north pole, and huskies. What remained after the performance, and what still remains, is the memory of a cartoon; the strange spidery images in black and white which traced the adventures of a girl whose main characteristic was a huge, outrageously disproportionate head. (She must, I think, have been Max Fleischer's Betty Boop). I cannot remember the purpose of her wanderings through sinister mountain caves nor the nature of her conversation with animals and flowers; all that mattered was that she was there, an unreal yet likable image that moved and danced and sang. The image remained, and so did the song. Thus another child had found his way into the folklore of the animated cartoon.

At that time it was accepted that cartoons were made for children. The idea of a full-length cartoon or of one that might have an essentially adult appeal was, with the exception of *avant garde* productions like the French "*L'Idée*", something which emerged much later. The child of the early 'thirties entered quite freely into the world of Felix the Cat, Bonzo and the embryonic Mickey Mouse, and the adults who allowed him to do so were, generally, confident that what he saw would not jeopardize his development or behaviour. Most adults did not bother to take the cartoon seriously, at least during the period of its technical infancy, and the producers were content to repeat plots derived from well-known fairy tales. A formula was being established, and it continued to apply long after the cartoon had reached technical maturity. The principal character was clearly defined and inevitably victorious, whatever the odds; the grotesque was exciting without being ugly, and violence, an essential factor even in the earliest days, was violent without being cruel.

Walt Disney was the only cartoon producer whose inventiveness

managed to keep pace with improvements in technique. He moved far ahead of his competitors in creating both an original cartoon style and a group of characters whose behaviour was consistent and predictable. Earlier, he had made tentative experiments with the grotesque in his "Skeleton Dance" and "Haunted House"; the latter in particular was interesting because it reversed the usual formula and allowed the main character (Mickey Mouse) to be scared out of his wits by some surprisingly affectionate ghosts. But cartoons of this nature were exceptional. The Mickey Mouse series, once it had established its range, remained basically comic, while the parallel "Silly Symphony" series, which had no regular characters and is now defunct, attempted a more poetic and lyrical approach and thus in some ways anticipated Disney's later experiments in his full-length "Fantasia".

There was a difference, however, between the moral codes applying to each series. I know it sounds strange and even pretentious to write of a cartoon having a moral code, but it is true that Mr. Disney's characters did observe certain primitive standards of behaviour; this alone made them more interesting than their predecessors. The Mickey Mouse series soon lost the ominous trend towards the grotesque, and the characters drew their comedy mainly from their struggles with peevish, and normally inanimate, objects such as chairs, beds, springs, diving boards and refrigerators. It was only in some of the Silly Symphonies that Mr. Disney allowed the nightmare aspects of fantasy to emerge. In these cartoons the story was far less important, and the vein of comedy far less crude. Greater attention was paid to atmosphere, and to pictorial beauty for its own sake. The animal figures were more real than the obvious caricatures of the Mickey Mouse series, and the use of colour, when it became the rule rather than the exception, was more subdued and poetic. There are many who believe that only in these Silly Symphonies did the cartoon rise above the medium of entertainment and approach the boundaries of art.

Walt Disney's competitors straggled far behind. Betty Boop faded away, possibly because of an inherent crudity thrown into high relief by Disney technical superiority; her malformation was displeasing and pointless. Max Fleischer's other character, Popeye the Sailor, although the true originator of the kind of violence which dominates the modern cartoon, was less popular than the Disney animals because of the lack of invention which made his cartoons so essentially similar. But at least, in the eternal triangle of Popeye, Bluto and Olive Oyl, virtue has reigned triumphant to this day—Popeye has always managed to find his spinach on time, and Bluto has always suffered accordingly. On the strength of modern developments, it is possible that Popeye is due for extinction unless he changes

his moral code.

In the Disney series the changes were gradual. At first Mickey and Minnie Mouse held the stage, while Donald Duck, Pluto and Goofy were incidental as comedy relief. Mickey, the basic Disney character, was essentially good, essentially one-sided, and never seemed to hold any spleen against his enemies. Pursued or attacked he preserved his ubiquitous grin, unfailingly aware that triumph was inevitable. He never did anything for spite, he never became annoyed to the point of losing his temper. He was smug, and in the end he became a bore. Minnie soon faded from any active part in the cartoons, while Mickey was gradually pushed into the background by Donald Duck, Pluto and Goofy. This was a natural enough development, since the attraction of Walt Disney's animals has always lain in their human, rather than animal, traits, and Mickey Mouse was the least human of all. Donald Duck was much more sympathetic, if only because of his ability to lose his temper and to curse vehemently in what was indisputably the strongest of duck language. What is more, he was a new kind of cartoon hero; his triumph was by no means inevitable; he was nearly always at the mercy of perverse mechanical contrivances and, at the end of the film, more than likely to find himself still entangled in something or other, cursing more strongly than ever and gazing at the audience with that hopeless resignation which is at once so human and so lovable. As a result, Donald's mixture of virtues and failings soon ousted the puritan Mickey. One could go with Donald all the way, one knew the extent of his guilt when he prepared for some act of revenge, one sympathized more in his defeat than in Mickey's triumph. Donald Duck brought conscience to the cartoon, and thus made it more adult, more subtle; from the moment he stepped into the lead, Donald became a flippant embodiment of the conflict between forgiveness and the desire for revenge.

The other characters likewise developed individuality. Pluto stood mid-way between Donald and Mickey, being neither so violent as the former nor so insipid as the latter. Goofy became the cartoon village idiot, less interesting though often more amusing than Donald because his conflict was always on the physical plane, and concerned such things as getting on and off a horse, learning to box, and so on. Donald's influence was discernible in a host of minor characters such as the fiendishly ingenious squirrels which appeared intermittently as his tormentors and which, though charming to watch, possessed a streak of spitefulness and cunning which made them vastly different from the animals of the mature Silly Symphonies. But through all these developments a fundamental charm prevailed; whatever happened, there was never any real nastiness, never a hint of unchallenged cruelty. The comedy cartoon still derived its sub-

stance from the earlier slapstick comedies, from such elementary situations as the difficulties of a man trying to hang a picture on a wall. It was left to later, post-war cartoon makers to suggest that instead of hanging the picture he might hang himself.

Violence has always been present in the cartoon, but it has always been violence in terms of a particular aim; a primitive but important scale of values has always governed its use. Popeye throws Bluto out of the window partly to convince Olive Oyl of his superior masculinity but mainly to protect her, for Bluto is always the source of trouble, always the aggressor. Donald Duck loses his temper with the orphans, but only so that the ensuing discipline will assist him to build a kindly relationship as a foster-parent. Such a scale of values stood the test for ten years or more, and only began to wane after the 1939-1945 war. Slowly, it became apparent that Walt Disney was growing tired of his established characters, and his weariness was evident in his desire for experiment, his attempts to blend human figures with animation in full-length cartoons, his almost hysterical partiality for abstract designs and nightmare splashes of colour. The technique seemed to be out of control, it seemed to be eating away the artist. There was undoubtedly a certain bitterness prompted by the failure of the Silly Symphonies, which were artistically the most interesting of his productions, and his new style, exemplified in full-length productions, seemed deliberately to distort and cheapen the finer qualities of the earlier series, as if Mr. Disney had sensed the new public demand for noise, surprise and violence of effect. But if the Silly Symphonies failed, "Fantasia" and its successors were similar failures on a grand scale. His restlessness was unmistakable, and though the public has continued to give him token acknowledgment as the greatest of cartoon makers it has, at the same time, given the commercial lead to some of his competitors.

These competitors owe their success to a realization that audiences, having graduated from Mickey Mouse to Donald Duck, were ready for a further step—a step in the direction of violence. If Walt Disney also recognized this, it is to his credit that he refused to compromise the animal characters he had slowly developed—Donald Duck without a conscience would not be Donald Duck. Accordingly, he tried, without success, to satisfy the demand by means of abstract violence, by a blinding montage of colour and design, dazzling meaningless contours and blaring music. He failed because the public, having shown an enthusiasm for violence, preferred to take its violence neat. The box-office lead therefore passed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with their "Tom and Jerry" cartoons and to Warner Brothers with their "Bugs Bunny" series.

In terms of cartoon technique these represent a decline; neither

series exhibits the Disney love of detail and subtlety, the backgrounds are uninspired and functional, the actual draughtsmanship surprisingly crude. But the most revealing difference between these and the older cartoons is the emphasis on violence and the absence of charm. The Tom and Jerry series is based entirely on the familiar cat and mouse chase, but with the difference that the chase is endless and pointless, like some trivial symbol of the perpetual and meaningless warfare that George Orwell envisaged in his 1984. There is no question of reconciliation, no hint of Donald Duck's all-pervading conscience, no sense of a world where there might be anything other than the victor and the vanquished. The nature of the violence is shown exactly, because now it seems to have an entertainment value ; tails are pulled off, legs broken, heads scalped, bodies mangled. In one cartoon the cat, grinning, has a golf ball driven through its teeth ; in another, its coat is burnt away by an exploding firework. I am not suggesting that these cartoons are anything less than hilariously funny : it is simply that our conception of what is funny, or of what is admissible as funny, has undergone a radical change. In comparison, the most violent of the early Disney cartoons seems childishly tame and lacking in pace.

Similarly, the Bugs Bunny character of the Warner cartoons is the animal embodiment of the spiv, a character recognizing no code of behaviour beyond the selfish and accepting no values concerning the welfare of others. His actions are frequently deceitful, cowardly, malicious and violent beyond description, but he is invariably presented as a figure for sympathetic amusement ; he is the modern hero. The implications are rather disturbing, for they suggest that modern audiences have neither time nor patience for the primitive values which Donald Duck represents, nor can they accept the kind of resignation to which he succumbs when things are just too bad. In other words, Donald is guilty of showing too much consideration for his adversaries. We have come to accept that war, even in the fantasy world of the cartoon, is war. The idea of a story, however simple, seems to have been abandoned because violence is able to create its own context, as in those Tom and Jerry cartoons which begin in the middle of one chase and end with the same contestants still in full pursuit. The audience neither knows nor cares why one is attempting to kill or maim the other ; brutality exists in its own right, the laughs are invariably associated with some form of injury. This would not seem quite so bad if Tom were portrayed as a thoroughly wicked cat, but he is not. His real failure is inefficiency, and if these new cartoons point any moral it would seem to be that nothing really matters so long as you are efficient enough to be victorious. The limit of this approach was reached two or three years ago in an extraordinary cartoon featuring a cat called Laura

who, living a life of selfish affluence, was contrasted with a poverty-stricken hungry dog for whom the audience was obviously intended to develop sympathy. Yet at the end it was Laura, in her limousine, who squashed the dog to pulp and then grinned triumphantly at the bewildered and murmuring audience.

It is no wonder that Walt Disney has chosen to ignore this new approach. The values on which he founded his cartoon world have collapsed suddenly, and it seems that he is faced with the choice of lowering his standards or accepting a smaller, specialist audience. He, who alone founded a new and genuine twentieth-century folklore, must watch while the technique he developed is used with a crudity that recalls the earliest days and with a total lack of that enchantment which characterized all his finest work. Mr. Disney's only real development during the past five years was a brilliant, completely lunatic cartoon called "Clown of the Jungle" which, beneath its supreme implausibility, suggests the despair of an artist who has been forsaken but who refuses to give up the struggle.

So it has happened that the child who makes his first acquaintance with the cinema during 1951 will find that ugliness and violence are not restricted to the war scenes in the newsreel. He may even become conditioned to think that humour and violence are inseparable, and that cartoon fantasy without violence is dull and reminiscent of the classroom ; he may even dismiss Donald and his conscience as soppy. And it is useless for adults to blame the cartoon producers, for what has happened to the cartoon is an adult affair, the result of a definite box-office demand. Just as the newspaper comic strip has slowly adjusted itself to the adult-adolescent taste, so the cinema cartoon has deserted the children. After all its struggles to attain a degree of artistic credit, the cartoon has been relegated to an inferior position as cheap, popular entertainment. Perhaps it should never have attempted more, and perhaps it should now be content to exist on the level of its newspaper equivalents. And yet something has been lost, something which a world where so much is being lost can ill-afford.

(The author's book A Place of Stone is soon to be published by Secker and Warburg.)

HERBERT PALMER : PORTRAIT AND APPRECIATION

BY DEREK STANFORD

SELDOM does reality square with our imaginary pre-view of it. I had formed fairly clear ideas of the sort of person that Herbert Palmer must be before I met him. Having just reviewed his book *The Sword in the Desert*, in which in an Introductory essay I encountered certain forthright qualifications, I decided he must be an artistic die-hard, a Munnings of poetry, reaction incarnate. Had I been less precipitate in judgment, I should have observed that, along with reservations concerning Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and Rilke as the true fountain-head of all future verse (a credo I somewhat over-cherished at that time), Mr. Palmer was also the author of some even stricter censure of the Georgian poets, with whom—in my ignorance—I had placed him. I was soon, however, to be disillusioned. Meeting him on a poetry brains trust, I was forced to revise my mental portrait in a way that left very few original touches standing. Instead of finding him cold and unforthcoming, rigid with suspicion and dislike of the young, I discovered an impulsive rhetorical being, an ardent enthusiastic speaker, by turns grim, humorous, fantastic, and inspired. To those who have never heard the poet “holding forth”, I can best suggest the phenomenon by saying that where other people talk, he testifies. Discussing poetry with Herbert Palmer carries one as far as possible from the point where one acquiesces in T. S. Eliot’s definition of poetry as a “superior pastime”. Not cards, croquet, cricket, canasta, or other games and entertainments of skill supply the analogy for Herbert Palmer’s concept. Poetry for him is clearly a matter to be discussed with the same excitement as revolutions and coronations provoke. One feels oneself infectiously required to speak in certain audacious over-tones, for the most part absent from conversation, which makes of the occasion almost a holiday “Damn braces, bless relaxes”, William Blake tells us; but Herbert Palmer so mixes anathema and praise that both his Yea and Nay affect us as stimulants. To say that he has a fulminating mind coupled with a simple rejoicing heart might serve to describe his unexpectedness, the unpredictability of his *obiter dicta*.

The next surprise I had coming to me was in the choice and range of names he cited in defence of his position. What I had anticipated was that he would refer to the nineteenth-century romantic poets—to

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Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and Byron—to the work of Shakespeare and Milton, and possibly mention the pastoral Clare and Dyer whom the Georgians had helped to establish as a fashion. Most of these he did indeed cite; but the names he uttered with a sense of special allegiance were Blake, Villon, Landor, and the great anonymous border balladists. He also spoke of Caedmon and Cynewulf, of some of the storm-and-stress Germans as well as the melodious ironic Heine (Herbert Palmer received a part of his education at Bonn University, and lived and taught in Germany a number of years). His knowledge of the work of his contemporaries is prodigious (as the briefest glance into his volume *Post-Victorian Poetry* will prove). Nor does this exclude the output of the young, though I think his choice in this field erratic.

This catalogue of affinities, recited with a deal of bardic unction, I found highly instructive when approaching his verse. To begin with, I saw that Herbert Palmer’s sympathies were not primarily with the ‘still life’ scenic poets, whom his Georgian contemporaries affected. He was not a landscape artist or lyrical chronicler of the week-end hike, but a poet of vision, passion and drama.

Theoretically, no doubt, the distinction is invalid, for whether one takes the sphere of rural quiet or the busier arenas of life for one’s province, the same tensions, conflicts, and fatalities occur if one has but the eye to register them. It is not all a business of “shining delf”, of may-poles, hop-poles, harvests and cider-feasts. These play a part in the bucolic picture, but grimmer symbols are there for the picking. Thus Matthew Prior in his idylls suddenly flashes upon us the image of a shepherd and his sweetheart struck dead by lightning in a meadow before their wedding, while Wordsworth tells us of Lucy Gray, lost with her lantern on a night of storm and snow. Or, in a minor and perhaps more subtle key, we are shown, in one of Charles Tennyson-Turner’s sonnets, a “knot of soft gray feathers” lightly clinging to violet stalks and grass-blades—all that remains of a tame dove which a passing hawk has attacked. But just this other side to nature, this unsmiling cheek as one might call it, was what the Georgian poets for the most part sedulously avoided. The note of disquiet in Edward Thomas, and the feeling of doubt in Edmund Blunden’s verse were exceptions rather than the rule; and even these poets generally forbore to intrude a direct image of violence or pain. Although Herbert Palmer does not take the subject-matter of the Georgians as his regular material, we see—in such a poem as “The Wounded Hawk”—how different it becomes when he chooses to employ it:

I have with fishing-rod and line
Roved many banks and had great play;

But there are shadows in my mind,
And one will stick till dying day.
I saw one morn near Muker bridge,
Beside the wood I sought to pass,
A great hawk—crippled in the wing—
Spread wide and struggling on the grass—
Shot by some keeper as it flew
In cruel ecstasy of Spring.
It was of strange and mottled hue—
A crag-land, evil, splendid thing.

Here are quoted only three of the eight stanzas, and while they serve to give some conception of the strength and sonority informing the poem—the fierce grip with which it fastens on its content—the excerpt necessarily omits the development of vision in the poem to its close. Compassion follows on startled apprehension, pity for the hurt creature that fulfils itself only by hurting others, leads at the end to grim identification. Like Villon the poet feels himself implicated in a vast community of the damned :

We're pages from the self-same book ;
But you—you're done. I wait God's wish.
One hunts with beak, and one with hook,
And one with word—birds, knaves, fools, fish.

This, we observe, is moral realism—the mordant vision that Villon knew when he wrote of the presence of death (“*La mort le fait fremir, paillir . . .*”), or when in his “*L'Épitaphe*” he asked why one should think it presumptuous

Of those who suffered death by law to dare
To call you brothers still. *

It is also the Christian vision of no redemption without recognition of sin.

This endeavour to concern himself with the larger issues of human existence, whatever the poem's starting-point might be (as we see from his fairy play “*The Dragon of Tingalam*”) is what chiefly distinguishes him from the Georgians ; and only the habit of marshalling poets according to age groups and years of publication could have led us to place Herbert Palmer in their camp. Indeed, he possesses all those characteristics which he tells us the Georgians wished to avoid : a sense of the religious, the philosophical, the political, and the patriotic ; a feeling for the mystical in life, and the spiritual nature of good and evil.

We find his style cultivating all those most moving and most

* Translated by R. N. Currey.

difficult devices of language. Whereas the Georgians had eschewed rhetoric for fear of involving themselves in bombast, Herbert Palmer revels in magniloquence which at times degenerates into bluster. “*The Wolf Knight*”, a poetic testament which one may compare with John Davidson's poems (though Herbert Palmer's model was probably Villon) contains both a good and bad plethora of speech :

And here's a howl will sweep to the Gates of Glory !
And here's a yell to crack the thongs of the sky !
'Twill shake the hearts of the young, unseat the hoary,
And curl in the sleeve of the wind—and fly—and fly,

for example, strikes us as excessive. There is something of the berserker about it. The best use to which he puts this larger-than-life-size language of his is when he mixes humour with his rhetoric :

Let the damned ride their earwigs to Hell, but let
me not join them.

(“*Rock Pilgrim*”)

or

He who reads these words and finds in them no petal of beauty
Will get a pain in his eye and feel muddled for missing his duty ;
He who reads these words and judges them weak and delirious
Shall be bruised in the elbow by Mars and bit in the knee-cap by Sirius ;
He who reads these words and despises their needy creator
Will lose half a crown the same day and five ha'pence a week or two later.
(“*Dynamite and Lavender*”)

In his employment of bold auditory effects, Herbert Palmer again stands apart from the Georgians. Using alliteration and onomatopoeia in an occasionally over-forceful fashion, he produces certain verses that are noisy and childish rather than effectively expressive. For example, in his powerful poem “*The Two Foemen*”, we encounter such unfortunate ‘atmospherics’ as

“Twist ! Twist ! Twirl !” they yelled. “Down toes and under !”
Screech ! Screech ! Whizz ! Swish ! Clatter ! Crash !
Oh, the sky rolled and rocked to the thunder.
Flash ! Flash ! went the guns. Flash ! Flash !

On the other hand, in his later poems (see especially his volume *The Old Knight*) his grasp on the substance of verbal sound is surer ; tighter, more sinewy and controlled :

Three thousand million skulls defile
Our woods and pastures league on mile ;
Three thousand million skulls appal
Our brethren under tree and wall ;
The whole green world is littered white
With bones that sicken and delight,

With bones that gladden and affright.

He is like an artist who has learnt to stress the muscles in anatomy without making his model appear a parody of Charles Atlas.

If one searches to locate the central attitude from which these traits spring one might say that Herbert Palmer is unusually possessed of a sense of reality and of vision. The first gives him his grip on things, the second permits him to transcend or reconcile them. Without the former his work would be unanchored, a substanceless make-belief of fancy : without the latter it would seem unexalted, a cynical earth-bound statement of despair. This combination is perhaps best discovered in his anthology-piece "The Fiddler and the Girl", in which the claims of the spirit and "this too, too solid flesh" are counter-pointed.

Such an inconclusive debate between two elemental forces might bring many a poet to a stand-still ; but Herbert Palmer has gone on and on. The reason for this would seem to lie in his vast store of energy. "Energy", wrote Blake, "is Eternal Delight," and : "Exuberance is Beauty." In these aphorisms we learn the cause of the greater pleasure we find in Herbert Palmer. He is a Dionysic poet, a kind of evangelical Christian sun-worshipper. Both in practice and in theory he has felt the attraction of this heavenly body. "Prayer for Sunlight in Early Spring" is one of his most ardent poems ; in criticism he has felt himself bound to attack the influence in verse of that rival symbol, the moon. In his book *Post-Victorian Poetry* he associates the moon with the Georgian movement (though much of what he says would certainly apply to the early poems of T. S. Eliot, Conrad Aiken and other innovators). "This worship of the moon," he writes, "which suggested an approaching disease of literary anaemia, and an acceptance of some of the worst post-war conditions of passive materialism, began to pluck hard at my nerves . . . I felt that the lordly sun was not getting his fair fee." The balance, he decided, must somehow be redressed, upon which determination he sat down and wrote his "Denunciatory Ode to the Moon". All of the man lies apparent in this gesture—his enthusiasm for any cause he espouses, his mixture of the playful and the serious, his fantasy, and strange sense of insight, and finally his lyrical immediacy of action. In days of anxiety, prudence and reflection one must either be annoyed by or cherish this eccentric.

(In his second article on English poetry since 1938, published in the October 1951 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Herbert Palmer wrote : "Derek Stanford is a gloomy, adventurous, and rather flat symbolist but he seems the most promising of our young poet-critics.")

THE OLD POET

BY PHOEBE HESKETH

There's a path of gold on the water
Where Evening walks with green hems caught
In a hazel mist at the edge.

Here he listens
For the trout-rise and the tread
Of supple-footed Spring around the wood.
Slowly he casts and holds the quivering rod
And line as fragile as his spinning life ;
And the lapping lake awakes his slowing blood
To lyric solitude
As a green wind shakes dry reeds.
These are his words and music ;
These are his women.
For he whose needs are few
Has long since put away pen and turned
From every vain desire.

But now old rhymes run sprightly-footed through
The cobwebbed rooms of his mind with a wind-sprung broom
Till clouded images renew
The sharpness of some heyday of the heart.

And though his sleeves are frayed
And eyes and ears grown dim and speech delayed
Of former lightnings, deep within him range
Unrusted truths and poetry unchanged.
He is old
And grey but the way he goes is paved with gold.

TSCHAIKOVSKY AND THE VON MECK LETTERS

BY EVELYN P. HOPE

IN 1886, when he was 46 years of age, Tschaikovsky wrote to his friend and publisher, Jurgenson :

One person plays the chief part in the last ten years of my life. She is my good genius ; to her I owe all my prosperity and the power to devote myself to my beloved work. Yet, I have never seen her, never heard her voice ; all my intercourse with her is through the post.

He refers to Nadezhda Filaretovna von Meck, the wealthy widow, nine years his senior and mother of 11 children. Out of her admiration for his genius and deep regard for himself (unseen but by no means unknown), for 13 years she made him the generous allowance which freed him from the necessity to earn his living as professor of harmony at the recently started Moscow Conservatoire, which wasted, as he felt, every day six precious hours that he longed to devote to composition. He did, in fact, catch more than one glimpse of her, one in particular, driving in her carriage not far from her country house, Simaki, which she had placed at his disposal for a short holiday. "Although we were only face to face for a moment," he writes, "I felt horribly confused. However, I raised my hat politely. She seemed to lose her head entirely and did not know what to do." And so the carriage passed on, and except as strangers in a crowd they never met again.

They lived as it were on the fringe of meeting. This was by no means the only occasion on which Nadezhda von Meck invited Tschaikovsky to use one or other of her three country houses. Nor was it in her own houses alone that she saw to his comfort. He writes from Florence, in November 1878 to his brother Anatol : "The apartment Nadezhda Filaretovna has taken for me consists of a suite of five rooms . . . In the drawing room there is a splendid grand piano ; on the writing table every kind of stationery and two big bouquets. . . . I was troubled with the thought that Nadezhda Filaretovna would be living so close to me ; that we might meet. . . . But a letter from her, which I found upon my writing table . . . completely set my mind at rest." She was only half a mile away, in the luxurious Villa Oppenheim, and when she left he wrote : "How recently I was embarrassed by her close proximity—and now I miss her !"

Not only did these two never meet ; they agreed not to. At the

beginning of their correspondence, she wrote : "There was a time when I earnestly desired your personal acquaintance, but now I feel the more you fascinate me the more I shrink from knowing you. It seems to me I could not then talk to you as I do now." And he replied : "I am not at all surprised that, although you love my music, you do not desire to know the composer. You are afraid lest you should miss in my personality all with which your ideal imagination has endowed me. You are right." There is some evidence that after two and a half years Nadezhda may have been tempted to break the strange pact. For a week before the accidental encounter, her private violinist, Pakhulsky, who was known to Tschaikovsky, suggested that next time he visited him he should bring Milochka, Nadezhda's youngest daughter, with him. Tschaikovsky wrote to Nadezhda in obvious alarm : "Forgive me, dear friend, and make fun of my mania if you like—but I am not going to invite Milochka here, for this reason : my relations to you—as they exist at present—are my chief happiness . . . I do not want them altered by a hair's breadth . . . for God's sake let everything remain as it has been. . . . Pardon my frankness, dear and noble friend." So the friendship continued to subsist entirely on letters—letters written not less than once a week, and frequently every day, revealing an affection and intimate understanding so precious as to be almost vital to Tschaikovsky. If for once she did not write, he was worried : "With my usual tremblings," he wrote to Anatol, "I supposed that she had stopped loving me . . . but I have just received a letter from her, so sweet, so generous, with such sincere expressions of love." And when, during the last three years of his life, he believed (mistakenly, as it seems, though not without apparent reason) that Nadezhda really had stopped loving him, neither the unfailing affection of his family nor a measure of success, which his brother Modeste describes as the realization of "his wildest dreams", could console him.

"I am sometimes possessed by a mad desire to be caressed by a woman's hand," he wrote to Anatol on the occasion of the latter's marriage, yet there is nothing in any of his letters to suggest that he desired a more personal relationship with Nadezhda. Whether her feelings were quite as detached is doubtful. After two years of letter writing, moved to the extent of two sleepless nights, by playing the piano transcription of his Fourth Symphony, which he had dedicated to her, she wrote : "Do you know, when you married it was intensely difficult for me, as though some part of my heart had broken ? . . . I hated that woman because she did not make you happy, but I should have hated her a hundred times more if you had found happiness in her. I believed she had robbed me of what should have been mine alone, what is rightfully mine for the reason that I love you more than

anyone and value you above anything else in the world." She added that her confession "can't alter any part of our relationship. I want no change." Tschaikovsky replied with protestations of "love too powerful to be expressed otherwise than through music" and left it at that.

In considering this unusual friendship, it should be remembered that Nadezhda von Meck was a recluse, and that Tschaikovsky, always shy of strangers, was tormented by a deep depreciation of himself and even of his music. "It comes over me suddenly," he writes to Nadezhda, "that no one really loves me or can love me, because I am such a pitiable, contemptible being." Yet there were many who did love this tall, handsome man, with his great personal charm, his appealing blue eyes and his many gifts. Nor did he stint the affection he gave in return. One might perhaps expect some circumstance in the lives of these two, in the beginning of their correspondence, to keep them apart, but there was nothing. They both lived in Moscow. He was a professor at the Conservatoire; one of her few friends, Nicholas Rubinstein, was its principal and his best friend. His family, like hers, was of the wealthy middle class. She was recently widowed; he was a bachelor.

There had been one girl, a wonderful singer, to whom he became engaged in the early Moscow days, but she married somebody else. In his 'thirties he began to think he would like a wife. His idea was some elderly spinster or widow who would sympathize with him and share his interests. Writing to his father in 1872, he said: "I confess that at times the thought enters my head of installing a good woman in my home, a good, plump little woman of the order of your tasty little cream puff" (his father's third wife, to whom he was much attached) "but I'm afraid I'd regret it afterwards." Surely, had he known it, the good woman was at hand, for in December of that year Nadezhda von Meck sent him her first letter, expressing thanks for an arrangement of some of his music for violin and piano, which she had commissioned through her private violinist, who had been an admiring pupil of his. During the next few months the letters between them rapidly became more and more intimate. Nadezhda asked Tschaikovsky for his photograph but said that "at present" she preferred to think of him from a distance. Tschaikovsky expressed a wish to dedicate to her the symphony (the Fourth) he was then writing. Nadezhda paid his debts amounting to three thousand roubles "for her own sake", saying, "your very existence gives me so much enjoyment, for life is the better for your letters and your music." Then in the July following, unexpectedly and disastrously, Tschaikovsky got married—to a woman very different from Nadezhda.

There was a girl named Antonina. She had been a student at the Conservatoire. Tschaikovsky did not remember her, but she

remembered him, and she wrote him a love letter. This seemed to him "so warm and sincere" that he answered it. Antonina replied, begging him to come and see her. "It may be", she wrote, "that I'll soon put an end to my life. Let me look at you and kiss you, so that I may take that kiss into the other world." Tschaikovsky went. "It seems", he told Nadezhda later, "as though some hidden force drew me to this girl." By an unlucky chance, it was just at this time that he was composing his best known opera, *Eugene Onegin*, in which Titania writes a love letter to the hero and he repulses her. So Tschaikovsky, allowing his sympathy for Titania to become sympathy for Antonina, soon came to feel that if he did not marry her he would be worse than Onegin. He even got it into his head that she might, indeed, commit suicide. "Either I must keep my freedom at the expense of this woman's ruin . . . or I must marry," he wrote to Nadezhda, and added: "Wish that I may not lose courage in the new life that lies before me. God knows that I am filled with the best of intentions towards the future companion of my life."

A month after the marriage he was writing to his "best", his "most loved, sweet friend": "I sincerely believed that I should fall in love with a girl so truly devoted to me. The moment the wedding was over and I found myself alone with my wife, and realized that our future lot was to be inseparably united . . . I abhorred her." Perhaps Antonina never had a chance, but Tschaikovsky could hardly have found a more unsuitable wife. Far from sharing his interests, she did not seem to know anything about his music. Her only conversation, according to her husband, consisted of "innumerable tales of the innumerable men in whom she had aroused tender emotions. For the most part they were generals, nephews of famous bankers, well known artists, even members of the Imperial Family." "My only wish," he wrote to Nadezhda, "is for the chance to run away somewhere. But how and whither? It is impossible, impossible, impossible." After about six weeks of this unholy matrimony, Tschaikovsky went out one night and waded waist-deep in the ice-strewn water of the river Moskva, hoping to get pneumonia—since more obvious suicide would be unfair to his family—and as that did not work, he wrote asking Anatol to send him a faked telegram, calling him to St. Petersburg, and so "in a state bordering on insanity" he got away. His brother, who found him so changed that he scarcely knew him, took him straight to a hotel, where he had a brain storm and was unconscious for 24 hours. The doctor at first held out little hope of his recovery, and insisted that if he wished to retain his reason he must never see his wife again. Leaving his patient still unconscious, Anatol went to Moscow and told Nicholas Rubinstein, and together they saw Antonina. She agreed, but for many years she, at intervals, pursued Tschaikovsky with letters and personal

visits—"someone who was in love with her was keeping them apart"—"would he take care of her children" (this after she had set up house with another man whose children they were). And to the day of his death Tschaikovsky supported her.

Antonina settled, Anatol took his brother abroad to recover. They had money for only a few weeks. But Nadezhda, who all along had been sending him tactful, comforting letters, now crowned her generosity by giving Tschaikovsky an annual allowance of six thousand roubles. He was embarrassed, but she wrote: "Are we really such strangers? Do you not realize how much I care for you? In my opinion it is not the tie of sex or kindred which gives these rights, but the sense of mental and spiritual communion. . . . Why should you spoil my pleasure in taking care of you? . . . Do not interfere with my management of your domestic economy, Peter Ilitch." Tschaikovsky's response was as generous. He wrote: "Every note which comes from my pen in future is dedicated to you." And three months later: "You and my brothers have given me back my life. Not only am I still living, but I can work. . . . I owe you everything, everything; you have not only given me the means to come through a very difficult crisis without anxiety, but have brought a new element of light and gladness into my life. I am now speaking of your friendship, my dear, kind Nadezhda Filaretovna, and I assure you, since I have found you so eternally good a friend, I can never be quite unhappy again."

Then followed 13 years of freedom and hard work, during which Tschaikovsky's position as a composer was established. And during those years everything that pleased or moved or interested or worried him, went into a letter to Nadezhda. "Since, once for all, you are my best friend, dear Nadezhda Filaretovna, must I not tell you all, *all* that goes on in my queer, morbid soul?" He tells her that it is thanks to Mozart that he has devoted his life to the "divine" "revelation". To her and to her alone he can describe the details of the creative process, and he does so—at length. He writes a great deal about other composers, classical and contemporary. Beethoven is like a god; Wagner is a great symphonist who has taken the wrong turning. Books are discussed, and philosophy. Nadezhda sends him Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*, and he comments: "How can a man who takes so low a view of human intelligence . . . display at the same time . . . such a haughty belief in the infallibility of his own reason?" The little daily happenings are recorded in these letters. He is studying English: "To read Shakespeare, Dickens and Thackeray in the original would be the consolation of my old age." He tells her how much duty the Customs demanded on a dress he was bringing from Paris for his sister; and of his distress at the death from diphtheria of a woodman's

four-year-old daughter whom he had seen on his daily rambles, and whose confidence he had taken much trouble to win. Nadezhda's money enabled him to travel, and he sends her his impressions, for example, of Rome—of Michelangelo (superb—like Beethoven) and Raphael (like Mozart). He confesses to her his "mortal fear" of the "whole army" of mice which infests his lodgings in beautiful Naples ("so divinely beautiful that I shed tears of gratitude to God"); and from San Remo he sends her violets "gathered by my own hands."

As Tschaikovsky wrote to Nadezhda about all he felt most deeply, it is not surprising that he tells her about his faith—and his doubts. His "quiet rapture" in the services of the Church, and his inability to accept its dogmas. In particular, he finds it difficult to believe in a future life, though, he adds: "I shall never reconcile myself to the thought that my dear mother, whom I loved so much, actually *is not*; that I shall never have any chance of telling her how, after 23 years of separation, she is as dear to me as ever." Years later, moved by the death of Nicholas Rubinstein, he writes of his belief in God, "where He is; what He is I know not; but I know that He exists, and implore Him to grant me love and peace, to pardon and enlighten me."

So it went on till September 1890, and then, without warning, came a letter from Nadezhda, saying she was in financial straits, and would have to stop his allowance. He replied, warmly, sympathetically, gratefully as ever; but he soon found out that Nadezhda von Meck had no money troubles of any consequence. And, what was worse, though he wrote again and again, she never replied to his letters. What could he think? He heard she was ill, but he did not know how ill. Actually, she was dying slowly of a terrible disease which gave her the illusion that she had lost her money, and made her much too ill to write. But he had no means of knowing all the truth. He thought she had forsaken him, and was heart-broken. He wrote: "I would sooner have believed that the ground would give way under me than that Nadezhda Filaretovna would change her attitude to me." One gets glimpses of Tschaikovsky during the last three years of his life: world-famous, and comfortably well off; conducting in America; coming to Cambridge to receive a doctorate, and staying with Professor and Mrs. Maitland, whom he found delightful. But only the Pathetic Symphony, the first performance of which he conducted nine days before his death, reveals his sad heart. He died on November 6, 1893. Even on his death-bed, writes Modeste: "The name of Nadezhda Filaretovna was constantly on his lips, and in the broken phrases of his last delirium this word alone was intelligible to those around him." Three months later Nadezhda Filaretovna, also, was dead.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

THE POUND, THE DOLLAR AND INFLATION

In your October issue, I read with great interest Professor Hawtrey's rejoinder "The Pound, The Dollar and Inflation" to my article "Inflation in a Free Society", published in your August issue. The threat of a further devaluation, rather than a revaluation, of sterling and other European currencies has since become very real, and the unnecessarily low level of British export prices, criticized by Professor Hawtrey, should be corrected by an appropriate adjustment of selling prices; best effected by the exporters themselves, who ought to know their markets. The proper course is not adjustment by revaluation, which is unselective and raises the prices both on goods which can bear such an increase and those which cannot. The expansion of incomes in the export industries and their inflationary effect ought to be taken care of by our steeply progressive tax system. But if taxes do not in fact absorb these excess incomes, can it be said that they are too high—in a technical sense at least?

I am in full agreement with Professor Hawtrey on the principle of flexible exchanges and stable, or nearly stable, price levels. But the International Monetary Fund is in disagreement with either of us and its Articles of Agreement leave it no alternative. See in particular Article IV, Section 4, which commits it to the promotion of exchange stability and the avoidance of competitive exchange alterations, also Section 5a of the same Article, which authorizes exchange alterations only "to correct a fundamental disequilibrium." Professor Hawtrey is, of course, quite right in what he says about the question of "fundamental disequilibrium" (see page 655 of your October issue), but unfortunately, the Fund does not see it this way—and that is decisive.

On inflation in general, I hold that no cure is possible as long as rearmament continues on its present scale. Inflation can at best be slowed down, in present conditions. Even that requires international action. As Professor Hawtrey writes himself: "... American prices are an important, if not the predominant factor, in markets all over the world." Their rise cannot be halted, much less can they be reduced, without severe measures of control in the United States. Congress, by refusing to countenance such measures, takes away with one hand what help it grants with the other. The United States, like its allies, must restrain its consumption. Half the degree of self-restraint which Britain has shown in all the years since 1939 would be more than sufficient for that—and the United States would still be left far better off than almost any other country in the world.

This does not—far from it—absolve us from acting ourselves to curb inflation. But all measures we might take will merely be expedients as long as shortages of raw materials, manpower and investment goods remain the decisive factors in limiting production. Nor does still higher taxation provide a solution. For the money so taxed away would again be pumped into circulation as greater incomes arise in the armaments industries, while the production of consumables, physically limited in its expansion, cannot increase as fast as the supply of money. Of course, with a million or so unemployed, the pressure of inflation would be much reduced. Yet, at present, when mobility of labour is much restricted if only by the housing shortage, even a moderate use of the bank rate—the policy apparently recommended by Professor Hawtrey—might well produce considerable unemployment without achieving the desired redistribution of manpower and other resources. But if political economy cannot supply a better solution of the problem than unemployment, it is neither "political" nor "economy".

Yours faithfully,
R. P. SCHWARZ.

Geneva, Switzerland.

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JOHN BULL OF POPLAR

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

ONLY middle-aged critics who were unlucky enough not to meet George Lansbury, though remembering him in the 'thirties as a kindly pacifist figure with white whiskers, can afford to dismiss him from the political scene with a patronising wave of the hand and the epithet "sentimental". Everyone else, including the young who meet Lansbury for the first time in Mr. Raymond Postgate's biography, will recognize his stature as a man and as a maker of the Labour movement.

Of course it is quite true that "John Bull of Poplar" was sentimental. He often said so himself and, as Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton reminded readers in her article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he was not a bit embarrassed to talk about love to big audiences in a huge booming voice. But he was also John Bull, with red whiskers when he was young, a great stomach for a fight, and a disconcerting way of calling you brother when he was pointing out how wrong you were. "For all his idealism," writes Mrs. Hamilton, "Lansbury had a measure of practical sagacity and shrewdness."

He had, and he used it, as he used the sum of his other gifts, for others. His was a long life with time in it to play many parts. There was Lansbury the emigrant, unmasking on his return the sham of colonial propaganda; Lansbury the beloved Poor Law Guardian fighting battles against penal conditions in the workhouses; Lansbury the friend of suffragettes, a friendship which led to resignation from the House of Commons and imprisonment for refusing to be bound over; Lansbury the editor of the *Daily Herald*, drawing attention to the condition of the Irish workers and thundering against the treatment of conscientious objectors

in the 1939-1945 war; Lansbury the champion of the unemployed going to prison again, this time with the whole of the Poplar Borough Council ("What would happen if all borough councils did this?" asked one judge. "Why, we should get the necessary reforms," explained Lansbury benignly.); Lansbury the First Commissioner of Works with a Lido as a memorial; Lansbury as leader of the Labour party in the House of Commons; Lansbury the pacifist; Lansbury the Christian.

It is a proud record and Mr. Postgate* makes as much of it as his space allows. Perhaps he is rather less charitable to some of his father-in-law's opponents than Lansbury would himself have been but he is in a unique position as a biographer being close to his subject by relationship, literary collaboration and political sympathy without sharing, one feels, all Lansbury's convictions. In consequence there is a detachment which adds considerably to the value of the book, which proves all too short for a life spanning the earliest beginnings of the Labour Party and beyond its first experiences of limited power.

Mr. Postgate tells in his Foreword how it was at first his intention to conclude his biography with "a formal estimate of George Lansbury's place in history." The reasons for not doing so are valid; it would be difficult for one so close and it is as yet too early. Many others will be mentioning him in their writings of many kinds. But, although more details will be known, it is unlikely that his importance will be diminished—rather the reverse; nor will the general estimate of his character change.

Lansbury had his political enemies but most of them found it hard not to admire him. In the early days he was too passionate and troublesome a fellow

* *George Lansbury*, by Raymond Postgate. Longmans Green. 21s.

to arouse feelings of affection outside the East End. Nor was his importance always grasped. Beatrice Webb with whom he served on the Royal Commission on Poor Law refers to him rather slightly, one thinks: "To-day at lunch I put Lansbury (the working-man on the Commission) on his guard against this policy."* But Mrs. Webb, on this occasion as on others, was wholly taken up with the importance of her own activities and it is doubtful if she paused to consider the part Lansbury was playing in the development of the Labour Party. For Lansbury was one of the chief actors in a drama which had as its theme the abandonment by working men of the Liberal Party for an allegiance to a new party of their own.

THE FORTNIGHTLY and its editor have several happy recollections of Lansbury. One is the article "Christ or Chaos" which Lansbury wrote just before his death and another the delightful contributions of Daisy Postgate in 1948 entitled "A Child in George Lansbury's Home". On May 14, 1940, at St. Mary's Church, Bow, Lansbury's funeral service was held. One felt it to be as he would have wished with a congregation representing every walk of life, or so it seemed, with cheerful singing because George would have liked it that way, with the Bishop of Kensington commending to God, "George Thy Servant" and the prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson which begins:

Lord, behold our family here assembled.
We thank Thee for the love that unites us;
for the peace accorded to us this day;
for the hope with which we expect the morrow;
for the health, the work, the food, and the
bright skies, that make our lives delightful;
for our friends in all parts of the earth.
Let peace abound in our small company.
Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge.

Mrs. Hamilton writes in the D.N.B.: "In his own person, and in the wide devotion which he inspired within the Labour movement and beyond it, he represented the truth that the inspiration of British socialism is derived rather from the Bible than from Karl

* *Our Partnership*, by Beatrice Webb. Longmans Green.

Marx." Perhaps, and alas, this statement does not now appear as true as it did; more than one stream has fed British socialism and the Christian one, as Lansbury appreciated, has not been flowing so strongly as it once did. But of him the statement was undoubtedly true; he was the truest Christian politician who has ever lived.

PIONEERS OF RUSSIAN SOCIAL THOUGHT, by Richard Hare. *Oxford University Press*. 25s.

The re-writing of the pre-revolutionary past in Russia has gone on uninterruptedly, but with constant and violent shifts of emphasis, during the past two decades. Who, even among the official Marxist historiographers—a labour force with a tremendously high turnover—can tell what the next shift will be? The whole process represents a principal element in the opportunism of Soviet power and propaganda at the present time. To give the sanction of a continuous and unique Russian tradition to Marxist doctrine, or to whatever is the current Russian-nationalist deformation of Marxist doctrine, there is no choice but systematically to falsify, and to go on falsifying, history. In another generation, as things are working out, it may be literally impossible for anyone to write a true history of ideas in Russia before 1917.

The sub-title of Mr. Hare's book, the first of two projected volumes, is "Studies of non-Marxian formation in nineteenth-century Russia and of its partial revival in the Soviet Union." It is an excellently conceived piece of work, which shows wide reading in the expository literature of the period and careful study of the gymnastic feats of critical exegesis in the Soviet Union in recent years. The reader without Russian will be introduced by Mr. Hare to the personality and writings of a number of figures, perhaps barely known to him until then by name, who were of first-rate consequence in the prolonged nineteenth-century debate between westerners and Slavophiles. In making it clear, though possibly not

clear enough, that the Soviet ideology to-day draws increasingly upon the Slavophil legacy, Mr. Hare disposes firmly of the notion, at one time deliberately encouraged by radical opinion, that Slavophilism and reaction were much the same thing. He brings out very well the missionary sense of Russia's destiny that finally infected Belinsky, the father of the radical intelligentsia, and flowered from Herzen's rejection of the west; he has an admirably just chapter on the prophetic A. S. Khomyakov—he might have said more, I think, with advantage, about Danilevsky; and he gives sound enough reasons, especially in the penetrating closing study of Leontiev, why the liberal idea never took root in Russia.

Specially instructive is the contemporary Soviet evaluation of these and other "non-Marxist" literary figures of the past. In so far as they provide a historical backing for the great Russian nationalist idea to-day, they all, conservatives and Utopian socialists alike, lay claim to a place in the Soviet pantheon. Indeed, most of them (Dostoevsky, Leontiev, Rozanov are notable exceptions, of course) have been, at some time or other and in one way or another—and whether in fact their works are still published or not—"precursors" of the Revolution or Marxism or Communism or Soviet humanism.

R. D. CHARQUES

THE SEPHARDIM OF ENGLAND, by Albert Hyamson. *Methuen*. 35s.

Nearly five hundred years ago Jews were driven from Spain. They had given ministers to Spanish kings, notably to Alfonso el Sabio; they had left a great monument in Toledo where, as in Seville, so late as the nineteenth century, old tombstones remained to testify to individual virtues. But the Inquisition was at work and the exiles scattered to Africa and Western Asia. In England, whence Jews had long been driven, Oliver Cromwell came to their assistance and in the middle of the seven-

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teenth century their presence was acknowledged. The Spanish and Portuguese Jewish Community established the synagogue in Bevis Marks just 250 years ago and, in honour of the anniversary, Mr. Hyamson has written a notable and comprehensive record.

There are two great Jewish communities, the Sephardim, and the Ashkenazim who followed, but all through the years of the expulsion, a few Jews, known as Marranos, lived here, practising their faith in secret. Many helped England. Dr. Hector Nunez gave Walsingham first news of the sailing of the Armada; Dr. Rodrigo Lopez was Queen Elizabeth's physician. Marrano Jews were in Cromwell's secret service; a copy of their petition is published in this book. A Jewish physician attended King Charles II in his last illness.

The progress of the Sephardim was slow and painful. Though they had good friends in King Charles II and King James II the synagogue was the centre of their activities and its governors "the Gentlemen of the Mahamad", ruled harshly, their control often tyrannical. Communal life was very strictly regulated and there was no liberty. "They deliberately kept themselves completely shut up in a self-imposed Ghetto, physically and intellectually," says Mr. Hyamson, "never leaving except for the solitary purpose of commerce; by sheer weight of intelligence they won recognition."

One Sephardi, Joseph d'Almeida, supported Mozart in London, another introduced the 'cello into England. A Jewess became wife of Sir Edward Walpole, son of Sir Robert; their daughter married the Duke of Gloucester brother of King George III. A Jewish financier, Sampson Gideon, financed the British Government in 1745 when the 'Young Pretender' had reached Derbyshire; he and colleagues found nearly £2,000,000 for the Government. It is said that the Jewish Naturalization Bill of 1753 was an acknowledgment of Gideon's services.

The discipline of the Mahamad drove many distinguished families from the

Community. The Bernals were one. Ralph, a seceder, became Chairman of Committees in the Commons. His son, Ralph, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, married a daughter of Sir Thomas Osborne and added Osborne to his surname; he was the noted wit of the House and grandfather of the Duke of St. Albans. Lord Justice Lopes and Viscount Bledisloe had Sephardi Jews among their ancestry. David Ricardo, the economist, was of the Community. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was only able to enter Parliament because his father had left the synagogue. Baptised in his thirteenth year he became a Member in 1827. As a Jew he could not have been admitted before 1858.

Looking carefully at the list of those who would not suffer the Mahamad, one might conclude that all the governors of the synagogue were arbitrary and tyrannical. This would be a short-sighted view. Walter Pater, writing of another faith, says: "Superficially at least, the religion was in possession of a vast and complex system of usage, intertwining itself with every detail of public and private life, attractively enough for those who had the historic temper and a taste for the past." So it has been with Judaism. Its leaders had an intense passion for their faith and were steadfast in determination to maintain it in what they regarded as an essential integrity. They alone held the congregation together through the early years of extreme need.

S. L. BENSUSAN

ROGER KEYES, by Cecil Aspinall-Oglander. *The Hogarth Press*. 26s.
MAIN FLEET TO SINGAPORE, by Russell Grenfell. *Faber & Faber*. 18s.

Roger Keyes did not take kindly to office work, but kept up a voluminous correspondence of which one of his most intimate friends has taken full advantage and produced a most interesting biography, with peeps into the inner history of many events.

The story of his exploits in China

when in command of the destroyer *Fame* reads like an extract from Mr. Forester's legendary hero Hornblower; the capture of Hsi Ching fort by himself and 32 sailors, a feat which the German and Russian generals had declared they would not attempt even with seven gun-vessels and 400 men; or leaving his ship without his commander-in-chief's permission, to join in the expedition for the relief of the Pekin Legations. Most outrageous of all, when on his return he found himself relieved of his command, boarding the commander-in-chief to tell him he had been badly treated. Luckily the C. in C. was a kindly man with a sense of humour.

Keyes was quick to recognize the merits of new developments. One of the earliest destroyer officers, he realized that destroyers, contrary to the opinion of some senior officers, were not merely fine weather craft and he demonstrated their qualities as sea boats in a heavy gale. The young submarine service made rapid progress under his command

and, after the extinction of the Royal Naval Air Service at the end of the 1914-1918 war, he fought hard for the navy to regain its own air arm, and finally succeeded.

It was unlucky that his rapid promotion brought him to the top of the tree at an exceptionally early age, at a time when the services were being "cut to the bone". The government of the day would not have him as first sea lord, the appointment to which he would in the ordinary course have succeeded. This was a bitter disappointment to him.

During the 1939-1945 war younger men were rightly employed in the important naval commands, and he suffered from frustration. When in command of the Dover Patrol in the first war he had been brought into close touch with the King and Queen of Belgium and their family, and he was appointed liaison officer to the young King during Belgium's struggle in the last war. It was a great joy to him later on to see the opening of the great naval

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campaign in the Pacific as a guest of the United States Navy. Keyes was essentially a fighter, whether leading the assault on Zeebrugge or struggling for the retention of the naval air arm. Perhaps fearlessness was the outstanding quality of his very lovable character.

Captain Russell Grenfell, R.N., opens with a brief sketch of the rise of the Japanese Empire. Britain's early reverses in the last war deciding Japan to throw in her lot with Germany, he follows the British operations in the Far East as far as the first serious defeat of the Japanese fleet by the United States at the battle of Midway.

He is a severe critic of the conduct of the British operations and stresses the following points:

- (1) The failure to carry out our undertaking to Australia and New Zealand to base a major fleet in the Far East.
- (2) Creating a major naval base at Singapore instead of at Sydney as recommended by Lord Jellicoe, and providing no adequate defences for it.
- (3) In 1941 sending what troops, tanks, aircraft and supplies were available to Greece and Russia in preference to our own possessions in the East.

In the first two cases the fault lies with the British Governments in power between the wars for their disarmament policy. Fortunately for Britain after the fall of Singapore the Japanese thrust out into the Pacific instead of the Indian Ocean, and the United States was able to stem the tide of conquest and save Australia.

ROBERT N. BAX

ARABIAN ADVENTURE, by Stanton Hope. Robert Hale. 16s.

CAUCASIAN JOURNEY, by Negley Farson. Evans. 12s. 6d.

THE PHOENIX IN THE DESERT, by Dunstan Thompson. Lehmann. 21s.

Books have been written by various foreign observers of the British people in order to explain to the world that the British are almost entirely a race of eccentrics. The rest of the world, their readers are told, can see for themselves

by gazing at those Britons who have 'gone native'. And in two of these books we have examples thereof.

Mr. Stanton Hope has twice visited Iraq to obtain the life story of Haji Williamson who was born in Bristol in 1872 where he did not see eye to eye with a very Victorian father. Let us be thankful that this was so, for otherwise William Richard Williamson might never have run away to become a sailor, a camel-dealer, a gun-runner, pearler, secret agent and Haji, a Moslem who has thrice made the pilgrimage to Mecca and is so meticulous a Moslem that he has had four (simultaneous) wives. Before that came to pass he had enjoyed in various parts of the world a life of thrilling moments, one of which occurred when, as a prisoner of the Spaniards who then owned the Philippines, he escaped to the house of a benevolent American consul by whom he was smuggled in disguise on to a ship. One of the prison punishments consisted in being drowned in a tank unless he could manage, with enormous effort, to pump hard enough against the flood of water. By the way, this American consul, so much more helpful than his British colleague, became, after many years, like our author, a Moslem.

Mr. Farson's eccentric, with whom he travelled in the Caucasus, was a certain Alexander Wicksteed who for years had been living a strange life in Red Moscow. Dressed rather like a boy-scout this venerable gentleman proposed to walk through the whole Caucasian range. He would not change places with Mr. Farson on his horse. "There were times," we are told, "when I could have murdered him for his obstinacy and times when he made me almost weep—that old man squelching along, staff in hand, water shooting from his grey beard as from any gargoyle—and proud of his absolute wretchedness." This account of travels in a country where Pliny says the Romans conducted their affairs through 134 interpreters should be read by all those who wish to learn more about the

Caucasus as they used to be—the home of absolutely free men, before one of them, Mr. Stalin, a native of Tiflis, their chief town, took the matter in hand. "I knew I was going to lose Wicker," says Mr. Farson, "the minute we went out to pick wild strawberries. . . . The villagers had welcomed him as if he was the greatest man they had ever met (which he probably was) and he settled down to enjoy the distinction."

Mr. Thompson, the author of our third book, is an American poet; he also tells us of an eccentric, but in this case the eccentric is himself. "I should know my compatriots well enough," he says, "to appreciate that even on an ice-floe they would start to talk to the polar bears." He is good enough to talk to us on a great variety of topics, such as consideration of the kind of meals served on international air-lines and the difficulties of spies who have to travel with dogs; then he discusses the serious matters of politics, art and religion, while in Jerusalem he describes the movie theatres made of paper and tin and the antiseptic cafés where, he assures us, the waitresses are boiled before serving. He would heartily approve of Haji Williamson, for he says that the British have an affinity with the Arabs, the puritanism of the Briton responding to the asceticism of the Arab. Mohammedanism, he believes, seems remarkably like public-school Christianity.

HENRY BAERLEIN

THE POETRY OF EZRA POUND, by Hugh Kenner. Faber & Faber. 25s.

The time has not yet come to assess the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, not just because they are not finished, but also because they are not, so to speak, open to the public. It is, therefore, with the admirable intention of opening them up, of removing some of the obstacles in the way of approach, that Hugh Kenner has written his study, which, however, is hardly, as the blurb says it is, "the book for which we have been waiting." This is partly because Mr. Kenner addresses himself to too

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small and too specialized an audience. "The criticism stemming from Empsonian dissection of symbol-clusters has made everyone familiar with intellectual complexity . . .", he says, with a lack of social awareness comparable to that of Marie Antoinette's remark about cake. Yet, for every reader who is familiar with *The Seven Types of Ambiguity*, there must be ten who would turn to the *Cantos* if they could find a guide.

Again, Mr. Kenner pours scorn on those critics whose chief concern has been to annotate, to hunt for sources and allusions. Now it is true that this sort of crossword-puzzling need not bring much reward, yet, at the same time, consciousness of ignorance may become something of an obsession with the reader, interfering with his powers of enjoyment. Pound himself knows this :

(Canto XX)
And he said : Now is there anything I can
tell you ?
And I said : I dunno, sir, or
"Yes, Doctor, what do they mean by
noigandres ?"
And he said : Noigandres ! NOigandres !
"You know for seex mon's of my life
Effery night when I go to bett, I say to myself:
Noigandres, eh, noigandres,
Now what the DEFFIL can that mean !"

Mr. Kenner is impatient with those who ask for a 'key' to the *Cantos*, and, admittedly, to take a parallel, the mere study of Jessie Weston or Stuart Gilbert is not enough to give a real understanding of *The Waste Land* or *Ulysses*. But it does avoid the exasperation of "what the DEFFIL can that mean ?" For the main difficulties presented by the *Cantos* are not those of technique, as Mr. Kenner seems to think, but of strangeness of subject matter. The English reader, however sensitive he may be to tone and rhythm, cannot help but suspect that he is missing something, when, for page after page, he reads of politicians whose names he has seen before only on American postage stamps. Yet, given even a little enlightenment, I think he might appreciate the *Cantos* not only as superb orchestration, but also as the nearest thing in our age to a heroic

poem. Mr. Kenner's book is excellent on the general technique of Ezra Pound's verse, on its relation to the Chinese ideograph, and on the elucidation of selected passages. My complaint, largely, is that it is really a second volume, to which the author, in spite of his equipment, has obstinately refused to write a first.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. Chatto & Windus. 25s.

Mr. William Faulkner, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature 1949, is not a Europeanized writer as were Poe and Henry James, nor a *déraciné* one—as, for example, naïf, rumbustious Henry Miller. His roots are deep in the soil of America ; the America of the "deep south" where, incidentally, he is a prophet surprisingly little honoured. The world of his tales is largely that of poor whites and Negroes or of jaded, clueless warriors in faded Confederate grey or the muddied khaki of the 1914-1918 war. His war stories owe something to the Gertrude Stein-Hemingway myth of a "lost generation" but have in them much of the integrity, as well as the bitterness, of the war poetry of Sassoon and Wilfred Owen. In some tales he makes effectively ironic use of the innocent eye ; a child narrating action without suspecting what is really going on. He writes little of millionaires or film stars but in a bleak *conte* about the unhappy rich—who are miserable in luxurious discomfort—he challenges comparison with Scott Fitzgerald.

Mr. Faulkner can write graphically, even lyrically, but he is not unguilty of the purple passage, typical of young writing and of American writing, that, however stimulating, is artistically inadmissible because its very impact slows the pace of the story. At times one is reminded of the telling but somewhat self-conscious use of the pungent, even poetic phrase and of the contrived imagery one encounters in the detective stories of Mr. Raymond

Chandler. William Faulkner is not devoid of humour but it is not his long suit and one story in this volume, told in a vein of heavy facetiousness, is perhaps his only complete failure. He can be sentimental, but not very often ; his use of symbolism—as in the tale of poor, earth-bound "Uncle Willy"—is unforced and creative, not just interpolated because it is thought still to be the smart thing.

Literary reputations, especially transatlantic ones, are notoriously inflated but to judge from this impressive collection of over forty stories the Nobel award has not been ill-bestowed. Whereas Ernest Hemingway, who enjoys comparable prestige, may be described as the Greenwich Village Dashiell Hammett, Mr. Faulkner in some respects is a major John Steinbeck. His preoccupation with primitive emotion (it is scarcely thought), whether peasant or Negro, is nearer, even, to the fatalism of Thomas Hardy than to the de-personalized externalism of Ernest

Hemingway. Most of his characters are intellectually simple, emotionally volcanic, elemental. We are not too surprised when, even in the New World, Pan himself peers slyly from the brake. The tales have sadness, pathos, and though their "message", deemed nowadays so indispensable, may sometimes prove elusive, in the finest of them there is a tragic, if pagan, melancholy. One reviewer attributes to them "Elizabethan richness" but, despite great variety of theme, they have little of Shakespearian zest, even less of the rhetoric, the splendid rodomontade, of Marlowe. The only comparison would be with Webster. There is in William Faulkner something of his macabre quality and inklings as in *The Duchess of Malfi* of the liveness of the soul.

LUKE PARSONS

Within Four Walls, published by Fortune Press (10s. 6d.) and reviewed by Norman Nicholson in the last issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, is a collection of poems by Wilfrid Gibson.

Satan

A Symposium with Illustrations

30/- net

"This composite volume . . . sets forth many of the forms of splendour and horror with which the mind and imagination of man have clothed this dark mystery. It surveys with much learning the conceptions, metaphysical and theological, of the Devil in . . . art and literature. It describes, too, in detail, various cases of possession and diabolism, and is finely illustrated."

Manchester Guardian

The Cliff's Edge : Songs of a Psychotic

By Elthne Tabor

8/6 net

There are two ways of writing about any profound human experience—the outside and the inside. The inside of mental illness is here described by a girl of eighteen whose poems touch every depth of suffering except the depth of imagining that her solitude is abandoned by God.

SHEED & WARD

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Good for science students who realize that science is not enough, and good for Cambridge that it encourages this unwonted humility.

Defining culture

To the requests, surely wistful, that lectures on English literature should be organized for the "special needs" of the science undergraduates who asked for them, T. R. Henn, appropriately enough the University Lecturer in English, undertook the course as an experiment in the long vacation term of 1947. "The response to them," he says, "was a little overwhelming"—a peculiar utterance from an exponent of Eng. Lit. but obviously due to the confusion of a modest man confronted by the amazing success of what has become an annual event. Clearer testimony comes from the Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, Professor Sir Lawrence Bragg himself, who plainly delights to state in his Foreword that, as a result, "one of the scientific faculties plans similar courses through the academic year." If further vindication were necessary it could be officiously supplied now, in recording the pleasure that reading the collected lectures has given. The book's title *THE APPLE AND THE SPECTROSCOPE* (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) has been most felicitously culled from a passage that recalls the bantering echo of Sir Laurence Olivier's voice in *Venus Observed* by Christopher Fry. Some of the gold and silver apples considered, compared or contrasted are found in Donne and the anonymous Scottish ballad-maker, in Marvell and Wordsworth, in Blake and T. S. Eliot, in Yeats, in Shakespeare and in *Ecclesiastes XI* and *Matthew VI*. Such a survey gives the lie direct to the forced policy of specializing, of doling out to "the senior science forms in a school . . . their smattering of 'English' . . . sprayed with a dilute

culture, one eye on the examination results"—and it points a way for those inside, and out, to scale the rising walls of the laboratory.

Return to favour

One of Mr. Henn's most tingling chapters is "Satire: and the Way of the Romantic", in which he sets Pope and Walter de la Mare in their respective spheres, of savagery in rhymed couplet and of wonder in a twilight world. If the emotion of awe is necessary to spiritual and poetic growth, Walter de la Mare is sure of his place in English literature. Of the man whose spirit was described by Swinburne as "fiery bright and dauntless", who was 12 years old when the turbulent seventeenth century ended—an inheritance that had to be harnessed to the eighteenth's passion for craftsmanship and polish—estimates have seesawed. There are signs that equilibrium is about to be reached and Bonamy Dobrée's biographical and critical study *ALEXANDER POPE* (Sylvan Press. 12s. 6d.) should help to maintain it. All who have hitherto been repelled by the formalism of the heroic couplet—quite apart from its wounding wit, its waspish fury—and by the whitewash splashed over the publication of Pope's letters, will probably be surprised to find themselves left with something like affection and admiration for the man, the philosopher and the poet as they put down this book.

Where they lived

And those who have been repelled by the prejudices of Mr. A. L. Rowse will have no cause for complaint in his "evocations of persons and places" entitled *THE ENGLISH PAST* (Macmillan. 15s.). His is pleasant company in which to roam the Milton country around Oxford, to visit Swift at Letcombe, Hardy at Max Gate, John Buchan at Elsfield, D. H. Lawrence at

Eastwood; to learn what kind of a man was William Denton, physician-ordinary to Charles I, or what sort of a family were the Hobys who lived at Bisham beside the Thames. Then, to one whose ground-landlords are the Warden and Fellows of All Souls, comes a titillating unravelment of the mysteries of a college which is among "those characteristic English institutions that are so hard to explain to the stranger." But, most of all, the author arouses afresh the keen regret of one who has never seen Haworth Parsonage. It is not just that Mr. Rowse's enthusiasm is infectious; he has exactly the right touch of reverence too, in recalling to you a house that, as in a dream, you could find your way over and would know at once if you came across it unexpectedly. Awkward as is the journey to a Londoner making a special pilgrimage, it must and shall be accomplished, for Emily and Charlotte and Anne and their brother Branwell are "at Haworth for ever . . . they inhabit it still" and, since the reading of this essay, they beckon ever more urgently.

The Bible in Spain

So recently have Valladolid, Burgos, Toledo and a dozen other Spanish towns beckoned successfully, that Eileen Bigland's own journey *IN THE STEPS OF GEORGE BORROW* (Rich & Cowan. 15s.) rings bells that are still too loud and clear to be called evocatory. If her designation of Salamanca as "that dreariest of cities" seems extraordinary to one who indeed saw its spires and towers rising "like a desert mirage" and found in its streets no more than its due share of "the sorrows of Spain", her landscape was the same, and the one that Borrow knew as he went about his job "of promoting the circulation of the Holy Scriptures":

The endless plains where men and women toiled over the sparse crops, the stony defiles, the occasional gaunt pine standing sentinel, the faint jagged line of sierras on the horizon . . . chestnut-coloured dust.

Miss Bigland followed him in England, Wales and Ireland too, and knows the places he visited in Russia. More important still, she understands his temperament and is not deterred by his temper, his vanity, his mingling of fact and fiction that in the stay-at-home, non-literary person is called lying. In short, she has made a penetrating study, without psychological trimmings and sidetracks, of the traveller, the philologist, the Romany lover and the "militant churchman".

God and neighbour

No more conventional as a missionary was FLORENCE ALLSHORN, whose story is told in part by herself in J. H. Oldham's account of her and of St. Julian's Community which she founded (*S.C.M. Press*. 12s. 6d.). She enjoyed overcoming obstacles, slogged away in Uganda running a school, spent 12 years as the warden of a training college at home, and had a most beguiling way of getting people to help at the point of great self-sacrifice to themselves. Yet, that she was totally unlike the stock portrait of a strident bore of a mission worker is verified not only by the lovely face that gives the frontispiece of the book a recurrent attraction, but by her love of elegance, her gaiety, her freedom from iconoclastic urges, her constructive goodness and her uncomplicated love of God. When Florence Allshorn died in 1950 Miss Athene Seyler said (and I have already quoted elsewhere these words of that most percipient of actresses): "She gave the impression of toughness and delicacy, like silver wire. I believe, of course, that I am trying to describe saintliness."

The greatest of these

The previous year there died another candidate for sainthood, MARION FOX QUAKER, a selection of whose letters edited by Hubert Fox (*Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.) illustrates what a shy member of the Society of Friends could achieve as the consequence of her determination

to leave a quiet, comfortable home. Already middle-aged, in 1919 she was one of the first civilians to re-enter Germany, and there she worked adventurously and calmly at rehabilitation. As an old woman she was still giving all her time and thought to the cause of peace, and as late as 1938 was visiting Germany where (a friend reported) in answering two teachers "trying to get political information" she showed something of her quality: "You know, it is the cricket season just now in England and people's minds are fully occupied with it." And when she was 86 she wrote of a nonagenarian friend: "I hope she finds it is happy to get older." Only man's inhumanity to man could ever ruffle a Marion Fox.

The making of a novelist

"Simply keeping calm" was also Dostoevsky's system—for playing roulette—which proved to be anything but infallible. His advice on "the right way to set about his biography" was much more sound: "The external ought to balance the internal. Otherwise, in the absence of external impressions the internal acquires too dangerous a supremacy." The two are unobtrusively combined in *DOSTOIEVSKY* by C. M. Woodhouse (*Arthur Barker*, 8s. 6d.) to make a perfect fit. As an introduction to the spiritual pilgrimage and the public events in the life of this "intensely autobiographical" novelist, the book is cordially commended. Mr. Woodhouse smoothes and untangles and clarifies for the persevering (and perspiring) reader of the novels. As for the desultory dippers, they should take heart from the author's own experience that first impressions were "chaff" and "disappointing".

Gratitude to Mrs. Garnett for her admirable translations should not deter a lover of *Crime and Punishment* from trying David Magarshack's version (*Penguin Classics*, 5s.), while the newcomer will be glad to have the tome—there are 560 packed pages—for so

cheap a price. Neglect of Dostoevsky's universal genius as a storyteller is not merely undeserved, it borders on the shameful.

The light of other days

And talking of storytellers, here are a couple who can—and do—keep one listening for hours. William Stone, now 94 years old, has recalled his crowding memories "in conversation with Henry Baerlein", as the subtitle of *THE SQUIRE OF PICCADILLY* (*Jarrolds*, 15s.) puts it. Those who know at first-hand Mr. Baerlein's powers as a raconteur will want immediately to eavesdrop, for in Mr. Stone he has met his match. The first is of course and rightly the passive partner, but good talk (and one suspects Wilde's magical performances more properly ought to have been called monologues) needs sympathetic drawing out, a judicious and discreet editing as it were, and this Mr. Stone has in unfailing support. His own recipe is "to let one subject lead to another, going forward or backwards or sideways, as the thought occurs" and, as he has never kept a diary, the book is saved from what he calls the dullness of the beautiful order of so many pages for every year. Thus he tells of times before perambulators were invented, when his nurse threatened him with Boney, her father having fought at Waterloo; of Clifton and Cambridge; of his lectureship in botany; of his wealthy bachelor-about-town existence—first nights, sporting events, clubland, leading ladies; of contacts with the famous and the notorious everywhere; of political activities; of his travels and adventures all over the world. Living in Albany, he has seen a London that has vanished for ever. Still living there, he says he wouldn't alter life if he had it again: "We never knew how well off we were in the eighties." But we of the twentieth century can give a guess.

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