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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1952

THE NEW BALANCE OF POWER

THE German Contract and the Treaties setting up the European Defence Community form a landmark in the development of post-war Europe. It is true that they have still to be ratified, and, on the face of it, it may not be easy to get this done, particularly in the Federal Republic. Dr. Adenauer has a majority in the Lower Chamber; but the Government recently lost their majority in the *Bundesrat*, the Upper Chamber whose members are drawn from the governments of the several *Länder*. The Basic Law, the instrument which in fact, if not in theory, is the present constitution of the Federal Republic, leaves it doubtful whether the assent of the Upper Chamber is essential. But the position is obscure enough to make it probable that, if necessary, Dr. Adenauer will find a way; his astuteness as a parliamentarian is equal to his real stature as a statesman. Moreover, the obscurity of the constitutional position reflects, above all, the fact that the Federal Republic is as yet in a state of transition. In circumstances like these, powerful backing is all the Chancellor requires, and the backing will be given at need by the Government which have supplied the chief motive force for the development that has now reached its culminating point: by the American Administration. It would be a fallacy to believe that this motive force is now likely to be switched off. A re-armed Germany will almost certainly be part of the future European scene.

Within the system which is now taking shape, the Federal Republic will play an essential part. The point is self-evident; if the contribution to be made by the Republic did not matter in one way or another, the Republic would obviously not have been invited to enter the system. It follows that the system would be significantly weakened if the Federal Republic were to withdraw, and from this it further follows that the wishes of the Federal Government will have to be met, at least in some measure, by the associated powers. To say this is not to say that the Federal Government are about to enter upon a deliberate policy of blackmail; indeed one may safely assume that while Dr. Adenauer remains in charge, any appearance of blackmail will be carefully avoided. But it can be taken as certain that the wishes of any German Government will, in future, carry a new weight. One must add that German diplomatic tradition will colour the methods which Bonn is likely to adopt, and this tradition is one of very hard bargaining. The probable nature of the West German demands is fairly clear. The achievement of "a fully free and unified Germany" is laid down in the Contractual Convention and is therefore beyond dispute. There is plenty of evidence to show

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the frontiers which the Federal Government have in mind. On March 21 the Chancellor told the press that he had explained to the western Foreign Ministers that Germany's claim to the region east of the Oder-Neisse Line was unchanged. In a speech delivered in Berlin on October 6 last, he said: "I therefore declare, with the utmost precision, that, as far as we are concerned, the region beyond the Oder-Neisse Line belongs to Germany." Other, less clearly formulated claims, concern the Saar and may some day be raised regarding the minor territories lost on the western frontier. Any demands of this kind are likely to have strong support from many, if not from all, of the nine million refugees who to-day inhabit the Federal Republic. These people have formed their own party, which has shown surprising strength in recent local elections, surprising in view of the fact that the refugees are after all being absorbed into the economy of western Germany. The position of the refugees is laid down in the Charter they gave themselves on August 5, 1950, the two salient (and apparently contradictory) points of which are that they renounce the idea of revenge, but maintain that the natural claim to have a homeland must be recognized as a divinely granted and fundamental human right. The claim avoids any mention of nationalism; but it could not be substantiated except in nationalistic terms.

Any attempt to achieve by force the recovery of the irredenta east of the Oder-Neisse Line, to which the Federal Government are so firmly committed, will mean a war. If the war is lost, the whole of the western system is lost; if it is won, the reunited Germany will hold a dominating position on the Continent. The pressure towards a recovery of the irredenta is likely to grow, for the age structure among the refugees is such that their voting power is certain to grow for many years ahead. Even if the dreadful extremity of a war is avoided in the near future, the danger of one will therefore never be far away for a considerable period. And even if it is avoided, the mere reunion of the western and the Russian zones will be sufficiently dangerous. Here lies the menace: given the population and the resources of the Federal Republic and the Democratic Republic, a united Germany is potentially stronger than any other Continental Power; a united and re-armed Germany will be not merely potentially, but actually stronger. From now onward Great Britain will therefore have to exert all its power to make sure that Germany does not dominate the Continent. The balance of power in the sense of a Continental system within which no single State was allowed to gain a dominant position cannot now be revived; a new system, different from that for which this country fought the two last great wars, is about to be set up. There is no need to assume that the system cannot be made to work, but it will require a reorientation of British policy in the sense of a whole-hearted committal to Continental affairs.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

BY HUGH SETON-WATSON

IT is not surprising that the sudden rise of the United States to first place among the great powers should have caused Americans earnestly to discuss the principles and methods of their country's foreign policy. It is also not surprising that there should be a reaction against the two forms of American Utopianism that have bulked so large in the past, and of which the most extreme examples were the belief of many Wilsonians that it was possible to rebuild the world in the image of American democracy and the belief of many inter-war isolationists that America could with impunity turn her back upon the world.

Two able and lucid expositions of the new school of American realism have recently been made available to British readers. The first, by the distinguished diplomat George Kennan, now American Ambassador in Moscow, briefly surveys half a century of American diplomacy in the light of recent events, and analyses Soviet policy and the American reaction to it.* The second, by Hans J. Morgenthau, Professor of Political Science, Chicago University, examines in more detail the courses of action open to the United States.† Mr. Morgenthau blames American politicians and the American public for conceiving international disputes as conflicts between good and evil rather than between national interests; for overrating American strength and underrating Soviet strength; for failing to distinguish between the desirable and the possible, and for condemning diplomatic negotiation as a discreditable method. He emphasizes that international politics are and must be power politics; that the national interest is morally as well as practically the soundest foundation for policy, and that negotiation is the only alternative to war. In his view, "the vital objective of our foreign policy in Europe and Asia is the restoration of the balance of power by means short of war." How this is to be achieved he does not show in detail. He does however commit himself to the precise opinions that the challenge from Moscow is not Bolshevik ideology but Russian imperialism; that the defence of Korea and Indochina is a dissipation of effort; that the West is growing not stronger but weaker in relation to Russia, and that now, not later, is the time to negotiate. Some of these opinions, and indeed the possibilities and limitations of balance of power and diplomatic negotiation, deserve

* *American Diplomacy*, by G. F. Kennan. Secker & Warburg. 12s. 6d.

† *American Foreign Policy*, by H. J. Morgenthau. Methuen. 18s.

examination.

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The present bipolarity of world power, with the American and Russian giants far surpassing any other single State or group of States, is due to the eclipse of Germany and Japan. This is also responsible for the other three major changes in the balance of world power—the domination of eastern Europe by Soviet Russia, the transformation of China into a major power, and the successes of nationalist movements in various parts of Asia and the Middle East. The division of the world into two blocks, so often and so sincerely deplored by European and American spokesmen, can only be modified if other powers obtain or recover sufficient strength to constitute some sort of world balance. The two States most capable of playing this rôle are the two defeated in 1945—Germany and Japan. The problems that they raise are however different.

In the Far East Communist China to-day holds down western troops and resources, both by her armies in Korea and by the threat of armed action elsewhere in Asia. This relieves Russia of preoccupations in the East, enables her to devote her whole strength to European or Middle Eastern problems, and thus tilts the balance heavily against her opponents in those regions. This can only be corrected if a counter-force to China appears in the Far East, and this can only be Japan.

Ever since Japan emerged from isolation in the 1860's, Korea and Manchuria have formed a zone of conflict between three States—Russia, Japan and China. The strategic and economic causes of conflict in this zone have not disappeared. A restored Japan could not ignore them. If Japan were once more a major power, she would hold down part of Russia's resources, compel Russia to consider her security in the East, and increase China's freedom of manoeuvre in regard to Russia. But this could not be done by a Japan that was a dependency of the United States. Japan would pursue an active foreign policy in this area only on behalf of her own interests, not of those of America. Moreover the internal régime of independent Japan may well prove far from western democracy.

To many in the West, restoration of Japanese power is a nightmare. But Japanese power would not have the same consequences now as it had in the 1930's. In those years Japan threatened enormous European and American investments in China; to-day those have been destroyed or robbed by the Chinese Communists. Should Japan ever again commit aggression against China, not only would she not harm western interests, but she would arouse little western sympathy for China; the actions of Mao Tse-tung have destroyed most of the affection that Americans and Europeans once had for his country. But it is in fact improbable that Japan would engage in hostilities with China; rather her presence would provide a counterweight to Russian and Chinese power. This would

make war not more but less likely. In the long term Japanese power would help to free China from dependence on Russia, and would be to the advantage of China as well as of the West.

Another fear sometimes expressed in the West is that a strong Japan would join China and Russia against the West. This is highly unlikely. Japan's vital interests lie in the Korea-Manchuria area, not in the far south. Her conflicts of interest are mainly with Russia and partly with China, not with the West. To-day the Pacific Dominions, protected by alliance with America as well as by the resources of the British Commonwealth, are the most unpromising target that even the most extravagant Japanese imperialist could choose. If Australia can also be strengthened by establishing really friendly relations with Indonesia and India—a difficult but by no means impossible task—she will be still more secure. Pan-Asiatic solidarity is a fine phrase, but the history of the last half century bears few marks of it. If western diplomacy could not derive advantage from the conflicts of interest between Russia, China and Japan, it would not deserve to be called diplomacy.

* * * *

The German problem is different from the Japanese. A line-up of Germany with Russia is not inconceivable. Germany and Russia have potential common interests at the expense of both east European and west European nations. The balance cannot be redressed against Russia without Germany, but Germany cannot, like Japan, be allowed to become an independent major power. Hence the necessity of integration of Germany—at present, of western Germany—in western Europe. But, again unlike the Japanese, the Germans have important cultural traditions and material interests which link them with the western nations. The integration of Germany in the West may be a slow and difficult process, but it is not impossible.

But this is not enough. The conquest of eastern Europe increases the manpower of the Soviet Union by half in numbers and by more than half in quality. If the conquest can be economically and politically consolidated—this is not yet the case—the rest of Europe will be in perpetual danger. Not what Mr. Morgenthau would call “sentimental” grounds, but considerations of purest national interests, require that the Soviet hold over eastern Europe be broken; whether these countries have Communist or democratic régimes is a different and less important problem.

This however will not be achieved either easily or quickly. The Soviet grip is firm, and its mechanism ingenious; it is not a simple matter of military force. Moreover the Stalinist régime in eastern Europe is so cruel and so hated that Moscow has good ground to fear that, should it give up its grip, the border States would not only cease to be its vassals but become its active enemies, plotting revenge. Russia's situation would thus be worse than in 1939. Russia will therefore fiercely

resist western pressure to relax its hold. The method of a crusading war by the West can be definitely ruled out; the western nations reject it, and no western statesmen would willingly let loose on his nation the appalling uncertainties of total atomic war. But to refuse war unless it is forced on us by Soviet aggression, does not mean to abandon eastern Europe. There are forces within the satellite countries, within their communist parties and within Soviet Russia itself, which can change the present situation, and opportunities will present themselves to the western powers to influence and strengthen them. The fact that the forces and methods cannot be described or predicted in detail to-day does not mean that they do not exist, and if they do not appear in the immediate future that does not mean that they will not appear later. There is a world of difference between writing off eastern Europe as Soviet territory and quietly preparing for the opportunity to push back Soviet influence. The first is suicide, the second realism.

* * * *

The aims of policy then are the restoration of Japan, the establishment of friendly relations with India and Indonesia, the integration of western Germany in western Europe, and ultimately the removal of Soviet domination in eastern Europe. Until the first three aims are achieved, the position will remain precarious. But the loss of Korea would be fatal to western influence in Japan, the loss of Indochina would be fatal to the British position in Malaya and to western influence in both Indonesia and India. Though Pandit Nehru denounces French imperialism, he would not like to see Ho Chi-minh in Saigon. These two costly military efforts on the periphery of the Soviet empire are at present necessary. Only when Japan has been restored will it be possible to end them.

But the emphasis placed by both Mr. Kennan and Mr. Morgenthau on diplomacy is absolutely justified. Diplomats have for long been unjustly treated by public opinion, and especially in America. Diplomacy, with its exact rules and its long tradition, is a factor of civilization. Good diplomacy, as Mr. Harold Nicolson has so often and so brilliantly explained, aims at agreements that give some satisfaction to both parties. Diplomacy is honest and even-tempered bargaining; demagoguery and cheating are not diplomacy. But for these very reasons it takes two to use diplomacy. The evidence available suggests that the only agreement which Soviet Russia or Communist China will consider is total acceptance of their demands. The only examples of successful Soviet diplomacy of which we have detailed knowledge are the German-Soviet negotiations of 1939. Then neither party made concessions to the other, but both hoped to gain at the expense of third parties. This precedent is hardly helpful for the present time. The peculiar character of the present situation is that there are no third parties. The only means to make Russia retreat—and any agreement acceptable to the West must

involve a Russian retreat—is to confront her with overwhelming force. It is clear that the ability of the West to do this is less than it was in 1945 or 1946. But Mr. Morgenthau is too pessimistic when he assumes that because an atomic explosion took place in Russia in 1949, the lead of the West will inevitably be lost in the near future, and that therefore a settlement must be negotiated now rather than later. It is unnecessary to assume that the American lead in atomic weapons will cease to be a deterrent to Russia. And when Japan has become a major power, Germany has been integrated in the West, and western relations with southern Asia have been improved, the bargaining power of the West will be far greater than it is to-day.

The place for American and west European diplomacy is in relations not with Russia and China, but with the independent States of Asia and the Middle East. Here, regrettable though it may be, diplomacy has to be assisted by propaganda. Unfortunately public opinion, both in Europe and in non-Communist Asia, often confuses these two instruments of policy. They are not alternatives; they are complementary. Mr. Harold Nicolson's distaste for the publicity and rhetoric of international conferences is understandable but irrelevant. UN has regrettably become a place not for negotiations and peace but for demagoguery and hate. UN speakers pour forth propaganda partly to justify themselves before their own electorate and partly to undermine public opinion in the countries of their opponents or of third parties. UN propaganda is like an artillery barrage; when it has done its preparatory work the infantry moves forward. It is then, whether in the coulisses of Lake Success or in some other place, that negotiation can begin. Hitherto the Russians have shown greater ability to wield the weapon of propaganda-by-conference than has the West. They have exploited to the full the well-worn shibboleths about western imperialism, which never fail to rouse hearty cheers from Arabs, Asiatics and Latin Americans. The truth about Soviet imperialism, the merciless exploitation not only of European Christians but of Asiatic Moslems, is only occasionally and timidly mentioned by western spokesmen. This theme should and could be developed on a vast scale, not so much to impress the victims of Moscow as to assist western diplomacy in south Asia and the Middle East.

* * * *

Mr. Morgenthau's case for negotiating now with Russia is based not only on the unconvincing argument that western strength will decline relative to that of the Soviet block, but also on the wrong hypothesis that Soviet policy is based not on ideology but on "Russian imperialism". One may strongly sympathize with Mr. Morgenthau's dislike of the ballyhoo that the word "Communism" so easily provokes among his compatriots, but to treat the ideological factor as unimportant is to react too far the other way. Communism is not just wickedness, but it does

exist and it does deserve attention. Soviet policy is certainly imperialistic; it seeks to spread Stalinism throughout the world. But this is not Russian imperialism in any recognizable form. Obvious geographical factors cause it to operate in some of the same areas as traditional Russian policy, but whereas these factors limited traditional Russian aims, there are no geographical limits to the ambitions of totalitarian Stalinism. Messianic trends have been noted in Russian thought on international policy in earlier periods. But whereas earlier forms of Russian messianism were beliefs of intellectuals who stood outside the machinery of government and had little influence on policy, the messianism of to-day is the creed of ruling autocrats whose power far exceeds that of any Czar. The Bolshevik foundation of Russian foreign policy has changed since Trotsky's day; the aim is no longer simply to help Communists to take power in other lands, but to export to other lands the ready-made Stalinist régime which in the eyes of the faithful is the only true socialism. But Bolshevism remains the foundation. Bolshevism has taken imperialist form, not imperialism Bolshevik form.

If Soviet foreign policy is more than the expression of Russian national interest, it is also less. The Russian people did not choose Lenin's Bolshevism, still less Stalinism, any more than they chose the rule of the Czars that preceded them. There is insufficient evidence to show whether the Russian people desire or do not desire western democracy, or indeed what they desire, or what they are capable of achieving. The future of the Russian people, as of Russian foreign policy, is an open question, and it depends in large measure on unknown factors within Russia. This Mr. Kennan, who knows Russia past and present, understands more clearly than Mr. Morgenthau.

Neither the bipolarity of world power, nor the Stalinist régime in Russia or China or eastern Europe, need be regarded as permanent. There are many uncertain factors in the world situation, about which it is wise to reserve judgment. The American realist school are rendering a service to the American public and to the friends of America by exposing the illusions of the past; it is important that they should not replace these by a new set of illusions.

(The author is Professor of Russian History at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in the University of London.)

REFLECTIONS ON THE GERMAN CHARACTER

BY H. FOSTER ANDERSON

FOUR years ago I arrived in Dortmund where a certain amount of clearance had freed the main streets from the effects of 23,000 tons of bombs by the R.A.F. I was attached to the Information Services Division of the Control Commission for Germany whose work was to present the British point of view. Selling an idea has much in common with selling an article: one must get to know the views of the buyer. It was not long before I discovered that I would have to adopt the trick of painters who partially close their eyes in order to see colours more clearly. Partially closing my eyes meant that I should have to tone down the light of previous knowledge of the Germans.

Superficial observation revealed a curious state of affairs. Great Britain with her Welfare State recalled Bismarck's paternal government and the Ruhr with its grime, poverty, bustle, emotionalism, and energy, was the world of Dickens. Moreover, while a British Chancellor of the Exchequer was giving a reasonable imitation of a German professor expounding how reality conformed to theory, a German professor as Minister of Economics of the Federal Republic had primitive ideas about economic theory but possessed an extraordinary flair for anticipating the way the economic life of western Germany would develop. Alice-in-Wonderland can compete with the works of Karl Marx as a text-book of modern politics so there was nothing "unreal" in the English being German in making life conform to a theory and the Germans being English in working things out by trial and error without any preconceived plan governing their actions.

Below the surface was a strange world. Observing Britishers talking to Germans, I sometimes detected in the eyes of a German a look similar to that of a doctor silently listening to a layman's remarks about the simplicity of maintaining health. The Germans were polite; they listened with apparent interest and gave appropriate replies on the same level of life as that of their interviewers. But I came to the conclusion that Germans felt that there was no point in trying to discuss matters with us on the level of their experience. It needed an imagination stretched beyond my limits to get into the emotional background of the German. I had to imagine the loss of everything spiritual as well as material: two wars lost; savings twice eliminated by inflation; 12 years of a police State; members of the family killed or missing; every form of European civili-

zation distorted or destroyed; no ideals—no dreams; nothing but to keep body and soul together in a primitive fight for food, warmth, and shelter.

In discussing the attitude to life of his fellow-countrymen a German would often declare that they had no attitude to life other than nihilism. Some facts, however, put a question mark behind this statement. Western Germany was an example of the perfect conditions for the spread of Communism but it did not happen. On the contrary it is doubtful whether any other country in Europe is so impervious to Communism. The second fact was equally curious. At a time of shortages some system of priorities is worked out or works itself out. In western Germany a black market, weak central control and weak industrial organization both of employers and employees allowed for the priorities of the cunning, the energetic and the ruthless. But while this law of the jungle operated, several million German refugees got some sort of support and an excessive number of unemployed received aid. Even more astonishing was the fact that after the currency reform of June 1948 gave Germans an incentive to work, factories, shops, houses, universities, schools, churches, hospitals, art galleries, theatres, and sport grounds, were simultaneously repaired or rebuilt and a number of societies for sociology and culture sprang into being. The German talked nihilism but his actions showed there was little correlation in what he said and did. What, then, was the basis of his unconscious activity?

A Munich exhibition of ninth-century illustrated manuscripts threw what I believed to be some light on the German mentality. Most of the missals were German but two were Anglo-Saxon. The difference in colour and design between the German and the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts was striking. It seemed obvious to me that the German illustrators were aware of the dark forces in human nature; the Anglo-Saxon designs were light in colour and had serenity and poise, two words for which the German language has no equivalents. Awareness of the dark forces in human nature seems to underlie German art and literature. The German is not alone in being aware of them but there is this difference. The British and the French as well as other European nations during the course of their history have managed to impose a barrier between the dark forces of their nature and the order of their lives. This barrier, in my opinion, does not exist for the German; at some moment the dark forces can well up into consciousness and temporarily dominate him and he knows it.

Granted that the German is aware of the dark forces in human nature, what could one expect to be some of the consequences? In the first place a German would feel that control of the dark forces in himself and in society was not that strong structure which we almost take for granted. For the German, order in his personal life and order in society is not self-evident; chaos always lurks in the background. In consequence he has

an exaggerated sense of the need for authority and he tends to support external authority, even when he distrusts it, since he fears that an attack on authority will result in it being replaced not by something better but by chaos. And German history supports his belief; the peasant war of the sixteenth and the religious war of the seventeenth centuries are examples.

This throws some light on the care with which the Federal Government is approaching the question of all-German elections and the unification of Germany. Every precaution must be taken to prevent the East-German Communist-controlled Government obtaining seats in an all-German parliament by means other than a free and secret ballot. For once a German government is formed the German people would most probably not take active steps to change it even though the majority were against it. Hitler, I believe, had the support of the majority of Germans and even most of those who were against him were not against his aims—they resented his usurping a position which they felt belonged to their group. I have in mind the submission of the Germans in the eastern zone of Germany to a government the majority dislike and the acquiescence of most Germans to a divided Germany that they all dislike. A divided France would have provoked a civil war and a divided Poland would most probably have blazed up into a third world war. We pride ourselves on making peaceful change but on each occasion one section of the public has paid a heavy price for it. The Germans want change without cost to themselves; in the political world they want something for nothing and at times they pull it off. Their faith in Hitler was three parts their belief that he would get what he and they wanted without the price of war.

It is only the foreign press which imagines that Germans wake up every morning appalled at the division of Germany after dreaming of unification. The average German does not give it a thought. If he could get unification for nothing, he would be delighted. But I would like a Gallup poll to be taken in western Germany on the question: "If unification of Germany would result in a lower standard of living for you, are you in favour of unification?" The result, I feel, would be most enlightening.

These remarks should be borne in mind when estimating the seriousness of the threats of civil war uttered at present by the Communist-controlled Government of eastern Germany, if the German Federal Government persists in its efforts to unite western Germany with the part of Europe that is still free. The threat can be serious but if war comes, it will not be a civil war. It will be a war deliberately started by a small clique with the consent of its masters in opposition to the will of the Germans in the eastern zone.

There is a second aspect of the absence in the German of a strong

barrier between his conscious life and the dark forces in his nature. My use of the term 'dark forces' could be misleading since one may connect 'dark' with evil and forget its true meaning of being 'unlit'. The British barrier between the conscious and the unconscious is fairly strong and this is reflected in the habitual phrase: "Don't overdo it"; things must be kept within limits, which means that we do not wish to relax the control of the conscious mind over something which may be out of the ordinary.

Since the German has a weak or no barrier between the conscious and the unconscious and since the conscious cannot always control the unconscious, his sense of limits is weak. He overdoes almost everything. And since he is aware in himself of longings beyond the limits of his conscious world, he wants more than we do from life and is miserable unless he gets the lot, which he never does. But it has this saving grace: the German is aware that he is a person; I do not mean 'individual', I mean person. So in spite of his high technical achievements the machine is a tool—a better tool than the prehistoric flint scraper but still serving his ends as the first tool did. I doubt whether the German will become a slave of the machine even though he is capable of being the slave of an organization.

I am not so certain about two other features which I imagine followed from a German's awareness of the dark forces in human nature. It is probably the source of his renewal of vitality. On several occasions I have unfortunately been present during an emotional hurricane between Germans who were friends. Instead of leaving them profoundly disturbed, as I was, it seemed to cleanse their relationship and leave them at ease with renewed vigour. The very forces which lead the Germans to disaster may also be the source of the vitality to overcome the effects of disaster. The second feature is even more doubtful. For me the devastated towns of the Ruhr belonged to a nightmare world yet for the German, I felt, they were the outward and visible features of a world he carried within himself and thus they belonged to a natural and a real world. In some way, but outside my mental range, the German was at ease in a physical world which corresponded to his spiritual state. His bringing order into chaos was also a rebuilding of himself and the growing confidence in himself was not merely owing to improved material conditions.

By 1948 the German was coming out of his dazed condition and starting to struggle to his feet. There were evident signs that he was doing more than merely keeping alive. It suddenly struck me what was taking place. With bridges down and road and rail communication interrupted western Germany was back again in conditions which prevailed during the Middle Ages. Towns were partially isolated and in consequence social, economic, cultural and political activities were concentrated in the

town or village. What normally would be called "local affairs" were the expression of the human being exercising all sides of his nature. Everyone knew everyone, and intrigue, jealousy, ambition and idealism were the mixed motives of all participating in the re-birth of the town, but the interplay of all groups with special and for the most part selfish interests was moulded by a prevailing local patriotism.

What had previously been regarded as a political defect of the Germans now became an asset. For the English or the French with centuries of national life and central government it is difficult to realize that a united Germany with a central government did not last as long as the life of Bernard Shaw. He was 12 when it started and five years before he died it had ceased to exist. German nationalism may feed on dreams but it has not that hard core of centuries of common endeavour. Seventy-five years of central government had not destroyed eight centuries of independent or semi-independent life in the towns and areas of Germany. Berlin, unlike Paris or London, had drawn all the talent from the provinces only for two decades. So when Germany crashed in 1945 western German returned to a living deep-seated social and political life which had not been seriously disturbed by a comparatively short spell of central government.

I found it striking that in the main it seemed to make little difference whether the town council was dominated by socialists or conservatives. Towns seemed to be treated as living organisms in which every feature of human activity found some expression. I had the impression that the German felt at home in a social and political structure similar to that of the Middle Ages with its central authority more a name than a reality, its intense local patriotism, its guilds, associations and small groups, and where every man's worth was known and recognized. A deep-seated emotion in the German is "*Geltungsdrang*" which can be translated as a need to be recognized as someone of importance. A few days observation of German traffic would convince anyone of the "*Geltungsdrang*" of the German. It does not include recognizing the other fellow as important—rather the reverse.

In spite of his reputation for being interested in abstract ideas, the German is essentially personal in his attitude to things. He can be and is actively democratic in a small area or a group where his views and his actions can be made known. But he seems at a loss when he has to think and act in an area wider than personal relations. The semi-isolated towns in western Germany have displayed an active democratic spirit in the process of the re-birth of social and political life, but there is the danger that this democratic spirit may not be carried over into a Germany that is daily becoming more of a unity. Nationalism in the Irish, Polish, French and British sense of the term does not exist in the German. German nationalism has a large synthetic element and it

grips the German only when he can see material gain in it.

But I felt there was more in it than a return to local patriotism. Most of my life I have had contact with Germans and previous to the collapse of Germany a German was not at ease unless he had a "*Weltanschauung*". One of the striking features in the post-war German is his reluctance to discuss this. It is as if he now distrusts any system of ideas. The Russian campaign, in my opinion, has had a profound effect on the Germans of the present generation. In the comfort of the study or the genial atmosphere of the *Stammtisch* the German liked to play with the "colossal" ideas of destiny and superhuman powers. The National Socialist was a play-boy in this realm. Then came the campaign in Russia. It was "colossal". Force, tragedy, and the insignificance of the human being in the face of the uncontrolled forces of nature wiped out the play and the romanticism which has permeated German thought for two centuries. But this did not shatter the German; it sobered him. It confirmed his belief in force, tragedy, and a superhuman world but it warned him not to play with these ideas. The German has lived through a "colossal" world, which was very real, and he is reluctant to pit his brains against it in order to incorporate it in a *Weltanschauung*.

Here is one of the causes of the German's rejection of Communism. But it goes deeper; the active, and I believe, unconscious drive of the German is towards having roots. The Federal Chancellor, Doctor Adenauer, seems to base his policy of integrating western Germany in Europe on the realization of this impulse in the average German. Time and again the opposition has been presented with some fact in the European situation which at the moment strengthened the attack on the policy of the Federal Chancellor, but on each occasion Doctor Adenauer has had a majority in the Bundestag, and quite possibly in western Germany, supporting his policy. But the unconscious drive to have roots is now having to contend with the conscious knowledge of the growing power of the German Federal Republic.

With communications almost normal and contact with the outside world resumed, the phase I have described is coming to an end. Has anything of this period remained in the German mentality? I throw out the suggestion that during this period a change took place in the German attitude to things. The change was from system to structure. The German desire to have roots is something more than an emotional urge which can also be found among the British. There is a structural element in it which finds expression in the way towns are rebuilt. In spite of modern features new buildings in a German devastated town fit into their setting. A German Rip Van Winkel would find his home town altered but not strange.

The German language may exercise an unconscious influence in predisposing Germans to see things in terms of structure. A long German

sentence is a feat of architecture. The main element is reinforced by subordinate sentences each having its particular relation to the whole and words with their case endings are functional parts of the structure. If a change has taken place in the German mind from system to structure, it will have far-reaching consequences in the social and political life of Germany. It can extend the democratic spirit from the small area of the town to the whole country: it can also create a hierarchical multi-class society. But this democracy will not be a system of uniting isolated individuals in a common life; it will be a structure of personal relationships.

One feature of the German character persists and it is one which will always produce misgivings in the other European nations. It is the German attitude to the opportunities of life. Our definition of 'efficiency' is the maximum result with the minimum of effort, and minimum of effort is as important as the maximum result. The German idea of efficiency is '*Leistung*' which can be translated as getting the most out of what is at one's disposal in a given case. Our idea of power generally lies in the wish to have and maintain the initiative which means that we like to have power in cold-storage to be used only in case of necessity. The German idea of power has a moral element in it since the German believes that if he refuses to make the most of his talents and of the opportunities provided, he is guilty of rejecting what the Lord has provided. Any vision of his resting from his labours and enjoying peacefully the harvest sown, tended, and gathered by previous generations, is going to be dispelled. Those Germans (you can put in the appropriate adjective) like work.

BUDGET AND BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

BY R. P. SCHWARZ

FOR some years past, it has been argued that inflation in Britain can no longer be contained by a system of physical controls, which has ceased to be sufficiently effective in its present semi-dismantled state. Only a new monetary and credit policy could close the gap between production and consumption (which latter term, in this context, includes investment). Further, such a policy would, it is held, relieve pressure on the balance of payments. Although imports are restricted by direct controls (licences, quotas, exchange regulations) and these controls at least are still sufficiently effective, the constant pressure of internal demand overloads producers with orders, causes unnecessary delays in deliveries which greatly hamper exports, and makes it impossible to redistribute limited resources of manpower, equipment and capital. Thus 'unessential' commodities continue to be produced at a time when priority should be given to exports and to defence. This new monetary and credit policy has generally been described as 'disinflation'. That ugly neologism apparently means some degree of mild deflation.

Opponents of the new policy have, of course, argued, that wartime controls should never have been taken off so liberally as has been the case since 1945; that at the very least, they should have been reinstated quickly after June 1950. They have also objected that a monetary and credit policy of this kind, to be successful, would in reality require outright deflation, thus leading to heavy unemployment. On that score, they also pointed out that the defenders of "disinflation", being generally the very people who abhor planning and deny its effectiveness, show excessive confidence in their ability to control deflation. In brief, were the defenders of the new policy not only using the somewhat disingenuous verbal disguise 'disinflation' to cloak the old and discredited policy of deflation *tout court*?

Some of those objections were, implicitly or explicitly, admitted in a series of three exceptionally interesting articles which *The Economist* published from the pen of one of its correspondents under the general title *Agenda for the Age of Inflation*.* Their author, in his first article, considered "what would be required to keep the price level stable" in present inflationary conditions" and concluded:

* *The Economist*, August 18 and 25, September 1, 1951. Editorial comments appeared in the issue of September 8. They did not refer to the above points.

Little less, perhaps, than a wage stop, a comprehensive price stop, a large budget surplus every year, a bank rate of 4 per cent., an unemployment rate of 4 per cent. and a periodic appreciation of the pound.

In his second article, he elaborated these conclusions:

An increase in the rate of interest is often advocated. While this might be a brake on the rate of rise in prices, it would hardly by itself outweigh the immense array of inflationary influences. *It is ridiculous to suppose that any tolerable rate of interest would prevent aggregate demand from exceeding aggregate supply.* We may hazard the guess that, unaccompanied by a wage and price stop, no Bank rate under 6 per cent. would keep prices down; and this rate would have to be permanent. Above all, it is false that interest rates deflate painlessly. They deflate, as does any measure, by causing unemployment and taking money out of people's pockets. The distress of individuals is as great in this way as in any other. The demand, nay the absolute necessity, for output of all kinds is so great to-day that a volume of unemployment sufficient to keep down prices would not be tolerated on grounds of public policy, let alone on grounds of humanity. But this is not to say that interest rates ought not to be higher for quite different reasons. Principally, we need a high rate to enable us to dispense with rationing and controls in the capital market . . . (Italics not in the original).

That sounded remarkably different from the writings of some City editors who seemed in their memories to be longing for 1931.

To-day, we have got the 4 per cent. Bank rate. An unemployment rate of 4 per cent. would mean something like 900,000 unemployed. We have not yet reached that figure, but in April we had already gone more than half way. Neither a wage nor a price stop have so far been applied, nor are they likely to be. But then, in order to keep prices stable (that is, to stop inflation), the Bank rate, according to the author's premises, would have to be raised to 6 per cent. That, however, would also bring the unemployment rate beyond the 4 per cent. foreseen by him.

Yet, there is one valid defence for 'disinflation', nay, for deflation: on the principle that one million unemployed is better than five or six, it might be necessary, in the interest of the nation as a whole and in view of Britain's present desperate plight, to let the number of unemployed pass the million mark, if that were the only way to balance her external accounts. If that argument is conceded, the question is then only whether Mr. Butler's budget is radical enough, whether in fact it deflates sufficiently. Taking the main figures from Mr. Butler's budget speech of March 11 and presenting them in a simple account, by debit and credit, one discovers with surprise how little deflationary it really is*:

In million £ (Calendar year 1952)			
Inflationary		Deflationary	
Reduction in imports	350	Increase in production	250
Increase in exports	50	Reduction in investment	100

* The argument that follows is not materially affected either way by changes made in the budget during its discussion in Committee.

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<i>Inflationary</i>		<i>Deflationary</i>	
Income tax concession (half of annual figure)	100	Reduction in stocks	150
Increase in National Insurance benefits, pensions, etc (net figure)	80	Improvement in terms of trade	50 to 100
Increase in Defence expenditure	265	Increase in "invisible" income	150
		Excess Profits Levy	1
		Increase in petrol tax	63.5
		Increase in postal charges	10.0
		Increase in National Insurance contributions	pro memoria
		Reduction in food subsidies ...	160
		Other cuts in Govt. expenditure	50
Balance (deflationary):	139.5 to 189.5		
	<u>984.5 to 1034.5</u>		<u>984.5 to 1034.5</u>

If Mr. Butler's calculations come true, the deflationary effect of his budget would on the face of it, work out at a figure of 190 million £ (maximum) in monetary terms and might possibly be as low as 140 million. This does not take into account any American defence contribution which is supposed to reach 300 million \$ (107 million £) in 1952, but of which part may not actually be received in the current year. Any amount collected will increase by as much the left inflationary side of the account. The same goes for wage increases, impossible to prevent in present conditions, at least to the extent they are not wiped out by price increases on the other side of the account. Even at the full 190 million £, the deflation of income looks very small, for it would thus be less than 2 per cent. compared with the present volume of private expenditure (very nearly 10,000 million £ in 1951). Besides, Mr. Butler's figures contain patent over-estimates of both the contraction of incomes and the expansion in the supply of goods (that is, the two deflationary factors). There is little reason to expect an increase in exports, an improvement in the terms of trade and a rise in the 'invisible' receipts, and the only net increase in production is likely to come from defence production, the effect of which is inflationary. All one can hope for in present conditions is at best the maintenance of the results of 1951.

There is, however, the psychological factor. Admittedly, the expectation of deflation is more important than deflation itself. For the first time since the war, people, warned by the rise in the Bank rate, know that credit is no longer theirs for the asking; that private spending must, on the whole, contract although some wages may still have to be adjusted to present price levels; that unemployment is thus likely to increase; that, in short, full employment has ceased to be the primary consideration. This recreates a little of the atmosphere of 1931.

The psychological factor multiplies the contraction of incomes in a period of deflation, just as it multiplies their expansion in a period of inflation. Whatever the balance of the above account may turn out to

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be in the end, that figure (that is, the deflationary effect) must be multiplied by a co-efficient 'n'. According to events, to people's fears and hopes, it may work out at a quite substantial figure which could carry the contraction of aggregate income well beyond the 2 per cent.

In a letter which THE FORTNIGHTLY published in its issue of December 1951, I wrote: "Of course, with a million unemployed or so, the pressure of inflation would be much reduced." I would go further: in this way inflation may even be completely eliminated and supply and demand more or less balanced. But even in the present, extremely grave, situation, the method is justified only if it offers at least a fair chance of balancing Britain's external accounts. Unfortunately, that chance must be viewed with considerable scepticism.

With world economy as lopsided as it is at present, there is not the slightest guarantee that complete balance of supply and demand in the domestic economy would also produce a similar balance in Britain's external accounts. The balance of payments will not necessarily break even because internal inflation has gone. At best, it will be slightly improved. In classical economics, the raising of the Bank rate in a deflating country A, by causing the internal price level to fall, was supposed to stimulate exports. Under the gold standard—with currencies freely convertible and exchange rates fluctuating within the narrow margins of the gold points—the higher Bank rate would also attract foreign funds by the prospect of higher yields. By way of the bullion and foreign exchange markets, deflation would thus spread to countries B, C, D, etc. which would then import more goods from country A and send it more funds. In these countries, internal business activity would be reduced by competitive imports and by a rise in money rates, their exports of capital causing them after a while to raise their own Bank rates. That was, in theory at least, the mechanism of deflation under the gold standard and even—though to a much lesser extent—under the gold exchange standard. But at least since 1931, when exchange equalization accounts came into being, this mechanism has ceased to function automatically. There are now various kinds of check valves which control the flow of commodities and payments for those commodities: punitive customs duties; import quotas; outright import prohibitions; exchange control; subsidies, and so on.

In such conditions—and to-day, they are considerably worse than they were in the 'thirties—deflation will only reduce consumption in the deflating country. It will not stimulate exports or attract foreign funds, except to a very minor degree and if so, more likely the wrong exports and the wrong funds. For the exports which matter most—those to the dollar area—and the funds that matter most—dollar funds—will not be so stimulated or attracted. The United States, in present conditions, is substantially self-sufficient. It does not

need these foreign exports nor does it want them, while American capital will not invest itself abroad to any appreciable extent. The U.S. can perfectly isolate itself against deflation abroad if it is so inclined while, on the contrary, foreign countries cannot isolate themselves against an American inflation.

Yet, the only external account which, in practically all countries, requires balancing, is the dollar account. The other accounts, even if at present out of balance, could, sooner or later, be squared without much difficulty. Not so the dollar account. By now, it might at long last be admitted, even officially, that no dollar drive can achieve this miracle. Do not let us fool ourselves; it has not been squared at any time since the war, not even in 1950—so far the best of all post-war years—when some people inspired by blind optimism and the almost irrational desire to achieve sterling convertibility had already begun wondering whether the end of the dollar shortage was in sight. True, in 1950, the balance of payments showed a global surplus of 221 million £. But on current account, the dollar deficit still amounted to 107 million £ (300 million \$). But had not Britain's gold and dollar reserves increased by an equivalent of 576 million £ (1,612 million \$)? They had, apparently, but the genuine increase was much smaller, for out of the total of 576 million £, 40 million were loans, and 248 million were grants (gifts) by the United States. The real increase was confined to 288 million £. Even that result would probably not have been achieved had the Korean war not caused an abnormal rise of raw material prices which, for a while, benefited the sterling area. When American purchases of raw materials slowed down and prices began to sag, the deficit shot up again and grew worse. It was, in fact, in 1951 almost as bad as in 1947 (521 million £, against 558 in 1947).

Britain is indeed faced with a permanent dilemma. If raw material prices are high, the terms of trade move against her, she must supply more exports only to receive fewer imports, internal inflation is greatly intensified and lastly, even then, it is only occasionally and accidentally that she can square the dollar account of her balance of payments; if raw material prices drop to more normal levels, she earns an insufficient amount of dollars, has to dip into her gold and dollar reserves and loses at least as much gold as she has earned in the preceding period of affluence, if not more.

This position cannot be altered at present because America, quite naturally, will not buy goods which she does not need or, at least, does not want to take from abroad. Nor is this position likely to change in a more distant future. The strong note of protest which the Board of Trade sent to Washington in April is a clear indication that the U.S. may shortly go back on such relatively minor tariff concession as it has so far granted under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (G.A.T.T.).

of 1947. The risk is great indeed that British dollar exports—and in fact, all dollar exports—may thus before long be further reduced. As to the terms of trade, so experienced an economic observer as Mr. Colin Clark, in an article published in the *Manchester Guardian* in 1951* held that raw material prices were likely to rise the world over for a considerable period to come ("There is every sign that the present trend will continue throughout the decade"). That would have further dire consequences for countries dependent on their exports of manufactured goods. Mr. Clark, so far, has been more often right in his forecasts than many a Chancellor of the Exchequer if only because he is not compelled to exhibit official optimism.

It is by now useless to hope for a fundamental change in U.S. economic policy. Leading members of the Administration are no doubt well aware of its grave consequences for the rest of the world. But the whole evolution of recent years shows clearly that changes of the kind required cannot be brought about except under the impact of catastrophe. Apparently, that is the only way in which nations learn their lessons—and then badly.†

Thus, the U.S. is unlikely to take more imports than heretofore. In fact, it is likely that its imports will fall off. In those conditions, the only other means to bridge the dollar gap are increased private lending or further gifts by the American taxpayer. If neither of these two courses can be followed, the dollar-starved countries will have to cut down even further their purchases of American goods. In fact, they will then have to discriminate against American imports, notwithstanding all international agreements to the contrary.

From the evolution of American private lending since the war, it is quite clear that it will not supply voluntarily the funds necessary to provide the world's dollar requirements. In 1950, the best year since the war, such private lending amounted to about 1,800 million \$ (net figure, after deducting foreign lendings to the U.S.). While that sum roughly balanced the current account, a major part of these funds went to Canada, a member of the dollar area, and in addition, the sum contained private donations (emigrants' remittances, gifts to charities, etc.). In other years, the position was far less favourable.

Government aid, according to the latest figures issued by the U.S. Department of Commerce, has since the end of the war amounted to some 39,000 million dollars of which E.R.P. (Marshall Plan aid) alone accounted for 11,400 million. This more than generous contribution by the American taxpayer has restored European economy which by now largely exceeds its pre-war production. But the fact is that despite this

* *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, September 27, 1951: "Is Britain Heading for a big Inflation?"

† To wit, the present competition for German favours between the two great coalitions of powers.

help, it has not solved the balance of payments problem, except temporarily and precariously; England and other European countries with her have, every two years, experienced a grave balance of payments crisis—in 1947, in 1949 (devaluation) and again in 1951. If, as some economists hold, the old seven-year business cycle has disappeared, it seems to have been replaced by a (shorter) balance of payments cycle.

The American taxpayer may thus ask—and rightly so, in some respects—why he should be called upon to furnish such vast sums to foreign countries if in the end they fail to restore world economy to permanent equilibrium. In other respects, he has, it is true, only himself to blame for the precarious results of his country's economic policy however unaware he may still be to-day of the whys and the wherefores. With the passing of years, it will of course be more and more difficult to prove to him the necessity of supplying further funds for such purposes. Yet, the fact is that he will have to do so and for an *indefinite* period if his country does not or cannot change its economic policy.

In fact, there is no solution of the whole problem within the framework of a 'normal'—self-balancing—world economy. Outside that framework, the most ingenious as also the most constructive solution put forward so far is the plan conceived by J. Lévy-Jacquemin, a French economist, in his books *L'Economie du Monde* and *Grandeur et Décadence du Plan Marshall* and in two remarkable articles which the Paris paper *Le Monde* published in its issues of January 7, 1950, and April 2, 1952. His thesis is, briefly, that the present economic disequilibrium between the U.S. and the rest of the world must be recognized as structural and permanent. A balance of sorts can only be re-established if the U.S. continue to supply grants and credits. But these must be used more effectively than has been the case so far: Europe would be entrusted with the execution of a vast plan for economic assistance to the under-developed countries of the world—Asia, the Middle East, and Africa in particular—in fulfilment of President Truman's Point Four of his Message to Congress of January 1950. European countries, to the extent they supplied this economic assistance, would be discharged of such dollar debts as they would have incurred as a result of further American help. A variant of this plan provides that the dollars would go to the under-developed countries themselves which would use them mainly for purchases in Europe. (The plan would of course break down if the dollars were supplied as a 'tied' grant or credit compelling the beneficiary countries to use them for purchases in the U.S.)

The solution is ingenious in so far as it would enlist American help in a constructive task that might appeal to the American taxpayer far more than aid to Europe. The latter, in his eyes, is akin to a mere "consumption credit". By consolidating South-East Asia for instance, the plan would moreover provide for a peaceful solution of the many

grave political problems with which this region is now confronted. Its economic consolidation would prevent the drift to Communism—an argument that might carry even more weight with the American taxpayer had he not heard it so often in the past.

But however, ingenious, the plan hinges on three premisses:

- (1) that the U.S. continue taxing itself to provide other countries with dollars;
- (2) that the U.S. do not insist on these dollars being spent on American goods;
- (3) that these dollars be, predominantly, supplied as grants.

If the second and third conditions were not fulfilled, the plan would break down, for the dollars would then merely flow back to the United States; also the problem of repayment would arise, sooner or later.

This plan, as any other that could be conceived, therefore expects a considerable degree of self-denial from the United States. But if this or some such scheme proves unacceptable, then there is no solution to the problem. The dollar-starved countries will then have to carry on, precariously, against impossible odds, in the certain knowledge of an ultimate catastrophe: the economic break-down of the free world. That, however, means also the end of the political alliance with America.

It is because these basic facts, essential as they are, are being constantly disregarded by politicians—Conservative and Labour alike—that the country has had so many disappointments over the past seven years. Every improvement in the situation can at present be no more than temporary and accidental, yet it is always seized upon to foster hopes which are bound to be dashed before long.

When one considers the real position—essentially what Monsieur Lévy-Jacquemin calls "*le déséquilibre permanent*"—one can only marvel at the blindness of some economists who even now consider convertibility as a primary objective of economic policy. As though convertibility would not automatically be restored once the basic problem is solved. In reality, the first task is to show to America with vigour, but without the bad temper exhibited by some of her Congressmen, why in the terms of the latest British Note "her attitude could not but affect the ability and willingness of other Governments to co-operate with the United States in commercial and other policies." For Britain and the other western European countries, that means, in plain language, standing up to America—if one may say so, in sorrow more than in anger. In such a movement, Britain has a leading rôle to play—a rôle which a Conservative Government, for psychological and for personal reasons alike, is in a better position to play than a Labour Government. If present trends continue, there is quite some likelihood that we shall, sooner or later, witness the paradoxical spectacle of Mr. Churchill steering a course which, when it is preached by Mr. Bevan, is still alleged to be anti-American. Mr. Bevan, once more proved right, will then have the satisfaction of seeing his policy carry the day, the odium of which will be left to his opponents.

MOROCCO GROWS RESTIVE

BY MARC T. GREENE

ALL of North Africa is in a state of ferment, and nationalism in Morocco, relatively quiescent since the war, now emerges as a force not only adding to France's troubles but possibly involving other powers. Undoubtedly French difficulties in Tunisia have encouraged and stimulated nationalistic spirit in Morocco, and France's preoccupation with the grave Indo-Chinese situation has presented North African extremists generally with what seems their long awaited opportunity. To these the Protectorate status* in Morocco has never been any more acceptable than that in Tunisia to the same element there. But the remarkable economic development in the former since the establishment of the Protectorate in 1912 has appealed to all moderate factions by providing a native living-standard generally in advance of that elsewhere in North Africa.

Nevertheless, the ultra-nationalistic element has continued to observe the anniversary of the signing of the Protectorate Agreement, March 30, 1912, as a kind of national humiliation day and has never forgiven Sultan Mulai Hafid for "betraying" his country, though it was economic and financial conditions rather than political pressure from France that forced him to agree to the Protectorate. By this agreement the Sultan acknowledged French control over an area of 220,000 square miles and more than 5,000,000 inhabitants, and Spanish control over an area on the north and west coast of 15,000 square miles with 700,000 population. Tangier itself, with a district surrounding it of 150 square miles and, at that time, no more than 60,000 people, was made an International Zone in 1906.

The thing loosely termed "imperialism" would seem to have been justified here, if anywhere on earth. The government of the various Sultans was little more than a despotism that devoted itself to internecine fighting and ruthless tax-gathering to support armies. None of them but Sultan El Hassan, who ruled between 1873 and 1894, seems to have been able to maintain both internal and external peace or to have gov-

erned with any regard to the welfare of his people. After his death the "Moroccan Question" rapidly became a moot one among the European powers, each of which sought commercial and territorial advantage in this potentially rich region. An Act was drawn up which so encroached upon all native rights that an uprising developed from end to end of Morocco. The Sultan sought and obtained foreign protection but his half-brother, Mulai Hafid, then Governor of Marrakesh, was made of sterner stuff and representatives of nine-tenths of the people, together with the Grand Caid of the Atlas, proclaimed him Sultan at Fez, in 1908. But his position was untenable, mostly because the country was practically bankrupt and the principal source of revenue, the customs receipts, pledged to the powers for loans and interest on them. Needless to say, Morocco was in a lamentable economic condition and most of the inhabitants half-starved. Oppressed and down-trodden, they existed as they had for centuries, with no perceptible improvement, in a land as economically and socially backward as the remotest interior of China. Even to-day, after 40 years of the Protectorate and vast economic, especially agricultural, advance under French direction, you find in the native quarters of most of the cities living conditions not much different from those of a thousand years ago. But the larger proportion of the Moroccans are agriculturalists and, given peace and an alleviation of the ages-old burden of taxation, they are able to derive from the rich land a reasonably good livelihood. Nor is this part of the people inclined to lend itself to political agitation, though if this spreads it must become involved.

The word 'Morocco' has not, as most people suppose, anything to do with the Moors. It derives from the name of the southern capital, Marrakesh, through the Spanish corruption of that name, Marrecos. The native name is really 'El Maghreb el Aksa' meaning Land of the Sunset, or perhaps, Farthest West. The Moors themselves are a blend of Berber and Arab, preponderantly the former, though in northern Morocco the Berber has been more or less absorbed by the Arab, adopting his language, religion, customs and habits of thought. Yet even there something of the ancient pride of race, the high spirit, the aggressive individualism of the Atlas people, a "white" race as they declare themselves—as distinguished from the Semitic—is manifest, lending itself always to the cause of nationalism. Their warlike character has made its impress upon Europe more than once, commencing with the armies of Hannibal which contained many 'Moors'. And when Tarik ibn Zaid's army crossed into Europe early in the eighth century its fighting core was composed of warriors of Berber blood. Then, in our own time, Franco's 'Nationalist' force which entered Spain from Morocco to beat down the army of the elected Government included a large and vital element of Moors. It is unnecessary to go into the exploits of the extraordinary Riffian bandit-leader, Raisuli, who, after seven years in a dungeon chained to the

* The Encyclopaedia Britannica Book of the Year 1952 shows the divisions thus:

	Area (sq. mi.)	Population (1947 est.)
French Protectorate	153,870	8,225,000
Spanish Protectorate	17,631	1,328,000
Places of Spanish sovereignty	823	210,000
Tangier [international zone]	232	104,000

—EDITOR.

wall, escaped and embarked upon a career stranger than the wildest fiction, finally forcing the Spanish to make favourable terms with him; or the Madrid-educated and once Spanish official, Adb el Krim, who played havoc with Spanish armies and stood off both France and Spain for months, being subdued at last only by a French army of 160,000 under Pétain. But the character of such leaders as these, their extraordinary strategic ability, their indomitable courage and their extreme tenacity indicates something of the problem facing, not only the French and the Spanish, but Europe generally, in the event of a large-scale revolt happening in Morocco. It is not inconceivable that others of their calibre might appear, nor that the various native factions now more or less at odds with each other, as throughout North Africa, might consolidate.

The significance of the Tangier disturbances, which for the first time since the war disclosed something of the extent of nationalistic and anti-foreign feeling in Morocco, is largely that they occurred in the International Zone and not in either Protectorate. The usual hooliganism accompanied them of course, but their origin was unmistakably an outburst of extreme nationalism marking the anniversary of Moroccan 'national humiliation'. Outbreaks occurred at the same time in Casablanca and Safi, and a few days later there was even a 'demonstration' in Marrakesh. The Tangier affair commenced in the native quarter but spread in all directions and stones broke windows in two of the new ultra-modern hotels. A number of European motor cars were turned over and burned. A Spanish journalist was badly beaten up and taken to hospital, and a number of American and English tourists, over from Gibraltar for the day, had narrow escapes. There were seven fatalities and scores of injured.

Tangier as the diplomatic capital of Morocco dates from 1856 but it began a kind of special régime only in 1906 under the Act of Algeciras. Five years later, after Sultan Mulai Hafid had abdicated, England, France and Spain, in an 'international statute', established the international character of the Zone, but this did not come into force until 1923, when Holland, Belgium, Portugal and Sweden became parties of the agreement, Italy joining four years later. At the same time Spain was accorded a more privileged status, and given the duty of policing the area. In 1940 Spain, with little objection from the others, took over, on the ground of maintaining the neutrality of the Zone. In 1945 a provisional status was declared, with the agreement that the principal administrative posts should be given to the smaller powers, Holland, Portugal and Belgium. Under the 1945 agreement Russia is entitled to a place in the administration, or Tangier Committee of Control, but because of her opposition to the Franco régime has never taken it.

The territorial extent of the Zone is to-day nearly double that of the

original and the population probably triple. Economically it has "boomed" like a new oil town in the American west. So, for that matter, have Casablanca, Rabat, Meknes, Port Lyautey, and other towns in both French and Spanish Morocco.

Tangier itself has been transformed in the few years since the war. The modern city continues to spread out into the country and along the shores of the bay. New construction is mostly in flimsy apartment houses which appear to spring up almost overnight. The builders are mostly Spanish, French and wealthy Arabs, or European-Arabs. The idea seems to be investment: rooms and apartments are not rented but sold outright; the general condition of financial inflation in the Zone brings high prices; having sold the accommodation the owner washes his hands of the tenant, who, if he finds things not to his liking, as he often does, has no redress—except to resell. Yet even under these conditions most of the new structures are sold out before completion, the advantages of living here being many: little taxation, no income-tax, climate, no servant-problem, abundance of all material needs, and the hope of remaining neutral in case of war.

But recent disturbances have had their effect on all this, and more than one building and rental contract have been cancelled since they occurred. The possibility that the riots were escaping steam from a rumbling volcano that may erupt at any time cannot be overlooked. European residents regard uneasily the movement of several battalions of Spanish troops from the Spanish Zone into the International, and the transfer of French forces from Fez to Casablanca. Coinciding came the Spanish request for a revision to the pre-1945 status in the International Zone. The contention is that the system of control since the war was only temporary and provisional and that its validity has been exceeded. The 1945 agreement, which was between Britain, America, France and Russia, restored the international régime and replaced Spanish wartime control, a procedure to which Spain objected then and has ever since. The understanding was that a conference on the future of the area should be held within six months, Spain of course to be included. But objection to the Franco régime by some of the powers has kept the conference indefinitely postponed. Spain has made a categorical demand that it be held, and that the long-term status of the International Zone be determined once and for all. The Tangier outbreak offered the opportunity for the advancement of this demand, but it would almost certainly have come within a year, if only as a kind of tentative move to test the international position of the Franco régime, following the agreement with America.

But the powers are unlikely to agree to an alteration of the present status of the Zone, especially with European and North African affairs in their present uncertain condition. Nor would the United States, with

the existing large American commitments in French Morocco, be favourable to any change. These commitments amount to an interest in this part of North Africa beyond that of other powers except France and Spain. They involve the presence of more than six thousand Americans, military and civil. The present estimate of the cost of American operations, that is, the construction and protection of the air-bases, is now \$400,000,000, an increase of \$100,000,000 over the original expectation. This increase, which even then is far from likely to be the final figure, has aroused no end of controversy in America, and the reason for it is demanded on all sides—likewise the reason why two of the seven air-fields should have been planned on ground which is flooded in the wet season and abandoned after being more than half-completed at a waste of several millions of dollars.

In fact, the operations in French Morocco have reached the point of a near-scandal in America and are likely to be at least a minor issue in the Presidential campaign, providing another flail with which to belabour the Truman administration. It is not only discovered that there is the wide and unaccountable—at least so far as the public is concerned—disparity between original estimates and present probabilities, but that there is an expenditure apparently out of all proportion to actual requirements. In this the Morocco operations link up with the strange doings in the deep north where workers seem to have been drawing fabulous wages for some months before they commenced work at all. There is no doubt that a vast amount of graft and corruption has attended, and perhaps continues to attend, both operations. Atop of all this, the French have been collecting duties, and high ones, too, on every article brought in from the United States for the air-base work, although the whole construction is ultimately to be turned over to France. More than \$200,000 is found to have been paid as duty on petrol alone.

This, however, is by no means the whole story, or, from the point of view of the Americans present, the worst of it. Thanks to the general knowledge of the high wages paid the Americans—\$150 to \$200 a week—the cost of living throughout Morocco, including the Tangier area, has soared to unprecedented and fantastic heights. It affects all classes, even the indigenous population, yet not to the extent that it does the Americans, who pay everywhere twice as much and more for all things from a basket of oranges to an apartment than the Frenchman pays. In the hotels in Casablanca, for example, it is no uncommon thing, on the approach of an American, to replace the rate-card legally posted in apartments with a higher one, even while the American guest is registering. This is well-known and has been exposed in the American newspaper published in Casablanca. It has also been exposed that long-time apartment rental has soared 500 per cent., to an American applicant, over that paid by a previous French guest. And so on. Yet the French have

lately made an official protest to Washington against the aforesaid high American wages, insisting that they have "seriously disturbed the national economy." They have that, truly enough, but large advantage to the French generally has resulted.

The living-scale of the Arab natives has not, however, benefited, except where they have direct contact in trade of some sort with the Americans. But much which does not come from the States goes through a French, or a half-caste, middleman who is the real profiteer. This has reached such a stage that most food supplies, mainly in cans of course, are now sent from America. Moreover, Americans are building their own apartment-houses, restaurants, clubs, commissariats, and even cinemas, in Casablanca, Meknes, Rabat, Port Lyautey and other places. They are doing this at high cost, true, but inasmuch as most apartment-owners insist upon selling their accommodations instead of renting them and have been known to charge as high as a million francs for a three-room suite, the Americans have decided on the cheaper course.

In the event of a serious revolt or any outbreak in Morocco that should threaten the air-base construction it is clear that America will use her military forces in defence, even bringing in more if necessary, and this without prejudice to any views that may be held on the particular issue of Moorish nationalism *vis-à-vis* the French Protectorate. Against any attempts at sabotage in respect of the bases America and France would jointly defend them. But America would certainly confine her military activities to such defence. In the International Zone of Tangier the position is, of course, different. Under the Eight Power agreement America is, with the others, committed to the maintenance of order there. There are, however, no American forces nearer than Port Lyautey, on the west coast about 60 miles from Rabat, which is the American military headquarters in Morocco. British troops, however, are just across the Straits of Gibraltar and it is known that some were alerted at the time of the outbreak in Tangier. Rumours were current on the Rock that a contingent was even about to embark but that the southwest gale blowing at the time prevented; this was officially denied.

The fact is, that it is not so much Tangier, despite the late outbreak, where dangerous demonstrations of Moroccan nationalism are to be looked for, as it is Casablanca. This is really the centre of Moroccan extremism and outbreaks have occurred here several times during the past year. It is supposed that the headquarters of the 'underground' are in Casablanca, and there is significance in the fact that the French have lately brought a military force, with tanks, from Fez which, despite the fact that it is still the holy city of the Moroccans, the spiritual and cultural capital and the symbol of the ages-old tradition of Moroccan independence, has shown little or no indication of unrest since the Protectorate agreement.

THE HOSPITAL SERVICE

By A. P. THOMSON

A SIMPLE calculation from the statistical records of the Birmingham Region shows that in the year 1951 one-seventh of its population of nearly five millions went to hospital as "new" patients—the majority (about 60 per cent.) to the out-patient departments. By convention patients are generally counted as "new" when they have not attended hospital for six months before the day of their visit, and as some of them call at more than one hospital the exact proportion of the population to rank as new patients in each year is more accurately expressed as of the order of one in eight. The Birmingham Region is fairly representative of the country as a whole for it includes, in addition to its densely populated industrial centres, large rural areas and several county towns of mixed character.

A public social service that becomes of immediate personal concern to one-eighth of the population each year is a formidable thing, not only in its cost but its potential influence on the lives of the people. It must be remembered, too, that interest in the hospitals is not restricted to patients; their friends and relatives are affected and it is probably no exaggeration to say that one-third of the whole population comes into more or less close contact with the hospital system annually.

It is surprising how little serious complaint there has been since the regional boards took over in 1948. As Mr. Aneurin Bevan has recently pointed out in his book *In Place of Fear* the public is persuaded (quite erroneously) that it pays for the hospital service out of weekly contributions to national insurance, and the attitude of patients has naturally changed. Before 1948 criticism was restrained by the knowledge that the work of the medical staff of the voluntary hospitals was unpaid, and about the municipal hospitals there still lingered the taint of the Poor Law and Public Assistance. Those restraints disappeared over-night and despite a press that was generally hostile to Mr. Bevan and all his work, complaints about hospital treatment have been few and are diminishing. Adverse criticism in our experience has rarely come from patients; more commonly it has come from vested interests. Some local municipal and voluntary hospital authorities of the past were aggrieved at the loss of control of institutions which they had built up with care and devotion over the years, and were as disposed to criticism of the new régime as the doctors who feared a threat to their freedom. Political parties were also

keenly interested; those on the left resented anything that savoured of tradition (although tradition is the very life of great institutions) and demanded a clean sweep in the direction of uniformity and a type of democratic control that involved innumerable elected committees to solve trivial problems, while on the extreme right there was consistent opposition to change of any kind.

On the whole the new administration grappled fairly well with the problems that confronted it four years ago. Not many realize how difficult and perplexing those problems were, for few had had opportunity or leisure to study the hospital system as a whole, and those who had done so found that the available information about it was scanty.

Our hospitals have evolved slowly and almost haphazardly over a period of 200 years, for it was in the eighteenth century, when the pattern of English life quickly and decisively changed, that many of them were founded. The industrial revolution marching in step with the enclosure of common lands drove the smaller yeoman farmers and cottagers from the countryside to the mines and factories that were based on the application of steam-power and machinery to production. Illness in scattered agricultural communities escaped notice, but the misery of the sick poor congregated in makeshift towns without adequate housing or sanitation and the constant risk of epidemic disease compelled the attention of local government and the charitable.

At that time and for many years afterwards there were no railways, the roads were poor and difficulties of transport may have played some part in the establishment of such large numbers of small hospitals. Traveling for the fit was an adventure; for the sick it was dire peril. The influence of the Laws of Settlement, which made the parish responsible for the care of the sick or infirm who were either born or "settled" in it by the acquisition of property, also favoured the small hospital and there is an echo of the transport difficulty in one of the amending Acts (1795) which provided that a sick pauper was not to be moved to his appropriate parish if he were dangerously ill. Subsequently hospitals developed in conformity with the wishes of private benevolence or in response to the varying public spirit and financial resources of local authorities and communities. In the twentieth century (and mainly between the wars) contributory schemes by which working people consented to deductions of small sums from their wages for the support of voluntary hospitals provided a considerable income, but never sufficient for their needs or for adequate expansion or development. By 1948 the hospital situation was chaotic. Voluntary hospitals were nearly all bankrupt and for some years had existed on grants from the Treasury in respect of emergency services during the war and later. There were nearly one thousand of them, and on average they had less than a hundred beds each. Local municipal authorities had a rather larger number of hospital beds at their

disposal, and in both groups there were the same astonishing variations in size, equipment and efficiency.

Surveys sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation had drawn attention to the lamentable condition of some of the hospitals and to the complete lack of co-ordination between them. Our experience in the Birmingham Region has confirmed all they said. We have in the midlands some first-rate hospitals but in 1948 the regional board took over from a county authority, and immediately closed, a hospital for chronic patients of whom there were 16. There was no indoor sanitation, and the only water supply was from a stand-pipe in the yard. Ten of the patients were bed-ridden. That was the worst example, but there were several larger hospitals that were not much better. I was so astonished at what I saw that I got photographs of several of these places and when I am reproached that hospital development is slow, I get comfort from looking at the pictures because we have nothing like them now. In addition to their general hospitals, which were often the former workhouse infirmaries, the local authorities were responsible for the mental institutions and the sanatoria, both of which before 1948 were strangely isolated and aloof from the common stream of medical practice.

It is commonly said that the National Health Service began without any preliminary planning and that in consequence there was endless confusion on the "Appointed Day" and after. That is quite untrue. Regional boards were established in 1947 and most of their planning committees did nine months hard labour in preparation for the take-over and there was no confusion. Our first objective was an endeavour to make a reliable estimate of the total number of beds required for a satisfactory hospital system for five million people. The Ministry of Health, it is true, had issued a monograph which set out the official conception of an ideal hospital service, but on close study it proved to be so remote from actual conditions that we had to place it in the category of pleasant Utopian pipe-dreams. In Birmingham, we were particularly fortunate because the university has a Department of Medical Statistics under the direction of Professor Lancelot Hogben, F.R.S., who very kindly acted as honorary advisor to the regional board and collected information from reliable sources all over the world. It was unfortunately of no avail, for the truth emerged that neither governments nor any other authorities had seriously attempted to solve the difficult problem of defining an adequate hospital service, and all that we could do, with Professor Hogben's help, was to frame long-term plans to collect necessary data over the course of years.

The position that this regional board faced in 1948 may be summarized briefly. They became responsible for 42,756 beds in nearly 300 separate hospitals. Of these beds 4,500 could not be used because there were no nurses to care for patients in them, and there were no less than

33,159 names on the waiting lists. It was obvious that the demands on the hospitals would increase after the "Appointed Day", because the public would feel for the first time that it was paying for them, and we feared that the available number of beds would diminish because it was certain that nurses in a national service would quite properly demand better conditions than they had previously. The recognition of a "96-hour fortnight" as a reasonable standard of duty-time for an average nurse was fair, but it meant that the hospital service had to recruit more nurses to maintain the number of available beds at the existing total. In 1948 the Birmingham Region employed 8,836 full-time nurses and 1,662 part-time. At the end of 1951 the numbers were 9,802 full-time and 2,640 part-time, but of these only 3,910 are fully-trained and State-registered. There are 1,694 enrolled assistant nurses and the remainder are midwives, pupils in training and ward orderlies. The ratio of available beds to nurses in 1948 was 4.0; to-day it is 3.7. On average the burden of work for the individual nurse has been rightly reduced but unfortunately the improvement has not been uniformly distributed and the staffs of the mental institutions as a whole, and of some of the "chronic" hospitals and sanatoria are still over-worked; the public owes them a great debt for loyal service in difficult and discouraging conditions.

A rough classification of the hospital beds taken over by the regional board in 1948 is set out in the following table with the corresponding figures for 1951:

BEDS—CHANGES IN NUMBER AVAILABLE.			1948	1951	Increase or Decrease	
Type						
General	...	...	6,076	7,103	+	1,027
Tuberculosis	...	...	2,292	2,689	+	397
Mental	...	...	17,826	18,644	+	818
Maternity	...	...	1,473	1,687	+	214
Infectious Diseases	...	...	1,262	777	—	485
Chronic Sick	...	...	5,780	5,966	+	186
Children	...	...	1,452	1,917	+	465
Others	...	...	2,096	2,215	+	119
Total	...	...	38,257	40,998	+	2,741

In 1948 one of our major problems was to determine how many separate management committees should be appointed to administer the hospitals. We listened and gave weight to arguments for the setting up of a large number of such committees on the ground that if each of them were responsible for a small group an intimate, personal relationship would be fostered between their members and the staffs and patients, but eventually we decided that the chief weakness of the English hospital structure was its division into numerous small and independent units

working in complete isolation, and that the best hope of recovery from parochialism lay in management committees with large responsibilities, which should, if possible, include every variety of hospital, including mental institutions. This decision was much criticized at the time, but has, I believe, been justified in the event. It has certainly been our experience in Birmingham that the larger hospital groups have worked better than the small ones in every way. In the early period several hospitals of deservedly high repute resented association in a single group with what they regard as lesser breeds, but that feeling has died away and the appreciation of a common aim is slowly but surely growing.

Restrictions on building, the cost of the Health Service and national poverty soon made it clear that no large scale construction of new hospitals would be possible for several years, save in very exceptional circumstances, and we have, therefore, concentrated on the improvement of buildings taken over. On these improvements over £2,500,000 has been spent, and there is no doubt that the material fabric and equipment of the hospitals are much better than they were in 1948, although there are still far too many small institutions. For efficiency, a general hospital requires a minimum of 400 beds, and the optimum size lies between 600 and 800 beds. If new building becomes possible or the demands on hospitals diminish many of the smaller buildings might be converted for use as health centres. When we discovered that it would be necessary to collect information over a period of years before we could hope to make any accurate estimate of the public need for hospital accommodation, we turned to the simpler and more mundane task of an examination of the use of beds already in existence, and this led to surprising results.

First, we directed attention to the hospitals of the chronic sick, and with the help of the Department of Social Medicine of the university under Professor T. McKeown, a technique for the statistical analysis of the patients was devised and proved. Our results have already been published and are generally accepted.* They showed that a very large proportion (approximately 40 per cent.) of the patients in the infirmaries do not need hospital treatment at all. A similar investigation of the sanatoria has demonstrated that about 20 per cent. of the beds are occupied by patients who are receiving no active treatment and might be discharged if they had homes to receive them.† In other words, it is certain that if provision were made for domestic help in the home and more dwelling houses were provided with some simple 'custodial' institutions, many hospital beds could be closed and great economies effected. We hope in future to carry out similar investigations in mental institutions and general hospitals, but the technique is difficult and must first

* *The Care of the Ageing and Chronic Sick*, by A. P. Thomson, C. R. Lowe and Thomas McKeown. Published for the Birmingham Regional Hospital Board by E. & S. Livingstone Ltd.

† Lowe, C. R., Geddes, J. E. (1952) "The Use of the Sanatorium Bed" *Lancet* I. 92.

be proved to be accurately adjusted to the problem and reliable.

Experience has revealed defects in the administrative structure of the National Health Service. Confronted by the formidable prospect of taking over a heterogeneous collection of hospitals, the purchase and re-organization of family practice, the conduct of convalescent homes, the provision of ambulances and nursing or domestic help, the care of neglected children, the maintenance of institutions for the destitute who previously had often been accommodated in the same buildings as the sick, and the preventive services known as public health, it is not surprising that the Minister of Health had the Act drafted in three parts.

The first, concerning hospitals, was committed to regional boards. The section dealing with family practice to executive councils, and the third, including all the remaining responsibilities, was left in the hands of local authorities. Before the "Appointed Day" the possible dangers of dividing the National Health Service into three water-tight compartments had been apparent, but it was presumably considered impossible to organize a single administration to control activities so extraordinarily varied. The system established by the Act did in fact prove adequate for its work, although there is no doubt that there is room for improvement and hope for economy in amendments which promote a closer co-ordination of the three sections. A good deal has already been done in this direction but the gaps between general practice, the hospitals and the local authorities are still too wide and ill-defined—the condition of a patient often varies so rapidly that within a few days he may treated under all three sections of the Act and administration may fail to keep up with his progress.

With regard to the hospitals, the principal change was the adoption of the "regional idea" which implied in each region a population large enough to justify the establishment of every type of specialized service and the presence of a university medical school and teaching hospital, whose influence might be diffused widely. In England, teaching hospitals were allotted to independent boards of governors, who administered them for the University Grants Committee; in Scotland no such distinction was made, and they became the direct responsibility of the regional board and the Ministry of Health.

At first sight the Scottish arrangements seemed tidier and more economical, but in practice the English system has proved better. The problems of university teaching and research are best considered separately; they require a flexibility of administrative procedure which is difficult to ensure in an organization with any other objective than the provision of opportunity for acquiring new knowledge and the development of the highest degree of technical skill. Curiously enough, there now seems to be more intimate relationship between teaching and regional hospitals in many parts of England under different authorities than there

is in Scotland under one. From the standpoint of medical practice the regional idea was extremely attractive and it has worked well. It may be said categorically that the treatment of the average patient in an English hospital has improved remarkably since July 1948. Naturally enough the improvement has been most impressive in hospitals whose staffing and equipment were previously restricted by relative poverty, parochial isolation or simple conservatism. In staffing there has been not only an infusion of young well-trained clinicians to stimulate their seniors with new knowledge and techniques, but many of the former members of the staff have been enabled to concentrate exclusively on their hospital work undistracted by the pressing claims of private general practice. Some believe that the advance might have been more rapid if regional committees had restricted the award of consulting (specialist) status until more young men trained in modern conditions were available. It may be so, but it would have been difficult to ignore the claims of many of the existing staff who had done the hospital work of their districts for many years on a voluntary basis, and with little other reward than the knowledge that they served their generation well. The standard of applications for vacancies on the staffs of regional hospitals is now higher than it has ever been in the major subjects of medicine, surgery, obstetrics and gynaecology and paediatrics. In the narrower specialisms and particularly in psychiatry there is still a shortage of men of high talent, wide experience and sound training. Many hospitals are still short of junior resident officers. Compulsory military service is partly responsible for this, but uncertainty about the future of some of the already well-trained registrars, who are ripe for specialist positions but cannot find openings, may restrict the period of time that qualified men are willing to give to post-graduate work in hospitals. The recent awards to general practice by the Danckwerts judgment may increase the reluctance of men to sacrifice years to training when opportunities in family practice are more numerous and the financial reward is better. As Lord Moran pointed out in the debate in the House of Lords there is a possible danger to the future development of medicine if this trend increases.

The regional system of administration, however, has not escaped criticism. Some hospital management committees believe that it has stifled their initiative and that it might be dispensed with entirely. No sensible person, on the other hand, denies that some restraint of local enthusiasm for the expenditure of public money is necessary and the problem really is whether that restraint should be applied by officials of the Ministry of Health at the centre or by regional boards. If the boards have responsibilities large enough to ensure familiarity with every aspect of the hospital service there is no reason why their administration should fail to reach the standard of the centre, and the simple fact that there are many of them will secure variety in approach to the problems that await

solution. Apart from this general consideration the boards may justly claim that they have handled the difficult business of the take-over with success and that the hospital service has improved. Had a regional authority not existed it would have been difficult for us to arrange the surveys and collect the information which we believe may ultimately lead to far-reaching changes and greater efficiency and economy.

In the past four years we have had to deal with two serious epidemics of typhoid and poliomyelitis and also with extensive damage by fire to a large hospital. The regional staffs coped with these emergencies by movements of nurses and adjustments in accommodation which would have been very difficult to arrange between small autonomous authorities. The organization to assist the admission of acute cases to the wards has been a success, and many other instances of this sort might be quoted in support of the regional system which, I believe, has justified itself.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan has recorded his opinion that it would be better if the present method of appointment of members of regional boards by nomination by the Minister were replaced by some system of election, which he does not define and admits would be difficult. In my judgment the present system works well and popular election would risk the danger of making the Health Service and the administration of hospitals the prey of political controversy, and risk the loss of many valuable members of the boards who do not share Mr. Bevan's affection for hustings.

For a while after July 1948 there was some abuse of the hospitals. The public light-heartedly decided that it would sample the new service and general practitioners were confronted with large numbers of trivial cases in addition to the patients who had previously refrained from seeking help for fear of expense. As a consequence, some of these people were sent to hospital unnecessarily. This trend seems to have been checked in this region, for in 1951 there was a considerable decrease in the "new" patients seen in out-patient departments compared with 1948. The number of patients treated in the wards rose and this must before long lead to a substantial decline in the waiting lists.

Of the broad financial problems of the National Health Service I have said nothing because I am not qualified to judge a delicate question in economics—whether this nation can afford to spend 4 per cent. of its income on health. The alarming statement has recently been made that there is no limit to doctoring and in consequence the cost will inevitably rise, but the fact that the number of new hospital patients in this region declined in 1951 suggests that gloomy foreboding may prove to be unfounded.

(Professor A. P. Thomson, who is Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Birmingham University, here expresses personal views which do not represent either those of the Faculty or the Regional Board.)

AWAY WITH EXAMINATIONS

BY DENIS SAURAT

THE recent consultation led by Mr. J. F. Wolfenden in *THE FORTNIGHTLY** left in the mind of many readers the idea that what was wrong in our present university methods was the examination system. I do not wish again to go over the grounds for that opinion, but to try and see whether any system could be devised by which examinations could be advantageously done away with. I write with diffidence, as my only experience has been that of teaching French, but with the hope that other departments, even in other faculties, or universities, might find something to think over in my suggestions.

Universities must select the best of their students so as to educate them further for the higher positions which have to be filled in the social scheme, and universities must also certify that so many persons have achieved a good standard which is sufficient so that such persons may be employed say, as competent teachers, or administrators, or technicians. How could this be achieved better than by examination? I think by a system of inspectors general, a body which could, in present conditions, be easily and efficiently created.

England has given the world a great example by creating a body of judges against which I have never heard any serious objection. Similar high officials, also relatively highly paid and universally respected, would solve this university problem. They would be recruited among the best specialists in the branch studied. To take an instance: in a big London college there may be, let us say, 20 candidates for B.A. honours in French. Let the inspector general for French come to the college and attend all exercises by the candidates for the year, see all their essays or other written exercises, participate in all their work, without in any way altering the course of the teaching as organized by the head of the department. The inspector general is there merely as a witness and a judge, and does not interfere in the slightest in the teaching. His attention is directed to the students' work. Under such conditions, I consider that in one month or so, the inspector could draw up a list, in order of merit, of all the 20 students. Then a half-day of consultation with the head of the department and with the other teachers concerned would guarantee that no

fundamental error has been committed. So many students would get a first-class degree and be selected for further training. So many students would get a second-class degree and be directed to work for which they would be competent. So many would be advised to train for something else, as being unfit and untrained in the career they have mistakenly chosen.

At present we cannot rely at all safely on examination results to give us the necessary indications. Firsts are obtained as much by chance as by merit—and chiefly many students fail to do themselves justice under the demoralizing conditions of the examination. Let us note also that many students have qualities of commonsense, leadership, patience, or other such virtues, that would make them excellent teachers without their being specially erudite in their subject—erudition not being really necessary to a good teacher. The human qualities—the most important ones in practical life—could be thus assessed as no examination system could do. This inspector general, after perhaps one month in a college, could move on to the next in the same university, thus ensuring a sufficient uniformity of standard. In a university such as London, one such official could work through the six or seven colleges which prepare for the B.A. honours examination in French.

Two objections come at once to the mind: expense, and favouritism. As to the first, the very high examination fees collected from the candidates, and now, I suppose, spent in paying the examiners, would, I believe, largely cover or perhaps more than cover, the salaries of the inspectors general. Finance is only a matter of organization, always needing revision in any case, and can be no serious objection. As for favouritism, the fear of it was no doubt the origin of the safeguards for objective selection which are given by the examination system. But are we really afraid of corruption in the professorial body? I submit that we are not. That particular phantom of the past is now finally laid in the profession. You can no more corrupt a professor than you can corrupt a competent medical specialist into saying you have a fictitious illness. And who could corrupt the inspector general? Who can corrupt a judge?

I realize that the scheme I have merely adumbrated for London and French might not work in that form in other universities—but it is merely an intellectual exercise to apply it to Oxford or Cambridge, where, in fact, a similar more or less unofficial state of things exists, and where the personal element plays a large part. And most other universities are run on systems not very different from those practised in London.

The chief advantage of this scheme, by doing away with examinations, would be to liberate both teachers and students. Under the present system teachers never give their students the best that they have to give—because that best cannot be worked into any examination which has to

* "What are Universities for?" by J. F. Wolfenden, February 1952, and "Some Comments" by William C. Atkinson, J. F. Baker, Humphrey Humphreys, Sir Richard Livingstone, W. R. Niblett, S. C. Roberts and Denis Saurat, March 1952.

be taken by students who are under many teachers. On the other side, many students never really come to studying what would really interest them. Of course all students must be taught in all essentials, but such work should be done, say, in the first three years of a four years' course and something more individual can be done by both student and teacher in the last year. So a student would go away from a university having really come into contact for a while with the highest that learning can give in his chosen speciality. Under the present system, that is practically impossible; uniformity in mediocrity is unavoidable; all have to learn the same things for the common examination, and there are too many things to be learnt to reach a high standard in any of them.

Let us admit also that in many institutions of learning (I am anxious not to appear to throw stones) both in Great Britain and abroad—I mean in countries that have a really well-run educational system—a double scheme is put into practice. Examinations are held, and officially are the only tests that count but, in fact, a selection by personal judgment is made among the students, and that selection by personal judgment is the only thing that really counts for the future career of the student. This may give an opening to favouritism—because it works more or less behind the scenes. But in practice it is very often the only way in which really good minds are allowed a real opportunity. Why not then let it come into the open, and put frankly the responsibility of selection on persons—the head of department and his teachers on the one hand, and above them, on the other—the inspector general—whom everybody can know and watch?

The creation of such a body of inspectors general similar to the judiciary in England would also be of the highest utility to the nation at large. It would give a head to education—and education is at present a peculiarly headless monster. There is literally no one—either a person, or an assembly of people—who can speak with authority as to what to do in a special field of teaching. I do not suggest that a dictatorial body should be formed in each speciality—that would be both foolish and inefficacious. But there would come into being a body of opinion among qualified persons by which urgent problems could be properly discussed. Of discussing education as such, or as a whole, we have had nearly enough. What is necessary is that in each branch of teaching, French or physiology or what you will, competent people should discuss what to do in that subject. There are no methods and no principles that really work over the whole of education or that really can be applied in more than one or two subjects at a time.

No doubt, say, 20 inspectors general for French could produce for their subject reports on teaching which would help all universities concerned—while leaving them free to adopt or reject any suggestions. It seems to me that in this way, or in some similar way, all the evils of the examination system could be avoided and at the same time a great step

forward could be taken towards a state of general culture which would give more scope to individual taste and to real research. In any case, let us admit that the examination system is not the only possible scheme of selection, and let us look for another.

(From 1926 to 1950 the author was Professor of French, King's College, London University.)

SOME COMMENTS

Professor Saurat's proposed system of assessment is impracticable and dangerous. This is not a condemnation of assessment, which has proved its value. Selected secondary schools in New Zealand have for years accredited students for entry to the university, with apparently acceptable results. The thousands of men and women who passed through the English Emergency Scheme for the Training of Teachers were all qualified by assessment, not examination. And several permanent training colleges are to-day similarly assessing their students.

But there are important differences between their systems and Professor Saurat's. Theirs is a much longer process; it is cumulative assessment, continuous throughout the two years of the college course. It is much more of an internal affair, being conducted largely by the college staff. It is also in my opinion much more democratic; there are no formal visitations by "inspectors general" but only informal visits by H.M.I., supplemented by visits by such other external assessors as the college may choose to invite.

Those teachers operating college assessment systems with whom I have talked are enthusiastic about them, though all emphasize how much time and energy they involve. I think Professor Saurat underestimates these factors. Students subjected to assessment are, I am told, less enthusiastic; some, indeed, have said they would much prefer formal examination, their reason being that they feel they are for ever being watched. This seems to throw some doubt on Professor Saurat's contention that the "chief advantage" of his scheme would be "to liberate both teachers and students."

There is a graver objection to his scheme; it strikes at the roots of academic freedom. The fear of favouritism can, as he says, be dismissed; but not the dangers of subjectivity. No merely human inspector general could wholly disengage himself from his personal predilections; and so all departmental staffs (and students) would ask: "What is old So and So keen on?" and trim their sails to his winds. Moreover, say

Denis Saurat what he will, the appointment of corps of inspectors general could not but create dictatorial bodies; their duty to dispose of careers and prospects by the thousand would ensure it. And what would become of academic freedom if a corps' ideas or scholarship become outdated?

I am in sympathy with Professor Saurat's aim. Had he developed the assessment system implicit in a question he asks late in his article I should have been entirely with him: "Why not . . . put frankly the responsibility on persons—the head of the department and his teachers on the one hand, and above them, on the other, the inspector general . . .?" This is our old friend internal testing with external assessment, a familiar with many merits.

Denis Saurat does not propose applying his procedure to schools. But that is where assessment of the whole personality is most necessary. The end of a university career is three years too late. Judge personality and potentialities at the beginning, and at the end, scholarship. To do the latter the formal examination, with written and oral elements, takes a lot of beating.

H. C. DENT,
*until recently the Editor of the Educational Supplement
of The Times.*

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Universities are an object of great interest at the present time, and it is very tempting to attribute any of their possible shortcomings to a single cause. This is very unlikely, however, to produce a really adequate explanation. Examinations are a convenient target and are blamed for most of the shortcomings of education at all levels. Professor Saurat has nevertheless stated their purpose quite clearly. It is difficult to see how students can be selected without them, or how appointing bodies can be sure they are taking the best candidates available from the universities without a classification of students by means of some test at the end of their course. I should myself add another justification—that an objective test at the end of a student's course provides him with an aim. We all know dons who go on accumulating vast learning without ever communicating any of it. They gradually lose all power to concentrate their learning at any point, and it ceases to have any value except to themselves. It is surely valuable that a student should be faced with the necessity of performing a specific task at the end of his course and of dis-

covering how he can apply quickly the knowledge he has been collecting.

Denis Saurat would probably admit all this. He is not really concerned with abolishing examinations, but with substituting a better type of examination for those practised now. His proposals are not really new. A number of teacher training colleges conduct part of their final examinations by means of assessment of the student's course-work. There is something to be said for this. Course-work is done under different conditions from those of written examinations. Assessment of course-work can supplement written examinations but not replace them. Moreover, assessment has its own difficulties, and those who have examined in this way are not as loud in its praise as one would expect if Professor Saurat's argument in its favour were unchallengeable.

In addition to assessment of the course-work and oral examinations (which are not unknown even now), he suggests that examiners or inspectors should observe the teaching the students receive. It is difficult to see how this can be relevant to the examination of the students, unless it is meant to stimulate sympathy for them and an appreciation of their difficulties. He is confusing two quite different things. Examinations are designed to test students' proficiency in their subjects; their qualities of character, which would come out in oral examinations and in course-work, are equally important but must be quite separately assessed. Most university departments would attach a good deal of importance to qualities of character. They would try to help students with "qualities of common sense, leadership, patience, or other such virtues" by recommending them at the appropriate times to appointing authorities. Examinations are not the appropriate place for taking such qualities into account. Assessment can only be successful if the qualities to be assessed are quite clearly realized, and any one test can only cope with a limited range of ability. The more ambitious the attempt to assess the student's whole personality the likelier is the assessment to be subjective and inaccurate.

It is very satisfactory to find a former university professor so well aware as Denis Saurat of the importance of teaching technique, a subject too often neglected in universities. It is very doubtful, however, whether his proposed scheme of examinations would have any effect at all on teaching, except perhaps to stimulate the sort of teaching that would impress examiners. Teaching technique must be evolved by thorough investigation of the subject to be taught and knowledge of the student to whom it is to be taught. Such research into teaching technique is a separate task and could only be vitiated by confusion with the search for satisfactory methods of examination.

In short Professor Saurat has put his finger on a great need of the universities, and of other educational agencies, but his proposed solutions are by no means satisfactory. Examinations as conducted at present are

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far from perfect, but more satisfactory techniques of examination will be discovered only by investigation and experiment designed for that specific purpose. He is suggesting alternative methods which have not had proper investigation and are therefore unlikely to be better than the present methods, which to some extent grew up haphazardly. The additional benefits he thinks may be gained from adopting his new methods are objectives to be separately pursued.

B. PATTISON,
Professor of Education, University of London Institute of Education.

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Away with Slogans—especially in the educational field. It is questionable whether the generous universality of “Away with Examinations”, though attractive to many in relation to schools, is applicable to the university. It is possible to believe, without being wholly illiberal and reactionary, that the examination method is a perfectly valid one for learning and study at this level, that university students ought to be able to face and pass examinations, and that if the effects of the present system are really so unfortunate, it is better examinations that are wanted. Or, as Professor Saurat suggests, a proper combination of examinations and assessment by those tutors who have the best knowledge of the quality of a student’s work. Even so, there are differences between subjects, and in some of them are we not entitled to expect the future occupants of important positions in our social and political life to be tested on their plain knowledge of their subject in written form? Medicine is an extreme instance—here it is a question of our self-defence and survival.

But, please, not the creation of a new hierarchy of specialist high priests. Such a system would be, with great respect, more applicable to France than to England, and it is greatly to be doubted whether the idea is possible of importation into our educational way of life. An English judge has a very different task and function from that of the proposed inspectors general, and, while endorsing the point in relation to the former, one cannot be entirely convinced of the prospective incorruptibility of the latter. They might be above favouritism, but there would be bound to be bias, conscious or unconscious, especially in this world of ever-narrowing expertise. One would think that “the human qualities” which cannot be assessed by examinations are not much more assessable by the inspectors general. These very valuable qualities can be, and are, assessed by those who come into regular contact with the

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student and his work. The inspector general would find it difficult to achieve the right mixture of the subjective and objective view. In any case, it is doubtful whether we could find the right number of the right people to work the system, if all faculties and sub-faculties are to be covered in the way suggested, and if university numbers maintain or exceed their present level; our chronic problem is man-power.

Professor Saurat mistrusts examinations as indicators in the business of high-level job selection. There are surely two points to be made here—first, that the allocation of graduates to jobs or professions is not in fact made with quite the neatness and precision, in relation to the degree obtained, that he suggests; secondly, it is just as indicators, as opposed to last words, that examinations, if properly used, can be useful. So let us not let them get above themselves, continue to view them with suspicion, but try always to improve them and use them as one of our means of assessing the ability of those who are going to make important contributions to our society.

W. E. PHILIP,
Chief Education Officer, Devon County Education Committee.

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It is a very attractive proposal but it is not likely to work well in practice. It might even come to justify the parody: “Exams do not a prison make but noble snoops a cage.” A pet animal is not removed from the cage merely by kindly attitudes. The proposal leads in the right direction, but in the wrong vehicle. Education is already hitch-hiking more than it should. It travels too much already in the vehicles of directors, inspectors, conferences, councils, committees, examiners; to add one more overruling junta of inspectors to these would be a pity. What we want to do is to get education back into the car of the people who do the actual teaching and day-to-day running of the schools.

Sanderson of Oundle used to say that only those in teaching harness could really give proper judgment about education. What Professor Saurat advises could be better done by the dons themselves. It seems a little discourteous to bring in an outsider to make a snap judgment when the dons have so much more opportunity to observe and to judge; or are we to assume that when one is not an inspector one is not above suspicion? Examinations have become a curse because too much is asked of them. For this the non-residential university is mainly responsible. This type

of university has become popular because of the rationalistic movement of the eighteenth century which valued information more highly than tradition. Education, however, is part of an instinctive function and is organic rather than analytical. Would that the modern universities had known and appreciated the work of Herder! It is heartening to hear a Professor of French trying to rectify this fatal analytical tendency even to the extent of one-twentieth of a month of personal appreciation. The proof of a pudding is in the eating. The assessment of an undergraduate's ability should extend throughout his whole course and that course should train and test his abilities in as many ways as are reasonably possible. Everything should not hang on one or two examinations nor should examinations be excluded. Knowledge, character and mental and physical ability—all should be dealt with and assessed by those who teach and guide and they should be given the time and the help necessary to do this properly. Mass pumping of knowledge by over-worked dons into far-sleeping scattered undergraduates is not education. A university course must be a residential course in a medium-sized community where direct personal influence can have sway. The assessment of an undergraduate must be based on his performance throughout the course and on the extent to which he has completed the course. To base it on a brief encounter might seem kinder than a final examination, but if the brief encounter is to cut any ice at all it would be very nerve racking for the victim and perhaps almost more grim than the relentless printed page.

Professor Saurat's analogy of the judge is an unfortunate one for his argument in one way. A judge often spends many days over one decision about one point. The noble inquisitor would have to make countless decisions on countless points and pass 20 life sentences in only a month or two. It is true that the imparting of good qualities and sound learning is far more important than precise assessment, but too vague a method of assessment might encourage ill-ordered and undisciplined 'interests'. A centralized body of general inspectors giving *ex cathedra* advice on learning is not in keeping with our best traditions in education.

R. C. UNMACK,
Headmaster, King's College, Taunton.

THE FORD FOUNDATION

BY JOSEPH M. MCDANIEL

THE Ford Foundation has at its disposal some \$500 million and a self-imposed mandate to use this private fortune, which was built up over two generations by the mass production and sale of motor cars, to improve "man's relations to man." The nature and scope of its objectives has given rise to a great deal of interest and speculation—perhaps nearly as much abroad as in America—about this largest of all private philanthropic ventures. The Foundation's first annual report dated December 31, 1951, and made public in April, revealed that it had spent a little more than \$22 million in building up an organization and getting some of its programmes underway. To judge this first review of operations it is useful to know something about how the Foundation came into being and what it is trying to do.

Although it has only recently come into public prominence, the Ford Foundation is 16 years old. It was established as a non-profit corporation by the late Edsel B. Ford in 1936 for the general purpose of "advancing human welfare." He and his father bequeathed large parts of their estates to it. In its early years the Foundation made contributions and grants of around \$40 million, many of them to institutions in the Detroit area and of personal interest to the Ford family. In the autumn of 1948, anticipating settlement of the estates of Henry and Edsel Ford and the probable receipt in 1949 and 1950 of income permitting the Foundation to undertake a greatly expanded programme, the trustees faced the task of determining how the resources of the Foundation could best be used to achieve the general objective of advancing human welfare. They appointed a study committee—made up of authorities in such fields as education, medicine and public health, the natural sciences, political science and government, the social sciences, the humanities, and business and industry—to reduce this broad purpose to a series of more specific objectives. As a result the trustees announced that the Foundation would support activities

- (1) that promise significant contributions to world peace and the establishment of a world order of law and justice;
- (2) to secure allegiance to the principles of freedom and democracy in the solution of the problems of society;
- (3) designed to advance the economic well-being of people everywhere and to improve economic institutions for the realization of

- democratic goals;
- (4) to strengthen, expand, and improve educational facilities and methods to enable individuals to realize their intellectual, civic, and spiritual potentialities; to promote equality of educational opportunity, and to conserve and increase knowledge and enrich our culture;
 - (5) in science designed to increase knowledge of factors which influence or determine human conduct, and to extend such knowledge for the maximum benefit of individuals and of society.

These areas are all concerned with problems that Henry Ford II, chairman of the trustees, has described as growing out of "man's relations to man"—problems that the trustees felt were the most crucial of our time. They are, of course, inter-related and should be considered as guide posts rather than as tight compartments.

In addition to defining areas of activity, the trustees stated that the Foundation should seek fresh approaches to the problems within these areas. They felt, as Mr. Ford has said, that "maximum effectiveness of Foundation funds can be achieved through experimentation and through the selection of opportunities for study and action that command little support from other sources." Out of this belief developed one of the chief principles of operation, which is that the Foundation should take the initiative in determining what it ought to do in the fields of its interest, rather than permit its programme to evolve as the more or less accidental result of the applications for assistance that are received. In practice, this has meant that when the officers of the Foundation have decided, with the approval of the trustees, to embark upon a programme, they have looked for an appropriate agency to carry out the programme and have given it the money needed to do the work. When they have been unable to find such an agency, they have created one; during the first year, three independent agencies—the Fund for the Advancement of Education, the Fund for Adult Education and the East European Fund—were established by the foundation.

The trustees invited Paul G. Hoffman, who had recently resigned as head of the Economic Co-operation Administration, to take on the job of planning and directing the Foundation's programme and he became President and Director on January 1, 1951. Since then four associate directors have been elected. They are Chester C. Davis, former president of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, Missouri; H. Rowan Gaither, an attorney who directed the work of the Study Committee; Robert M. Hutchins, former Chancellor of the University of Chicago; and Milton Katz, former Special United States Representative in Europe for the E.C.A.

As might be expected, much of the first year was spent in setting up an organization, in getting the right people for staff positions and in

making tentative plans. A number of projects have been undertaken, however, and are described in the annual report. A few of them may serve to illustrate the sort of work the Foundation is doing.

During 1951 the Foundation made 37 grants, totalling \$22,331,736. Of that amount a little more than half went to organizations established by the Foundation. The Fund for the Advancement of Education, which was established with an initial grant of approximately \$7 million, is concerned with improving and strengthening liberal education in the United States. The officers of the Fund decided soon after the organization was established that its resources would not go far if used to satisfy the hundreds of requests received from colleges and universities for money for buildings, endowments and general operating expenses. They decided rather that they ought to seek out promising developments in critical areas that would not otherwise be supported by either public or private money. During its first year the Fund has developed programmes concerned with (a) improving the competence of teachers, (b) improving the rather haphazard structure of the U.S. educational system, (c) education in the armed forces, and (d) clarification of basic educational philosophy.

In the first field, to give an example, the Fund awarded 250 fellowships last year to teachers of college undergraduates. The fellowships, which carried stipends covering salaries, tuition and travel expenses, were given to enable teachers to undertake work to improve their competence as teachers by broadening or deepening their understanding of their own or related fields. In an effort to improve the competence of teaching in the elementary and secondary schools, the Fund is supporting experiments in teacher training, in which prospective teachers will spend four years in liberal arts training and a year of internship in a secondary school instead of, as at present, devoting much of their undergraduate work to courses in educational philosophy and techniques.

The Fund for Adult Education was established with a grant of \$3,600,000. Its basic purpose is to help Americans become more mature and responsible citizens. During its first year, the Fund has devoted considerable time to a comprehensive stock-taking of the bewildering array of existing adult educational activities and agencies. It has also supported a number of discussion programmes, such as those of the Foundation for Political Education on the basic issues of war and peace, the American Library Association on the American heritage, and the Great Books Foundation on the tradition of the West. The Fund is experimenting with the use of film, in conjunction with printed material, as a basis for discussion to determine what can be accomplished with this medium in the education of adults. The officers believe that radio and television have great education potentialities and have financed experimental educational programmes in both of these fields. The Foundation

is also supporting experiments conducted by the Television-Radio Workshop, which was established with an initial grant of \$1,200,000. While the Fund for Adult Education programmes is designed for use primarily by educational stations and networks, the Workshop is trying to develop mature programmes for use by commercial outlets.

Another independent agency, the East European Fund, was established with a grant of \$785,000 for the dual purpose of adding to western understanding of the U.S.S.R. and to assist exiles from behind the Iron Curtain, who have been admitted to the United States, to become established in their new home. This Fund has also organized the Chekhov Publishing Company, which plans to print in Russian certain books not available in the Russian language. This venture is meant to help the Russian people resume touch with the common spiritual and cultural heritage of the world. The Foundation has also helped exiles to gain a footing in the United States through a grant of \$500,000 to the Settlement Campaign for Exiled Professionals, designed to speed their resettlement before the Displaced Persons Act expired.

The Ford Foundation has tried to advance international understanding through the exchange of persons and ideas. It has supported the exchange of persons through the Institute of International Education and other agencies working in that field. It has encouraged the work of a committee at Stanford University, which investigated the requirements that universities will have to meet if they are to increase American understanding of Asia. It has also allocated funds for a study of intercultural relations under the direction of Robert Redfield, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago.

In April of this year the Foundation announced plans for publication of a quarterly magazine, for distribution abroad, that will present significant American writing and art, with attention as well to music, the theatre, architecture, philosophy and creative scholarship. To be called *Perspectives USA*, it will contain no propaganda or advertising, nor will it engage in current political controversy. Its object will be to give readers abroad a representative picture of the intellectual and artistic life of the United States. The magazine will be printed in English, French, German, Italian, and perhaps Spanish and Russian language editions, and will be sold at a price sufficient to cover distribution costs. It is under the direction of James Laughlin, publisher of New Directions Books, who expects to have the first issue ready for distribution next autumn.

In co-operation with the Rockefeller Foundation, The Ford Foundation is supporting the International Press Institute. This organization, which is sponsored by the Society of Newspaper Editors, is trying to promote the free exchange of accurate news among nations, and to further and safeguard the freedom of the press.

Nearly a third of the money granted during the Foundation's first year

of expanded operations went to support projects overseas that promise to contribute to peace and to the mitigation of tensions among peoples. A grant of \$1,400,000 was made to the Free University of Berlin to strengthen it as a centre of intellectual independence and democratic education. When Berlin was divided, the University of Berlin was in the Russian Zone and was soon converted to a centre for Communist indoctrination. To meet the demand for free inquiry and education, Mayor Reuter set up a free university in the western sector. Classes are held in stables and in old houses and, until recently, library facilities did not exist. Forty per cent. of the 5,500 students enrolled in this new university live in the Russian sector and attend classes at considerable risk. The officers of the Foundation feel that the Free University, in addition to serving its students well, is bound to have an important political influence throughout Germany and Europe.

The Foundation last year gave \$6,500,000 for work in India, Pakistan and the Middle East, the purpose of which is to help the people of those areas achieve a better standard of living, in which are included better means of education and better organization of social life. In the words of the annual report, "projects that will stimulate multiplied effects" have been chosen. In India, where 85 per cent. of the population lives in 500,000 farm villages, and where food is chronically short, the Foundation is helping the country attack its problems of food supply, health, resource development, and illiteracy. The Government of India, in co-operation with the Provinces, have developed a method of extending to the villages simple, inexpensive practices that will increase the production of food, reduce disease, and enrich village life, and the Foundation has agreed to finance five or more training centres to provide the rural extension workers required. It has also agreed to support 15 demonstration centres, widely dispersed over India, each containing from 60 to 100 villages, in which teams of native extension workers will show what a few improvements in farming and living can accomplish. The Government of India will try to establish many more such centres, co-operating and sharing the costs with the Provinces. The Foundation has also made a grant to the Allahabad Agricultural Institute to help supply agricultural leaders and is considering grants to other agricultural training institutions.

In Pakistan, where there is a pressing need for large numbers of skilled mechanics and technicians, the Foundation granted \$1,100,000 to the Government to assist in establishing a polytechnic institute and a number of short-term training centres. It also gave \$500,000 to the All-Pakistan Women's Association to assist in establishing a women's college for the study of home economics. This grant will also help the cost of setting up two or three centres to train students under typical village conditions.

In the Middle East, the Foundation gave \$500,000 to the American

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University of Beirut to help establish a college of agriculture with an associated experimental and demonstration farm. Also in the field of overseas activities, the American Friends Service Committee was given \$1,000,000 to expand its network of international centres and to strengthen its programme of assistance in such areas of tension as Israel, Italy and Japan.

The examples given constitute a brief summary of the major grants made by the Foundation during its first year in its present form. As such, they present a cross-section of the Foundation's work and indicate some of the ways in which the organization is trying to achieve its objectives.

Commenting in the annual report on the year's work, Mr. Hoffman said:

At the end of a year devoted primarily to organization and planning, the officers believe that the structure of the Foundation is taking shape and the programme upon which it is embarked has promise. The experience of the year confirms their conviction that there is a unique and increasingly important place for private philanthropy in advancing the welfare of mankind. The flexibility and independence of the private foundation often enable it to undertake tasks that cannot be performed as promptly, as well, or at all by a governmental agency.

The needs of the world are vast; the Ford Foundation cannot meet many of them. The problems of the world seem insoluble; certainly the Ford Foundation cannot solve many of them. But by patience, persistence, and humility the Foundation may in the course of time be of some use to humanity.

(The author was Mr. Averell Harriman's personal representative, primarily negotiating with the Ministers of the countries participating in the Marshall Plan. In 1949 Mr. McDaniel returned to Washington as Assistant Administrator of E.C.A. (Economic Co-operation Administration) and in 1951 resigned as Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University to become Assistant to the Director of the Ford Foundation.)

AFTERNOON IN A SPANISH BACKSTREET

Children and anxious cats
Inspect the day's remains
In a stinking gutter.

Clusters of warm grapes
Swarm the beaded doors
And dull-eyed windows.

A crumbled fountain
Bleeds down upon grateful
Stone and dusty pigeon.

Wrapped in a white spell
The palm-blessed houses sleep.
Sudden as lightning,

From the maze of secret
Alley and square—a cry
Tornades the stillness

And gluts the afternoon.
More poignant than any
Moon-caged nightingale

An anguished mule pleads
In a broken voice—
Witness my burden, God!

IRIS BIRTWISTLE

REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS

SOME COMMENTS

In the June 1952 issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* Mr. Max Beloff concluded his article "Reviews and Reviewers" thus: "We are assailed on all sides by propaganda, and weakened by uncritical thinking. Our greatest need is to sift, to select, to dispute. Book reviewing could play a part in fulfilling this need; as at present organized in this country it does so only imperfectly. Some part of the blame is probably outside anyone's control—paper-shortage for instance—but part of it rests perhaps, on the erroneous attitudes of editors and reviewers."

MR. BELOFF attacks anonymity in reviewing as "an outmoded fashion clung to by certain journals . . . for professed reasons that will not bear examination." Having for many years written both signed and unsigned reviews I cannot agree with this dictum. In my opinion there is a legitimate place for both types.

I am not here concerned, nor is Mr. Beloff particularly, with reviews of either kind which are prompted by any preconceived form of prejudice. It is not every critic, whether on the right or the left, who can be as impartial as George Saintsbury who never allowed his high Tory views to colour his literary judgments. And there are devotees of modern prosodic types who look with disfavour on traditional versification, though it sufficed for such revolutionaries as Shelley and Swinburne. Mr. Beloff declares that "anonymity in reviewing is an attempt to support with the prestige of an institution what can only be an individual opinion." I would suggest that this is not the right angle of approach to the matter. In the case of scholarly books, which I have in mind, an editor will naturally limit his choice to approved experts in the particular field. It is merely fantastic to suggest (to take Mr. Beloff's instance) that a treatise on Sanskrit would be entrusted to someone who had no knowledge of the subject. And any reviewer worth his salt will not be primarily interested in securing prestige for his comments by their appearance anonymously in an important periodical. He will feel the responsibility of justifying the editor's selection, and of maintaining the repute of the journal, by contributing an impartial and well-considered criticism. It is true that he will have to submit to limits of space, but in my own experience editors are not unreasonably rigid in this respect. And sometimes anonymity helps to avoid any suspicion of 'log-rolling'

if the reviewer and the author are known to be closely associated.

Thus the anonymous review can stand up, as I hold, against Mr. Beloff's strictures and has a useful function. But the trend to-day is mainly otherwise. It is something of a paradox that while such broadly cultural publications as *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Criterion* and *The London Mercury* have disappeared, the number of specialist periodicals has increased on both sides of the Atlantic. They can afford room for detailed comments, and here signed reviews under authoritative names have of right practically a monopoly. And, apart from these, there is no doubt that "general readers" welcome familiar signatures attached to reviews in daily, weekly or monthly organs. Many are mourning to-day the sudden loss of Sir Desmond MacCarthy, a doyen of this class.

There is least of all to be said, in my opinion, for the "middle course" which Mr. Beloff favours, the use of initials. Those who can identify the reviewer under this thin disguise may feel a mild detective thrill. For those who cannot solve the alphabetical riddle, usually the majority, it means merely an addition to Mr. Beloff's pet aversion—"the anonymity snobs."

F. S. BOAS,

Shakespearean scholar, and Fellow and Vice-President of the Royal Society of Literature.

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Mr. Max Beloff's article is both timely and important. If anything is plain in contemporary journalism it is the decline in the quality of criticism. What is less plain is the cause of this decline. The explanation commonly given, that it is due to paper shortage, is, Mr. Beloff rightly says, not enough. Inefficient and dull critics would continue to be inefficient and dull if they had twice the space they now occupy. The decline is, I think, due to at least two causes. The first is that the majority of contemporary critics are not critics at all: they are politicians. The second is that too many of these alleged critics are inexperienced and ill-informed youths. I shall not forget my surprise and dismay on seeing, in a widely-circulated weekly paper, a review of several books on India, all of which were written by men of authority on their subject. The reviewer was personally known to me. He had come down from Oxford a few months before his review was published, and his single adventure abroad at that date had been a trip to Switzerland where he had spent ten days—a journey which scarcely qualified him to discourse on the outer suburbs of London let alone the Peninsula.

The political partisan attitude of the contemporary critic is his most deplorable characteristic. No-one expects him to be detached from human emotions or to be devoid of party principles and prejudices; but everybody has a right to expect in him some appreciation of skill in those

to whom he is normally antagonistic. A soldier would cease to be a good soldier if he denied courage and ability to his enemy. He would also diminish the worth of his victory over that enemy if he dismissed him as entirely contemptible. Our contemporary critics fall short of the soldier in sense on this subject. Their single criterion in judging an author seems to be: Is he on my side? If he is, then he is a fine author and should be widely read. The climax to this sort of criticism is a totalitarian State in which no man is allowed to publish his opinions unless they are those held by the Government.

Kipling was the author most obviously victimized by politicians pretending to be critics. Callow youths, new from Oxford and Cambridge, whose minds had been debauched by Max Beerbohm or Lowes Dickinson, airily dismissed Kipling as a man of no merit whatsoever. Mr. Auden, from the United States, denounced him as "horrible old Kipling," though Kipling, at least, did not run away from his country when it was in trouble. The fact that Kipling was one of the greatest writers of short stories in the whole history of literature, and that he had an exceptionally vivid sense of words and an enviable vocabulary of picturesque language, seems not to have penetrated the heads of such people.

This partisan spirit not only persists, but is spreading. Yet it should surely be plain that a judge, though he cannot be devoid of personal bias, would, indeed, be useless without his own point of view, should be capable of discerning ability in those whom he criticizes, even if he detests what they believe. If they have no skill, why waste time and paper in criticizing their work? It is almost trite to suggest that he should also have enough knowledge of his subject to be able to detect error and false assertion. Mr. Beloff has performed a public service in making his grave complaint.

ST. JOHN ERVINE,
dramatist, novelist and biographer.

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To the publisher, the prime consideration is that his books shall be reviewed as fully and in as many places as possible. Adequate space for book reviews is his first concern; I think he is generally willing to back his judgment against the possibility of an undue proportion of the reviews being downright rude.

On anonymity I imagine most publishers have, as publishers, little feeling—they hope for either an eminent reviewer who signs his name or else a review in an influential paper, or both. As a book buyer, I prefer signed or at least initialled reviews. But surely the editor's real answer to Mr. Beloff's plea is that the loss of anonymity on certain important occasions limits his choice of reviewers? I have in mind the well-known

man who feels he must be really critical of a book by another well-known man. Under the cloak of anonymity we may get an authoritative review—on occasion perhaps from almost the only man fully qualified to give it. But if he has to sign his name, is he not more likely to decline the assignment altogether?

In general, surely Mr. Beloff's unfavourable reflections on the standard of reviewing are attributable to the cause which underlies another of our troubles? The ordinary journalist, writing for the ordinary popular newspaper or periodical, is now highly skilled in the art of attractive presentation, but he lacks the scholarship of his forbears. And the same is true of the non-specialist reviewer.

This leads me to suggest a defence against Mr. Beloff's passing jab at publishers for publishing too much inferior stuff. I myself would be willing to subscribe to the thesis that there are more mediocre 'whodunits', more liquorice-flavoured romances, than are needed. But this is a competitive market. Presumably these to me redundant books would disappear if there were not sufficient people wanting them to make them pay. And in the free society these people are entitled to the books they are willing to pay for, provided they avoid pornography.

It is when you turn to books other than those for light entertainment that Mr. Beloff's attack gets nearer the bone, my bone. Publishers follow developments in the arts and sciences and in public affairs and they seek to meet the need for new books set up by these developments. Professional optimists, they hope to persuade the owners of first-class minds to write these books, or hope occasionally to have first-rate scholarship submitted to them out of the blue. But the number of first-class minds is limited. There have been two wars, and of those who have survived all too many are over-burdened with administration, or teaching, or are writing memoranda for an often unresponsive government. (Women have particular difficulty. It is not so long ago that an eminent historian undertook to write a badly needed book for us—if we could find her a charlady.) So it is, Mr. Beloff, that the mediocre book of which you complain sometimes comes into print, *faute de mieux*.

CHARLES FURTH,
Director, George Allen and Unwin Ltd.

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Books published in Britain in 1951 totalled 18,066 titles. Nearly 5,000 of these were reprints and new editions, but a new edition often merits a review. Only a proportion of them were books for the general public, the rest were for a specialized readership. In a culture so hived off into specializations as our own, these last are bound to have been important, but they did not qualify for the same kind of reviewing as

books of general interest.

Moreover the compartments into which our culture is divided are not only subject compartments. The main divisions, we cannot help feeling, that for instance between science and the arts, differently and even oppositely determine our way of looking at and being in the world. Over them all, there is the sense of belonging to a dual culture, in which the two classes of readers are characterized by their relationship to the past—those who without inhibition surrender to the mechanized world society with its mass-produced goods, standard entertainments, and synthetic values, or those who seek to live in continuity with the past. Polarities such as these impose themselves on any discussion of book publication and book reviewing.

Mr. Beloff, clearly, is interested in books which, while being written by a specialist and not unacceptable to other specialists, yet have a wider readership. Contemporary history and politics are subjects of this kind. But in submitting themselves to a general public, such books must run the same gauntlet of general reviewing, the same hazard of being misunderstood or misappreciated, as with that public itself. Surely it is to the specialist periodicals, in this case the historians' own journals, to which Mr. Beloff must look for comprehensive, systematic, academically sound reviews? In the free-for-all of the Sunday papers and literary or political weeklies, the qualities which may earn a book a good notice, or any notice at all, are not necessarily the same as those which would impress Mr. Beloff and his colleagues. And this is so even though it appears to a casual eye that reviewers and reviewed are generally speaking the same language. This brings an element of unreality into the discussion; it seems as if very few people nowadays review books without also writing them, while most of those who write books do some reviewing.

Mr. Beloff has referred to two institutions which in the reviewing of books noticeably aim at maintaining a specialist standard and at reaching a general public as well—*The Times Literary Supplement* and the BBC. The former can be within certain limits comprehensive, it can list those books which it does not notice—though of course omitting certain categories altogether. The latter has to be selective, since sound broadcasting is not a suitable medium for the diffusion of lists or systematic surveys. Broadcasting is also severely limited in the degree of specialization which it can cater for, since a broadcast while being generally available is not sure of reaching a particular address. Selections are no less odious than comparisons and the hundred-odd books every year which are for instance chosen for notice in the Third Programme, will not seem representative to everybody, even though many other Third Programme talks stand in some intimate relation to books which have been or are to be published. (For BBC sound broadcasts as a whole the figure of books reviewed in 1951 was 1,400.) The principle of selection,

that a book talk must above all be a good talk, is hard to explain to anyone not familiar with the very special limitations of the broadcast medium. Mr. Beloff is well acquainted with them, and is one of those whose counsel and benevolent interest, as well as his personal contributions, are valued by the Third Programme. He refers also to a further disability of broadcasting—you cannot at a given moment choose the broadcast you want to hear. Book talks in the Third Programme are originated at times which over a period would compare very favourably for general listener convenience with talks of any other category. Repeats when given are at less favourable times, but they are repeats. Yet Mr. Beloff carries away an impression of generally inconvenient placing of book talks in the Programme. He is judging it not by the criteria of the broadcast medium but by those of some other means of communication. Broadcasting cannot provide a substitute for the reviewing of books in appropriate periodicals, but can do much to supplement it by diffusing among the intelligent listeners the general discussion of specialist books.

CHRISTOPHER HOLME,
Acting Controller, Third Programme, B.B.C.

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Reviews (especially good ones) are simply too late; this must be a prime complaint of the librarian who seeks their aid in book-selection. From the publishers' lists he will have seen, for instance, that a notable gap in subject representation is to be filled, or that a redoubtable economic classic is after 20 years to be "thoroughly revised". These books are as good as already on his shelves. He will examine them carefully on publication, it is true, but were he to wait, and cautiously assess, the verdicts of the periodicals, his final order would be often met with "binding" or, worse still, "reprinting". When an eminent geographer presently sends volleys into the long-awaited—and eagerly subscribed—general atlas of a great publishing house, this book-selection policy might seem to suffer check; yet the book is not demolished, its many fine and novel qualities make it a library 'must'—and its price has risen even as the cartographers exchange shots.

The reviews of course exert on the book-selector's mind an enormous retrospective power. He is their incessant reader, so that every new work by an established writer approaches him in a cloud (lowering or aureoled) of earlier witnesses. Is not this the case with many of the reviewers themselves, with consequent perils to imaginative writing? There is a Greene and a Maugham manner; so too there seems a prescribed style of approach to any work of these masters. Or, as against this, there is the note of occupational weariness to be heard in the assess-

ment of a new Compton-Burnett or Green, as being too strictly in their former mode.

One looks to the reviewer for the exposure of bias, and Mr. Beloff's difficulties in this respect are disturbing. The librarian cannot, however, suppress the biased work, but must always seek to supply a counter-balance. The physical arrangement of the modern library—open-access and close subject-order—itself provides a continual unconscious check to prejudice. (And the stinging-nettle and the dock-leaf are found together.) This is not complacency, as the existence of the bias is cardinal fact, and one Government's notably unfair White Paper on the activities of another will be among the most vital of source books.

Errors of fact rather than interpretation present an essentially different problem. It is most acute with pure reference works where intensive use is often necessary to detect them. For a review which presents a substantial list of inaccuracies, the librarian must be grateful. Even so, it is by no means the practice to insert corrections in the offending text. Would readers welcome, and accept as authoritative, these manuscript emendations? Might it not be a dignified course for the publisher to announce, and issue, corrigenda slips on such occasions?

Of course, the relationship between reviewer and librarian is more complex than has so far been suggested. In his influence on public demand, the critic appears sometimes as the librarian's ally, at others as the saboteur of any balanced selection. There is here some argument for reviewer-anonymity, since the testimony of a few "names" will send demand raging briefly after this or that book of the week.

Any librarian must support a principal implication of Mr. Beloff's article. A good reviewer 'behind the lines' as publisher's adviser or as author's candid friend is in the most effective position to vanquish dreariness and incompetence.

G. W. HORNER,
*Fellow of the Library Association and Reference Librarian
of a London public library.*

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Mr. Beloff's plea for the better reviewing of works on history and public affairs might well have been extended to cover all branches of knowledge. For the librarian, the study and comparison of book reviews should be—and was—an essential part of the routine of book selection. It is not so at the present time.

In the first place, the librarian's answer to the "paper-shortage" excuse would be "give us both quantity and quality in your reviews but not length." This does not appear to be the viewpoint of the editors. Secondly, reviews are unpunctual. A notice of a technical book may appear between six months and a year after the book itself; it is not un-

common for a work of humanistic scholarship to be reviewed as much as two years after publication. If the work is by then still in print the librarian is lucky. Do publishers no longer send review copies well in advance? Thirdly, not nearly enough foreign books are reviewed.

A few remarks may perhaps be appended to Mr. Beloff's discussion of two further aspects of the problem: lack of sufficient information in the reviews themselves, and anonymity. From the librarian's point of view, the review is futile if it fails to do at least as much as the normal abstract journal, that is, to say what the book is about, for whom it is intended, whether it contains bibliographies or other documentary aids, and what authority or standing is enjoyed by the author. In these days of slow publication he also wants to know at what date the writing of the book was finished—and this is particularly important for medical, scientific and technical works. Much waste of purchase funds could have been avoided if reviewers had always noted the amount of revision carried out in a "new" edition—this term is sometimes eulogistic for "uncorrected reprint". The reviewer's own opinions on the subject-matter itself may indeed be of interest, but without the factual information they leave us cold (and with it they are unnecessary and may well crowd out a review of another book). As for anonymity, its one good feature is surely that it permits a greater degree of outspokenness (is this virtue or merely sponsored cowardice?), yet one has not noticed that anonymous reviews are in general any less amiable than signed ones. No, the reviewer's name is essential—we really must know whether he is the author's best friend or worst enemy and whether or not he has ever heard of the author or the subject before the book was sent to him to read.

Much of the literary criticism which we now have is very bad indeed; so bad as to be open to the charge both of dishonesty and incapacity. Books are criticized without being read—are criticized by favour—are trusted by editors to the criticism of the incompetent.

Thus Trollope, when formulating the policy of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. His strictures are not yet completely out of date, in literary or any other reviewing.

Finally, the librarian demands nothing of a review that would not serve also the best interests of author and publisher alike, for there is nothing in his own point of view that is hostile to either.

F. L. KENT,
Librarian, UNESCO, Paris.

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Mr. Max Beloff makes a strong plea for sterner standards and more vigorous criticism. "Reviewing", he says, "... suffers among other things from an excess of timidity; and genuine controversy is all too rare." This is certainly true, though if the reviewer is to have the privi-

lege of trouncing the author, then it must no longer be thought ungentlemanly for the author to hit back. Heaven save us from an institution of taste, a dogma of the Infallibility of the Critic, which can be every bit as restrictive as any of the other dogmas against which Mr. Beloff warns us.

I am not speaking of literary criticism, of course. It is all to the good if a reviewer is a critic, but it is very unlikely that he will have either the space or the time in which to prepare and present any criticism of real value. Undoubtedly, one of the most urgent needs of the day is a magazine, or rather several magazines, to publish informed and considered criticism of contemporary writing, but such a need can hardly be answered by the reviews. The most we can expect from them, is a brief account of the subject of the book, of its type and tone, and an approximate indication of its value. Reviewing, in fact, is like a potato-grader: the coarsest products are retained at the top of the grid, the smallest and finest at the bottom—though in the case of potatoes these are not necessarily the best.

Now Mr. Beloff is anxious that our grid should have a finer gauge, but he is thinking, largely, of books on politics, social history and the like, where there is a large public ready to swallow almost anything which is thrown to it. In such a case, the reviewer may justifiably devote as much space as he likes to the condemnation of error. But what of the reviewer who is faced with a book of poetry by a young writer—not without faults yet nevertheless of real merit. How much of his space should he devote to pointing out those faults? He need not worry that the book will become an undeserving best-seller, for he knows that it will reach, at the most, only a few hundred readers. Is it not understandable, in these circumstances, that he should consider his job to be less that of a critic than that of an interpreter? The reviewer is on the defensive as well as the poet. It is not just that dog will not eat dog, but that the dogs are so few and the cats are so many. A tempering of criticism, in fact, seems to be a natural, if unfortunate, reaction to the indifference of the general reading public.

Mr. Beloff also complains of the insularity of English criticism, of the lack of attention to books published abroad. And even less excusable is the lack of attention to our own books published outside London. The average English reader, for instance, is far better acquainted with certain French dramatists and novelists than with the contemporary Scottish writers. And when almost any literary tittle-tattler from Chelsea or Bloomsbury is sure of more serious consideration than a major poet like Hugh MacDiarmid—then the situation is not just insular, it is downright parochial.

NORMAN NICHOLSON,
poet and critic.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

ADMIRAL-HISTORIAN

By ADMIRAL R. N. BAX

Professor Marder reveals the inner history of a struggle by an exceptional man* against conservatism and want of vision on the part of those in high naval circles in Britain previous to the 1939-1945 war. Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond was no impractical theorist but a practical seaman, an excellent officer and a historian. He spoke his mind fearlessly and would accept no compromise, but was regarded as a dangerous revolutionary by many senior officers. He had an ever-increasing following among the younger generation. The author opens with a "biographical essay" giving a short account of Richmond's career and an excellent appreciation of the man himself, but the greater part of the book is devoted to a series of extracts from his private diary which illuminate his inner feelings at moments of exasperation, but do not present a fair portrait of the man.

After the South African war the challenge to British sea power by Germany produced a race in armaments. New types of ships, dreadnoughts, destroyers and submarines, rivetted the attention of the Admiral on the development of new *matériel* while the feverish training of officers and men allowed them little opportunity for study. There was no separate intellectual side of the Admiralty to consider the scientific conduct of war. Strategy, the protection of trade and the maintenance of blockade under modern conditions received little attention. Colomb, Mahan and other writers had done much to point out the lesson to be learnt from the old wars. Richmond's profound study of naval history convinced him of the weakness of our naval administration and

lack of policy.

His first conflict with the Admiralty occurred when he was captain to Admiral Sir W. May in 1906. He disapproved of the Admiralty war plans for the Home Fleet, criticized the organization of the Admiralty itself and the existing system for the training of young officers. He advocated the closing down of Osborne and Dartmouth and the entry of boys straight from the public schools at a later age.

He hoped to accomplish much when selected as Assistant Director of Naval Operations at the Admiralty under Sir John Fisher, but in 1914 he felt compelled to point out the tragic mistakes that were being made and disagreed with Fisher's new education scheme. Being no longer *persona grata* he was glad to leave the Admiralty to become liaison officer with the Italian fleet when Italy entered the war.

He was not present at Jutland but strongly criticized Jellicoe's caution in the battle. He was insistent that an active offensive is the best form of defence, but the Admiralty apparently did not take this view.

In April 1917 he was appointed to the *Conqueror* in the Grand Fleet where he found congenial superiors; Beatty the Commander in Chief, Brock his Chief of Staff, and de Robeck the commander of his battle squadron, were in Richmond's estimation offensively-minded officers, "rich in imagination and ideas, who had no prepossessions for the deadening strategy of defence, but on the contrary, a longing for offence and active measures."

He was again appointed to the Admiralty as Director of the Training

* *Portrait of an Admiral: The Life and Papers of Sir Herbert Richmond*, by Arthur J. Marder. Cape. 30s.

Division when Sir Eric Geddes became First Lord, but Richmond's ideas proved to be too advanced and the flag officers on the Board were out of sympathy with them. His ability was recognized even by those who differed from him and in January 1920, having been promoted to flag rank, he was selected for the congenial task of restarting the senior officers' course at Greenwich. This appointment afforded him the opportunity to establish a sound system of staff organization and higher training for war. It was a bitter blow for the navy when the "Geddes Axe" fell and there was consternation in the senior officers' course at Greenwich when the list of victims was read out. "Out of 24 students and staff members 19 were immediately placed on the retired list."* So much for the Admiralty's opinion of the value of a war college!

Proof of the soundness of Richmond's ideas lies in the fact that so many of them were eventually adopted, for example, separating staff and *matériel* sides at the Admiralty, courses for training junior officers in staff work, the closing down of Osborne and the public school entry of at least a proportion of young officers. Two years as Commander in Chief, East Indies, was followed in 1926 by two years as commandant of the newly-instituted Imperial Defence College. He was the ideal man for the job, and he laid the foundation of the good understanding and co-operation between the three services which was such an important factor in the Allied success in the 1939-1945 war.

His appointment at the Imperial Staff College marked the end of his active naval career, but not the end of his service to the navy as he was a prolific writer on naval subjects and continued to express his views in the press. In February 1934 he succeeded Dr. J. Holland Rose as Professor of Naval History at Cambridge and in 1936 he was

* Admiral Bax was one of the remaining five.—Editor.

elected Master of Downing College, the first instance in university history of a naval officer attaining to such a position. He was universally popular with the Fellows and all members of the college and Dr. Trevelyan speaks of the "love and admiration with which he was regarded in Cambridge."

The extracts from his diary make him appear cantankerous and difficult to get on with, but this is far from being the case, and to that extent the 'portrait' does him injustice. He did not "suffer fools gladly" and his diary was obviously used as a safety valve in which he could blow off steam and vent his feelings in private. Surely he never contemplated the publication of these extracts from it, though gratitude is due to Professor Marder for bringing so clearly to notice the work which Richmond did for his country. The fruits of it were of inestimable value in the second war.

LAFAYETTE, by David Loth. Cassell. 21s.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN FRANCE, 1815-1871, by John Plamenatz. Longmans. 16s.

The Marquis de Lafayette has become a legendary hero in both American and French history. His name conjures up a sequence of picturesque tableaux: Lafayette fighting alongside Washington and Hamilton at Brandywine; Lafayette at the Estates General in 1789, pressing for a new Declaration of the Rights of Man; Lafayette, the Commander of the National Guard, handing Tom Paine the key of the Bastille to send to Washington; Lafayette at Versailles, rescuing Marie Antoinette from the mob which idolized him; Lafayette on the balcony in 1830, establishing Louis Philippe on the throne by kissing him on both cheeks and wrapping him in the tricolour. Even these dramatic moments emphasize the complexities of his career. The man who had "a moral frenzy for liberty" and who was the hero of the American Republic could never bring himself to

be a republican in France. A leading revolutionary in two countries, his ideal was constitutional monarchy. His career and his personality call for very careful analysis and sympathetic understanding if these complexities are to be fully explained.

Although he has attracted several biographers, none has done full justice to his rôle on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Loth has made a valiant attempt to fulfil this difficult task, and he has come nearer to fulfilling it than his predecessors. He has put the necessary emphasis on the intervening episodes—on Lafayette as courtier during the *ancien régime*, on his period of harsh imprisonment at Olmutz during the Terror, on his relations with Bonaparte and his part in ending the 'Hundred Days', and even on the short-lived episode of *Carbonari* conspiracy in 1821. But he gives an amount of detail about the private *amours* and the military exploits in America which is disproportionate to the detail of Lafayette's political activities in France after 1815. He is better informed about the American than about the French side of things in general, or he could hardly refer to the Estates General as the "legislative body of the realm." Nor does he deal adequately with the National Guard, on which so much of Lafayette's political power rested. But it is a lively and sympathetic biography, written in popular style and preserving the essential drama of the story.

Mr. Loth, by the very nature of his task, emphasizes an aspect of the revolutionary movement in France which Mr. John Plamenatz strangely neglects: that whole part of it which was not republican. Mr. Plamenatz begins by equating the revolutionary movement with republicanism, and therefore deprives himself of the chance to examine fully the revolutionary character of early nineteenth-century liberalism, and the overlap between Bonapartism and the French revolutionary tradition. His few scant references to Lafayette inevitably put him on the side of conservatism and

resistance to the revolutionary movement. This overlooks the facts that the first three years of the great Revolution were an experiment in constitutional monarchy, and that there were very few ardent republicans in France until the behaviour of the king bred disillusionment and despair. On the other hand, he brings out admirably the connections between the republican movement and socialism, and makes available to English readers the accounts of the underground revolutionary movements between 1815 and 1848 which French historians have patiently compiled from the press and police reports of the time.

It is right to treat the revolutionary movement between the restoration and the Paris Commune as a whole, for it had continuity as well as internal development. Men like Blanqui played a continuous part in it, and it has suffered from the domination of a Marxist interpretation from which Mr. Plamenatz tries, with success, to free it. But it continued, in new forms, beyond 1871, and it is a defect of the book that it stops so abruptly at 1871, just when republicanism began to triumph. Had Lafayette added to the other miracles of his life by living beyond 1834, even he might at last have been converted to republicanism as the best hope for preserving that ideal of liberty to which he gave his energies.

DAVID THOMSON

ACTON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: An Analysis, by G. E. Fasnacht. Hollis & Carter. 21s.

Lord Acton, the most learned Englishman of the last century, was a devout Roman Catholic and an ardent Liberal, not an ordinary combination at any time. Except for one quotation, he is somewhat out of fashion, which is strange, for we are in the midst of the dangers he foresaw. He believed that liberty was more important than Socialism or Nationalism and in both he saw the impulse to the all-powerful State.

There is a tendency for the modern man of goodwill to view power as the

less steady of the old Nonconformists eyed the fleshpots. He allows that power corrupts, but he is nevertheless attracted. It is the temptation of an age in which administration has been given its head. Many of the new class of planners and social scientists are more interested in the contentment of peoples than in their liberty.

Acton was not blind to poverty and disease—quotations in this book show concern—but for him the true end of civil society was not the provision of happiness but of that freedom needed for the moral life. Freedom was founded on religion, on the rights of conscience against any earthly power. "Render unto God the things that are God's" was the supreme political text and the fundamental bulwark against State absolutism. He was less an original thinker than a great synthesist and the aspect of his thought which has most immediate relevance to-day touches on the division of powers in a democracy. Here he joins his deep knowledge of political theory to a far closer experience of practical politics, at home and on the Continent, than that commonly enjoyed by historians. He would have shared the anxiety Lord Radcliffe expressed in his Reith lectures at the modern concentration of power in a sovereign Parliament controlled by a majority party. Probably, however, he would have noted with relief that as the House of Lords has grown weak the T.U.C. has grown strong—though he would not have approved of the trade unions being linked to one party. His teaching about the division of power, his fear of its concentration, are extremely pertinent to-day. In the severe economic stress before this country it is likely that calls will be made, in the name of efficiency, for the surrender of all subordinate centres of power to the directing State. Few saw more clearly than Acton where such surrender leads.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Fasnacht's book is not of the sort to win many readers. He has studied deep in the Acton manuscripts, brought much new

material to light, and gives an opening to the serious student. But his book lacks the broad sweep; it is a compilation of quotation, paraphrase and précis; it is a pile of bricks that have not been built into a house. But it may tempt someone else to a task that needs doing.

WALTER JAMES

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK, by Vincent Taylor. Macmillan. 50s.

It is something of a minor tragedy that this commentary on St. Mark could only be published at a price which puts it beyond the reach of the ordinary priest and minister, for it is essentially a volume which ought to be in every clerical study. No more illuminating commentary on the Gospel has been written in English for more than half a century; it is an outstanding achievement of British New Testament scholarship.

The Gospel of St. Mark is all-important for the study of the Christian gospel because there is virtual agreement amongst all non-Roman scholars that it is one of the main sources behind both Mathew and Luke and therefore ranks as the earliest Gospel still extant. What does Professor Taylor make of it?

The outstanding fact is that he sets it firmly in the context of the life of the early Church. It was written by John Mark between 65-67 A.D. at Rome, but is nevertheless a Gospel which derives from the experience and convictions of the earliest Christian community. By full, careful scholarship and critical acumen Dr. Taylor builds up the evidence for those conclusions, and both the scholarship and insight give the reader a sense of confidence in the author's judgment which is never forfeited either in the Introduction, the commentary itself or the extremely valuable additional notes at the end. Full knowledge is made the servant of judicious discrimination and interpretation.

At no point does Dr. Taylor serve his readers better than in his attitude to the

Formgeschichte school of New Testament scholars. He knows all that they have written but he is master enough of them to be able to suck their juice but cast away their skins, and his own categories of "Pronouncement" stories at once convince us that he stands nearer to the realities of early Church life, and the historical and psychological probabilities of the literary origins of St. Mark than most of the German savants of this school. True, when the author speaks of the "Pronouncement" stories as being "popular in origin" (p.78) we should like a little closer definition of the phrase, but no-one will read the all-important dozen pages on "The Marcan Material" without feeling that in them we are very near to life itself.

One despairs in so brief a notice of even cataloguing the treasures in this book. There is a nice assessment of the debt of Mark to Peter on the one hand and to Paul on the other; there are six consecutive additional notes at the end (E-K) which are models of discussion and provide the material on which the reader can base his own conclusions, and lastly, and in some ways the best of all, there are the introductions to specific passages in the commentary itself. All these will be rich treasure trove to the preacher or the teacher. In a word, this is a very great commentary indeed.

Yet, dare one suggest that one element is still lacking? Dr. Taylor, like most other commentators, sets his story in relationship with the religious experience and ecclesiastical *milieu* of the early Church. Ought not a wider frame of reference to be used? The early Christians were unlike their contemporaries in their specifically religious experience, but they were like them in that they came out of the same cultural background of spiritual uncertainty. It was indeed this background which gave their religious experience its own cast and colour, and it was this which made the first Christian preaching "Jesus is Lord" so attractive. From that point of view the reason for the inclusion of the nature miracles in St. Mark is perhaps

not quite so obscure as Dr. Taylor suggests. It may well have been the assertion that Jesus was Lord of natural processes as well as of spiritual destiny.

B. C. FLOWRIGHT

A HISTORY OF THE THEORIES OF AETHER AND ELECTRICITY, by Sir Edmund Whittaker. Nelson. 32s. 6d.
MAN OR MATTER, by Ernest Lehrs. Faber & Faber. 30s.

Sir Edmund Whittaker discusses "The Classical Theories" of aether and electricity. For many he provides a competent history of advancing science; for Dr. Ernest Lehrs, implicatively, he records a tragic illusion. An illusion because it contains "deceptive ideas"; tragic because imposed by "the laws of cosmic evolution."

According to Dr. Lehrs the "men of old" remembered that before birth their souls pre-existed in a purely spiritual "cosmic state". Though this memory virtually vanished with Aristotle, the poems of Traherne, 1638-1674, for instance, record recollections of "his primeval cosmic consciousness." The child brings insight from its heavenly source, so Wordsworth's Ode attests, but, as the eighteenth-century philosopher Reid avers, its "primeval human capacities" steadily fade. In modern science the "onlooker-consciousness" darkens primeval insight.

Dr. Lehrs, thinking highly of Goethe's archetypes, adopts as it were an archetype in the Hans Andersen child. The people praised the royal robes of the Emperor; the child's true eye saw no clothes on him at all. Goethe is Dr. Lehrs' priest; his high priest is the anthroposophist Rudolph Steiner. The Goethean method, aiming at the scientifically stifled natural insight of the child, tries to "read the book of nature as a script of the spirit" with a spiritual eye. This method, highly metamorphosed by Steiner, seems to "onlooking" science, such as Sir Edmund describes, to have strange consequences.

Mathematics is, perhaps, the most potent conceptual instrument devised by man, and Sir Edmund displays its powers in physics. Steiner convinced Dr. Lehrs that "the present mathematical interpretation of nature" is transitional between "pre-mathematical" and "post-mathematical" phases. Mathematics, Oliver Wendell Holmes thought, tends to be despotic; it also tends to wring out the causes, and *Man or Matter* urges a universal cosmic dynamism.

In one ecstatic trend, as the nineteenth century runs on from the eighteenth, attractions try to squeeze the universe to a speck, and repulsions try to thin it into gossamer. For Coleridge, about 1830, matter is the *tertium quid* of antagonistic repulsions and attractions. This reflects a vogue of forces and polarities. Van Helmont, 1577-1644, denied that levity is a genuine polar opposite of gravity. Dr. Lehrs, searching, as Goethe searched, for polarities, specifically repudiates Helmont's concession to the "spectator-consciousness", and partners the force of levity with that of gravity in a "primary polarity" of nature. Dr. Lehrs unwittingly completes the parallel with the older ecstasy: gravitation alone would squeeze the earth to a "spaceless point"; levity alone would dissipate it "into the universe". Coleridge might recognize his *tertium quid* in the "aggregate of forces" constituting that "purely dynamic entity", the "physical body". Such forces are "pure intensities".

The primary gravity-levity polarity generates secondary polarities—such as electricity. Expansive heat (or fire), Dr. Lehrs explains, gives expansive levity the rein as matter passes through the ponderable solid, liquid, and gaseous states into imponderable heat. Sir Edmund discusses the aether of physics; Dr. Lehrs, accepting the supersensible imaginative insight of Steiner, finally identifies levity with the all-pervasive "ether" where the "creative archetypes of the world" have their sphere. Levity actually differentiates into four

ethers: warmth, light, chemical and life.

Man's ego has a "material body". At death his organizing ether-body, of "general etheric substance", leaves it, and both dissolve into their "mother-realms". During sleep the astral body leaves the other two to renew its "energy" in its "planetary mother-sphere". All three bodies are aggregated forces. The astral forces plunge thought back into astrology. The planetary forces stir the etheric and physical forces into their terrestrial interaction. Saturn's "formative force" enables us to shape our thoughts; through Jupiter we connect them logically; to publish them "we need the motive force of Mars."

Man or Matter constantly reverts to old notions: startling the reader, for instance, by correlation with the four qualities of the four elements, or by using the alchemical association of the seven planets and metals. Recovering the "condition of the child" involves restoring old beliefs.

Sir Edmund's successor to his present volume will not record a final science. Dr. Lehrs ably and interestingly systematizes a complex of notions. Viscount Samuel, eyeing present science, suggests that everything manifests a fundamental energy. The force of *Man or Matter* may parallel this. Science probably prefers Sir Edmund's lead to trusting poets or Steiner's "spiritual inspiration", which inspects the astral realm, or his final "intuition" of the ego. All notions, however, benefit by response to challenge, and anthroposophy may benefit science by throwing down the gauntlet.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

NORTH NORWAY, by Frank Noel Stagg. *Allen & Unwin*. 18s.

ARABIAN JUBILEE, by H. St. John Philby. *Robert Hale*. 30s.

TRAVELS IN JEWRY, by Israel Cohen. *Goldston*. 25s.

Here we have three books in which we can confide, for they are all written by men recognized as authorities in their

chosen spheres.

Commander Stagg has had unique contacts with Scandinavia and in his latest book he deals most informatively with the remotest parts of Norway, telling us, for instance, how in the seventeenth century efforts were made to settle the frontier with Russia, but as the Russian official never received instructions from Moscow he and the Norwegian bailiff would merely meet every year for a drinking-bout. The 'Battle of Tromsø', of which we are given an excellent account, was the last occasion on which the armed forces of Norway and Britain opposed each other; the Norwegian commander, Bodenhoff, had his serious wounds dressed by the British ship's doctor before he attended to his own officers. Imprisoned afterwards at Reading he met there in 1814 the Miss Cooper who became his wife. Among the numerous North Norway and Britain contacts are the operations, dating from 1826, of the Kaafjord copper mine, where the church for the British employees miraculously escaped destruction when the Germans in the 1939-1945 war were devastating that entire neighbourhood. We do not usually look for architectural beauty in Norway, where so many buildings are of wood, but one of the book's most interesting illustrations displays the chancel door of Alstahaug church, dating from 1150. It was here during the Napoleonic war that the British blockade caused many parishioners to die of hunger and bread made from the bark of fir and elm was considered good food.

Very different is the collation that awaits King Ibn Sa'ud and his cronies, among whom we must reckon Mr. Philby, when they drive out to some valley an hour or so before sunset to drink round after round of coffee, to wash down the grapes, pomegranates, prickly pears and quinces, while they chat about everything on earth. "It is permissible," says the King, "for women to read"—he means to listen to—"the Quran, but ordinary reading, and especi-

ally writing, is an accomplishment regarded as unsuitable in a woman, though not forbidden." When the procedure of European parliaments was one day being discussed the King observed that "these gatherings of ours are not unlike those parliaments, except that I do all the talking and the rest of you remain dumb, except Philby, who is the opposition." We are given a very full account of all the opposition that the King in his early years had to overcome; if it is difficult for us, amid all those names, to see the wood for the trees, we must sympathize with the compilers of the local Debrett, for the number of the King's sons is indeed legion, while his daughters remain, for the most part, uncounted.

The King would have viewed with stern disapproval the obstinacy of a Jewish bride who insisted, despite the Rabbi's injunction, on being married on a Friday; when the merry-makers continued into the Sabbath they were swallowed up by the earth. This is one of the stories that Mr. Israel Cohen has gleaned in the course of his world-wide examination of the sorrows and joys of his co-religionists. He tells us of students asleep in a Polish seminary, bored by the sing-song of Talmudic disputation. No reader of his book will follow their example, for his writing is as vivid as his pictures are varied. Centuries before Hitler the Florentines had so warm an affection for their Jewish fellow-citizens that they went to war against the Milanese Duke of Visconti because he refused to receive a Jewish ambassador. In the Barcelona town-hall Mr. Cohen discovered Hebrew manuscripts about 800 years old, which were signed agreements between the heads of the Jewish communities in Aragon and Castile with the Kings of those provinces, stipulating that the Jews would help them against their neighbours on condition that the Jews on the opposing side in the event of defeat should be spared. Hundreds of other interesting data are in this admirable book.

HENRY BAERLEIN

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

This is no place for the pampering of the Sitwell legend. Its natural growth is lush enough, as Dr. Edith's June 7 letter to *Time and Tide* so unflaggingly demonstrates. Announcing her refusal to grant the wishes of any who might want to involve her in political activity she concludes: "They waste their time in making such attempts, and what is infinitely worse, they waste my time, and disturb the work I was born to do." That seems to abuse the permission mankind has to be humourless. Yet nobody could deny Part I of her pronouncement a few sentences earlier: "I am a poet, and no poet has been involved in politics without disaster" nor fail to be tremendously searched by the implications of Part II. It is the Sitwellian hierarchy in procession—led by the family itself, and including critics with bells, banners, crucibles and magic wands, who genuflect before the thunder of prophecy and claim to elucidate the more ambiguous of the oracles—that this bystander refuses to join.

"In the holidays from Eton"

So, when unstinted praise is given here to WRACK AT TIDSEND (*Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.) it is for no subtler reason than that its author Osbert Sitwell has an eye for a vanished scene, an ear for the long-silent voice and a photographic clarity in re-creating days that are forever gone, which, instead of needing the interpretation of said critics, might well be their despairing envy to emulate in prose. Every page calls for quotation, so urgently do the portrait-poems of time and place, character and person, arrest the turning fingers: we recognize the canon's daughter performing the scarf-dance for charity, and the frieze of doctors' wives from "jolly Mrs. Cropper" to the heather around Mrs.

Grandestin's feet at the picnic

Carrying improbable blossoms
Of the nibbled, harder bits of sandwiches;
we breathe on the afternoon walk of nurse and child the air of the cemetery, or of its alternative, Humboldt Gardens "sparkling under a northern sun." In these verses is the essence of Sir Osbert-the-novelist's stock in trade, bittersweet perhaps—and all the less likely to cloy. In fact they were read straight through, always with laughter (sometimes rueful) and in that ideal mood of escapism wherein regret for joys that are past does not entirely obliterate some contemporary compensations.

Christopher's father

As if to provide a lighthearted example A. A. Milne's YEAR IN, YEAR OUT (*Methuen* 15s.), opened appropriately at "July", describes what it was like to attend a dinner-party when this was "a solemn business" during the height of the London season. In the same chapter he intervenes in Shaw's *Candida* to give her a good talking to for being so tiresome, he adds to a list of favourite garden flowers the names of his ten most-hated weeds, and he quotes a letter written by himself at four years old. These are fair samples from what the author calls a "calendar of disconnected thoughts and memories, such as I have often thought it would be pleasant to keep." And pleasant it is to read too, with its decorations by E. H. Shepard, and its comment in prose and verse—witty, shrewd, wry in places but never acid—on 70 years of gracious living and kindly feeling.

Another word for it

As would be expected from one who uses his tools so felicitously, Mr. Milne has much to say about their sensible up-

keep, so the next book is not for him nor, on the face of it, is it for lesser craftsmen. Yet a dip into it should impress all with the importance of being wary in THE CHOICE OF WORDS (*Longmans*. 9s. 6d.). V. H. Collins has compiled and explained a host of synonyms, some of which are elderly, senescent, aged, ancient, veteran, senile, antiquated or old friends, trustworthy and incapable of misuse. But many more are changing unobtrusively, so that we have, for instance, careful, meticulous, scrupulous, and punctilious doing the same duties. Those who cannot now distinguish between nostalgia and yearning might memorize the verse Mr. Collins quotes from *Punch* which ends:

I own the word's nostalgic, very:
It's sick for home within the dictionary.
I looked in vain for 'pregnant' among
the lists of vogue-words, jargon, journal-
ese, officialese and commercialese, for
this is currently straying into every
activity, however incongruously, and
should be chased out. But there are
plenty of formal and show-words, gen-
teelisms and snob-words, that creep in
cunningly, and against which the author
warns us; all who long to preserve the
English heritage in speech and word
should be grateful.

Aids to style

Much the same sort of thanks is due to the next author G. H. Vallins, although GOOD ENGLISH: HOW TO WRITE IT (*André Deutsch*. 15s.) is more closely tied to the framework of style, to matters which come under such headings as "The Pattern of the Sentence", "Points of Punctuation", "On Writing a Letter", "The Bugbear of Spelling", and answer questions like: "Is it wrong to split an infinitive?" and "Who or Whom?" Mr. Vallins calls this "a utility reference book" and adds: "The unpractised writer who sucks his pen hopefully over the still virgin paper will, it is hoped, find something of value in its pages." To be sure—and it does much more; with Andrew Lang, who said after reading *The King's English* that he was "afraid to put pen to paper" we

now share this salutary fear. And, to point the moral of the previous book, we cannot longer ignore the basic principle "that, just as no two words are truly synonyms, so no two different expressions can mean exactly the same thing."

Here, there and everywhere

That Eric Partridge (who edits The Language Library to which Mr. Vallins' work belongs)—entertainingly caustic and instructive though he is in "The Speech Habits of Snobs" and "Verbal Narcotics"—is not confined to the home brand of synonym or expression in his new book is shown by its title FROM SANSKRIT TO BRAZIL (*Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.). His 'vignettes' tell of the origins all over the world of tree, sports, drink and animal names, of terms associated with pedlars, palmers, politicians and tramps, of hill, dale and stream, of fine birds, of stormy weather, of the seasons and of Christmas. In the words of one of his chapter headings this is "the real McCoy" with an essay on his own progress as a lexicographer to enhance the pleasure it gives, and another on "The Language of Christopher Fry" whose "plays abound in speeches, lines, phrases of memorable beauty" and who, "in short, is a great writer."

"Lament for the Great Yachts"

Another poet who has done more than experiment with the verse play is Patric Dickinson, whose *Stone in the Midst* at the Mercury Theatre is a three-year-old persistent memory. Not forgotten either is his work for poetry and the B.B.C., including especially the *Time for Verse* programmes. Now, in THE SAILING RACE AND OTHER POEMS (*Chatto & Windus*. 6s.), his notes have gained sureness and strength and he rings out more hopefully despite

knowing
Such fear myself for all I have and love—
My solids in the world so few
To cling to or crouch behind.
He sees the masts encircling "the world"

* But surely "the old King" at the wheel didn't spell his boat's name *Britannia* as Mr. Dickinson twice does.

with words in half a second" saying
"nothing can save us now"; yet to the
masthead

The larks run up their fluttering flags
of song
The same the ships flew in those ancient
seas
When the maps grew like dreams in half
a second
And the world was three years round.

Rupert Brooke

So did another and now eternally
younger poet overlay the remnants of
adolescent sadness, praying for joy of
life

That I may laugh with the laughing wind
and the spray
And learn what the long green seas and
the grey clouds say.

These hitherto unpublished lines are
taken from *POEMS OF RUPERT
BROOKE*, edited with an introduction by
Geoffrey Keynes (*Nelson Classics*. 4s.).
At sight of the book I planned to pass it
on to some schoolgirl of this generation
who could hear its singing, sweet and
true, its profundity under the gaiety, and
who would contemplate with gentle
melancholy the pain of a poet's early
death. For my own copy of his poems
contains the Edward Marsh memoir and
the portraits, and dates only a year or
two from the time when two of my
brothers, returning to Alexandria after
the Dardanelles shambles, from the
ship's side saluted for me the island of
Skyros where Rupert Brooke was buried
and which I hope one day to see. But
after reading Mr. Keynes, who has been
for many years Brooke's literary trustee,
and who writes most tellingly of his
friend's life and character, and after set-
ting eyes on the new fragments, I can-
not bear to part with them. So up goes
the book beside the other with the smug
reflection that as a *bought* present to that
schoolgirl no more bounteous a four-
shillingsworth could to-day be found.

Auld acquaintance

ROBERT BURNS by David Daiches

(*Bell*. 15s.) will to the Burns Night
sentimentalists be cheap at the price too.
While the University Lecturer in Eng-
lish Literature at Cambridge was still
Professor of English at Cornell Univer-
sity he published the American edition
of this book. To Burns lovers the world
over the reasons for its success will be
apparent as they read it in its English
dress. In tracing the development of
the poet Dr. Daiches scrutinizes as well
the Scottish literary tradition, and his
analysis of and commentary on the
poems has increased the interest of a
Sassenach that first began in the early
1930's on rambles about the Ayrshire
lanes around Alloway and Mauchline.

Brought to mind

Such a discussion of the "pre-
Romantic" Burns was both a fortuitous
and fortunate prelude to delvings into
SCOTTISH VERSE 1851-1951, selected
by Douglas Young (*Nelson*. 18s.). For
the rough man who could so tenderly
and so perfectly express himself:

The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;

O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune,
must in turn have influenced every poet
in a collection where his name is only
incidentally mentioned. Here is repre-
sented that serious loss to the English
theatre, James Bridie; here is Walter
Elliot's characteristic "Sestette to Fish";
here is Ivor Brown, Andrew Young and
Eric Linklater; here is Rudyard Kipling
in an unfamiliar setting and Carlyle,
piously moralizing, very much at home.
Here is Neil Gunn, Hugh MacDiarmid,
Naomi Mitchison, Edwin Muir, and the
others, in an anthology that equally em-
braces an Alice V. Stuart and a Robert
Louis Stevenson. And here too is
Charles Sorley, who died in the same
year as Rupert Brooke and from the
same dread cause.

GRACE BANYARD

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1952

BRITISH CHINA-KOREA POLICY

ANXIETY in Britain over not only Korea but the whole state of the
Far East has reached the point at which people begin to say that
something must be done; which, in the curious British way, is
often the prelude to vigorous action. This was the real significance of
the House of Commons debate on the Yalu bombing. Apart from the
Bevanites who seemed more anxious to attack the "tepid" attitude of
their own leaders than the Government or (for once) America, there must
have been few in the House who did not secretly endorse Mr. Noel
Baker's reasonable and moving speech. For over two years the war in
Korea has dragged on. Not only does the prospect of an end to it seem
as dreary as ever, but there appears to be no idea either in Lake Success,
Washington or London how it can be ended or still more, if an armistice
can be agreed on, what sort of final settlement is desired. No one denies
America's right to have the chief say in these questions. Compared with
her terrible casualty list of over 120,000 men including some 20,000
killed, Great Britain's 3,250 casualties and 513 killed indeed looks
small. Yet they are not inconsiderable in view of the relative numbers
of the two peoples, and remembering that we are fighting a serious war
in Malaya and must keep troops stationed in Hongkong, Egypt, Cyprus
and Germany. Added to this is Britain's unrivalled experience in deal-
ing with Asiatic peoples, the use of which has for too long been sadly
neglected.

Yet, in whichever way one looks, the road to peace appears impene-
trably blocked. It is not only Korea that has to be considered, but the
whole of the Far East and, beneath all, China's future relations with the
world. An armistice in Korea would truly be welcome to stop the present
senseless slaughter. But how is the withdrawal of the Allied forces to be
achieved with any confidence that, before a year was out, the Communists
would not have overrun the whole country, with incalculable reactions
on Japan in her not too easy condition? Formosa, too, presents a question
to which there appears no answer. For America it is an indispensable
link in the chain of her Pacific defence against Communism. For the
Chinese its continued possession by General Chiang Kai-shek is a loss
of face on which they feel perhaps more acutely than any other, not to
mention the nuisance of the continual Nationalist raids on China's south-
east coast. It is palpably absurd that the Kuomintang in Formosa
continue to represent China—which by no stretch of imagination can

they be expected to regain—in the United Nations. But while America recognizes General Chiang and Great Britain recognizes Mao Tse-tung, the anomaly must persist.

Behind all other difficulties lies the supreme question of mutual antagonism between the United States and Soviet Russia. It is highly doubtful whether China is the Russian catspaw that Americans believe her to be. That is not a position which Chinese pride would accept, and it is important to remember that the Chinese Communists are wholly the authors of their own success; it owed nothing to material help from Russia, and China's position is entirely different from that of the European satellites. Historically the Sino-Russian alliance is grotesquely unreal. In the past century Russia has despoiled China more than all other powers together. But Mao Tse-tung put the position plainly when he said that for China there is no middle path: between the two great power blocs which divide the world, she must attach herself to one or the other. A rift between China and Russia is not unimaginable. But certainly there is no sign of it at present.

The dreadful divisions and hatreds of the Far East surely need an entirely new approach. The starting-point is, of course, Korea, where China is "sitting pretty"; by successfully stalling the armistice negotiations for over a year, she has built up an unconquerable position and forced upon America a heavy, continuous expenditure of her military strength. Yet there is reason to think that China would be as glad to get out of Korea as the Allies. Her heavy Russian bills for armaments, her inability to buy machinery for her factories from the West which alone can satisfy her needs, must be seriously hampering the Communists' urgent schemes of industrialization. What should be emphasized is that the people most vitally concerned in the restoration of peace are those whom no-one seems to think of at all—the Koreans. Their economy was badly injured by Japan's participation in the war; it was further damaged by the division of Korea into two States; it has been utterly ruined in the past two years. Would it be impossible for the United Nations to propose that, for the sake of these poor people, political animosities should be laid aside and both China and the Allies should co-operate in their rehabilitation? That, it may be said, is sentimentalism, not practical diplomacy. But at least it would afford a clinching test of the Communists' professed belief in humanitarianism and the welfare of the people. If it failed we should be no worse off than we are now. If it succeeded the peace achieved in Korea could be the beginning of a far wider peace.

A practical enough start could be made on the prisoner obstacle, which should be met by neutral re-screening. The British (whom the Communists do not seem to distrust too badly) should be enabled to use their influence to this end.

REUNION IN GERMANY

I PARTY LEADERS

By M. J. BONN

IN the next few months the question must be decided whether Germany can be reunited without tearing up several European and Atlantic pacts western Germany is associated with, or whether this reunion will have to be based on their dissolution or at least far-reaching modification, or whether reunion is, for the present, impossible on terms acceptable to the west. Unfortunately these grave issues have become a bone of contention between the two leading German parties, and threaten to split western Germany into two hostile camps.

The failures of democracy in Germany have frequently—and not unfairly—been ascribed to the absence of first class leaders, who could have grappled with her very difficult problems. The tensions to which she is at present exposed are however, in part at least, due to the presence of two outstanding personalities, unfortunately unable to co-operate.

The federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, has by now rightly achieved a world wide reputation as a bold yet moderate statesman. He is a product of that nursery of great administrators, the lord-mayoralities, which has provided Germany with many of her leaders. A German lord mayor, usually a highly qualified civil servant, is elected by a city council, and hired by it so to speak for a term of years. He is responsible to it and dependent on its votes. But he is expected to run the city's affairs on his own initiative, and to lead the city council rather than to carry out its instructions. He is its masterful servant. In Dr. Adenauer's Rhenish homeland, the authoritarian tradition of the mayoralty is particularly strong, since its local government is derived from Napoleon's system of prefects. A successful mayor of Dr. Adenauer's standing is accustomed to making his own decisions, to persuade his council to accept them, and if necessary to overcome and override its objections by placing before it accomplished facts. Such a training tempts a strong Chancellor to take action without previously securing the consent of his cabinet colleagues and of his parliament; it does not make him a very enthusiastic educator of a budding parliamentary democracy. Under the new German constitution, the Chancellor's resignation can be enforced by a vote of "no confidence", but only if the opposition proposing it can at the same time present a successor, who can command a majority.

The majority which Dr. Adenauer commands consists of his own party, the Christian Democratic Union, with a Bavarian appendix (139 seats),

the Free Democrats (the Federal President belongs to its left, genuinely liberal wing—52 seats), and the German Party (17 seats) which is conservative-traditionalist, with a streak of sometimes blaring nationalism. Thanks to the liberty of action which this freezing of political power provides, Dr. Adenauer has been inclined to handle the West German *Bundestag* (parliament) somewhat in the manner he used to run the Cologne city council. He treats the members of his cabinet as adjuncts rather than as colleagues. He is somewhat sceptical about the capabilities of any would-be successor and, being advanced in years, he feels the urgency of the situation for personal as well as for political reasons. His subtle mind is fertile in expedients, but his main conceptions are simple and uncomplicated, perhaps even a little too simple. Yet they have enabled him to act boldly. There is nothing in him of the dabbling indecision from which so many German Chancellors have suffered. He can see eye to eye with the representatives of the U.S.A., who are equally pressed for time and of course very much more simple; there is little of their irritating yet disarming *naïveté* in the Chancellor's make-up.

Dr. Adenauer plainly sees the necessity of saving Europe from the Russian impact. This must be done by the military co-operation of western Germany, and this is possible only by accepting the terms, economic as well as military, without which France will not consent to Germany's military and economic recovery. It may be doubtful whether Dr. Adenauer's attitude is due to sympathy with or to fear of France's political weakness. He certainly knows that even the strongest western Germany, wedged in between Russia and a disintegrating France, could hardly be defended economically or militarily. Dr. Adenauer is a son of West-Rhenish Germany, a Germany which the Romans conquered, colonized and latinized, and which can be looked upon as an intermediary between France and the East Rhenish regions. It is a preponderantly Roman-Catholic country, which has been ruled for centuries by great princes of the Church, yet it has nothing of the dour even bigoted Roman Catholicism which prevails in certain parts of neighbouring Westphalia. The Chancellor is a deeply religious man—his faith explains that almost inhuman placidity by which he faces attacks and disappointments. He is sometimes accused of being subservient to Rome, even by members (Lutheran) of his own party. But he would not tolerate the intervention of the hierarchy in purely mundane affairs. His appointments have not always been wise; there is a widely spread legend that one must be a devout Catholic if one wants a job; job hunting for and by party members is a highly competitive sport in the capital. As a matter of fact, nearly all members of the Chancellor's entourage are Lutherans. Yet deep down in his mind, he may harbour a spiritual resentment against the socialist party, who in the days of his youth, brazenly boasted of its militant atheism. He probably shares the feel-

ing of many west and southern Germans, that the Germany east of the Elbe, represented by old time Prussia, where the Germans had germanized the Slavs, is a colonial country, which has never been completely integrated into that west European culture in which the western and southern Germans fully participate. It is therefore easy for his opponents to accuse him of being willing to throw the Germans in the eastern zone deliberately to the Russian wolves, in order to save the predominantly Catholic west by integrating it into a sort of European Union.

Dr. Adenauer seems inclined to subscribe to American contentions that once the west is stronger than Russia, she must come to terms and withdraw from the Eastern zone without being able to insist on compensatory conditions unacceptable to the west and to Germany. The success of this reasoning depends on convincing Russia of the west's willingness to strike hard, were its demands for liberating Eastern Germany not complied with. But the very structure of the European Defence Community precludes such interpretation of western intentions. France can perhaps be persuaded to allow a reunion of Germany by peaceful means; she cannot in fairness be expected to risk the life of a single French soldier in order to achieve this aim by military coercion.

The Russians are evidently not yet perturbed by the aggressive strength of the west, otherwise they might have started a preventive war before the complicated military arrangements, which have now been agreed upon, materialize. But their willingness to negotiate—they showed it nearly two years ago when the first plans for German rearmament were being discussed—is no proof of their readiness to make adequate concessions for the reintegration of the two Germanys in a free, independent and secure State. It does indicate however an inclination on their part to lay cards on the table; it is the task of the western powers to make them put down all of them, and not to prevaricate because they rightly dislike the conference methods hitherto pursued by the Russians.

The Chancellor is of the opinion that both the Contract signed by Germany with the western powers and the European Defence Community ought to be ratified before negotiations start; he distrusts the Russians, and assumes that it is much more difficult to annul agreements ratified by the several parliaments than mere drafts which bind the signatories only if and when they are ratified. He does not want the precious instruments, for the completion of which he has striven so hard, to be used as a live bait the Russian tiger may be allowed to devour. Once these treaties have been ratified, they can no longer be easily scrapped in return for more or less doubtful concessions. After ratification, the western powers could enter the conference room with their hands full of valuable objects for compensation, yet these same hands would be tied and precluded from releasing what they hold. It is this problem which the Chancellor and the western powers now have to face. For if no

mutually satisfactory solution can be found, the partition of Germany—and with it the partition of Europe—will continue and may well become permanent. The present attempts of the eastern German Government to cut completely the intercourse of east and west, need not be taken too seriously. Their object is to 'needle' the western powers by making the Berlin situation more and more difficult, and thus compel them to abandon a hitherto somewhat prevaricating attitude.

Were however the planned four power conference to fail completely, an iron curtain would be let down in Berlin in place of the present wire netting, the wide meshes of which have let through all essential information. The east would be sharply cut off from the west, apart from such limited economic barter arrangement which Russia would consider profitable. If these conditions were to last 10 to 15 years, a new generation would grow up in the east ignorant of a non-Soviet régime, and the eastern zone might by and by be turned into a German-speaking Soviet Republic. West Berlin could hardly remain a going concern. The western powers must make up their minds about the concessions they are prepared to make for preventing such developments, and about the means they are willing to employ to prevent Russia from demanding concessions which it would be foolish to agree to.

There has been an inclination to depict Dr. Schumacher, Dr. Adenauer's formidable adversary, as a foul-mouthed demagogue, who is willing to wreck his country by his insatiable lust for power. It would be foolish to deny that Dr. Schumacher has ambitions. No sane man enters the political arena without them, especially in Germany where it is even less of a pleasant health resort than in most other countries. But his are those of a far-sighted statesman. They are less earthbound than those of a Chancellor who is defending his homeland which, though greatly menaced, is still free. Dr. Schumacher's home is in Russian-Polish hands; he is an expatriate. His chance of ever returning to it is small. He can only, to use a Goethean phrase, "seek it with his soul." Physically he is a tragic figure; he has lost an arm and a leg as a victim of the 1914-1918 war and of the Nazi concentration camp. But a fiery spirit animates this tortured body. He possesses all the gifts of a great demagogue—so did Gladstone and Lloyd George, and even Bismarck was an adept at the art notwithstanding his weak voice. Dr. Schumacher's speeches are trenchant and passionate, though sometimes too virulent, but his vision is always clear—perhaps too clear. Men's minds, particularly in a democratic age, are apt to be a little woolly. It is dangerous to present issues too distinctly to them. They get frightened, and think that too sharply outlined alternatives are too formidable to be real, though they may be only difficult to attain in their entirety.

At the election of 1949 Dr. Schumacher had justified hopes of leading the strongest party and of becoming Chancellor. His concepts at that

time of what was possible and what was not, were probably not very different from those of Dr. Adenauer, though he may have seen more clearly the final problem. This was the unification of a divided Germany, which by its very weight could be made secure, not merely the salvage of western Germany. Yet he might have travelled the same road Dr. Adenauer has chosen, had he been the pace-maker. He lost the race by a few votes (131 seats against 137). Owing to the article in the constitution making the Chancellor next to immovable—he is supposed to have sponsored it—his next normal chance will come only with the expiration of the present parliament in 1953. This is very galling to a man in poor health, who sees time slipping by and who is as conscious as Dr. Adenauer of his single ability to save his people.

By not inviting the Socialists to join either a coalition government, or at least making them agree to a bi-partisan policy, the Chancellor liberated the opposition from all direct responsibilities. He has over and over again given it good reasons for attack through his inclination to by-pass Parliament, both *Bundestag* and *Bundesrat*, by not submitting international agreements to it. The opposition feels called upon to attack the Chancellor's methods, even when they share his aims, though some members regret Dr. Schumacher's vehemence. The more successful the Chancellor's policy appears to be, the more bitter the conflict has become. For his success will bring about the integration of western Germany with west continental Europe on such terms as he could wring from France. The Socialists would hardly have got better ones had they been in power, but they might have been less keen on rearmament and integration. To Dr. Schumacher the possible loss of eastern Germany is too high a price to pay for the integration of western Germany within a European Union, even on the basis of complete equality and undisputed sovereignty. He is after all a son of that colonial land which the Germans won for the west in century-long struggles. This eastern zone is the homeland of the Lutheran creed. Dr. Schumacher does not pose as a devout church-goer—quite a number of German Socialists are so now-a-days. But he has the deeply ingrained mistrust of "Roman machinations", shared by many Protestants, who are not Socialists. He has got in touch with certain Protestant circles (amongst them Church President Niemöller), who see in European integration a betrayal of reunion and the ruin of their Church. Some evangelical and some socialist groups are moreover uniting in a spiritual opposition to all forms of rearmament.

(The second part of Dr. Bonn's article "Party Politics" will be published in the September number of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Between the wars he was adviser on reparations and currency to German Governments and the Reichbank. His book *Whither Europe—Union or Partnership?* is reviewed in this issue.)

KASHMIR DILEMMA

BY LT.-COL. LORD BIRDWOOD

IN 1849 Joseph Cunningham, a Lieutenant of Engineers in the service of the East India Company, published his well known history of the Sikhs. It was his contention that the battle of Sobraon which closed the Sikh war was won through an understanding with Raja Gulab Singh of Jammu that the Sikhs should be attacked and, in defeat, betrayed by their own Government. At the time Gulab Singh was Chief Minister to the young Sikh Maharaja, Dulip Singh. "Under such circumstances of discreet policy and shameless treason was the battle of Sobraon fought," wrote Cunningham. His frankness cost him a political career and he was returned to military duty. Cunningham's history relates how by the subsequent treaty of Amritsar, the whole of the Sikh territory known as Kashmir was detached from the Punjab and passed to Raja Gulab Singh for an equivalent sum of £1,000,000. Thus it was that a territory of four million inhabitants of whom the great majority were Muslims, came to be ruled by the Hindu Dogra dynasty of Jammu. The story is told because it indicates that the present situation in no small measure derives from an initial award of doubtful wisdom and integrity by the British, and the British have therefore something more than a sentimental interest in a permanent settlement. Nor should we fail to note that events of the past four years are some vindication of the unfortunate Cunningham.

Conditions in Kashmir in the first decades of the century reflected all that we understand by the term 'exploitation' in its harshest application. With land tax three times of that pertaining in the neighbouring Punjab, with the slaughter of a cow punishable by long terms of imprisonment, with silk, saffron, wine and tobacco a State monopoly, there was a situation suitable enough for any political leadership offering resistance to the Maharaja's Government. It took formal shape in 1931 with the formation of the Muslim Conference, after riots which led to the inquiry of the Glancy Commission and its subsequent report on reforms. A State Legislature was set up and the Muslim Conference captured 16 of the 21 elected seats. Seven years later, a certain Sheikh Abdullah broke away to form his own 'National Conference', since when two political organizations have claimed to speak on behalf of the servile Kashmiri.

There is considerable misapprehension about the Kashmiri and his

exact status. In fact, he represents a community of 1,600,000 who live in that high fertile central plateau which covers a hundred miles, stretching east and west of Srinagar; a soft, friendly people who in turn have been dominated by Hindu Scythians, by Moghul emperors, by Duranis of Kabul, by the Sikhs and finally by the Dogras of Jammu. It was of these people that Sir Zafrullah Khan before the Security Council said: "One soldier armed with no more than a bayonet could drive 4,000 Kashmiris in whatever direction he desired." For our purposes, the opinion of Sir Owen Dixon is on record. Speaking as an international observer, he makes it clear that in his view the Kashmiri will never exercise his right to vote according to his instinct and inclination so long as regular troops or a State militia are on his doorstep.

But the Kashmiri of the central valley by no means speaks for the inhabitants in other areas of the State. The country is one of no roads, of whole communities living in isolation, and in fact there is no sense whatsoever of one country, Kashmir, belonging to one people, Kashmiris. In eastern Ladakh some 40,000 Buddhists occupy an area the size of Austria. At an early date they declared their fortunes linked with India. More recently they have let it be known that in certain circumstances they would consider themselves as free to join their co-religionists in Tibet. The potential dangers in such a development need no emphasis. In the north-west the Muslims of the Gilgit Agency staged their own peaceful revolution late in 1947 and later voluntarily handed over their treasury intact to Pakistan.

In the province of Jammu to the west of the River Chenab previous to 1947 Muslims commanded a majority. To the east of the river the majority were Hindus. In the south-west in the Jagir of Poonch, a kingdom within a kingdom, the population has always been predominantly Muslim. Except for a common faith, the Poonchis bear little resemblance to their timid brothers in the adjacent Kashmir valley—and indeed for years they provided some of the finest fighting stock of the old Indian army. To-day they form the hard core of the 'Azad Kashmir' resistance movement.

It will be seen that the problem we have come to regard as one of four million Muslims dominated by a Hindu tyranny cannot in fact be reduced to such simple terms, for the reason that Kashmir is but a geographical expression. And it is this insistence both by India and Pakistan, of treating the country as one political unit, which remains the constant despair of those who see a logical settlement in some form of partition.

When in August 1947, the fate of the princely order of India was decided by the signing of instruments of accession, the Maharaja of Kashmir lingered on in futile but not unnatural hesitancy, hoping at the last minute for some swift dispensation which might promise independence. Instead, a tribal invasion from the frontier province of Pakistan

settled the matter, and on October 26, 1947, Kashmir formally acceded to India. The writer recently spent some time in Pakistan inquiring into the scope and nature of the tribal action. Through the haze of doubt and rumour which in four years has accumulated to dim the issue, it was possible to conclude that, while intentions were known, there was no official support for the tribes from Karachi. It was moreover crystal clear that the tribal action proved for Pakistan nothing short of a disaster. Once the burning impulse of a 'jihad' had died away there was left only the less lofty motive of loot. In the meanwhile the indiscriminate slaughter of Hindus and Muslims in Kashmir by the tribesmen had given Sheikh Abdullah more support than all the oratory at his disposal.

Since the fortunes of the future may yet be linked with Abdullah and his unknown intentions, it is well to appreciate his background and present position. Abdullah is of humble origin, his father having been a weaver of Srinagar. He took a degree at Aligarh University and at an early date was destined for a political career. At a time when he was leading the Muslim Conference in Kashmir, he assumed the leadership also of the All-India States People's Conference, work which threw him into close contact with the Indian National Congress and in particular with his friend, Pandit Nehru, himself a Kashmiri Brahman. His whole background is therefore one of nationalism, secularism, and left-wing socialism, and he was always impervious to the appeal of the Muslim League, particularly as the League was never in any way interested in the relationship of Maharajas with their subjects.

In 1947 the pressure of events having forced Abdullah's release from prison on a reluctant Maharaja, thereafter the latter accepted his first enemy as his chief Minister. To-day Abdullah's following in the valley is a matter for speculation. He has introduced sweeping and popular agrarian reform and with his acute sense of publicity, he operates a State broadcasting system to great effect. Since the Maharaja left the State in June 1949, Abdullah has assumed some of the attributes of dictatorship, the Maharaja's son, the Yuvraj Karam Singh being allowed the precarious prestige of a very constitutional 'Head of the State.' Lately it has seemed that to assume Abdullah's blessing and confirmation of accession to India might be premature. In his emphasis that Kashmir's Indian association must be limited to defence, external affairs and communications, is he possibly playing for higher stakes?

When as the result of a joint United States-British resolution, the Security Council appointed Dr. Graham to attempt a solution where others had failed, the pattern of a familiar plan was already available. That plan in no way took account of a third voice, Abdullah's, playing its part in negotiation, and it may be that the whole approach to the problem now needs to be reconsidered. Nevertheless since two members of the Commonwealth are so deeply committed, it is to the accepted plan and

the implications of final failure to agree that I turn in conclusion.

Early in 1948 Pakistan regular units came gradually to be deployed behind the scattered fragments of tribesmen and *Azad* forces who were holding the last segment of Kashmir territory from Muzaffarabad to Poonch and southwards to Bhimbar. To Pakistan the case for the use of her regular army seemed overwhelming. Fear for her own security and fear of a further vast influx of refugees was the basis of her decision. It was not however until September that she made formal admission. Had a frank confession with a clear statement of the reasons been made at the time the path of subsequent negotiation might have been smoother. A legal act of aggression by Pakistan and a legal accession of Kashmir to India is therefore the basis of the Indian case.

Since the presence of regular troops in a country cannot be defended for purposes of a plebiscite, India's desire to keep 21,000 troops in Kashmir during the plebiscite is as an insurance against further outside aggression. It is difficult to believe that Pakistan would really risk the censure of the civilized world by a kind of double-cross. Be that as it may, when reasonable proposals were put forward by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers to guarantee the safety of the State, India refused them. It is this fundamental matter of the retention of troops by India in Kashmir after withdrawal from the cease-fire line, which remains the obstacle to a free plebiscite. Until agreement is reached on this issue it is far too soon to speak of withdrawals of troops on the mutual Punjab frontier as tokens of a settlement round the corner. Moreover, if the Security Council continues to regard Dr. Graham as a permanent envoy, using his optimism as the excuse for withholding their own considered judgment, Pakistan will have some justification for drawing the attention of the world to her exasperation at what she would regard as yet another case of international impotence and the shelving of grave responsibilities. Indeed Sir Zafrullah Khan's most recent pronouncement is to the effect that if Dr. Graham's final efforts produce no agreement within one month, Pakistan will call on the Security Council for a ruling. The fact that an unpleasant verdict has no prospect of practical implementation should not influence the Council in facing truth with honesty and pronouncing according to the requirements of justice and commonsense.

(The author retired from the Indian Army in 1945 and recently returned to the sub-continent to make a study of Kashmir.)

A BRITISH CARIBBEAN FEDERATION

BY SYDNEY D. BAILEY

B RITISH dependencies in the Caribbean area consist of more than fifty inhabited islands and two mainland territories, inhabited in all by some three million people. The territories are widely scattered; if a map of the area is superimposed on a map of Europe, with British Honduras corresponding with London, the Bahamas fall in Sweden, Jamaica in Poland, Trinidad in the Soviet Union, and British Guiana in Turkey.

Self-government within the Commonwealth is the declared aim for all British Colonies, but this will be difficult to achieve without some closer association of the Caribbean territories. A British Caribbean Dominion, created on a federal basis, would have an area much the same as that of New Zealand and a population half as large again. Some form of closer union has been favoured by the Colonial Office for many years, but the idea has not hitherto commanded much support in the colonies themselves. A motion advocating West Indian Federation was debated in the House of Commons as long ago as 1905, and the Secretary of State (whose son was to occupy the same office in 1952) said that the Government favoured federation but would not impose it on reluctant colonies.

This has remained official policy. Lord Halifax, in his report on the West Indies in 1922, emphasized that federation could only come as a result of a deliberate demand of local opinion. He considered that at that time it would be "inopportune and impracticable to attempt amalgamation." In 1945, however, the Secretary of State took the initiative by addressing a despatch on the subject of closer association to British colonial governors in the area. He reaffirmed that the ultimate goal for all British colonies was self-government, but he urged that in the Caribbean area the aim of British policy should be the fostering of a sense of West Indian unity and the establishment of federation at the appropriate time. He proposed that the matter should be debated in the legislatures of the territories concerned with a view to the holding of a conference at a later date to formulate precise proposals.

Except in the Bahamas, there was general agreement that a conference should be held to examine the possibility of closer association. Both Houses of the legislature in the Bahamas declined to consider participation in any form of closer association, and have preferred to remain aloof.

The Conference was held in Jamaica in September 1947. Each colony

which had agreed to participate sent three delegates, chosen by their respective legislatures, except that the Windward Islands sent four delegates. The Secretary of State, Mr. Creech Jones, was present at the opening of the Conference though he had to return to London before the business was concluded.

This Conference must be regarded as an extremely successful occasion from whatever point of view it is examined. Most delegates arrived with doubts, reservations and hesitations on the subject of federation, yet at the end a resolution favouring federation received almost unanimous support. At the beginning Mr. W. A. Bustamante of Jamaica delivered a forthright and fiery denunciation of the whole purpose of the Conference. Mr. Bustamante emphasized (and he repeated it four times in his speech) that he came from the gutter and therefore intended to speak plainly. He said he had formed the clear impression that the Secretary of State had come to the Conference determined to push federation down their throats. Federation was only a device to prevent the achievement of self-government in the different territories. The Imperial Government were apparently determined to keep the West Indian colonies in a state of bondage. Proposals for federation were putting the cart before the horse. Contrast this with Mr. Bustamante's mellow contribution at the end of the Conference a week later. "The wilderness of doubts that surrounded this Conference when we first met has been cleared up and wiped away." He described Mr. Creech Jones as "the Father of the Conference" and said that in a very short period of time it had achieved wonders.

The conclusions were embodied in 15 resolutions, the first reading:

That this Conference, recognizing the desirability of a political federation of the British Caribbean territories, accepts the principle of a federation in which each constituent unit retains complete control over all matters except those specifically assigned to the federal government.

The Conference, *inter alia*, recorded its view that the political development of the several units should not be subordinate to progress towards federation but should be pursued as an aim in itself. It recommended the setting up of a committee consisting of delegates of the legislatures concerned to make recommendations in relation to the form of a federal constitution and other ancillary matters. All the resolutions were carried unanimously except that the delegates from British Guiana explained that they must reserve judgment on the first resolution as they had no mandate to accede to it.

The body set up to make recommendations about the form of a federal constitution was known as the Standing Closer Association Committee. It completed its work in two years and its report, published in March 1950, is an imaginative and reasoned document. Not only are the problems of federation carefully examined, but the Committee's consolidated recommendations in fact form a draft constitution—though the

Committee go out of their way to say that their recommendations are not intended to be a final draft of a constitutional instrument but rather "clear and unambiguous drafting instructions to the experts on whom . . . will fall the task of preparing the actual instrument itself."

The Committee recommended that there should be a federal legislature consisting of two chambers—a Senate and a House of Assembly. The Committee considered the possibility of having the members of the House of Assembly chosen by the territorial legislatures but finally rejected this idea in favour of direct elections by universal adult suffrage. The distribution of seats in the House of Assembly raised a number of difficult problems. No doubt the theoretically perfect solution would be to distribute the seats on a strictly proportional basis. The difficulty about this method is that it would give one territory, Jamaica, almost half the seats in the legislature, and at the other extreme Montserrat would be unrepresented. The Committee reached the conclusion that the distribution "should be related to population—not mechanically or strictly . . . but so that, generally speaking, the larger population groups have more numerous elected representatives than the smaller" and they state that in distributing seats they took into account "not numbers only, but such matters as economic development and productivity, financial stability and so on." They came to the conclusion that the minimum number of representatives from each territory should be two, subject to the proviso that a territory with a population less than 15,000 should have only one representative, and added that their allocation of seats "defies reduction to even the most complicated mathematical formula relating it to population figures." The territories fall into three groups: territories with small populations (under 100,000) where an arbitrary minimum number of seats was allocated; territories with population figures of between 100,000 and 500,000 which have strictly proportional allocations; and the two most populous territories (Jamaica, and Trinidad and Tobago) which have less than a strictly proportional allocation.

The other difficult legislative matter related to the question of a second chamber. Bicameralism is usually justified on the grounds that it prevents a popular legislature from embarking on rash and ill-considered projects—the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober—though so far as Britain is concerned this is an argument in favour of the retention of a second chamber rather than an explanation of why two chambers exist. In a federal system, the case for bicameralism is different. If the first chamber is directly representative of the people, there is a lot to be said for a second chamber elected on the basis of equality by the federating units. This device has been adopted in almost all federal systems—in the Senates of the United States, Canada (in modified form), and Australia, and the Councils of States of India and Switzerland.

The Closer Association Committee did not take it for granted that a

second chamber should be established but in the end was forced to the conclusion that this was a necessity for the principle of equality of the federating units. But the Committee still had to consider on what basis the second chamber should be composed and what powers it should possess. On the first point, various possibilities were theoretically open: a mainly hereditary system (as in Britain), a system of nomination (as in Canada), a system of election (either indirectly as in France or directly as in the United States and Australia), or a combination of methods (as in Belgium, Ceylon, and Egypt). The Committee ruled out a hereditary system because of the obvious practical difficulties. The elective method has certain superficial attractions, though, as Sieyès once put it, a second chamber opposed to the popular chamber is objectionable while a second chamber in agreement with the popular chamber is unnecessary. The Committee wished to make the second chamber subordinate to the popular chamber and realized that this would be impossible if the second chamber could claim popular sanction for its actions. The Committee, therefore, came to the conclusion that a system of nomination should be adopted. They recommended that there should be a Senate of 23 members (one for the least populous territory and two for each of the other territories), appointed by the Governor-General, on the advice of the federal executive, for a term of five years. This is similar to the method used in Canada except that in Canada appointments are for life.

It may be remarked here that this recommendation if proceeded with will prove, in the opinion of the writer, to be one of the more troublesome features of the constitution. While there is no completely satisfactory system of composing a second chamber, it seems clear from the experience in Canada that a system of nomination leads eventually to sterility and frustration. The Canadian Senate must be one of the least satisfactory second chambers in existence. If the elective principle be rejected, then it might have been worth adopting a combination of methods: for example, one member elected by each of the legislatures of the federating units, six members appointed by the lower chamber of the federal legislature by proportional representation, and five members nominated by the Governor-General on the advice of the federal executive. It would appear from the report of the Committee that no system combining different methods was considered.

The functions which the federal legislative chambers should fulfil raise two problems: the division of powers between the federal government and the constituent governments, and the powers of the second chamber. On the first point, the Committee appear to have taken the Australian division of powers as a model and provided for a weak centre with an exclusive list of functions for the federal government, and a concurrent list for the federal and constituent governments. The exclusive list is concerned in the main with defence, external relations, external

communications, exchange control, and the federal public service; the concurrent list is concerned with fiscal matters, postal services, criminal law, and so on; matters within the competence of the constituent units would include public order, education, housing, agriculture and social services. As to the Senate, the Committee recommended the adoption of the main principles of current practice in the United Kingdom. Money Bills should originate in the House of Assembly on the motion of the Government, and the Senate should not be able to delay such Bills for more than three months; in the case of other Bills, the Senate should have a delaying power of one year.

The Committee's recommendations regarding the Executive follow British practice, with two significant innovations. The Head of the State, as in the case of the other self-governing countries of the Commonwealth, except India, would be a Governor-General. The Head of the Executive would be styled Prime Minister, but he would not be formally appointed by the Head of the State (as is the practice in the United Kingdom and other Commonwealth countries) but would be elected by the House of Assembly. This proposal is analogous to French procedure, and it is surprising that the Committee do not explain why they have departed from normal British practice.

The Committee recommended that the Prime Minister should select seven members of the Cabinet and the Governor-General should appoint not more than six other members; the Cabinet would normally be presided over by the Governor-General. Here again, the practice of making the Head of the State the President of the Cabinet is similar to the system used in France and, indeed, in the majority of non-self-governing British Colonies.

A difficult matter in the drafting of any constitution is to devise an appropriate amending process, and it is disappointing that in this matter the Committee make no recommendation. It is apparent from the nature of the main recommendations and from the public discussion on them that certain constitutional changes might be needed very soon after federation had been established. For example, a movement of population within the area might necessitate a re-distribution of seats in the federal House of Assembly, or the growth of political maturity might render redundant the provision whereby the Governor-General appoints some members of the federal Cabinet and presides at Cabinet meetings. A precise procedure for constitutional amendment is essential before federation. The alternative, which seems to be implied in the Committee's report, is to leave it to the British Government in London to decide on any changes which may be required—a procedure which has had unhappy consequences in the case of Canada.

The report of the Closer Association Committee has been debated in the legislatures of most of the colonies concerned, and in general the

recommendations have been welcomed. If the necessary preliminaries are completed, it is hoped to hold a conference of representatives of the Caribbean area in London later this year in order to consider the next step. It must, however, be emphasized that though progress has been achieved, formidable difficulties remain. Clearly much of the success of the plan depends on securing the maximum participation from the start. The proposed constitution for a federal government must be judged not by its theoretical excellence but by its ability to inspire public opinion in the British Caribbean colonies.

It is from this point of view that the prospect is discouraging. The Bahamas have consistently declined to consider any form of closer association. The delegates from British Guiana have refused to be committed to any form of closer union; there is much talk of the territory's "continental destiny", and there are vague and unrealistic notions in certain quarters of some form of association with French and Dutch Guiana, Brazil, and Venezuela. The situation in British Honduras is even more complex. The revaluation of the British Honduras dollar in 1949 was unpopular in the colony and added to a number of other serious, though no doubt transitory, economic difficulties. And this colony is, in fact, claimed by Guatemala, the Constitution of which declares that British Honduras is Guatemalan territory. It seems likely that the Bahama Islands and the two mainland territories will not take part in the proposed federation, at any rate in the early stages.

In Trinidad the position is complicated by the fact that one-third of the inhabitants are East Indians, and they tend to take the view that their rights can be secured if they form a substantial racial element in one colony but will be neglected if they form an insignificant minority in a larger federation.

In Jamaica opinion is more sympathetic to the federal idea than one might have imagined. Jamaica is at present relatively prosperous, relatively advanced politically, and in the lower house of the proposed federal legislature has been deprived of the full representation which her population would justify. In these circumstances it is encouraging that two legislative chambers have accepted the aim of federation.

But among ordinary people in the territories as a whole, the general attitude to federation seems to be one of indifference. Except among the minority of politically-mature citizens, the idea has made little impact. There is, as yet, no feeling of belonging to a West Indian or a Caribbean community, no sense of regional loyalty. Yet the main inspiration and impetus for federation must now come from the territories themselves. The British Government cannot compel the territories to unite.

(Mr. Bailey is Assistant Director of The Hansard Society and the author of Ceylon, recently published in Hutchinson's University Library.)

ADVENTURES IN WEST AFRICAN EDUCATION—I

BY J. MACALISTER BREW

WEST AFRICA is not a homogeneous territory in which a people called Africans live but a vast area in a vast continent, the home of many differing tribes speaking different languages and with differing traditions. Little Gambia, whose long snake-like territory of over 300 miles is cut in half by the river and seldom stretches more than 15 to 20 miles on either side of it, a land predominantly Muslim and agrarian, is totally unlike Freetown with its polygot population, and its long history of striving after a cultural heritage based on the traditions of a university town. Accra, Takoradi and Lagos have the problems of great sea-ports the world over, but the northern territories of the Gold Coast and northern Nigeria are different in kind and degree, as is indeed the Protectorate of Sierra Leone. Yet, if it is true that when the history of our times is written, one of its most notable features will be the awakening of the people of Asia and Africa to their rôle in the scheme of things, what is happening to ordinary people in these territories as a whole is of far more importance in the long run than what is observed by those visitors who do the usual Cook's tour of the populous sea board.

People are only comprehensible when seen against their home background and, therefore, it is in an African village that the new spirit of Africa is most truly felt. In all four territories there are exciting, adventurous "pockets" of educational advance: an enterprising and novel method of training teachers in the neighbouring villages around Bunumbu Training College; an infinitely moving adventure in education in Mkar Leper Settlement; a new boarding school for little pagan girls in Jos Plateau; a brave attempt at an educated Christian Community in Kristi Kunda, and a flourishing People's Educational Association in Tamale with a beautiful building at its disposal. Visiting these, you have the feeling that, far from being a critical interloper, you are a privileged observer of something of cataclysmic importance—the birthday celebrations of a potentially great and dignified nation.

It was high noon in tropical Africa and the car had long since left the red laterite roads which streak across the country like the bleeding claw marks of some gigantic beast. We were travelling now on a road track that had lately been patiently cut and levelled by the joint efforts of the natives of two hitherto isolated villages. Ringed round by vast swamps, all the tribal wars—even the sweeping conquests of the Fantis—

had failed to reach them. Hence, even as late as the 1930's people fled to these villages to perform a certain type of fetish and there were substantiated cases of human sacrifice. If the villagers wished to penetrate to the main roads for the purpose of trading in the towns, it had hitherto meant a 30-mile walk along foot-paths which circumnavigated the swamps. But now this new "road" was almost completed and ours was the first car to traverse it. Tall elephant grass still hemmed it in, and we had to abandon the car about 300 yards from the village and cross the remaining swamp by a narrow and rickety bridge made of rough hewn branches of trees bound together by native-made rope. But the villagers had been warned of our coming and we were welcomed by cheering crowds of laughing men, women and children who conducted us to the African equivalent of the village green where the rest of the village was seated under the tall cotton trees.

The Chief, under his umbrella, and his linguist and elders were at the top of the large rectangle; their wives and all the other women formed the long righthanded side with a motley collection of babies, all the girls and little boys, and, opposite, the men and the older boys were seated. A row of chairs—a set of Baker Street Irregulars, looking very unsafe but spread with goat skins for our greater honour if not comfort—made up the fourth side of the rectangle. As soon as we were seated the customary formal greetings began. The African has great natural dignity, and a variety of ways but a uniformity of grace and courtesy to greet the stranger. In the Gambia and the northern territories of Sierra Leone people press forward in greeting and hold your hand gently between both theirs. On the roadside everywhere people hail one with a smile—the little children fluttering their open palms from side to side like black and tan butterflies (for the inside of the palm is always a pale gold—and in Ashanti it is practically white). The further one penetrates into the interior the more elaborate the greeting—people will put down heavy burdens and bow low; in Muslim areas men in flowing robes will make a low obeisance and in many pagan areas the greeting is the upraising of the right hand—palm outspread in token that you come "in peace and without a sword." These greetings are not—as the cynical fleeting visitor imagines—the unwilling acknowledgment of a subservient people to their white overlords but an extension of the courtesy which they themselves pay to their own "old men" and chiefs, which a young girl will offer to her grandmother and the young man to an elder. It is extended to us because we are strangers first; because we are white and may deserve well of them, is purely incidental. In this corner of Fanti land, immediately we were seated the Chief, the linguist, and the elders in order of precedence rose from their seats (rough benches and a fallen tree trunk) and, moving anti-clockwise before us, shook hands with each of us in turn. As they returned to their seats we rose from ours and shook hands with

them in the same way.

Our guide on this occasion was the Community Development Officer who after many visits had persuaded the villagers to build the road we had just used. He had helped them to form a Village Improvement Committee, and 'mass education' had come to the village. He now asked for a progress report and this was given together with suggestions for further improvements. He then rose, and in a speech of congratulation he urged them to continue their good work and above all to continue to co-operate with one another on their various schemes. He said:

The traders want a road to bring prosperity to the village—the young men want to level some ground so that they may have a space on which to play football—the women want to have a building where they can learn to knit and sew and look after the health of their children. In some villages many schemes have been started all at the same time and then nothing gets done, for nothing is finished quickly and all are disappointed. Listen to your Committee and be careful to unite together to finish the scheme which has been chosen first. We have brought the first car along most of your road to-day—finish that, and only when that is done should you start on the next scheme. Do not be like the man who had two wives—an old wife and a young one. On the evening when it was the turn of the old wife to comb his hair for him, she plucked out all the black hairs saying that she did not want him to look young enough to be her son, and on the evenings that the young wife combed his hair for him she pulled out all his grey hairs for, she said, she did not want him to look like her father. Soon the man had no hair at all.

This story was greeted with much laughter from a community predominantly Muslim or pagan.

After a few more speeches, the formal business being over, the rectangular formation was broken up—the men to their first class in reading in front of the pictorial alphabet pinned to a shade tree, and the women to listen at a little distance away to a talk about the importance of clean water. A well-site had been marked and work will begin on it shortly. The water supply in this village is a matter of great concern, nearly all the children suffer from yaws, which is hardly surprising for the women are always sorely tempted to get water from the swamp which we had crossed to visit them, for the purer water supply is two miles away and the women cannot always get to it in the rains, and are often too busy and too tired to walk all that way at other times. The women were urged to boil and filter the water if they took it from the swamp, which, be it noted, is asking a great deal of them for wood is needed for cooking, and this had to be carried and chopped, and adds not only to burdens, but to the cost of living which is already at little more than subsistence level.

The African woman of the mass education team then went on to talk about feeding the children. She showed the women how to make a simple calabash strainer, squeezed an orange through this and begged them to give this juice to their small babies. It was obvious that such advice was regarded with doubt, if not suspicion, and after adding a little sugar to the juice she selected a small baby from the arms of its mother and carefully gave the child a spoonful. In a silence, not untinged with

anxiety, the mothers, the grannies and the young girls watched, the baby sipped and then, smiling broadly, it waved its fat little hand for more. The onlookers clapped their hands and laughed aloud in joy and relief. But this frightened the baby who began to cry lustily—an occasion for yet more laughter.

Having said our farewells to the Headman of the village we tried to slip away unnoticed, but the guests who had, in the words of the linguist, "brought roads, water and education to the village" could not be allowed to go uncheered. So the classes broke up for the moment and, surrounded by a happy throng of smiling people and running children, we were accompanied across the bridge to our car. A present of coconuts and eggs was hastily brought forward and thrust into our hands, and we left the village, which had never had a white woman visitor before, in a whirl of affectionate goodbyes. But when the car circled round the village later we saw, from a distance, that most of the men had again assembled under the shade tree and were busily engaged on the alphabet, while most of the women had again taken their seats at the foot of the "baby-care" teacher.

It is possible to visit village after village in West Africa, particularly if one is prepared to walk or can borrow a horse, in a non-tsetse area where such a scene is in progress. Everywhere places which were formerly isolated and unhealthy are engaged on such work. That same afternoon I walked round a village where four incinerators had recently been built, where a literacy class with 51 men was in progress, and where there was a knitting class for women who, three months before, had never seen a knitting needle. At yet another village it was eagerly explained to me that though no literacy classes were held there in the Methodist school, the people were "not without learning" since they walk five miles each evening to the next village for classes. Apparently the adults are afraid that if they take classes in the mission school they will lose their "own religion". "For the children", they said, "it may not be so."

In another part of the West Coast I spent the inside of a week journeying down roads and tracks built by villagers themselves—many of these marked by cairns bearing such inscriptions as: "By man's power", "Built by 12,000 man-days of free labour by the lads of Owe" or "Built by those who keep good faith." I was taken proudly to see small maternity homes due to the collective efforts of the women. In one case a thousand women who had contributed 3d. a week for three years, were just about to see the opening of the little four-bedded home and were eagerly looking forward to the delivery of the first baby "in this place of cleanliness, quiet and good attention." Sanitation, medicine and a clean water supply are all part of the educational endeavour of a people eager to help themselves. I stood in humility before a blister tank inscribed, "that we shall not be thirsty", visited villages linked together by roads

for the first time in history, and admired the zeal of those who have developed thrift societies, co-operative schemes and adult education of one sort and another in places to which it is a labour to journey and in which it is an endurance to live.

While adults are being taught to read and write in the vernacular and in English they are receiving instruction in village hygiene and sanitation, in sex hygiene and infant and child welfare. Dispensaries are being built by the people themselves and First Aid is being taught. Simple lessons in the care and arrangement of homes, their cleanliness and tidiness, are eagerly absorbed as are instructions on sewing and the making of simple furniture and other household equipment. Old arts which will improve the economic status of the village are being revived; music, singing and dancing are being remembered and re-learned so that the economic and social life of the people is being revitalized, and through their committees villagers are learning to produce the sort of citizenship which has meaning for them.

During a visit to one of the largest townships in the Abasa State we were startled to discover that the "bush telegraph" had been at work and wonderful preparations had been made in our honour. Huge bark streamers with "Welcome to Abasa State" had been strung across the road—"To show how well we can write"—and we passed through green leafy arches of palms with a sprinkling of white powder between the borders of the path to signify that "there is joy in our hearts at your coming." Firing parties were stationed at intervals along our journey to the open space where the Chiefs awaited us. These "war-boys" were armed with every variety of Dane gun, ancient fowling pieces and what can only be described as blunderbusses. These weapons, which must have had the kick of a mule, were hastily crammed with gunpowder and shot (of heaven knows what ingredients) and at intervals they closed in around us firing joyously into the air.

There are three bands in the township: the Methodist Boys with a uniform of khaki, red belts, peaked caps and many brass instruments; the Muslim, in black kilted garments with yellow braided Zouave jackets, white shirts and red fezzes, and the third with drums and cymbals, wearing Native clothes. The three bands fell in on each side of us, and to the strains of three unsynchronized "Rule Britannias" we passed through smiling, waving, dancing and singing Africans to the open space where the Chiefs from three townships and all the elders, their wives, school teachers and others, were assembled in welcome. A large umbrella of scarlet with a gold fringe was opened over my head as I dismounted.

After going through the usual courtesies I was "shown round the town", a process so exhausting in Africa that I shall never read again of the Royal Family without some faint glimmer of understanding of their endurance and a most respectful and humble fellow feeling. For Asaba

was full of "developments"—a post office, a road which is being built to connect them with a main route bus service, a well, a school and four pit latrines. It had been their intention to build at least two of these in each of the four wards into which the township is divided, and the last one, completed in August, had the date of the 'opening' carved on its main wall and, underneath: "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want." What can one say to people whose pride in such primitive forms of health education calls forth such tributes?

Visits to the school and the youth club were marked by the singing of some quite lovely songs composed especially for them by the brother of the African Mass Education Officer who works in the area. One of them: "Make the best use of your talents even if you only have one" might well be the theme song of all those Africans who are responding with such gaiety to the exciting challenge of welfare education.

As darkness fell, people carrying bush lanterns began to converge on to the school compound as they made their way to the literacy classes. In one room 24 of "the old men" were studying by the light of one tilly lamp. Some were beginners, others were advanced enough to be reading booklets. In another class-room a more advanced group of women and young boys and girls who have never been to school, were learning to read and write and, in a third, 63 women and children of all ages were beginning such lessons, each class by the light of two tilly lamps. There can be no question of the success of this informal and social approach to education; shy and retiring women are learning to read consecutive sentences in the primer in ten days, and men taught by these methods write as good a letter as many a primary school product. "And now", said the treasurer of a village thrift society in Sierra Leone as he showed me his accounts, "we have paid our debts and are out of the hands of the Syrians." Many a so-called educated boy who goes back to his village having failed to get a job in the township is only too often unable to help parents who are now learning for themselves in their scant hours of leisure and in dimly lighted class-rooms. These adults can now do the arithmetic in goods, money and weights necessary for their transactions, read a scale, read, write and check an invoice and receipt, make notes on their transactions and write a simple letter or order. On this occasion, as on all others, all were very much in earnest, and here all were being taught by their friends, or by members of the Village Improvement Committee whose duty it is to teach in the classes "at least one night a week if they themselves are literate."

(Dr. J. Macalister Brew has recently returned from a special educational mission to West Africa which the Minister of State for the Colonies invited her to join. The second part of her article will be published in the September number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

VARIATIONS ON AN ANDALUSIAN THEME

BY TERENCE DENNIS

THE scarlet painted wheels of carriages no longer flashed upon the air. Cafés emptied, shutters banged and muttered and shop-blinds rattled down in the Street of the Serpents. Even the beggars desisted and crept away among the shadows, or dragged themselves off to some stony lair. A world withdrawn behind walls and courts, fallen into silence, or what must pass for silence in the echoing streets where a sudden flurry of dust recalled Africa. To step from the pelting heat into the *fonda*—as cool as a river in its green shade—deepened the afternoon's intensity. The hotel was muffled, replete, as though gorged with dreams of an unending *mañana*. In the patio the aspidistras and palms drooped in their majolica pots, the bamboo chairs creaked, the dog Amalia lay poured out at the foot of the stairs and sportively snapped at the flies. The bedroom, an austere apartment, led out of the gallery above the *patio*.

I lay between the sheets as in subaqueous dusk, shielded from the sword-blades of light that struck the stones and glanced among the arabesques of balconies. The bed's convexities held a promise of springless unrest; one was jerked from sleep as at the end of a string. Certainly, the absence of noise in a city that showed a vehement love of cacophony was remarkable; the voices in the next room (that kept up a guitar-like duologue from midnight till dawn) were silent also, stifled, it would seem, under the enveloping wing of the siesta. Yet presently the silence would be shattered as the city awakened to shed the skin of the day—Seville, whose name evoked the clicking of a thousand castanets!

"In summer it is cool only in the middle of the night," the proprietress had asserted. Immense, monolithic, and confined in black, she appeared to have set herself the task of being a Spanish Eccentric, clearly her one indulgence, which consisted of her declining to go out of doors (save for Mass) for any purpose whatsoever and sternly refusing foreign visitors accommodation, then to relent at the last moment. She would install herself at one end of the gallery and whirl her sewing-machine outside my bedroom door, breaking off now and then to issue commands to a servant, or to converse with a passing guest. She would rip the coverings off a variety of subjects as she repaired the household linen: the price of bread on the black market, her son's fanatical devotion to *futbol*,

the Bishop's latest utterance. Thus, the *Señora* would rush from point to point, her eyes fixed on the conversational winning-post. But to-day the frenzied whirring of the sewing-machine had not yet begun; the gallery was empty.

Then from the ancient labyrinth of lanes and alleys I heard the call of the *afilador*, the knife-grinder, as he pedalled across the stones, a shrill cascade blown upon the air. Just as the woman who set up her table and brazier in the street-corridor under my balcony every morning symbolized for me a new day with its oriental smell of Spanish cooking, so the knife-grinder's musical phrase marked the end of afternoon, the hour when the inhabitants strolled under the orange trees and the waters of the Guadalquivir reflected the hot, purple sunset. I threw back the shutters and flooded the room with light. Already the shadows had engulfed the alleyways built for shade; the tower of the Giralda, tiered and fretted, rose above the honeycombed houses, its topmost storey crowned by a bronze statue—Faith that upheld a vane-like banner and turned imperceptibly in the wind.

"You are awake, *Señor*!" Mercedes, whose chief task seemed to consist of washing men's shirts, stood in the doorway and proffered a little pile of laundry. In her patient gestures could be detected a race of women that forever slapped soiled garments against the stones of a stream, women who balanced pitchers upon their heads as they moved between the whitewashed houses of some dusty village street where, at sunset, the men crowded into the wine-bars. The life of the *campiña* had set its mark upon her, that life bounded by good or bad olive crops and a steady flow of gossip at the fountain. "Ah, no, I come from Aguilar de la Frontera," she said, when I asked whether she were a *Sevillaña*. "A fine place, *Señor*, where they breed for the ring. But now the times are bad, and in the whole of the province there are thousands not so fortunate as myself. I know that very well." Her thin, worn face with high cheekbones and deep-set eyes recalled the portrait of a young monk by Zurbaran, the sombreness of olive and eggshell brown lightened and warmed by the Andalusian temperament. "Mercedes!" cried a husky voice, "Mercedes!"

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During the late afternoon the house smelt of washed floor tiles; the outer doors of the *patio* stood open to the street, and from their ground-floor bedrooms several figures emerged to relapse in vaguely expectant attitudes in the bamboo chairs. The siesta was over.

"You want a room for one night?" the *Señora* was saying as I descended the wide, stone stairs. "*Es impossible!* We have nothing, nothing! Besides, it must be two nights at least . . ." And she made one of her large gestures for the benefit of the French tourists, who stood

disconsolately in the centre of the courtyard. "But come back in an hour and I will see what can be done," she added, her hands busy among the keys that were suspended from nails, like so many instruments left over from the Inquisition.

I stepped into the breathless alley that coiled under walls of white and ochre, topped here and there with the plumes of a palm, or the scimitar fronds of a cactus. Passages and lanes presented the disorder of a painter's studio; runnels of stone petered out against the plaster scrolls of a baroque palace, or tumbled into a *plaza* where the sun blared and the trams clanged and shoe-blacks plied their trade round café tables. Here would rage the Battle of the Barrel-Organs, a contest that was pursued with remorseless persistence.

A preliminary jangling would fill the square before breaking, or rather, clashing, into the strains of a waltz. The young man who whirled the handle of the mechanical piano might have come from Triana, the Gipsy quarter across the river. His expression was masked, his eyes were slits of darkness as he ground out the harmonies of brass and glass. In the syrupy air the Strauss waltz with its nostalgic banalities took on a southern complexity, enriched as it was with a deafening obbligato of bells, drums and tambourines, as though a faded Viennese "beauty" had decked herself in a *mantilla* with a rose behind the ear. A tall, one-legged woman tapped her crutch round each table with an alert, business-like air, as she proffered a red plush salver. Then with the second or third repetition of the waltz another barrel-organ—a rival—would nose its way out of an alley and trundle across the wobbly *plaza*. Presently the spangled rhythms of *sequidilla* and *fandango* would oppose the languorous airs of Vienna, and the protagonists goad themselves in renewed and frenzied efforts to obliterate each other, at the same time hurling insults which were inaudible under the incessant clashing and chiming. The contest would be interrupted by a waiter, who, flourishing a napkin as in the face of a charging bull, would dart out from among the tables and put the combatants to flight. Presently the din would break out afresh in front of another café . . .

The square rapidly filled with men returning from the bull-fight. They stood in groups in front of the fountains, their hard-brimmed Córdoba hats clustering against the sky. They clapped their hands for *manzanilla*; they huddled round the tables, their rings glinting as they raised the golden liquid to their lips, opalescent or ruby fires that flashed from group to group, beacon-signals for hand claspings and jocular asides. The interior of each café was wreathed in cigar smoke and tightly packed with its male coterie; the air was heavy with the fumes of wine, cheap scent, shoe-polish and the blurred Andalusian speech. Outside it was as though the timelessness, the leisurely life of the south, were concentrated in the pillared vistas of the courtyards where to hurry, it seemed,

was to break the rhythm.

Across the square beavies of tourists were clambering into victorias—bone-shaking vehicles that, with their torn and stained upholstery, were survivors from the early years of the century. Spaced out under the giant cliff of the cathedral, they would set off, creaking and jingling along the streets to lollop through the shade of the *paseo*. Swinging past the pavilions and lime-green walks of the Maria Luisa Park, they would enter a world created for the elegancies of strict convention that lingered here among the kiosks and formal gardens. At this hour the paths were crowded. Nursemaids would push their charges through clouds of white doves, their eyes smouldering under coifs that glistened like meringue, their earrings clashing faintly as they jerked their heads to and fro, sniffing the jasmine-laden air. Among their ranks occasionally shuffled a Basque "nanny", distinguished by her lace dress and apron, her mischievous simian face and dark, grape-coloured hair, a raven's cap that carried a tiny napkin at the back. Trundling, ambling, swaying up and down between the aromatic hedges, or grouped under leaves that showed green, unripe oranges, they seemed oblivious of the ragged, half-starving creatures, who sat staring at the distance, or were hobbling about in the dust.

Throughout the city with all its splendours and miseries existed the armies of the undernourished. The most obvious were those whose voices held a peculiar whining caress in the presence of foreigners; others were sunk in apathetic silence; yet these were the exceptions. Natural exuberance born of hot sunlight and burning skies enabled the maimed and deformed to exist in a state of perpetual excitement. Sustained by pride which acts as self-protection, a hungry man could refuse food, money, or clothes, with a gesture at once perverse and heroic. As a sword of lightning will expose a ruin at night with an intensity that cannot happen by day, so that gesture revealed the Spaniard's love of ritual and abstraction; just as his unseeing stare indicates his feeling for mysticism and withdrawal from the materialism of existence, of possession.

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The day had dwindled, and from the cool seclusion of the trees the towers and contorted roofs crowded against the parrot-green feathers of the sky, incised patterns of minaret and Saracenic gateway which, in the southern night would assume the whiteness of bones picked clean by the moonlight. Pavilions, courts and gardens were filled with the hum and echo of conversation, and the screech of trams by the water's edge gave place to the harsh cries of the muleteers. Each day seemed pleasantly endless, each night vividly rounded, as one strolled through the scented avenues in the warm dusk, lingered in the streets where, during Holy

Week, the Goyaesque figures of the hooded penitents walked in procession:

Curving past the tobacco factory (whose great flank, surmounted by a sculptured chorus that forever raised trumpets to its lips, was barred and silent) we moved towards the river, and crossed the bridge. The lights of Triana glimmered along the advancing shore; mule-teams were leaving for the suburbs; whacked and thumped by small boys, the animals picked their way delicately across the stones with the precision of dancers. A few more paces, and we were in a different world, the world of the *Gitano*. These little houses huddled round broken courtyards and festooned with washing, had an air of belonging to a country town, of mimicking the palaces on the opposite bank directly their backs were turned. In the foreground a tavern leaned under a group of trees, and from the wine-bar came the trilling of a guitar—the prelude to Flamenco singing. A high, falsetto voice began to wail against the mounting excitement of the accompaniment to break off abruptly (like a match going out in the darkness) amid laughter and cries of encouragement. Again the voice would strike uncertainly, then rise in a long, sustained wail—alternating cries of triumph and despair that succeeded each other with wild unreason, now moaning like an amorous cat, now imitating the metallic scream of a trumpet.

The singer, a young man, whose glistening eyes were rimmed with sooty lashes, stood staring intently over the heads of his audience, as in a trance-like state, his body tense, his head pressed back, ready to strike. Then he tapped the guitarist's shoulder as though to emphasize the rhythm, and hissed for silence

I stepped out of the smoke-laden bar on to a little terrace that was scattered with rough benches. Below the river rustled gently, imprisoning the lights of Seville within its tiny ripples. Muffled now the music throbbed in the blue, sorrowful night.

MIGRANT SCHOLARS, SCIENTISTS AND ARTISTS

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

NEXT year is the five hundredth anniversary of the capture of Constantinople from the Byzantine emperor by the Ottoman Turks, and the expulsion of the Greek scholars. The dispersion of those scholars over southern and western Europe was one of the great influences on European culture; the precursor of the Renaissance, and the harbinger of the age of the humanities. In our own time, and before our eyes, a similar forced movement has been taking place of men of learning, scholarship and art, and it may have an equal influence on the culture of the world, and be the precursor of an intellectual and artistic revolution. It was brought about during the last two decades by the expulsion, or forced migration, from Germany, Austria and other countries that came under the Nazi yoke, of all academic teachers who, according to Hitler's racial legislation, were not 'Aryans', or who were regarded as politically unreliable.

By the law of the Reform of the Civil Service 1933, which was one of the first enactments of the Hitler régime, all officials who were 'non-Aryans' were deprived of their posts. They included the scholars and scientists who held academic positions in the universities and research institutes, which in Germany were State institutions. Some thousands immediately left Germany, including many of the most eminent names in science and thought. Of them over 600 found a permanent or temporary home in British universities and research bodies, and were integrated in our intellectual life. The English academic society in 1933 rose steadfastly in defence of academic freedom, and formed the Academic Assistance Council—which later became the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning—with the purpose of placing the migrant scholars in permanent or temporary positions in this country or overseas. The lead in that effort was taken by the late Lord Rutherford, the eminent physicist of his generation, Lord Beveridge, and the Nobel Prize-winner, Professor A. V. Hill.

The refugee scholars and scientists were part of a much bigger movement, of what may be called the 'Common Refugees', who were admitted into Great Britain during the years preceding the war. Nearly 100,000 men, women and children from Germany and central Europe found asylum here, and most of them have stayed and have since become British citizens.* They played before, during and after the war a useful

* The story has been told in a booklet *Britain's New Citizens*, published by the Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain.

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part in many aspects of the national life. An exceptionally high proportion of them were of the middle and intellectual classes, merchants, industrialists, doctors, lawyers, musicians, writers. Many of them brought to their adopted country new trades and industries. Already before the war they had established 163 factories in the then depressed areas of England, Scotland and Wales. In the war, when they were technically 'enemy aliens', over 10,000 of them enlisted voluntarily in the British forces. At first their service was restricted to the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, and they were debarred to their distress from combatant activity. Gradually, they won the right of transferring to the fighting formations, and many of them were distinguished in the Commandos, Intelligence and special services. The record of the aliens' military service is of a steady progress from limited to full usefulness, from frustration to fruition. At the beginning it was a recruitment of brains for work which did not require brains. At the end it was a use of brains and bravery in many fields.

During the course of the war many scientists among the refugees were able to make their full contribution to the Allied effort. Mr. Winston Churchill remarked in 1940: "Since the Germans drove the Jews out of Germany, and lowered their technical standards, our science is definitely ahead of theirs." The story of scientific warfare during the next five years justified that judgment. It happened that the refugee German scientists included a number of men who specialized in atomic physics. The original experiment of fission of the atom was carried out by Dr. Otto Frisch, now Professor of Natural Philosophy at Cambridge, who during the war worked with the Allied research team in America. Another member of that team was Professor F. E. Simon of Oxford, who was an authority on thermo-dynamics. Another was Dr. R. E. Peierls, now Professor of Mathematical Physics at Birmingham. These three scientists were decorated with the Order of the British Empire in the Honours List of the New Year 1946. The refugee scientists included also men who were as distinguished in the field of theoretical physics, such as Dr. Max Born, Professor at Edinburgh University, and Dr. E. Schroedinger, who won the Nobel Prize in 1933, came from Berlin to Oxford, and was later Professor at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Dublin. Professor Schroedinger has enriched English scientific literature with books which explain for the common man the fundamental teachings of modern science.

The number of refugee scientists who have been elected in recent years Fellows of the Royal Society is a remarkable indication of the contribution which they are making. Already there are more than 20. Three have been elected this year, and they may be taken as typical of the rest. Professor Katz holds the Chair of Biophysics at London University, having

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been originally an assistant of Professor A. V. Hill in that department, and then for a period having held an academic post in Australia. Dr. Lemberg, who also went to Australia, is the head of the Biochemical Department of Medical Research at Sydney. Dr. Martha Vogt is a Lecturer in Pharmacology in Edinburgh, and joins the small band of women in the Fellowship.

The contribution of the displaced in the field of medicine is as notable as that in the physical sciences. Perhaps, the most famous of the refugees engaged in medical research was Dr. E. B. Chain, who worked with Professor Florey in the laboratory studies which produced the saving drug of penicillin. Of Russian origin, he came to England from Berlin in 1933, and he shared the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1945. The Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery at Oxford, Dr. Josef Trueta, was a refugee to England from Spain at the end of the civil war. During the 1939-1945 war he used his exceptional skill as a surgeon with remarkable results. Dr. L. Guttman, a refugee from Germany, in a different field of medicine was in charge during the war of a hospital for sufferers from paralysis and worked out a system of therapeutics which restored to the full use of their limbs hundreds of wounded men whose case had been deemed hopeless. His Spinal Centre at the Stoke Mandeville Hospital in Aylesbury is now a national institute for the rehabilitation of both civilians and soldiers. Dr. W. Feldberg, F.R.S., was Reader in Physiology at Cambridge, and is now head of the Division of Physiology in the National Institute for Medical Research. Professor Krebs, F.R.S., of Sheffield University is Director of the Medical Research Council Institute for Research in Cell Metabolism. One of the atomic physicists, Dr. J. Rotblat, at the end of the war turned his knowledge to the science of healing and is engaged in research at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the medical application of radio-active isotopes.

The contribution of the refugee scholars does not fall below that of the refugee scientists. In the social sciences and law, philosophy, classical and oriental studies, the history of art and music, they have helped to advance the frontiers of knowledge in this country. If the number of those who have been elected Fellows of the British Academy for distinction in these branches of culture is less than the number of Fellows of the Royal Society, it is none the less significant. In the field of sociology the late Professor Karl Mannheim, who had the Chair at London University, has left a permanent mark. His own experience made him particularly sensitive to the destructive movements in our civilization, and he wrote in England several books on the deeper issues of man and society. He was, too, the editor of an international library of sociology and social reconstruction, which includes books by a number of migrant scholars.

Professor Michael Polanyi, originally of Hungary, who came to this

country from the Kaiser Wilhelm Research Institute in Berlin to be Professor of Physical Chemistry in Manchester, felt that the world was in greater need of social thinkers than of chemists and passed in Manchester to the Chair of Social Studies. Like Professor Mannheim, he has been concerned to write, not only for scholars but also for the general public, books which deal with the deeper social problems of the time, such as his *Science, Faith and Society*.

The Institute of Statistics at Oxford, which had an important part in working out details of the scheme of national insurance that we know as the Beveridge Plan, was partly manned by economists from the Continent who had come for refuge. It was particularly fitting that Lord Beveridge should find assistants among those who had been rescued in large measure by his initiative in forming the Academic Assistance Council.

Moral philosophy, which was once the pride of German universities, had lost its claim before Nazi influences destroyed freedom of thought in Germany. Two of the refugee scholars, however, who were teachers of philosophy in German universities, the late Professor Cassirer and Professor Popper, have made important contributions in this country. Cassirer was a modern polymath, and Popper, who was formerly teaching in New Zealand and is now at London University, is one of the chief exponents of logical positivism.

German law-schools long had a reputation in jurisprudence and the more abstract aspects of law. The German capacity for theorizing and exact research has been transplanted to this country by some of the immigrant jurist-lawyers, and at the same time has taken on an English practical colouring. Among those who were enabled to continue here their specific activity, Herrmann Mannheim, who had been Professor of Criminal Law in Berlin till 1933, became Reader in Criminology at London University, and gave a fresh impetus to the scientific treatment of delinquency, comparable with that which Karl Mannheim gave to sociology. In the field of public and private international law British universities have found a place for a number of the continental teachers. And in their new home these men have enriched our literature, hitherto limited, in those subjects. Take any English legal review of recent years, and you will find that a large proportion of the articles are written by refugee jurists. The most notable contribution of our time also to the history of English criminal law has been made by a scholar from Poland now teaching in Cambridge, Dr. L. Radzinowicz, who is not, however, a refugee.

Classical studies have been for generations an excellence of Oxford and Cambridge. It is then a remarkable example of academic liberality that when, in 1935, the Chair of Latin at Oxford fell vacant, Professor E. Fraenkel, a recent exile from Germany, was appointed. Another refugee

who had been a Professor of Classical Archaeology in Germany, became a Reader in Celtic Archaeology at Oxford. And a third German philologist was Lecturer in Celtic Studies at the Dublin Institute. The new citizens have a talent for teaching the old citizens their own culture.

It is not too much to say that the history and the appreciation of art in Britain have been revolutionized by the reception in our academic institution of art-historians among the refugees. The Slade Chairs of Fine Art at Oxford and Cambridge are held by two who came from Vienna, Professor Gombrich and Professor Pevsner; while in London Professor Wittkower, previously one of the workers in the Warburg Institute, is responsible for the publication of a large work on British art in the Mediterranean. Professor Nicholas Pevsner is revealing the architectural beauties of the country in a monumental history of the buildings of England, and Professor Gombrich has written a story of art, which has been issued in several languages by a famous Vienna press that has also found a new home in England. During the last 20 years art history has become a popular subject, not only at the universities, but at the institutions of popular adult education, and not a little through the activity and talents of the displaced persons.

A collective contribution of outstanding importance in this sphere of interpretation of art and culture was due to the transfer to London from Hamburg of the Warburg Library and Institute. That was founded in 1902 by a German-Jewish scholar-patron for research in the history of civilization. Its library, with over 100,000 books, was designed to illuminate the classical tradition in art, literature and religion. When the freedom of the Institute was threatened by the Nazis, because of the Jewish founder, the library and its workers were transferred to London. With the generous help of Lord Lee of Fareham and Mr. Samuel Courtauld, they were re-established in their own premises, till in the midst of the war they were integrated in London University. The Institute is still closely linked with the Courtauld Foundation of Art, and publishes a journal jointly with it.

Another famous collection of a different aspect of art, unique in its treasures, has found a permanent place in a British university. The Music library of Paul Hirsch was founded in Frankfurt about the same time as the Warburg library in Hamburg. It was transferred to Cambridge University in 1936. It was the greatest collection of music scores and musical literature in private ownership. In 1946 the owner decided that he must sell it, and music-lovers in the country banded together to secure that it should not leave these shores. To this end the owner was willing to accept a price much lower than he could have obtained elsewhere, and the library was purchased by combined grants of the Treasury, the Pilgrim Trust and the Trustees of the British Museum.

The record of our refugees in music is comparable with the record in

the fine arts. It is not indeed so much in the creative aspect of music as in execution and interpretation that the musicians who come here from the Continent have excelled. One has only to think of the part they have had in two artistic enterprises of the latter years, the Glyndebourne opera and the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Arts, to recognize what a difference they have made. Carl Ebert, who migrated from Germany in 1933, first to Turkey to be the head of the Music Conservatoire, and thence came to England, and Rudolf Bing, one of the directors of the Vienna opera, who came here some years later, have been among the principal producers of the operas at both festivals. And Fritz Busch, an 'Aryan' anti-Nazi, was the first of the conductors. Hans Gal, also, who had been an opera conductor in Vienna, and was appointed to a Lectureship in Music at Edinburgh, has been responsible for the arrangement of Mozart's *Idomeneo*. Egon Wellesz, a world authority on Byzantine music, and appointed to a readership at Oxford in that recondite subject, has written in England a comic opera. A refugee from Spain, Roberto Gerhard, who was given a fellowship in Music at Cambridge, has likewise written a comic opera, on the Spanish theme of Sheridan's *Duenna*. Max Rostal, a violinist of high repute and a great teacher of music, is the principal Professor of Violin at the London Guildhall School of Music. Displaced musicians, too numerous to mention individually, have formed groups for chamber music which are a constant factor in the broadcasting programmes. What they call abroad musicology has been developed, also, like art history by our guests. E. H. Meyer, who came from Berlin before the war, and has now returned there to a chair in the University, wrote here a standard history of English chamber music. Otto Deutsch, given a fellowship at Cambridge, has produced a monumental work on Schubert, and Carl Geiringer another monumental work on Haydn. He dedicated it to England, "the country that brought out the best in Haydn, and has been a source of encouragement and inspiration to foreign artists of all kinds."

The law of history, which Arnold Toynbee has defined as "challenge and response" and which he has illustrated so massively by the record of individuals and nations, has been signally exemplified by the hundreds of teachers and students, scholars, scientists and artists, who were forced by persecution or denial of intellectual freedom to leave their native land, and to start their life in a free environment. The primacy of Germany in certain branches of learning, science and art seems to have passed definitely to other countries, which have received what the Germans rejected, and made of them corner-stones. The transfer of German "method" to many lands, and its application in the schools of other peoples, will prove to be a compensation for the destructive nihilism of the Nazis. And the story of the rescue of learning and science is unfinished. The younger generation who were transplanted in the

'thirties, when they were boys and girls, and have been reared and taken fresh root in free lands, may yet produce the best fruit from the mating of the two cultures. Yet the return which the new citizens have already made is a rich reward for the virtue of tolerance and the asylum that Britain signally offered. It is likely in the end to surpass the influence which the reception of the persecuted Huguenots exercised over our national culture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For the migration has been larger, and has had a bigger element of learning and science and intellectual attainment. It is remarkable that Britain has been the country of immigration and refuge from the Continent of Europe from prehistoric times to the present day, and her culture has been in every age largely moulded and shaped by this inflow.

STAVRIN

Stavrin? I saw him once, but not, as you'd say,
In his right setting: not that furtive room
Where he and the single shaded lamp he worked by
Conspired in concentration—there at his elbow
Drawers full of charts and figures, and in one,
Cool as his realist mind, the ready revolver.
True, those were days historians will mark
When, as he planned his monstrous Manifesto,
Two passions burned in him, yet icily burned—
The peasants' wrong, and how he'd raise himself
To what he was destined to be, the merciless leader.

No, I could almost laugh, it was so different.
A square in a little market-town: late summer.
There, loosening like a knot of yellow spiders,
From a dusty coach dozens of men and women
Tumbled, to drift happily, aimlessly,
The vacant mind of holiday surrendered
To eyes that quizzed the local population
Or gaped at the old Council-house. Gay windows
Flaunting a thousand knick-knacks no-one wanted
And sun-soaked awnings drove away remembrance
Of desks and factories. Here was human nature.

Here too was Stavrin, though I could not name him,

STAVRIN

A stocky figure, bowed and overburdened
 In shabby thick brown tweeds. He stood a moment
 Glancing about him, as a batsman may
 To see how the field is set. But after that
 He seemed to notice nothing: took his line,
 And with a curious roll like a swaying cart
 Made quickly for my corner. As he passed me,
 He happened to look up, but not a flicker
 In those unseeing eyes, the glassy grey
 Of a windless tarn among black hills:
 Eyes with such deep-withdrawn, brooding, serene,
 Self-centred purpose that, when soon he vanished,
 They sank engraved within me. The blunt features,
 Apart from them, were not remarkable.

Well, that was my one sight of Stavrin. When,
 Some two years later, he had been arrested
 And slipped his guard—his face in all the papers—
 Oddly enough the ghost that I remembered
 Haunted me less, indeed made his career
 (His long career, of course, had barely started)
 More real and credible. The fabulous room,
 Comings and goings, messages that made
 Anger of millions conscious: heads of police
 Murdered or bribed: gradual secret arming
 From funds God knows how got and, that November,
 The Manifesto and the swift unveiling
 Of a minutely ordered Revolution.

All these are known, and Stavrin's great achievement,
 Which even now it is early days to judge.
 And yet from that one sight—smile, if you will,—
 That one sight in the sleepy market-town,
 I knew, although I did not guess his greatness,
 This much at least, that he was miles apart
 From decent men who like to forget and relax
 And wear light summer flannels: that he lived
 Behind those eyes' dull silver ecstasy
 In regions common blood may never enter—
 A man quite ruthless,
 One of the devoted driven fraternity
 Of criminals, of dreamers, and of saints.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

THE PERSONALISM OF EMMANUEL MOUNIER

BY J. B. COATES

EMMANUEL MOUNIER, who died on March 22, 1950, at the age of 44, was the architect of French personalism. He abandoned his university post in 1932 to devote himself to *Esprit*, the journal of his movement, remarking that it is only enterprises founded on poverty that succeed. He had the sense of a mission, combined with great ability and a remarkable passion for work. He gathered together a team of workers, and held them together for nearly twenty years by his personal qualities and the high character of intelligence and vision that inspired his work, building up his journal until it became the premier review of France, with an immense international reputation, especially in the best informed circles. Mounier was a sturdily built man of peasant stock, whose early death was a surprise as well as a profound shock to his numerous admirers and collaborators. There is little doubt that he was killed by his almost superhuman labours, though his heroic sufferings in the war, during which he was a prisoner for a considerable time under Pétain, and was also active in the Resistance, were no doubt a contributing factor. It is characteristic of him that he succeeded in bringing out his journal after the Liberation, in spite of his extreme poverty at the time, six months before any other French review. I believe that his reputation is only just beginning and that he will come to be recognized as one of the truly great men of the contemporary world. The devotion that he inspired is witnessed by the impressive number of *Esprit* that was issued in honour of his memory, containing 350 packed pages of tributes and of analyses of aspects of his thought. If he is no longer with us to forward the Personalist cause he had at heart, he has left behind him an imperishable monument in the numerous issues of *Esprit*, many of them classic documents, in his voluminous works, and in the three successive elaborations of personalist doctrine which he published.

Mounier studied medicine for three years, but abandoned it in 1925 to devote himself to philosophy, out of an overwhelming sense that his purpose in life must be "to possess truth and conquer others for truth." Early in life in fact he could be recognized as the kind of man who, whatever the course taken by events, was destined to perform some lay mission in the contemporary world. But the form of his enterprise was determined by the fact that he came to maturity at the time of the world crisis

of the early 1930's. Mounier, and the group of men with whom he became associated, which included Nicolas Berdyaev, Jacques Maritain and Gabriel Marcel and met regularly for discussion usually at Jacques Maritain's house at Meudon, became convinced that the so-called world economic crisis was in fact a fundamental crisis of civilization. There was indeed a grave economic breakdown and the threat of a second world war, but there was also a widespread nihilism to which Marx and Freud as well as Kierkegaard and Nietzsche had contributed. Mounier believed that we were seeing the culmination of forces and influences that had been at work ever since the collapse of the medieval synthesis and the rise of liberalism and rationalism. He recognized that the liberal epoch had brought a great release of creative energies, that its achievements in the sphere of industrial production, in philosophy, art and science had been of the utmost splendour. But if it had been a period of liberation, it had also been one of disintegration. If the capitalist *entrepreneur*, freed from medieval restriction, had achieved miracles in the field of production, there had also been created a vast industrial proletariat, socially and spiritually uprooted, exploited, dehumanized. Liberal doctrine taught that if men were free to pursue their own interests, a natural harmony was created, yet the nineteenth century was a period of deepening class hatred. The freedom of capitalist groups in the pursuit of markets, and the claim of nation States to absoluteness of sovereignty resulted in profound antagonisms and cleavages of interest between nation States that threatened to bring civilization down to ruin. The cultural disintegration seemed to Mounier even more serious than the political and economic disorders. The new autonomy of science, art and philosophy had undoubtedly resulted in valuable gains, but it had destroyed the unity of society. If science destroyed the social cohesion religion was attempting to create, that was just unlucky; if religion, in its efforts at cohesion tended to maintain archaic thought and behaviour patterns, and if science, in its turn, by its critical approach to traditional values, helped to bring about a total moral confusion, no co-operation was established between the rival camps such as might have corrected the errors of both. In general one could say that, while the liberal period freed individuals and groups from many arbitrary restrictions, it failed to integrate the individual with society or to harmonize the main social groups with each other.

What Mounier believed to be the most disquieting factor of this situation was that none of the main contemporary movements seemed to be in the least aware of what was happening or to make any attempt at a diagnosis. The liberal and *bourgeois* political groups continued to chafe against restrictions on enterprise and interference with the sacred rights of property; the left wing parties regarded the crisis as essentially an economic crisis to be solved by the overthrow of capitalism and the

socialization of industry. Nihilism was rife among those sections of the intelligentsia not wedded to Marxism, with its economic interpretation of history. Mounier recorded in his journal three main contemporary manifestations of nihilism. The first was a reaction of fear, often showing itself in a firmer reliance on traditional ideas and established powers. It was important to distinguish this from true faith, however much it might assume a religious disguise. The second expressed itself in a spirit of catastrophe and was especially common among groups of anarchists and artists who, Mounier remarked, foregathered in "morose chapels" or "comfortable hermitages" and, drunk with the sense of crisis, flung themselves against the disorders of the time in manifestos which are devoid of constructive proposals. The third was the spirit which demanded action at all costs, action based neither on understanding nor true faith; this was the spirit which led to Fascism, on the one hand, and satanism and surrealism on the other.

Mounier was a Christian and saw little hope for an escape from the disorders of the time without "a revolution within Christianity" but he had to recognize also that Christianity in its main contemporary manifestations had failed to bear the witness that it should. Christianity seemed to him to have undergone a process of bourgeoisification. A formal acceptance of Christianity was most prevalent in those classes which were most devoted to material comfort and to what Mounier called "the established disorder." Mounier early declared how greatly he preferred the atheist who was genuinely in search for truth to the merely conventional Christian. He was convinced that a revival of religious life was an indispensable condition of any genuine remedy for crisis. Yet the spirituality of the contemporary religious bodies seemed to him to be divorced from the life and needs of the time. Holiness was not holiness, in his view, unless it gave new life to the inert flesh of society.

Mounier inaugurated his journal with the slogan "*Refaire la Renaissance*." Nothing less than a rebirth of civilization, a re-making of man seemed to him to be required. He made at one and the same time an affirmation of the primacy of spiritual values, the values of love, creativeness, responsible freedom and rationality, of a holiness that was allied to intelligence, and a declaration that there was no true re-making of man that was not a re-making of the social order at the same time. His method of restoring the prestige of religion and ethics was to relate them, not only to the personal sphere of man's life, though that was fundamental, but to the social structures of every type, not only in the cultural but in the political and industrial spheres. The process of disintegration of society must be checked, so that a valid doctrine must be unitary, concerning itself with every aspect of man's life. Mounier distinguished his personalism from other contemporary doctrines by remarking that while one school of thought gave a moral explanation of the crisis and

another regarded it as a crisis of social structure, *Esprit* held that the crisis was at one and the same time a crisis of ethics and a crisis of structure, that while it was impossible to attend properly to the breakdown of values without aiming at the basic social reconstruction, a political change would be wrongly conceived and directed if it were not based on a sound doctrine of man. It was precisely this doctrine of man that Mounier held to be lacking in the political Left. The Marxists, who provided French Socialism with its theoretical basis, regarded ideas and values as the product of an economic determinism, liberal values being the product of capitalism, Christianity the opium of the people. It was clear to Mounier that the values of the person, freedom, love and creativeness were not 'ideologies', but had a permanent truth based on the nature and vocation of man. Marxism failed either to call man to the life of the person or to affirm the values on which a socialist society must be based if it were not to become a depersonalized structure, described by Mounier as "a society without a countenance, made up of men of no mien, of individuals without character." Already in the early 1930's Mounier realized to the full the danger presented by the limitations of the Marxist perspective, by its false and meaningless conception of a 'proletarian truth'.

The story of the Mounier Group and of *Esprit* is full of interest. In its early years the journal was concerned largely with doctrinal elaboration. The conception of personalism was subjected to a detailed analysis; its relationship to Liberalism, to Marxism, to Socialism, to Christianity, to Anarchism was defined. The blue prints of a personalist society were drawn up with remarkable wealth of detail. Whole issues of *Esprit*, some of them now regarded as classic documents, were devoted to subjects of special importance, such as property, industry, the school, leisure, the family. Seeing that Mounier was concerned with helping to rebuild the unity of a shattered society, he regarded every kind of question as falling within his scope, and the journal passed in review the various philosophies of the time. Mounier regarded the existentialist philosophies with special approval and remarked that the best tradition of existentialism was virtually identical with personalism. Personality only emerges in man, in Mounier's view, in so far as he becomes able to distinguish himself from the group, refusing mere compliance with traditional and customary values, learning to live from his own 'demon', to take responsibility for his own life, to build an authentic being of his own by his choices and decisions. Existentialism, similarly, is concerned with the individual existent and his relationships and posits the value of the authentic person. The inauthentic man is he who, thrown, for no purpose that he can discover, into a world in which he is at the mercy of powerful environmental, social and instinctual forces, fails to achieve to an appreciable degree an independent selfhood, to rescue himself from

being a mere unit of the collective, a 'one among many'. The authentic person 'chooses himself', builds a life and a structure of value of his own by his decisions. To 'exist', in the Kierkegaardian sense, is to 'stand out', to distinguish oneself from 'the crowd', from the borrowed conceptions which the servile and imitative make the basis of their lives. Existentialism rejects both idealism, which interprets reality in terms of ideas and their dialectical relationships, holding as it does that the world of concrete existences cannot be fitted into a merely logical framework, and scientism, which explains reality by standing outside it, observing it objectively and examining it analytically. The existentialist holds that the life of personal existences can only be known through participation in their life, while it is the nature of personality to be continually making and re-making itself. To Mounier it seemed that of the contemporary philosophical schools only the existentialists seemed to be concerned with the person, its freedom, its creativeness, its relationships, the variety and amplitude of its modes of experience.

The aims of the Mounier Group in its early years might be said to have been threefold, to contribute to a revolution within Christianity, to infuse a personalist leaven into the progressive political movement, and to provide a model of an integrated society, the structures of which were designed at once to foster and to express the values of the person. As, at a later stage, with the rise of Hitler, the 'thirties moved to their tragic climax, the project of a personalist society came to seem more and more Utopian. The problem seemed to be to save anything at all from a civilization collapsing in ruin. *Esprit* began to concern itself more with urgent short-term political issues. Mounier tells us how the Group came to political decisions on the main issues, on the Spanish war, the Popular Front and Munich, and collaborated with other elements in opposition to Fascism. The war came, involving before long the suppression of *Esprit* and the imprisonment of Mounier. A seemingly endless ordeal was followed by the Liberation, and with it *Esprit* reached the period of its highest circulation and influence. Yet something of the unity of the pre-war period was lost. In its early years the central position of the journal had seemed both clear and novel, and the task of elaborating its implications in relation to contemporary thought and social problems had been fascinating and exciting. Also in the immediate pre-war years the duty of resisting Fascism and the policy of appeasement and of rallying the anti-Fascist forces had seemed clear. But the post-war situation proved perplexing and difficult to interpret. The hopes raised by the Liberation soon faded. The problem of the cold war proved to be of an extreme intractability. Defeatism in Europe was widespread. In France in the political sphere there was no choice but a Communist Left with its threat of a police State, a Fascist Right, and a Third Force too feeble to bring about any of the basic changes

which France sorely needed and which *Esprit* had advocated since 1932. In the world generally Mounier found himself hardly less repelled by the technocratic civilization of America, with what seemed to him its naïve materialism and its dangerous economic instability, than by the swollen state and police power of the Soviet world. Mounier remarked in a famous article that mankind seemed to have reached a bottleneck of history. At times Mounier felt that *Esprit* had totally failed in its aims. How little evidence he found of the "living Christianity" he had sought to help to create is revealed in his work, *Feu la Chrétienté*. The Left, far from having modified its views in a personalist direction, was tied to the heels of the Russian police State. Berdyaev, in his autobiography, having given unqualified praise to the work of the *Esprit* Groups, went on to say that the world was turned in an opposite direction to that to which they pointed the way. Thus it is not surprising that Mounier suggested, in his journal that perhaps the time had come for the Group to turn away from its "sane fury of political engagement" to a re-statement of the basic principles of its personalist faith. Mounier himself made such a re-statement in the invaluable little handbook, *Le Personnalisme*, which he published shortly before his death. There seems every probability that a certain discouragement greatly contributed to his premature death. But to Mounier as a good Christian hope was one of the chief of the theological virtues so that any slackening of effort on his part would have been a sin. His faith in the central principles of his doctrine indeed shines more clearly than ever in his last work.

We have seen that *Esprit* had given its support in general to the existential movement in philosophy. Nevertheless, Mounier felt more than a little disquietude over the new form of the doctrine that became fashionable after the war through the influence of Jean-Paul Sartre, whose metaphysical pessimism was in opposition to Mounier's basic convictions. To Jean-Paul Sartre existence is a fundamental absurdity; it is absurd for us to be born, it is absurd for us to die. We are *de trop*. We are thrown into existence, just like that, but we do not know why, nor can we ever know why. There is no meaning in life except what we are able by our choices to put into it. We wake in the middle of a fool's journey, finding that we are travelling without pilot or compass. Being, M. Sartre tells us, inspires him with nausea. He feels that he is *englué*, as it were, in some vast inert mass, only able to extract himself with great difficulty. It is huge, meaningless, superfluous. Man's anguish is that he finds himself in a situation in which he is virtually compelled to take responsibility for the whole world, seeing that what he does affects the whole world, yet in his view there exists no body of objectively true values (such as Mounier believed could be found in the Christian revelation) which will help him in assuming this terrible responsibility; to maintain that there is is to show 'bad faith'. While Jean-Paul Sartre

at times seems to posit an ideal of personality, as in his praise of responsibility and courage, he teaches a metaphysic which refuses to find any basis for it in the nature of things; his doctrine is lacking both in hope and in the spirit of charity. Mounier remarked that if man had no sense of his relationship to a dimension of inner experience of infinite liberality, whether or not one calls it God, he experiences an emptiness instead of a sense of the superabundance of Being. M. Sartre is not likely to inspire the ordinary man with anything but a sense of despair.

How shall we estimate the thought and the work of Emmanuel Mounier? Does his seeming lack of success, the fact that the world turned in a different direction from his teaching, prove him to have been wrong? Or was he a man born before his time, so that his doctrine will seem obviously true a few decades ahead? Or was he merely a dreamer, an impractical visionary, aiming at a perfectionism which human affairs can never attain? Was his error to fail to recognize that politics is the sphere of the lesser good, that considerations of power, rather than of right, will always tend to prevail in the political sphere? Did he tend to confuse the spheres of religion and of politics?

My own view, for what it is worth, is that Mounier was a great pioneer, that he pointed the way the world must sooner or later go if it is to avoid destruction, however unprepared opinion may be at present for the revolution he sought to create. Mounier in fact took especial pains to distinguish the spheres of religion and politics. He was a great opponent, for example, of what he called the sociologizing of religion, the attempt to turn Christianity into a merely social gospel. Many of his writings are concerned with the distinctively religious life, with man's relation to God, his relation to himself, his relation to other persons as persons and not simply as members of a city. In his fourfold map of personalist action, drawn in his last book, action to make ourselves, action to draw nearer to others, action to enrich the world with value, and action to modify exterior and political reality, only one of the main objectives is specifically political.

The conviction which Mounier held on to, in circumstances of great discouragement, was that the time had come to end the period of the disintegration of culture and society which began with the Reformation and Renaissance, and to begin to create what Berdyaev has called "a Second Middle Ages", a period which will bring science, philosophy, art and social life once more under the aegis of the religious life, which does not mean under the political control of the Church. It is not surprising that humanity should be slow to grasp this profound new conception. The fruit of the work of Mounier, and of numerous others who have helped in and sympathized with his work, may be slow in maturing. His greatness lay in the fact that he was concerned with fundamental causes and remedies rather than with short-sighted political panaceas.

The evidence of the greatness of Mounier as a man as well as a thinker in the tributes in the memorial volume of *Esprit* is striking. It is a misfortune that his work is at present so little known in Britain. The time for the fulness of his recognition has clearly not yet arrived.

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

FRA ANGELICO AT SAN MARCO, FLORENCE

This was his home,
This quiet cloister, to whose roof the dove
Returning in peace, sank from cerulean, aching
Skies to the cool and moss-encumbered tile
And the violet shadow.

Here, where the hushing
Lisp of the brethren's sandals on the floor
Became for him the brush of seraph's wings,
And the small catch and scratch of a bird's cold foot
Clasping the roof's ridge

The touch of a Dove
More holy than these scavengers for grain,
Or, in the portico or colonnade
Where the monks gossiped, peeled their cloves of garlic
And spilt their wine,

Saw where the innocent
Virgin knelt at the shadow of mystery,
And, with a brush loaded with love and joy
Praised with lapis and leaf of the true gold,
Or, with the livid

Sky that spread
Bruised as if by grief, a shadow of blood
Behind three crosses on the barren hill,
Told of the saintly heart that shared the bitter
Agony of its God.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

DOUGLAS ON CAPRI

BY SYLVA NORMAN

DOUGLAS on Capri—an intentionally ambiguous statement. You may take it, first, as a literary reference to an eminent authority discoursing on his subject; as, for example, Ellis on Sheep, and Lawrence (neither D. H. nor T. E.) on The Horse. It may be taken, that is, to describe a suitable Douglasian erudite little essay* written, in response to a series of fine photographs, by an octogenarian on an island that was building its monuments in 1000 B.C. And at that it is a footnote—or say rather a rarified distillation of something which was quite enormous in comparison, but whose popularity and general prospect of getting around will have to yield the comparative “quite enormous” to this new little volume. *Materials for a Description of Capri*; “these musty pamphlets”, Douglas called them when he was browsing over all his written works in the 1946 *Late Harvest*. There was a *de luxe* edition of that work of reference, just for the willing subscriber. No one was expected to read it, although the labour put into the *Materials* was enough for “an ordinary writer’s lifetime—almost.” Even to write about Fabio Giordano, whose manuscript *History of Naples* is decipherable by few others, and the Venerable Seraphina—of whom we are told in the *Footnote* all we need to know—“called for an absurd amount of research.” Yet these were the matters that occupied him, intermittently, between 1904 and 1915, and over which he pondered, in his evening sunshine: “Where has it now gone, the frantic enthusiasm of those days?”

But where, the inglorious common wayfarer may ask, did it all come from—this zest that stuffed a lifetime’s academic, unrewarding, beautifully absurd research into a broken-up ten years? Douglas was no “ordinary” writer. By admitting it in that smoothly-going statement he was far from meaning to imply a pinnacle on the heights. Rather he would locate himself with a step out sideways, cultivating (with what meticulous enjoyment!) his own trim plantation, aside from the muddled, trampled highway boasting its signpost to Renown. Until recently, it was all too possible to take stock of living British prose-writers, and forget George Norman Douglass (as the British Museum catalogue has it) altogether. He had no line, or too many of them, and conceded nothing

* *Footnote on Capri*, by Norman Douglas. With 48 photographs by Islay Lyons. Sidgwick & Jackson. 10s. 6d.

to a public or publisher who might hope to keep him labelled in a *genre*. Was it travel, history, or a sheer love of the classics? (Who was to decide where *Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology* should be placed in a writer's works?) Was it satire, allegory or sociology; or even, in *They Went*—which was to have been named *Theophilus*—a touch of whimsy? It was, undoubtedly, anything he wished at the time he wished it. But so varied were the thing, the time, the wishing, that to-day he stands almost in the no man's land of Leonardo and Coleridge—amongst geniuses who have been reproached for incompleteness because their stretch was so many times greater than another's grasp.

Douglas himself would not be troubled by that criticism, for he knew his aim. He was never concerned to erect a monument outside himself from which he would step back surveying every stone laid carefully in position: step back, with nothing left but regret and resignation now that the virtue had flowed out from the empty vessel. Life was what counted, and its full enjoyment. He had no more patience than Shelley with a Christian creed that backed up men's intolerance and invented a merciless god to combat nature. "How have you wasted your days!" The admonition, he admits, might have brought a blush to him at the age of 20; but being ripe with wisdom and maturity "I no longer complain of how I squandered my days; my one regret is that I have not many more of them to squander. If one has enjoyed and continued to extract matter of mirth even out of its not infrequent mishaps, one cannot be said to have squandered one's days."

But the wisdom of living that appears through written words is not at once detectable by the reader who is gobbling them at random, here and there. So Douglas was often overlooked, until someone, because it had long since attained a kind of literary test-value, would recall *South Wind*. *South Wind* occurs on the island of Nepenthe, and everybody knows that isle is Capri. It is Capri crowded with astonishing personalities, but before it had developed so far towards being the "second Hollywood" he now deplores in the *Footnote*, where human thighs and breasts voluptuous are stealing the fame from "more terrestrial objects." The Nepenthians on Capri knew the calmer essence of daily pleasure, and moved to a rhythm you could only reproduce by living there, as Douglas had done, on and off the island, between 1888 and the publication of *South Wind*, 1917:

It was a pleasant rule [traceable to the second, if fabulous, Phoenician period]. It ran to the effect that in the course of the forenoon all the inhabitants of Nepenthe, of whatever age, sex or condition, should endeavour to find themselves in the market-place or piazza—a charming square, surrounded on three sides by the principal buildings of the town and open, on the fourth, to a lovely prospect over land and sea. They were to meet on this spot; there to exchange gossip, make appointments for the evening and watch the arrival of newcomers to their island. An admirable rule! For it effectively prevented everybody from doing any kind of work in the morning;

and after luncheon, of course, you went to sleep . . .

That brings us to Douglas on Capri in its second meaning. He was away from it long enough to build up a considerable library in Florence and another in Kensington, both of which were afterwards bombed or looted in the Hitler war years. But the habits of Nepenthe have not virtually changed in 30-odd years, and where the Duchess of San Martino held her little court, the chronicler might, excitingly, be found on his own invitation:

Capri, 19 March, 1949.—I am at the Café Vittorio on the Terrace *almost* every day at about 12.45 and should be happy to meet you. Ask the waiter for me. Yours sincerely, Norman Douglas.

He was never without his circle there, for business or pleasure; sparing of *aperitifs* on doctor's orders ("only allowed lemonade"), suffering many sorts of gate-crasher with patience, or quietly exercising his prerogative to send them packing till another day. No great man was less blown out with pride of achievement, or bore less malice, looking back along the years. Unpardonably perhaps, one could not forgo the chirruping question, was he writing anything now? "Nothing at all," he answered with a smiling bliss that might have indicated the secret opus and the triumphant lie. Or simply that he had, as he puts it in the *Footnote*, "thought to have closed up my little writing-shop for good and all"; that he lived contentedly on the island, and that England had remembered his 80th birthday. Someone had published a full-page cartoon in a periodical. Did he think it a good likeness? I asked. He looked at it critically, with a gleam in his eye: "They make me look too old," he remarked; "I might be 75 there, and I'm only 81." The Douglas touch. He could, if he wanted, have borne malice, looking back over those years. America, with no laws of copyright applying, had printed endless pirated editions of his novels. When his house in Florence was looted by Fascists and then Nazis, there were successive prowlers in his library: the first a cunning bibliophile who selected the rarest, most valuable, irreplaceable items; the second a mere soldier who had picked at random, taking odd volumes from a set, with no idea of their worth.

Well, there it was . . . and now he must leave, walking with a stick, to reach his villa in Via Tuoro in time for a lunch party. "It takes me 20 minutes as I walk very slowly." But at eighty he was not willing to forgo his walk. Little wonder, where the walks are so confiding and peculiarly lovable. From the piazza he would be climbing flights of battered steps and traversing the narrow whitewashed passages of the congested Old Town, with its tunnels, arches, sharply crooked angles, overhanging balconies, such as his friend Mr. Lyons has recorded with his camera. How enchanting—lavishly, egregiously so, in the Capri

manner—it is to gaze through wrought iron gates at a vista of cobbled or mossed pathways, ancient columns surviving as garden ornaments, or a dense ilex shadowing the courtyard of a white-walled house. Moorish domes surmount a painted edifice; half-eggs, quarter-eggs upended, catching out the novice (not the likes of Douglas) where a modern building apes the Saracenic model, or a dentist has his surgery in a palace.

The Capri side of this little waisted island is designed, you may say, for the leisured stroller. Delight is as cosily congested as in some well-planned exhibition ground. In a single afternoon you may climb three minor summits, each with its ruined castle, sometimes patched up as a habitation for a family and its livestock. The longest, the classic excursion is of course to the crag of Monte Tiberio or Jove's ruined villa. Douglas is properly sceptical of Tiberius's sadistic practises (so encouraging to the tourist trade); Mr. Lyons is properly appreciative of the high lone magic, not omitting, as you turn round from the flowering shrubs and cacti in the Roman rubble, the panorama of all Capri, its arcaded buildings, conical eminences, and the higher, sterner cliffs of Anacapri beyond.

Anacapri is different. Once up the modern motor road, by foot, or petrol-driven, or dragged by one of those ever-disgruntled cabbies whose only fare this is—you may expand from the crowded miniature to a half-Alpine isolation curiously evocative of some other planet. From his remarks and his written words I believe Douglas really preferred Anacapri. But he did like Capri's Via Tragara, that intimate terraced path that swings around the precipitous cliff-edge, through a natural rock garden of scents and flowers, jassing the Faraglioni rocks that leap up dramatically—over-advertised, of course!—from the sea-spray. At the headland a bit of an up-and-down scramble leads through a craggy wilderness; but it is tamed now, Douglas told me, from the scramble it used to be. Around that headland is the Arco Naturale, Mr. Lyons's omission; perhaps deliberate, with that of the Blue Grotto, as being too touristic. To be sure, like most rallying-points for visitors, the Arco lacks the deeper thrill. And then, it has given rise to an amenity. The tiny café, run by as small a man, who says in tripping English that he worked in London for several years between the wars, is really, collectors note! a Douglas item. In *Late Harvest* he remembers, "we would drink our *vino della grotta* (Which grotto? The Grotto dell'Arco, one of the best districts.), and gaze into the sinking sun."

I had not remembered this when on my way there, by the shorter route from Capri, I met him one early evening coming away from it. "Are you going down there for a drink?" he called. "They've got some good red wine—and there's a Scotsman there at present." The Scotsman—other than N.D.—I was not to find; but the wine was first class, and the eager little proprietor, who had grown the grapes and made it, said Mr.

Dooglass was a regular visitor. (Curious how the sound of a short 'u' evades the Italian tongue.) To recall the astonishing meteorological effect I saw then of opaque and sulky blue, piled cumulus, angry flush, in the same sky with a wan sun afloat in mild transparency is beyond my scope here. But being on Capri is like living with somebody too keenly sensitive for daily life; all is at so high a pitch of event and significance. So many natural moods, distinct, yet marvellously merging, claim the enthralled attention. To the writer and artist Capri, for all its tourism, holds out the appeal of the tremulous and vital. It is not just the coloured post-card, if at times it looks so. We may recall that the magician of *Siren Land*, at one with its moods and phases, wrote of

amber-hued gorges where the shadows sleep through the glittering days of June, and the mad summer riot of vines careering in green frenzy over olives and elms and figs; . . . tremulous violet flames hovering about the sun-scorched limestone, sea-mists that climb in wreathed stateliness among wet clefts, and the sulphurous gleams of a scirocco dawn when fishing-boats hang like pallid spectres upon the sky-line.

There is, or should be, a rule that the sceptical satirist must pass the test of love and appreciation. Than Douglas, few writers, in their character and expression, are more actively warm-hearted. In his rejections he is far nearer to Shelley than to Swift. His awareness of places and people is as much beyond the common as are Shelley's Mediterranean reflections of old palaces and towers, "quivering within the wave's intenser day." One sees in his periodic escape to Hellenic classicism something of the rest and contrast that are to be found in the remoter, barer and unharnessed landscape at the far end of Anacapri. From there you may climb, as Douglas did so frequently in his island years, up to its highest summit, Monte Solaro, where "all used to be serene and reposeful" and "one felt a pleasant sense of aloofness from earth." Anacapri itself, with medieval richness dying in its buff stones, may easily (where it escapes the Hollywood bacillus) induce a sense of eternity beyond antiquity. As you walk westward into evening idleness, terraced, cactus-planted, you approach the world's edge, where the sea takes over, and where, one evening, a great ruddy sun hung low to tinge the water while most of the promontory of Pino was in the sullens of rain. Over there Douglas used to go for his evening picnics "with the anticipation of being absolutely alone at this remote and inaccessible corner of the island, of the endless walk home over rough and mysterious tracks . . ."

All this was Norman Douglas's Capri; "one was younger and more romantic in those days." Or is it merely that the present loud invasions have seen him manfully admitting to his scheme—as one bows to conquerors—the peep-show of humanity and hotellery that in 1888 might have seemed forever alien? Holding his small court in the piazza, and perhaps too much pursued for comfort—"You mustn't, if you live here,

come to the piazza at all" he observed, "or, if you do, must be prepared to meet all your friends and enemies"—he kept the spirit of the older Capri, munificent, mischievous, immortalized in and by *South Wind*. He was not worried for his reputation; when we suggested that England was not giving him his due—"does it matter?" he countered. More perhaps, to England than to Douglas. He appeared then, in his eightieth year, to have mastered the art of living graciously and succulently, free from the accursed Britannic illusion that discomfort is the only discipline and suburbia the apprenticeship to heaven.

Now Douglas is gone—so soon after King George that the black beret we acquired became a mourning token for the two of them. Douglas is gone, and Capri after his 64 years is so much the less without him. I should like to see his statue, carved without modernist distortion or the antique laurel, placed in the piazza, sitting, as he might be at his usual café, looking out over the Marina Grande to the sea. So we shall have Douglas on Capri for posterity. Who cares to subscribe?

THE STRANGERS IN THE WOOD

Down through the summer glade the voices come
to herald in the newly strong who glow
with powers to save the weak, who try to show
the riddle of their lives to them as some
sad nonsense soon to be put right. A sum
of grief and thought erased, the weak may go
on wings of admiration, swiftly know
relief. To this their smiling doubts succumb.

They cannot measure distances achieved,
the weak, for they have seen too much: a haze
has mulcted them of many hopes, bereaved
them of a Spring they hardly knew. But lays
are piped by all the strong in words soft-leaved
by summer dust. And blessed by sun-lit days.

DWIGHT SMITH

LIFE CLASS

BY WILLIAM GOLDMAN

IN the barbaric days when I was 17 learning was not something it was easy to lay one's hands on. I made my first contact with its devotees at Gittelberg's café in the Whitechapel Road; it was here that veterans in the higher reaches of thought foregathered of a late evening to swap verbal brilliances. (Later on I read about Oscar Wilde and his friends doing the same thing at the Café Royal.) It took me weeks to summon the courage to enter—and even then I would risk it only in the company of some members of a club with whom I had been sharing a "ramble" that same Sunday. My usual friends would have been made socially uneasy in a place where coffee was served on a table-cloth and by waitresses in uniform, instead of being sloshed across the counter by an aproned proprietor in the homely way they and I were used to. Nor would they have cared to pay fourpence for a cup when they could get it for twopence—and out of a bottle, at that, which is where decent coffee should come from. I, intellectually ambitious, was prepared to make this sacrifice in the cause of broadening what educationists so prettily call one's mental horizon.

There were three rows of tables down the long room. Many an evening had I stood in the street, beyond, gazing wistfully at them through the glass doors. My timidity was not lessened by the sight of the proprietor, a stocky, rabbinical-looking man in a scull-cap, beard and *kaftan* who stood behind the cash-register near the entrance and glared alertly at the customers. He recalled for me all those fearsome Jewish elders who, in childhood, would hold me up on the way to school to ask fiercely if I had prayed that morning. They all looked alike and they all looked like my grandfather. I was never altogether clear about the relationship.

This one, old man Gittelberg, was a prince among watchdogs. His eyes didn't relax for a moment. He's just the kind of man I'd like to see gangsters in American films trying to rob. He'd soon settle the hash of all the Humphrey Bogarts. I've seen him bark at a man for merely searching for change on reaching the counter. He likes you to plonk it down and vanish through the door. He doesn't want your salutations, either. They say he doesn't even talk to his wife, except when she asks for his laundry.

My two companions led me to a large round table at which were seated about a dozen young men and women like myself and after greeting them

collectively seized some stray chairs for us to join them. I squeezed in as surreptitiously as I could. I didn't want to be conspicuous. I only wanted to listen and learn. They were all of them 'white collar' workers, a type I didn't know intimately, although some of their faces were familiar to me through having seen them at public meetings or in the Whitechapel Library Reference Room of an evening. I was awfully impressed. If you had asked me the difference between them and the people who attend Eton I couldn't have told you. I might even have retorted, ingenuously: "What's Eton?" How terrible it is to be ignorant!

And yet, can I be blamed? They wore collars and ties (not scarves, like my own friends), spoke in emphatically confident tones about whatever it was they were speaking about—which happened to be over my head and (I know now) over theirs, too—carried a fountain pen in their top pocket, a wallet in their inside one and had a hip pocket to extract loose change from. That pocket on the hip had the most crushing effect on me, socially. It added a touch of worldliness to the gesture of paying for a coffee that was almost frightening. A man with a hip pocket, you felt, was a man to be reckoned with.

Several conversations were being pursued at the same time on roughly the same theme—gramophone records and their delights and imperfections. It's the easiest way, I've since discovered, to keep a mob in a room impressed. If you say you don't "care" for the "wind section" in an orchestra or the "fourth movement" in a symphony who's to contradict you? Who can say that you don't know what you're talking about? There's no proof that you don't, except for the expression on your silly futile face and that's no proof in a court of law.

There were also some personal remarks about people I'd never heard of that were fused with the general intellectual drift of the conversation. I heard someone exclaim: "Toscanini—pah!"—a remark that has stayed in my mind all these years when so many more comprehensible, not to say useful, ones (particularly by those who were paid to educate me) have vanished from the memory. Yet this phrase, ambiguous, ill-tempered, lacking rhythm, more in fact like a slogan than a coherent sentence—this phrase remains with me, still. I wondered who Toscanini was and, even more curiously, why "Pah!"?

Although puzzled I was not bored. How the conversation ricocheted across the table! And not to understand a word of it—how refreshing a change! I soon saw what I had lost in always having conversed with people whose verbal aims were so pathetically circumscribed; you scarcely needed to listen to their meaning; you could read a book while they were talking and you missed nothing. Even your actual presence wasn't strictly necessary. My grandfather, for instance: if you were in the back-kitchen when he entered to take his seat at the fire he would

talk without ever checking up on your presence. On one occasion I left the room as soon as he had come in and settled himself at the fire with his back to me—and didn't return until tea-time, but made sure, as I entered quietly and took a seat on the sofa, to say with a sigh: "Yes, that's the way it is and that's the way it'll always be. You can't change human nature." My grandfather heaved an answering sigh and nodded his head. I had obviously made a very intelligent comment on whatever he had been saying.

You couldn't get away with that kind of thing at Gittelberg's. A remark there had to jar to make its point. Only a fool would attempt the abstractions that had got my grandfather. I had the good sense to see that it would be fatal to say, for example: "Music—it's got something, you know," or: "Music—it's not the only way of having fun." No; at Gittelberg's, if you wanted to make yourself felt, you had to use your brain, say something pithy like the chap who had put over the unforgettable, "Toscanini—pah!"

At any rate, as I strained on this talk at Gittelberg's, without at the same time forgetting the waitresses (who looked good in black), I heard a terrible commotion behind me. My back being to the door I automatically took it to be old Gittelberg letting loose at someone who had perhaps asked him for change at the register. He looked the kind of man who might try to provoke you into doing a thing like that and then, when you'd done it, give you what-for! Halfway back towards the door was a broad stairway and it was from the top of that, concealed from us by our own lower ceiling, that the noise was coming. I also became aware that a band had been playing music above us and had now ceased; I recalled that Gittelberg's was a place people booked for "social functions". "A fight," I decided. "Fancy!" I'd imagined until then that this only happened at dance halls in the Elephant and Castle district when those who kept losing the lucky spot prizes suspected corruption among the prize-givers.

And then a woman in white came running down the stairs. A bride! A young man in evening dress came chasing down after her, calling: "Esther! Esther! Don't be a fool. Come back." She paused on one of the lower steps to retort: "I won't. It's a liberty!" And then both began talking at the same time. Queer how unaware they seemed of the rest of us. It was like watching one of those post-Revolution Russian plays in the manner of Stanislavsky where you have revolving stairways and you can even see people in their bedrooms. Even old Gittelberg was transfixed, like someone watching from the privilege of a box. He showed no disposition to interfere, so what business was it of mine? Perhaps it was a kind of Jewish cabaret? Very clever. And all for fourpence.

I was on the point of conceding that old Gittelberg wasn't as mean

as he looked when another man, a stout one, came running down the stairs, calling: "It's a disgrace—in the middle of the wedding. You can't do it, Esther! What about the furniture?" There, I had to admit, is a man with a head on his shoulders. How many people would have the wits to remember the furniture at such a time? It's that kind of cool thinking that marks out a man for greatness. Behind him, on a higher stair, had come crowding several men and women, but he had the presence of mind to wave them back. "No commotion, please!" he warned them. "I'll settle it." He ran down the remaining stairs until he could catch hold of the bride's arm at the bottom, while detaining the other man with a look that was as good as a grab, and said, urgently: "*Be sensible, Esther. If you do this everyone will suffer. But you will suffer most.*" A thrill went through me at the words. They could have come straight out of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, if you can imagine Sir Arther Pinero being able to write as well as that. And here was I hearing it from the front stalls. That was nothing to sneer at, I can tell you, for someone who had never got nearer to a stage than the gallery at the old Olympia, Shoreditch.

Even the hardened intellectuals at our table were now listening. No one can resist good dialogue. The choreography was so arresting, too: *Two Men and a Girl* might have been its subject. And the crowd at the top, like a Greek chorus in the shadows, helping to suggest a scene fraught with dark intimations, as in the best classical tragedies. The man who had first reached the bride tried to take advantage of one of her pauses. "Listen, Esther—" "From you I don't want to hear," she cut in. "I've told you that several times!" "Be reasonable," the second man pleaded. I was fascinated; I'd never seen a fat man plead before. "Esther," he said, "if you won't listen to your husband, at least listen to your brother!" So! We'd now got the characters clear. How *subtly* had identities been established! I never feel at ease at those plays where the first act opens with the entrance of two servants prattling to each other in order to let the audience know who the characters that will subsequently appear are. Crude!

"Fine brother *you* are," she cried. "Taking his part!" "Esther! How can you say such a thing? Because I want my sister should be happy I'm taking her husband's part? Is that logical? Did I say he was better than you? Did I say he was a king among men? Or an angel?" "He's a louse!" "Don't say things like that, Esther. It's coarse. A respectable girl shouldn't use such words. All right! If you won't think of me or of your husband think of your father and mother, upstairs shamed before their friends!" She snorted, but wouldn't look him in the face.

"It's no picnic for my parents, either," the bridegroom put in. "They should have brought you up better!" "So now you're starting on *my*

dear parents," he said with a flash of spirit. "Esther!" Her brother shook his head, painfully. "Not a word did I utter against his parents. Don't twist my meaning!"

Her brother threw up his hands. It was worth seeing in a man of such bulk. From the top of the stairs came a mass plaint from the Greek Chorus: "Esther! Esther!" "See?" the brother said. "Your own very father and mother plead with you to be sensible." "Let *him* try it." She jerked her head at the bridegroom. "Who started the whole thing?" "Me start it? How can you say such a —" The brother touched him on the arm: "Drop it, Dave—for my sake. For all our sakes! There's no sense in going over the old ground. The wedding's been paid for, the presents would have to go back; and as for the furniture—" he wiped a hand across his forehead. Furniture quite definitely touched his deepest feelings. "Esther!" He made a sudden frenzied gesture with both hands like something I once saw on a poster to do with orphans. "Please! For all our sakes, finish the whole thing to do with orphans. It can all be smoothed out at home, later." "Let and come upstairs. Those who started it do the finishing!" "Never mind who started it—those who started it do the finishing!" "Go on, Dave," the brother nudged him. "Say you're sorry." "But—" "Go on, go on, does it cost you blood to say a few words? Say it; *please*. For your mother's sake. There you are!" "I'm sorry . . ." "Well, Esther—he said he's sorry. Every one is sorry!" He was beaming. "Come on, dear." He stretched out a hand. "Careful you don't step on your dress . . ."

I watched them clamber up, the bridegroom going last—all of them greeted at the top by a wild cheer and the striking up of the band. A perfect exit.

Talk soon started up again around me; about music and so on. No one mentioned the performance we'd just been treated to. I said to the chap besides me, who works in his father's cloth-shop in Petticoat Lane and has the reputation of being 'well-informed'—I said to this chap: "Bit of a shocker, eh?" He shrugged, said absentmindedly: "Happens most Sundays. They'd be wiser to get these marriage settlements down in black-and-white before the wedding, by a lawyer." "That's much the best thing," I agreed, casually aping his laconic worldliness. But what I was thinking to myself was: How right I was to come here. I had guessed that if they give you table-cloths and take the trouble to serve coffee made from grounds there's more in it (as they say) than meets the eye. No wonder they attract the custom of refined people.

From then on I didn't miss a Sunday for years. I'll admit I didn't make headway with the table talk, but I could always depend on a slice of illuminating drama from the wedding upstairs to give me my money's worth. That's partly why I'm now so cultured.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

Mr. CHURCHILL'S GOVERNMENT

May I suggest that the editorial in your June issue does not adequately cover the dissatisfaction everywhere of Mr. Churchill's handling of the European situation? As you say, he is the greatest living Englishman. But so was John Churchill in the year 1704 after he had won the Battle of Blenheim. To pursue the analogy further: both when Mr. Churchill assumed office following his electoral victory and when his great ancestor had completely overthrown the French army, the question was where do we go on from here?

Then Captain-General Churchill held out to the English people the hope that there would be a cessation of the "hot war", just as, prior to the recent election, Mr. Churchill held out the hope to the English people that, with himself in power, there would be a cessation of the "cold war". In both cases the English people were deluded with a vain hope. Mr. Churchill now says, or seems to say, that there is "one more river to cross"—a victory in war over the Russian people before we can have a durable peace—just as his ancestor said that we must win more bloody victories—instanced by Lille, Oudenarde and Malplaquet—before we can have peace with the French.

For us, the crucial question is: is Mr. Churchill, with his erroneous ideas of "glory" instead of the rational idea of the interests of all peoples, the man to exploit the present opportunity to end the "cold war"? His rabble-rousing speeches at Fulton, Mo., in 1946 and to the American Congress this year, seem to contradict any such idea.

While acknowledging our—I mean American as well as English—debt to you in publishing articles that, if published here, would have meant condemnation for both writer and publisher, yet I feel that it is right to criticize you for the narrow ground that your editorial stands on in the instance under notice.

Yours truly,

CHARLES B. COLLINS.

Berkeley, California, U.S.A.

Sir,

THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

I have read Mr. Huizinga's striking articles in the April and May numbers of THE FORTNIGHTLY on the "Bloodless Revolution" with great interest. He lucidly describes what has happened and hints at a germ of possible danger in the results achieved.

Must not good government for human beings be a balanced system of check and counter check, so that the governing power (whether monarch, dictator, oligarchy, or

party) cannot, by playing on the emotions of an electorate or nation, drive it headlong along paths of unwisdom? The danger to democracy is the demagogue's power over a largely unthinking electorate.

The obvious remedy is education, in its purest sense of teaching people to think; at present very many people who deem themselves educated do not think; they buy their paper and accept its opinions, or those of speakers whose whole object and training is the statement of a one-sided case. How many readers of the *Daily Telegraph* read the *Daily Worker* and vice versa?

But, at the best pace, it will take generations to transform an unthinking electorate. Can any temporary measure reduce the danger of unwise legislation being enacted as a result of a populace, inflamed by election oratory, having given its representatives a mandate for some specious policy of which it was incapable of comprehending the implications?

If it were possible for a government with a substantial majority to introduce a classification of voters, it might perhaps assist without being open to the objection of robbing the people of their right to representation. For instance, let there be adult suffrage, one vote per person, as a foundation, then let the qualified technician, the charge hand, the foreman, the shop steward, the department manager, the general manager, the managing director, the chairman, be placed on a rising scales of votes. Similarly the student, the graduate, the fellow, the professor, etc.; the ward maid, the nurse, the sister, the matron, the doctor, etc.; the assistant, the shop-keeper, and the pot-boy, the barman, the publican.

Generally speaking no one objects to reasonable differentiation; the private accepts the sergeant with his stripes, the porter the station-master with his gold lace, the junior the Q.C. with his silk. Why boggle at another method of recognizing achievement which would also have the advantage of producing an incentive to improvement, and, most of all, transfer a graduated share of political power to those who have demonstrated some claim to be able to use their allotment of it with capability?

Lastly is there any reason why such a scheme should not appeal equally to an honest government and an honest opposition?

Yours faithfully,

A. J. HEALEY.

Claremont, C.P.

Sir,

WHAT WORKERS' EDUCATION NEEDS

Like many others interested in the adult education movement, Professor Cole is concerned by the fact that the demand for education has changed in the movement during the last half-century. But in his article in your June number he does not provide a really effective answer. The unpleasant truth is that the standard of the demand is failing as the years pass. Instead of a steadily increasing number of working class students earnestly concerned for self-improvement, their numbers decline, and the classes are made up with middle class dilettantes; that is putting it unfairly, but few connected with the movement would deny that to be the trend.

Fifty years ago there was every reason to believe that the adult education movement, securely based among the working class, would expand far more than it has in fact done. The experience of the past century gave confidence to that hope. The nineteenth century working men, many of them, went to immense trouble to educate them-

selves: think of Alexander Somerville and Thomas Cooper. The creation of the Mechanics' Institutes is another random example.

To-day that drive from the working class does not exist; the alleged demand for higher education is largely created by zealous workers for the cause of adult education. Under these circumstances, it is futile to say that the tutors must not give the students what is good for them rather than what is demanded. The problem can only be tackled by realizing how it has come about that the demand has flagged.

At the same time as the founders of the W.E.A. were doing their work to establish a democratic system of educational opportunity for the working class, Northcliffe was doing his work. The W.E.A. was founded in 1904, eight years after the *Daily Mail*. The latter was more of a portent than the former. The influence of the new journalism was propagandist and commercial, and deliberately designed to sell as many copies as possible by appealing to the lowest common denominator of the public.

I am not suggesting that Northcliffe is the reason why the W.E.A. has done less than it might have been expected to do. I am suggesting that the movement of civilization typified by Northcliffe is the real culprit, and is entirely ignored by Professor Cole. Vast numbers of people were ignorant in the nineteenth century, but a surprising number were eager, pathetically so, to improve themselves; moreover, even the disastrous effects of the industrial revolution were not conclusive in destroying English culture among the working class. But since the turn of the century, the development of our civilization has been such as to make it less and less likely that working men will want to improve themselves educationally. Why bother to read when there are strip cartoons and films and radio and television? And furthermore there is a conscious and deliberate campaign to sneer and denigrate all the time when anything can be labelled "highbrow". We are developing into a nation of barely literate people who do not want to be anything else.

In such a situation, what is the adult educationist to do? The tutor cannot simply teach what the class wants. He is lucky to have a class at all, and this fact leads to the first conclusion: that the classes must be built up, by the educationists going among the people and persuading that adult education is something worth doing. But having got them, the tutor is compelled to teach as one who, whether he likes it or not, is one step ahead of the students. That is why one of the most essential kinds of adult education work to-day is that designed to offset the effects of modern publicity and entertainment. The tutor must often start from such an elementary level as the analysis of advertisements and everyday reading matter; indeed I doubt whether it is worth running a three-year tutorial class in literature without preceding it by a year's work on preliterate analysis of this kind, and elementary practical criticism.

However, this is not the place to pursue the question of detailed courses of study. The essential point, and the one missed by Professor Cole, is that the development of our civilization has been such that the adult education movement has to consider how best to counter the trends of the times. It is no longer enough to cater for a demand; the demand must be largely created, and I would suggest that the studies which are generally grouped under the somewhat unsatisfactory heading of "Culture and Environment" should assume increasingly part of the work of the movement. I should perhaps add that the book *Culture and Environment*, by F. R. Leavis and Denys Thompson (Chatto & Windus, 1933) is a useful source-book for those wishing to pursue further the implications of my argument above; although it is regrettably somewhat out-of-date, the reader can only too easily supply later illustrations for its principles.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN GILLARD WATSON.

St. Peter's Hall, Oxford.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THREE LIVES

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

It is hard to devote one's life to public causes and to be unloved, and, mercifully, it is rare to achieve so unenviable a distinction. Viscount Simon, for example and as his volume of memoirs makes abundantly clear, is blessed with many friends; the Webbs, though less capable of inspiring affection, had staunch comrades—Bernard Shaw among them—and each other; but unhappy Edwin Chadwick, knighted almost by afterthought a year before his death at the age of 90, aroused every emotion except the one that matters.

Worse still for his memory, an enthralling narrative* paying just tribute to his great achievements invites no sympathy and confirms the verdict of his contemporaries: for all his gifts, Chadwick was an impossible fellow. His opinions, offensive enough at times, were not the trouble; it was his manner that made him unbearable. Indefatigable, humourless, and inflexible, "the source of his failures and successes alike," writes Professor Finer in a rich biography, "was his insuperable conviction that he was right. He never confessed to an error and rarely to an omission, and once set upon a course he pursued it with unrelenting tenacity."

But to understand Chadwick, one must get to the root of his convictions. He was a disciple of Bentham and he hated waste. The old Poor Laws were bad because by subsidizing pauper labour they gave no encouragement to the free labourer; Chadwick wanted, and got through his workhouses, a Poor Law which would make the labourer fight to remain free. He believed, it seems incredible, that the labourer made more diligent by fear of

the workhouse would increase the prosperity of the farmer, who in turn would give better wages. As Professor Finer remarks:

This assumed that the quantity of labour was fixed, and all in employment. Neither was true. The workhouse test drove the labourer to accept even the worst-paid independent work; his subsequent impoverishment thereupon drove his wife and family on to the labour market in the notorious 'gang system'. The new additions to the labour market further depressed wages.

But, of course, Chadwick did not give in; he argued, with plenty of examples to help him, that the new Poor Law was not being properly administered.

Chadwick was assailed. Not that the Malthusian view of the old Poor Laws, brilliantly expounded by Sumner afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury in the 1824 supplement of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*†, would have proved more popular had it been adopted, as it would have been but for Chadwick, by the Royal Commission. *The Times* started thundering against him in 1834 and kept up its opposition, the opposition of its proprietor John Walter, for 13 years. It objected to "French Centralization", an "un-English plan of theorists and speculators," enclosures, and the humiliating workhouse test. Dickens, entering the lists, wrote *Oliver Twist* in 1838.

If labourers were humiliated by the workhouse test so was its author by the treatment he received; he was not made a Poor Law Commissioner but secretary only to the Commission; his arrogance in office caused endless quarrels; his efforts to be made a full Commissioner were rebuffed. Finally he was dismissed from the Commission but in the meantime had completed his great *Report on*

* *The Life and Times of Sir Edwin Chadwick*, by S. E. Finer. Methuen. 42s.
† But the law which compels the public to furnish to as many as come to claim it, and regulates the wages given in return, not according to the market price of labour, but according to the wants of the labourer, removes at once the natural spring which adjusts the proportion between the demand and the supply of labourers, and exposes the country to all the evils of redundant population.

the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population.

The Report was acclaimed by press and public: "England appeared for the first time to acquire a sense of sight and smell and realize that they were living on a dung heap." But again Chadwick was in for trouble largely of his own making. In spite of his success in fighting cholera his determination to have his own way lost him all favour and bitter attacks in Parliament led up to his being pensioned at the age of 54.

If, as Professor Finer tells us, Chadwick's administrative proposals in the Poor Law Report "have proved the source of nearly all the important developments in English local government, viz. central supervision, central inspection, central audit, a professional local government service controlled by local elective bodies, and the adjustment of areas to administrative exigencies" it is odd that Beatrice Webb should dismiss him so contemptuously in the only reference to Chadwick in *Our Partnership*. "Administrative inefficiency," she says in that great book, "was one of the features of the eighteenth century, and it was only in the reform movement of 1832-5 that we have the first sign of a desire for efficient administration; and that only in the minds of 'cranks' like Chadwick."

It was a weakness of Beatrice Webb to lack warmth when evaluating alien gifts. Her swift judgments in *Diaries 1912-1924*,* most ably edited and annotated by Margaret Cole, are a curious mixture of perspicacity and blind spots. Lloyd George was a "conjurer", in whom she recognized the slickness but not the wizardry that made him great; George Lansbury was patronized until his "spectacular visit to Russia" caused her to revise her opinion and discover that he was "certainly most uniquely effective" and William Temple was most maladroitly summed up as "a

* *Beatrice Webb's Diaries, 1912-1924*, edited by Margaret I. Cole with an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Lord Beveridge. Longmans, Green. 24s.

vigorous democratic priest. He is too fat and too exuberant a talker for an ideal Man of God—his phrases run away with him—but he is sincere, courageous and disinterested."

Sidney, too, could be a blind spot; he is her partner but her love for him is defensively maternal. His success with the Labour Party went some way to reconciling her to its shortcomings although her earlier comments on it and the Trades Union leaders are seldom complimentary. The most valuable feature of these diary entries is the insight it gives of the Labour Party. Sidney and Beatrice nearly despaired of it and Beatrice disillusioned by war and the frustration of her confident hopes is ready to think of her useful life as being at an end and the future full of darkness. The effect on the reader is unsettling. Through two volumes one had watched Beatrice cleaving the waters of life majestically and purposefully like a yacht under full sail; now, in the third, the yacht is becalmed, at the mercy of strange currents and with sails idly hanging.

Viscount Simon manages to write the story of his political life* without mentioning the Webbs, although he creeps into Beatrice's Diaries once or twice. Simon hates Socialism—he calls it the enemy—but in page after page of passionless prose there is practically nothing else that rouses his ire. This is disappointing. Passion is a notable part of politics, and Viscount Simon's account of three important decades is less revealing and less stimulating than it should have been.

But it is good to have on record first hand accounts of controversial incidents, however bald. In one Lord Simon reports on Manchuria and quotes Viscount Grey: "What more could the League have done? I do not like the idea of resorting to war to prevent war. It is too much like lighting a large fire to put out a smaller one." Words which, with Korea in mind, have additional signifi-

* Retrospect. The Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. Viscount Simon, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O. Hutchinson. 25s.

cance. Lord Simon, too, was at the Foreign Office when Persia sought to cancel the Anglo-Persian Oil Company concession. The agreement reached in 1933 is the very one "which, 18 years afterwards, Persia repudiated."

He has some good stories. One of the best tells of A. H. Grant reading aloud to Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, an essay of which only the opening sentence and concluding passage had been written. Between the opening sentence and the final passage Grant improvised an elaborate and connected argument, meanwhile turning over blank pages. "Jowett stared into the fire and said nothing at all for a couple of minutes. Then, 'Read it again, Mr. Grant,' was his pulverising request."

WHITHER EUROPE—UNION OR PARTNERSHIP? by M. J.

Bonn. Cohen & West. 15s.

Now that the European Defence Community Treaty has been signed, and the Governments of western Europe including the United Kingdom Government, are committed to European integration in some shape or form, we must expect, in the next few months, copious outpourings by the zealots for 'European Union'. In France, particularly, there are many influential persons who will want to make the creation of a European political community of a federal type (in the jargon of Strasbourg it is "a European political authority with limited functions but real powers") a condition of ratification of that defence treaty. It is to such persons, specifically, that Professor Bonn's book is addressed—or, anyway, should be commended, and many of us in this country will be tempted at times to echo his dry observation that "there is sometimes too much logic and not enough psychology in French plans." But, as might be expected from such an experienced, widely-travelled scholar and observer, this is not merely a tract for the times—indeed, inevitably, certain sections are al-

ready out of date—but we have here a repository of wisdom and good sense.

The text of this lay sermon is to be found in the cogently-phrased Introduction, where the author writes with reference, particularly, to the artificers of United States post-war policy:

Having demolished the ramparts on both sides which had held Russia in check, they sought to replace them by advocating and organizing a federated western Europe . . . but the process of unification was not so easy as the U.S. had imagined . . .

In the context, then, of the world situation as it is, Professor Bonn, with a wealth of historical analysis, demonstrates that any 'United States of Europe', in any real sense of the term, is a will-o'-the-wisp: the ground covered includes a study of what actually happened when the Americans set about making their federal constitution—and the aftermath of the Civil War; a commentary on the Americans' strong anti-colonial sentiment; a portrait of various nineteenth century European patterns; a discussion of customs unions, and some notes on 'the two Germanies'. From all of which the conclusion is drawn that "a common European patriotism is a long way away," that "the Europe to which the projected European Army is to owe allegiance is at present a mere blueprint" and that the spiritual bases for a wider genuine union, beyond partnership, are not yet laid.

In the author's view, based, it should be repeated, on sound historical appreciation (even if he, occasionally, leans over backwards) there is no need to be perturbed by any such facing of the facts; for not only do so many exponents of European Union and its American champions misread the American analogy, but also the actual problems to be solved to-day (which are, of course, no longer purely European) "require multiple partnership rather than a single union, and joint institutions rather than an overall constitution." Let us, then, be content with what is possible, 'a united Nations of Europe.'

W. HORSFALL CARTER

INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC HISTORY, 1750-1950,by G. D. H. Cole. *Macmillan*. 10s.**INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION,**by Henry Smith. *Sylvan Press*. 12s. 6d.

In his preface Mr. Cole tells us that he wrote the first draft of his book 20 years ago, worked on it intermittently and finally re-wrote it last year. This is risky treatment; the book which gets it may turn out a patchwork, or rather it may fall into strata revealing different phases of the author's intellectual development. But if the danger is avoided, the work will gain in scope and maturity. In this case the danger has been avoided.

We are accordingly given what is, above all, a balanced exposition of the last two centuries of economic development. The industrial revolution was a complex process, with many roots. Kinglake's pasha summed it up by exclaiming: "Whiz! Whiz! all by steam!" But the use of power was not the only and perhaps not even the most important factor in this development. The movement and exchange of goods was as important as their production. Possibly the most powerful element of all lay in the advance of medicine during the second half of the eighteenth century, and in the lowering of infant mortality which resulted. Of the inter-play of these different factors Professor Cole gives a clear analysis.

In material terms, it is the great accumulation of capital that is the chief characteristic of the last 200 years. The formation of capital and the difficulties attending the process run like a thread throughout the book. The condition for a large formation of capital is low current consumption. In England, after the Napoleonic wars, the problem was solved by a severe rise in prices, not accompanied by a corresponding increase in wages. (One could work out an interesting parallel in the development of Leninist capitalism in Soviet Russia after the 1914-1918 war.) But great as were the hardships which the working classes suffered during the early stages

of capital formation, Mr. Cole keeps a sense of proportion in describing them. Conditions were extremely harsh in the early nineteenth century, yet on balance they were probably an improvement on conditions a hundred and still more two or three hundred years earlier.

The darkest aspect of these two centuries appears, in the author's view, to lie in their imperialism—in foreign, not in domestic exploitation. In the description of this phase of the modern economic world a note of indignation can be detected behind Professor Cole's careful moderation. But if economic imperialism is an evil, it is also a danger to the countries which practise it. In exploiting the growing revolt against economic imperialism, the Soviet Government have an element of right, as well as of expediency, on their side. Here lies the great weakness of the west in its conflict with Communism.

In the second book Mr. Smith has tried successfully to provide a concise introduction to modern—that is post-1914—economics. Much of his technique is based, skilfully and unobtrusively, on the use of statistics: he does not fill his pages with figures, but does select and fully interpret the salient ones. His method prompts the reflection that the two wars have taught people in a hard school the need for co-operation, and have given birth to a sufficient number of international agencies, all producing statistical matter, to make constructive thought on world economics possible.

The book deals specifically with economic organization. This does not mean that Mr. Smith has written a treatise on the practise and theory of management. What it does mean is that he looks at the picture of the economic world as something continually changing, but at the same time constituting an organic whole. Like everyone who thinks on this subject, Mr. Smith is faced with the problem of the relationship between the individual and the community, and it is this problem which underlies his concluding chapter, in which he sums up the

conflicts of the present period in terms of the conflict between the liberal and the totalitarian type of State. It may be questioned whether the difference, in strictly material terms, is as fundamental as Mr. Smith would make it out to be. Though the two systems work through very different machinery, they have a common end, which is to make the most of the national resources.

W. H. JOHNSTON

THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY: a report by PEP. *Political and Economic Planning*. 18s.

PEP's 300-page report views film economics from the days of the "penny-gaff" to the emergence of Group 3. Is it too broad, too impartial even—a 'pan-gloss' of the situation? Certainly the "interested layman" to whom it is addressed would have welcomed, in addition to the invaluable break-down of figures from company reports and Board of Trade returns, some revelations of the commercial history of an individual film or two—at least of the test-case *Chance of a lifetime*. Here if anywhere was occasion to examine the operation and effect of specific intervention by Government on behalf of the independent producer against the 'integrated' circuits.

In tracing the complex genealogies of the main combinations of exhibitor, distributor and producer, the report is faultless. It is at times less sure in incidental comment on the film product itself. For example (p. 85), "the fact remains that large subjects cannot be successfully presented in film on a cheap budget" would seem to relegate *Flaherty* or an *Open City* in favour of the minutest All-Time Epic.

The compilers prefix their conclusion: "... had this been a detective story it might have been appropriate, as used to be the fashion some years ago, to seal off this final part of the book so that the reader could arrive at his own solution before breaking the seal and comparing his with the author's." 'Solution' is a demure word for what

was in such instances invariably revealed: the criminal. Is a culprit then to be sought, and found, in the preceding chapters on the industry's recurring ills—is it integration alone, or Hollywood's money (and panache), or incompetence in our own studios? Granted the crises happen at production end; but then there is the final table of box-office receipts on page 281, with 4 per cent. of the gross going to the distributor against 3.6 per cent. to the British film-maker.

But who is this other character in the mystery, always present, never quite explained? It is the film publicist, whose function is barely touched on here, though his power is devastatingly indicated on p. 159: "Hence it must be a cardinal aim of American film policy to try to prevent popular taste from changing in this way" (that is, towards a preference for the home as against the Hollywood product). To acceptance of publicity-standards may be laid the misapplied filming (in which innumerable talents have been sunk) of best-selling novels and plays, with enormous expenditure on 'rights'.

Government protection and aid must continue indefinitely if production in this country is to survive. On this PEP is firm. For the rest, the authors may underestimate the rôle of stereoscopy as an imminent box-office stimulant. They are surely right to doubt whether home-television (dramas unfolding to mild family heckling) can supersede the cinema with its mass-shared intensities.

Another recent work, Raymond Spottiswoode's *Film and its Techniques* has reminded us of Basil Wright's dictum that the film "is the first and only new art-form to be discovered by man within recorded history." From this perspective, the City convolutions described by PEP seem doubly curious. However, this is a report geared to 1952; unless the moneyed cohorts depart, leaving an unrecognizable field to the addict and the amateur, it will retain its sober topicality.

G. W. HORNER

THE SERVICE AND STATUS OF WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES, by Kathleen Bliss.

S.C.M. Press. 12s. 6d.

Original to Dr. Kathleen Bliss and her very own are the opening and the concluding chapters of this book, as also are the selective skill, the lucidity and, not least, the objective spirit of detachment which she displays in the four central chapters; but the material of these is not her own. For these she has winnowed with what must have been unwearying patience and concentration the replies sent by 45 Reformed Churches the world over to a questionnaire sent to them by the World Council of Churches on the history, the contemporary trends and what seem to be the prospects of the service and status of women in their midst.

In her own opening chapter she reminds the reader (and he, or indeed she, may well need it) that Women, Capital 'W', are not the "news" of newspaper or film, nor an abiding peculiarity but, like the other half of the human race, beings whose social status and outlook are in large measure the product of the society of their day but who also play, and always have played, an important part in shaping the evolution of that society. At all times women have devoted themselves to the education of the young and to the care of the sick; in the middle chapters of her book Dr. Bliss distils from her vast documentation the many developments produced increasingly in the last two centuries in the service of women to the Churches and in all five continents. She divides these into voluntary service, which began with foreign missions from Europe and went on to include home missions and service in all lands; full time and professional service, such as that of deaconesses, trained lay workers, directors of education, Church social workers in all their immense variety, and the ordained ministry of women.

It is this last which may well have special interest for most readers, as in-

deed, for all her disciplined restraint, it would very naturally seem to have for Dr. Bliss. Her documentation shows that in those Churches which have kept the sacerdotal conception of the ministry the question of the ordination of women to the full ministry simply does not arise; in others where it is fully accepted in principle it is as yet much hindered by popular resistance. Even where an ordained woman has ministered with marked success to one congregation, there is conspicuous reluctance in any other to 'call' her to itself.

Dr. Bliss's concluding chapter is in effect an appeal to the Churches to realize that social developments have once again changed the status of women. They are more educated than ever before; many of them, even married, are compelled to work, for dependants if not for themselves; they are no longer called upon to produce vast families in order that the fittest may survive; and, in a society which literally goes out—to work, to school, and to much else—and is no longer centred on the home and in one place, the Churches should encourage their women to go out into all manner of Christian service in the world. This is an exceptionally thought-provoking and stimulating book.

JOHN HALET

PREHISTORIC IRELAND, by

Joseph Raftery. *Batsford. 16s.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF IRELAND, by J. C. Beckett, M.A. *Hutchinson's University Library. 8s. 6d.*

Recent years have seen a great increase in the interest shown in archaeology and prehistory up and down the Irish countryside. Many new societies have been formed and those of long standing have been glad to welcome new members. Societies which at one time drew their members only from certain walks of life in the rural community are finding that interest is nowadays much more general. The priest and the parson, the squire and the schoolmaster are

glad to rub shoulders with the shopkeeper, the bank clerk, and even, occasionally, the farmer. There is a real hope that a people who have been overfond of singing about Malachi's collar of gold and boasting of the glories of the past, while knowing little or nothing about these things, are at last awakening to an interest in what has been and is being discovered about them.

Those who read papers to archaeological societies are not always skilled in the art of lecturing. They are apt to go too quickly for their audiences and to forget that the majority know practically nothing of the technicalities of their subject. Most rural field audiences are composed of three classes: the very few knowledgeable amateur archaeologists, those genuinely desirous of learning, and a surprising number of hangers-on, who for one reason or another think it well to be there. It is those in the middle category who will most appreciate Dr. Raftery's book. It will make intelligible for them in future much that they have been unable to understand in the past. From it they will learn not only about the things which have been discovered but also about the methods used in their discovery. And, if it does not make them itch to get out and start to dig, at any rate it will allow them to visit an excavation knowing that they will understand what is going on without running the risk of asking silly questions. It will help them to know "what the man is talking about."

The present reviewer puts himself in this middle category and as a member of it can only wonder at the author's erudition. The hierarchy might find things with which to disagree. Even in these days of scientific methods there is still much that is a matter of opinion and opinions will differ. But most of us will be thankful to put Dr. Raftery's book on our shelves as a reference of great authority.

The author himself draws our attention to a couple of minor blemishes. Much work has been done in Ireland, some of it by Dr. Raftery, since the book

was set up in type and it is a pity that there is no account of the results of it. A pity too that the good maps and diagrams could not have been larger. And we thought the photographs not always up to Batsford standard.

It was with a feeling of relief that we read the title of the second book. It was bound to be written some day and our only quarrel with the author is for not writing it sooner. No longer need we hedge when asked to recommend that very thing—a short history of Ireland.

Many axes have been ground in the name of Irish history. You will find the best of them featuring in Mr. Beckett's bibliography. He has taken them and forged of them a modest implement of his own, useful and workmanlike. The Irish Governments, north and south, might well consider subsidizing it to put it in the hands of a greater number of their citizens. And they could begin by authorizing it to be read by each member of their respective parliaments before he takes his oath. Less nonsense might be talked about the past and time saved for consideration of the future.

This is, however, only a beginner's book. Its readers will, it is hoped, be led to make a more intensive study of the subject. For the next step they cannot do better than take the advice implied in the first item in Mr. Beckett's bibliography—"E. Curtis, *History of Ireland*. By far the best general history."

F. A. G. WILLIS

TWO EGGS ON MY PLATE, by

Oluf Reed Olsen. *Allen & Unwin. 15s.*
MOROCCAN JOURNAL, by Rom Landau. *Robert Hale. 18s.*

It may be that some will complain that the literary style of Mr. Oluf Reed Olsen's book is somewhat pedestrian, but this in my opinion is an additional merit, for if the extraordinary adventures of this young Norwegian had been presented in a more dramatic fashion we would have suspected the intervention of a ghost-writer. Not surprisingly the book in Norwegian has had a vast success and in Mr. F. H. Lyon's translation

this will surely be repeated over here, for the reader is at once on the best of terms with the juvenile author who, with the Germans occupying his native land, manages to have a long, friendly talk with a soldier in charge of an anti-aircraft gun. Repeatedly during the demonstration the young man raised his hat and rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand, coughed and put his hat on again. Inside it was a small camera, the lens just visible through a small hole in the hat's crown. The coughing coincided with the taking of each photograph, to prevent the proud demonstrator from hearing suspicious noises.

Mr. Olsen's subsequent exploits during the war landed him in many a tight corner, both by land and sea, and when he found two eggs on his plate at breakfast he knew that he had been selected for a flight. When he and two comrades set about obtaining a vessel in which to cross over to Britain the purchase money, 1,000 crowns, was secured by the sale of his motor-cycle to an elderly engineer in Oslo, a man who had never in his life sat on a motor-cycle and in all probability would never attempt to do so. But he was one of the few who in those days had a thousand crowns in ready money, not under control in a frozen bank account; like the good Norwegian he was, he put his money into an enterprise in which he would more than gladly have participated himself. Our admiration must also go out to the author's Spartan mother who, when told that the North Sea would be crossed in that frail vessel, gave her son a long look and then merely asked: "What clothes do you want me to get ready for you, my boy?"

What Mr. Rom Landau does not know about Morocco cannot be worth learning; no subject from politics to clothes finds him wanting and on all of them he is urbanely informative. Talking of clothes, he introduces us to one of his numerous acquaintances by saying that even the incongruous plus-fours he was wearing under his *djellabah* could not detract from his impressiveness. It

is said by some that the young educated Berber has given up Islam, but one afternoon Mr. Landau came across three young Berbers laughing and joking in a garden; then suddenly their chatter ceased, they prostrated themselves and fell to their prayers. Mr. Landau has much to tell us of the Berbers; I am reminded of C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* who, when I was going to Tunis, asked me to be sure to devote one of a series of articles I was to write for him to the Berbers, as he was particularly interested in them. A Berber maid in the house of a French official where the author was being entertained had resolved that nothing was too good for a guest from England and so for his early morning tea she put in two spoonfuls of tea and half a spoonful of coffee.

This is indeed an enthralling book, for we are taken into every stratum of Moroccan society, from the Sultan and General Juin down to personages more picturesque than respectable. Mr. Landau might have mentioned that when Cunninghame Graham on a soap-box in Tangier was earnestly advocating the eight hours' day for labourers his audience began to be restless and he was warned not to continue, for none of them had ever worked as many hours as that. The men who in Morocco toil for unnumbered hours are the Officers of the Department of Native Affairs. It is, thinks Mr. Landau, a pity that they are so reluctant to train the natives into becoming either administrators or technicians. And it is a pity that this admirably illustrated book is devoid of any map.

HENRY BAERLEIN

THE BIRD LOVER'S WEEK-END BOOK, by Eric Hardy. *Seeley Service*. 15s.

A student of ornithology who studies this miniature encyclopaedia diligently will have gained the freedom of realms that take years of clear vision as is granted to few. We, the lovers of bird life, are a large army with only few non-commissioned officers and still fewer competent commanders. The intelli-

gence section of our ever growing force is small but distinguished and among its leaders Mr. Eric Hardy takes high place.

We, of the rank and file, are constantly faced by difficulties in field work; we can only see a little way; our view is localized, much eludes us. Painfully conscious of the gaps in our knowledge, we may even give up hope of filling them, but we shall find much material for repair work in Mr. Hardy's pages. We pass from quiet satisfaction to thrill as we recognize the fruits of close study and accurate observation; we gather confidence from the fact that all we can check has been faithfully recorded. If Mr. Hardy does not go astray where we can place our own experience by the side of his, we may accept statements we have never been able to verify. He ranges far and wide, giving us a valuable key to identification, interesting chapters on migration and distribution, and a delightful section called "The Breath of Country Air", in which he has gone for quotations to the lesser known writers on wild life. His guide to bird haunts is exhaustive, he discourses wisely about the watcher's equipment, weather guides and the plants that offer first aid to the student. At first sight the book may create uneasiness because much of the print is small and there are nearly 500 pages, but after brief acquaintance this 'week-end' collection becomes a friend, bringing us the unexpected information that is always welcome. Very pleasant are the few stories of devotion shown by birds to their mates; how good it is to be reminded of times when martins nested in the Strand and Fleet Street and the rooks of Edinburgh were not afraid of passers in the streets.

The chapter on enemies of our friends should give thought to many who belong to that unfortunate class, whether as egg collectors or 'sportsmen'. It is a pity that tales of slaughter on a gigantic scale should be regarded as things to remember rather than to regret; it is disquieting to read so late as 1948 an advertisement in the *Game-keeper's Gazette* stating: "All wings

and feathers bought." The professional egg stealers and the 'bag' makers are among the worst foes of our birds and it is well that Mr. Hardy should have placed some of their offences on record. Civilization has still a long road to travel and it is uphill all the way; although more than 2,500 years have passed since the Gospel of Kindness was proclaimed and the world taught that all sentient things have rights.

There must be days in the year when the bird lover is compelled by stress of weather or ailment to stay at home. On these occasions if he has no friend to whom to turn, Mr. Hardy can supply one. One could not hope for a better informed teacher but one could wish for more careful proof reading.

S. L. BENSUSAN

MERLIN OR THE RETURN OF ARTHUR, A Satiric Epic, by Martyn Skinner. *Frederick Muller*. 12s. 6d.

LES FLEURS DU MAL, by Pierre Charles Baudelaire. Rendered into English by Alan Conder. *Cassell*. 12s. 6d.

SELECTED POEMS, Old And New, by Gilbert Thomas. *George Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

THE HEART OF THINGS, by Geoffrey Johnson. *Williams & Norgate*. 6s.

In his new poem, *Merlin Or The Return Of Arthur*, the author of *Letters To Malaya* has produced a satiric epic which is witty, interesting and topical. Beginning with the last line of Tennyson's "Morte D'Arthur", Mr. Skinner has chosen to place his action in the "unheroic future", taking up the story where Mallory and Tennyson left it. Arthur, in Avalon, is joined by Lawrence, Wingate, and other such brave souls, but soon finds that the supply of heroes is diminishing. He is eventually recalled by Merlin, who comes

to lead him, like a second Virgil,
Back to a world that sorely missed its
Churchill.

The millennial gap between the Round

Table and the uranium bomb must be bridged, Arthur be made to understand the "drastic change from spires and spears to gamma-rays and gasworks." Modern Hell has been mechanized, and the descent to Avernus is down an escalated and fluorescent tunnel. There is the description of the "totalitarian technocracy" of Hell, where Arthur and Merlin watch an infernal film which shows, to mechanized applause, the progressive deterioration of the human race.

The poem has occasional flashes of beauty and plenty of wit to which the rhyme royal peculiarly lends itself:

It's clear time's course is not a smooth
but rucked one,
As dreams inform, and ghosts and
prophecies
Persuade, and Mr. Priestley's plays in-
struct one;
And that most strange adventure testifies
Of the two ladies, who, to their surprise,
Walking round Versailles, by a queer
intrusion,
Walked round it during the French
Revolution.

Nevertheless, there are times when Mr. Skinner fails to get on with the story, and is a little too repetitive, explanatory and discursive.

If, as has been claimed, *Les Fleurs du Mal* may be one of the two greatest literary achievements of the nineteenth century, many people who don't read French will probably be glad to have Mr. Conder's complete rendering into English as a crib. But I find myself unable to be enthusiastic about his translations as a poetic interpretation of the poems. In so many places where the French is thrilling, I found the English supposed-to-be-equivalent words downright ordinary or flat. For example, what could be worse than the following line from "The Portrait"?

Those transports, what remains, my soul?
ah, what!
And is 'My joyless heart, enshrouded
in black night' any sort of substitute for
"Mais mon coeur, que jamais ne visite
l'extase"? Perhaps we must wait for
Roy Campbell's translation.

One knows Mr. Gilbert Thomas best as an essayist, who in his book *Builders*

and *Makers* showed his belief in tradition. Now in his Preface for these *Selected Poems* he well says: "That they—and many of their successors—are not in the current fashion calls, perhaps for admission, but not for apology." He is a religious quietist, mellow, spiritually simple and sincere.

Like swallows in a shadowy minster
square,
Poising awhile, then mounting free again,
So round the cloistered fabric of the
brain

Flock wheeling visions from a wider air.
But he should be more on his guard
against the easy adjective. In "Re-
newal" 'aching brow', 'soft caress',
'fitful gleams', simply will not do.

In *The Heart Of Things* Mr. Geoffrey Johnson shows himself also temperamentally to be against the fashion of formlessness. But he, too, has reason at times to beware of the too obvious and the trite. For instance, he begins a poem "For A Young Girl": 'Slender and tall as a daffodil In tiptoe April mood' and, elsewhere: 'Birds laugh all gloomy fears to scorn.' On the other hand, in "The Heart Of Things", "Alternatives", and especially in "Le Petit Trianon" he is more successful in saying what he wants to say:

Only her ghost, grown wise but melan-
choly,
Straw-hatted, gowned in haze of daffodil,
Shadows the college girls of cultured
voice
Who mouth disruptive words of Marx and
Joyce
At a safe distance from the slums and
gutters,
And smiles a little wanly at their folly;
Then, hearing thunder rumble through
the chill,
Flits nimbly aloft, and sighing, bolts her
shutters.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

LET IT COME DOWN, by Paul Bowles. *John Lehmann*. 12s. 6d.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN, by William Sansom. *The Hogarth Press*. 12s. 6d.

SILVER WINGS, by E. M. Butler. *The Hogarth Press*. 8s. 6d.

There could be no more apt setting for the novel of an American expatriate

than Tangier. More perhaps here than anywhere on earth is there lacking the sense of a living past. Its prodigious flux and change, its uneasy dependence on the outside world, make it a microcosm of modern impermanence.

The insecurity of its life is not unattractive to the hero of *Let It Come Down*. His name is Dyar, and security is what he has fled from to North Africa. He cannot articulate his thoughts, but at one point Mr. Bowles does so for him. "Life needs no clarifying, no justification. From whatever direction the approach is made, the result is the same: life for life's sake, the transcending fact of the living individual." It is a simple enough philosophy, and in pursuit of it Dyar embraces every fugitive experience. He watches obscene films and takes money for work that is close to espionage. He is concerned to avoid being, as he phrases it to himself, one of the 'victims'. To this end, he passes from sex encounters, by way of theft and drugs, to the act of murder.

It may be that the sense of vacancy with which one leaves this novel is a studied effect. Possibly Mr. Bowles, despite appearances, holds no brief for his hero's mental stance. However this may be, no great novel is likely to spring from the predicament of a man such as Dyar. Emotionally and in mind, he fails to rise to that point at which his fortunes could command a genuine interest. This is all the more a pity since, given a worthy theme, Mr. Bowles writes so well. His style is of that kind—perhaps the highest kind—which is content to escape the reader's notice.

Both in its merit and its weaknesses, *Let It Come Down* is typical of much modern American fiction. Mr. Sansom appears by contrast a very English writer; by which I mean that his humour and his taste for situation lie close to a national norm. With this there goes, however, a penchant for the exotic and the occult aside from the general line of his achievement. In his new volume of stories he writes with fine detachment of incidents in Italy,

Austria, France and Spain. But as before, his hand becomes more certain nearer home: in the narrow ways of Soho and the suburban fastnesses of Surrey. "Impatience" is remarkable for a disturbingly exact description of a razor fight; it has a fidelity to life which reconciles one to its theme. And in pleasanter vein, "On Stony Ground" is diverting as an essay in social comedy. In this story, indeed, Mr. Sansom is on ground that he has made peculiarly his own: that region of experience in which the spurs of love are painfully enjoyed. For anyone who cares for the future of English writing, he remains a reassuring author to read.

It is always a rash act for a novelist to claim too much for his characters. Told that A is a profound thinker, that B is a great wit, the reader will look for some flowers of thought or speech. In *Silver Wings* Miss Butler takes the far more dangerous step of offering the first part of her own story as the work of an imaginary major novelist. True, she protests that it is a minor work; that only its author's name and the circumstances of its writing give it interest. But belief is impaired, and is not restored by the persuasions of an unlikely Professor of Aesthetics. His address, misinterpreting the novel in the light of a discovered letter, forms the second of the book's three parts. The third, or *dénouement*, is furnished by a nephew of the novelist. It will be seen that *Silver Wings* numbers among its objects a satire of literary scholarship. It mildly derides the folly of such judgments and the language in which they are framed. But satire of this kind can only be safely conducted from a literary eminence, and this Miss Butler's own performance lacks. Her characters are ill distinguished, while her suggestions of enigma serve rather to annoy than to excite. One is tempted to exclaim, somewhat after the manner of Thurber: "What do you want to be enigmatic for?"

JOHN EALES

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Freshening winds, to cool a humid July day and the brow of a tugging slave, help to launch this month's galley on a heart-lifting surge. They come from *THE BROADS* (Robert Hale Regional Books. 18s.) whose 50 years' acquaintanceship with R. H. Mottram, a distinguished son of Norwich, he now gratefully records and commends. He traces the growth of a revolution no less, from the complete isolation of village and estate (and only 150 miles outside London) to the coming of the motor cruiser. The Romans and the Norsemen occupied and raided; the Church and the landed gentry contributed quotas of change; trader, naturalist, scientist, antiquarian and holiday-maker have helped or harmed; the war studded "those familiar sheets of water with anti-landing devices," and the vulgarities of 'civilization' since threaten ever more rampantly. What is to be the future, Mr. Mottram asks rather apprehensively, national park, private reserve or commercial exploitation? Adorning his story is a generous sprinkling of autobiography—to recall the pleasures of reading *The Spanish Farm*. He makes us, who have drifted under the spell of Venice, realize with something of a start that lagoons, like charity, begin at home, and persuades us that if we weren't returning to Spain (albeit almost penniless) we should be going for a holiday this year on the Broads.

Cowboys and Indians

Another refreshing breeze, blowing across the air-conditioned darkness of the cinema, brings *GOOD COMPANY* by Mary Field (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) with a survey of the children's entertainment film movement in Great Britain between 1943 and 1950, catering for "the 400,000 children between the ages of 7 and 13 who attend the Odeon and Gaumont Cinema Clubs every Saturday morning." Readers should not allow their natural boredom with respectful reference to Mr. J. Arthur Rank or to

his Yorkshire perspicacity to deter them from learning of the hazards, the excitements, the pains and the rewards of such an enterprise. For Miss Field as its director is modest enough, and herself good company and competent guide in territory which for most adults has been uncharted. More's the pity that films like *Pen Pictures from Rhodesia*, *Jean's Plan*, *Trek to Mashomba*, *Circus Boy* and *Fortune Lane* as described here should not have been available to grown-ups, for whom one of the exceptions, *Bush Christmas*, was a memorable experience. The difficulties of a new technique for a new public, of pointing the moral without stressing it, of 'cowboy and Indian' appeal minus the cruelty (modern westerns being gangster films in fancy dress—and "it cannot be useful for children to meet regularly at the cinema the kind of characters you would seek to shield them from in real life", says Miss Field), of gauging 'audience reaction', of distribution, of costs, of public relations, are authoritatively explained. The now Executive Officer of the Children's Film Foundation has written a work that every teacher, probation officer and magistrate should take counsel from and keep for reference.

Flowers of the field

Still preoccupied with open-air themes, we find a subtler kind of reference book in *THE FLOWER IN SEASON* (*The Bodley Head*. 15s.). Jocelyn Brooke, the author of *The Military Orchid*, has prepared not merely a calendar of wild flowers but a book by a "month-addict"; March to him means coltsfoot, and August purple loosestrife with "the seaside no bad place" for botanizing. He cunningly ensures that the appropriate chapter is read at the right time by providing no index for casual inquirers. And the drawings of Charles W. Stewart are immediately identifiable by the knowledgeable but are innocent of captions, a con-

cession to the novice apparently being the list opposite the contents page. There is much of country lore, of superstition, quackery or cure and, if the book is like *Hamlet* full of quotations, it also enshrines the stuff from which history is made.

The lovesome thing

Less of legend and more of practical planning went into that institution *THE VICTORIAN FLOWER GARDEN* (Skeffington. 12s. 6d.). And how beautiful at its best it could be is demonstrated by some of the illustrations in Geoffrey Taylor's unobtrusively erudite study. No incentive here to wait and read with the rotating seasons; one starts with the background chapter and races through the saga of nineteenth century bedding-out, glasshouses, returns to nature, cottage gardens, ferns and fir trees, and flowered and figured landscapes. Reading outdoors, one comes to at last—to see faded blooms unsnipped, loganberries unplucked, strawberry runners unpegged and grass unown. Only one description disturbed the trance: of G. H. Lewes as "a typical uneminent Victorian."

Helpmates

That he was more truly eminent and untypical than some of his better advertised contemporaries is not to be doubted after finishing *MARIAN EVANS AND GEORGE ELIOT* (Oxford University Press. 25s.) by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Here is another book (volume is the proper word) voraciously read on the garden seat while the tomato plants grew a foot higher and dowager blackbirds strutted insolently near. It was shamelessly begged from the editor who, as G. H. Lewes was *THE FORTNIGHTLY*'s first editor, might justifiably have passed it for more solemn and protracted treatment by an eminent Elizabethan. But having enjoyed the Hanson's *Four Brontës* and recently praised

their life of Jane Carlyle *Necessary Evil* in another place, I was eager to keep a kindly eye on the progress of this partnership in partnered biography. All is well, except for those end notes which go from exhaustive to exhausting* so the reader is advised to spend an hour or two going through them all in a lump when much supplementary information will be usefully gleaned.

As for the rest, here is as satisfactory an account of that perfect and morally unsound union—fruitful yet childless, both blamed and acclaimed by the world, and fundamentally as respectable as the Brownings—as is ever likely to be written. This was no Ellen Terry, lighthearted and lovely and allowed by profession to be erratic, but a timid woman of formidable scholarship, plain, dowdy and dedicated, appropriating a married man of lively wit, indomitable in the face of trials, wise, tender, "a first-rate journalist and critic and a devoted man," whose children came to love and regard her as their own mother. Only a remarkable couple could have so quietly and determinedly flouted Victorian standards and lived happily ever afterwards. Almost as astonishing was her friendship with the much younger Mr. Cross, who became her husband after the death of Lewes, with Herbert Spencer and with other outstanding men; then women like Barbara Bodichon and Bessie Parkes (who can be met more fully as the mother of Hilaire Belloc in the enchanted pages of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' *I too have lived in Arcadia*) loved her too. Although he does not share the Hanson book title it is safe to say that but for Lewes, the novelist 'George Eliot' would never have evolved from his beloved and learned Marian Evans. His insight and encouragement were the power behind the throne that produced *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *The Mill on the Floss* and *Middlemarch*—eminence indeed.

* Some of them are frankly idiotic: for example on p.145: "At their house in Blandford Square 8 . . ." and after searching for the chapter 16 group of notes (the book marker having fallen out or been left in the foregoing page) you find on p.350 "8 No. 5" and your pleasure is exasperatedly interrupted while you ask yourself futilely why on earth the number of the house was not included in the text.

Pirates and camouflagers

IN NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH BOOKS, three Windsor Lectures in Librarianship by Gordon N. Ray, Carl J. Weber and John Carter (*University of Illinois Press*, \$3.00), George Eliot's name is mentioned only once and incidentally, implying that bibliographically speaking her works present no puzzles. For the subjects of these addresses are the "The Importance of Original Editions" by one whose name recalls the collection and editing of Thackeray's letters, "American Editions of English Authors" by Carl J. Weber, the Hardy biographer, and "Some Bibliographical Agenda" by the English member of the Council of the National Book League who prepared the catalogue and arranged its lovely exhibition of Victorian fiction (in which George Eliot was generously represented) in 1947. As Robert B. Downs in the Foreword says: "... the peculiar bibliographical and related problems of the period require extensive study and offer a rich field for investigators." In seizing the opportunity the three lecturers have brought to light many startling and sometimes disquieting facts, particularly about trans-Atlantic changes in text.

Love and death

It was in New York however that a native of Dorset first heard praise of himself. As he signed the hotel register in the early 1920's the clerk said: "Are you the Llewelyn Powys who writes on Africa?"—a sweet sound to hear after years of presuming it was obvious he could never hope to make a living in England out of writing. Kenneth Hopkins, who was the recipient of those letters of Powys published in 1949 called *Advice to a Young Poet*, has now made a selection from his works entitled LLEWELYN POWYS (*Macdonald*, 16s.). Thirteen years after his death, some of the pieces will be familiar, but much has been out of print; or there are letters never before published or essays uncollected in book form. The headings of the sections are "Autobiographical", "Philosophical", "The Countryside", "Literature", "Travel", "Twenty Letters", and "Love and Death". While indicating his range of thought and interest, the list also provokes the wonder that a man whose whole adult life was dogged by tuberculosis should have found time and energy for such an output. The publishers claim truly that "the volume as a whole gives a very fair view of one of the great writers of our generation." With its generous illustrations (one of the best photographs was taken by the author of the first book noticed in these three pages, as it is suspected were also some of those in *The Broads*) and general handsomeness it should certainly entice newcomers, and for established readers its virtues as a memorial are manifest.

Song and dance

Another handsome and indeed elaborate book and one to chase away melancholy is *APOLOGIE DE LA DANSE* (Frederick Muller, 45s.): A Treatise of Instruction in Dancing and Deportment given in the Original French of F. de Lauze, 1623, with a Translation, Introduction and Notes by Joan Wildeblood, the Music Transcribed by Eduardo M. Torner. On the principle and methods of the dance and of deportment and technique as set forth here are based the ballet of to-day and the ballroom dancing of yesterday. While its appeal is thus primarily to the exponent and the professional practitioner, the general reader can hear tinkling music three centuries old as words like *capriole*, *courante*, *bransles*, *glissade*, *retirade*, *gaillarde* and *gavotte* go dancing across the pages.—To squeeze sound that does not tinkle to the size of a footnote is little short of an insult to ITALIAN OPERA (*Max Parrish*, 8s. 6d.). Here Rossini, Donizetti, Scarlatti, Verdi, Puccini and the others are lustily striding, and as is to be expected in the World of Music series the 40 illustrations are worthy of the theme and of Francis Toye's treatment of it.

GRACE BANYARD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1952

PUNISHMENT FOR WAR CRIMES

MR. CHOU EN-LAI, Foreign Minister of the People's Republic of China, on July 13 issued in Peking a statement announcing his country's adherence to the Geneva convention on prisoners of war, one of the four humanitarian conventions drafted by the representatives of 58 nations in conference in Geneva from April to August 1949. The Chinese adherence, however, was qualified by certain reservations, the most important being rejection of the International Red Cross as a substitute for a protecting power, Moscow and Peking both having questioned the impartiality of this universally respected institution, and the assertion that prisoners of war who had been convicted as war criminals according to the principles established by the international military tribunals of Nuremberg and Tokyo should not be entitled to the benefit of the convention. This last reservation could only signify the Peking Government's intention of seeking the conviction of certain U.S. airmen in their hands on the ground of alleged participation in the so-called germ warfare of which Communist propaganda accuses the United States.

The Chinese statement provoked an important correspondence in *The Times*. For Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cork and Orrery the Chinese attitude was a logical outcome of the cancellation of the rule that members of the armed forces who commit violations of the rules of warfare, as are ordered by their Government or commander, are not war criminals and cannot be punished by the enemy. It is true that until 1944 a paragraph virtually thus worded appeared in the section "The Laws and Customs of War" contributed by Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds in collaboration with Professor L. Oppenheim to the *British Manual of Military Law*. In the 1944 edition the paragraph was altered to read, according to General Edmonds, "exactly the opposite". Lord Cork and Orrery concluded regretfully that the enemy was now entitled to try and to punish prisoners of war whom they might choose to accuse of "war crimes" and we are "on a poor wicket when we protest on their behalf."

Lord Maugham, who in 1951 published a book entitled *U.N.O. and War Crimes*, supported the view of Lord Cork and Orrery and added that the British Government, while authorizing the trial and punishment in the British zone of Germany of "violations of the laws and usages of war committed during any war waged after September 2, 1939," deliberately abstained from introducing the newly-invented "crimes against

humanity" categories, and thus avoided "the almost insuperable" difficulty of defining a war of aggression. Agreeing with both correspondents, Lord Hankey maintained that the whole system should be scrapped and that the Allies should admit that Nuremberg and Tokyo had not fulfilled the hopes of their originators.

Lord Wright, who was chairman of the U.N. War Crimes Commission for several years and is responsible for a volume on *The History of the U.N. War Crimes Commission and the Development of the Laws of War* (1948), stated that it was right to re-frame the unfortunate paragraph of the manual in question because it was completely contrary to the rule of law and to the principles of military law. A soldier, Lord Wright pointed out, is bound only to obey lawful orders, with the result that obviously illegal orders do not constitute a defence. Lord Cork and Orrery, while maintaining that it was a mistake to abandon the principle that members of the armed forces who obey orders are not war criminals, admits, however, that givers of orders violating the recognized rules of warfare are liable to trial and punishment.

The views expressed in this correspondence, it seems to us, confuse political expediency, moral issues and precedents of international law. Monstrous crimes were committed and the discovery of the conditions in the concentration camps of Buchenwald, Dachau, Oswiecim and dozens of others appalled the civilized world. It was impossible to allow such atrocities to go unpunished. To execute the perpetrators forthwith or otherwise punish them by summary action would have meant to adopt the very totalitarian principles and methods against which we had fought. Trial by an international tribunal was thus the only way.

In a world of sovereign States international law grows only by custom, precedent and international agreements. Therefore, it was of the utmost importance that the tribunal should be impartial to create a sound precedent. We know that Soviet pressure precluded the creation of a tribunal of neutrals. In the political situation and the moral atmosphere existing in 1945 the actual constitution of the Nuremberg tribunal was a compromise and the presence of British, U.S. and French judges at least ensured a fair trial. But the moral significance of this precedent was nevertheless vitiated by the fact that the victors were judging the vanquished and, worse still, the accomplices of the Nazi leaders of 1939 were among their judges in 1946.

NATIONALISM IN JAPAN

By HUGH H. SMYTHE

SENATOR ERNEST MCFARLAND, speaking in support of ratification of the Japanese Peace Treaty and the Security Pact, said in the United States Senate on March 20: "From them hopes for a democratic Asia can begin." Here in Japan those close to the scene wondered whether the Senate Majority leader was conscious of the gathering momentum of the re-emergence of nationalistic, militaristic, and extreme right-wing groups. As Japan has approached actual independence these groups have felt it safe to come into the open and to step up their activity. Because these are the forces largely responsible for instigating and helping to prosecute the last war and who are most likely to defeat the development of incipient democracy in Japan, they need closer scrutiny than the West has been giving them. There could hardly be a more auspicious time for the rise of nationalistic forces in Japan than now. The Occupation has come to an end, and the Prime Minister, Shigeru Yoshida, is being subjected to mounting criticism because of his efforts to build power, but without arousing effective censure from either the Japanese people or his Western supporters. Further, his unilateral decision to recognize Nationalist China and his handling of the Administrative Agreement annexed to the U.S.-Japan Security Pact involving the principle of extra-territoriality, and the recently enacted anti-subversive law, have resulted in growing protest in Japan and added to the confusion of an already disturbed situation.

In addition, the political parties are all suffering from internal troubles. The Prime Minister's own Liberal Party is in the midst of an intra-party squabble over its key secretary-generalship. The only legitimate liberal-leftist opposition, the Socialists, have been torn asunder by rancour over foreign policy, especially as it concerns Russia. Although strict government surveillance and rigid control make the Communists the weakest political component in Japan, the Yoshida Government is now trying to use them as a scapegoat in order to divert attention from encroachments upon democratic liberties from the right. In such conditions the rightists expect this year to be propitious for their rise to power in Japan, since they feel the people are now not too sure that they will be politically independent with the legal recognition of sovereignty.

After years of war and Occupation, life for the masses is miserable in Japan. The cities are crowded with human remnants from the rural

areas, and in spite of special regional governmental allowances industrial workers find it difficult to eke out a bare existence on an average monthly income of less than \$30 even if there were no increasing threat of unemployment. The Welfare Ministry estimates that there are to-day some 80,000 women who have been driven into living as *pan-pans*—postwar prostitutes soliciting on the streets. Labour is unhappy under rigid governmental restrictions and the planned new labour control law.

The poor farmer, trying to scratch out an existence on an acre or two of small rice paddies, has found trying to support a family averaging six persons on approximately a net income of \$7 a month a losing battle. Many have placed their farmlands under mortgage, or sold them back to the Government in order to pay debts, while others have sold their children, especially daughters, under contracts tantamount to human traffic. This disgruntled mass will provide grist for the "loyalty and patriotism" mill upon which the rightist groups thrive.

There is a shortage of schools to-day and those which exist are overcrowded and in poor condition. Teachers are among the lowest paid people in Japan with some earning less than \$15 a month, and university instructors are considered fortunate if they earn as much as \$45. They are a dispirited group in society, groping at loose ends. This is the condition of the intelligentsia in general; the principal source of enlightened and thoughtful leadership is unable to supply the intellectual guidance which the people need. The rightists, knowing of the tremendous corruption going on in Government (more than 10,000 cases were reported last year alone), the weaknesses of the political parties, and the extent to which any real domestic crisis will endanger democratic government, are awaiting their chance to swing back.

The groundwork for the comeback of nationalist groups was laid in the autumn of 1951, when more than 2,500 right-wing leaders were depurged; the Government began a programme of incorporating into the new Japanese army (the National Police Reserve) former field officers from the old Imperial army who had also been on the purge list; the signing of the peace treaty and the security pact with the United States opened the way for actual rearmament. Various forces each with a distinctive programme and purpose, advocated basically three policies: the unification of Asiatic races against the white imperialists of the West, ultra-nationalism and the centring of leadership of revived Japanese militarism in former Imperial officers. All claim anti-Communism and preach policies of social democracy as strategy to gain popular support. In June the Government reported that there were 300,000 Japanese members of 800 nationalist organizations.

The most influential rightist group is the new political party formed in February from several shopworn conservative factions and incongruously called the Progressive Party. It now forms the largest opposition force

in the Diet with 72 seats in the House of Representatives and 14 in the House of Councillors. Although its titular head is Mamoru Shigemitsu, class A war criminal and foreign minister in Tojo's military cabinet, it is controlled and its activities are directed by two well-seasoned politicians banned by the Occupation from public life but recently depurged: Kenzo Matsumara, a loquacious and expansive individual, and Tokutaro Kitamura, taciturn, tough and resolute. They are both ex-Cabinet Ministers with long records as rabid nationalists. Neither is known abroad, an advantage in their leadership of the right, since neither can be readily identified with Japan's wartime escapades. The hard core of this group consists of members of the bureaucracy, the principal element from pre-war and wartime Japanese politics that the Occupation failed to touch in its reformation politics and which has survived almost intact. With this well entrenched conservative right-wing element behind the new party, the Progressives have come forth announcing as guiding principles the creation of a "self-defence corps to protect the Japanese race"; the return of Japanese colonies including American-held Okinawa and Bonins; "large" State subsidies to families of war dead and disabled veterans; stronger centralization of education; correction of the "faults of capitalism on the basis of co-operativism" to remedy the "evils of capitalism" and "the promotion of the national spirit of the Japanese people."

A second influential rightist group is the *Nippon Kakumei Kikuhata Doshikai* (Japanese Revolutionary Chrysanthemum Flag Association), with headquarters in Kyushu, a traditional centre of blatant Japanese nationalism. The heart of its dogma is what it calls "noble socialism" a system resting upon a foundation of nationalism. The movement recruits members from the working classes, including both city workers and peasants. It consists of two factions, Shimazu and Fukushima. Both of them expound the growth of race-consciousness among the Japanese and advocate rearmament. The Shimazu sect is carrying on its activity largely in the mining and industrial districts of Hokkaido, the northernmost of the four main islands of Japan. Last summer the Fukushima faction issued what it referred to as the "August 14 Declaration" which called for the immediate establishment of an army of 250,000 men, the revival of universal military conscription, and the development of an air force of at least 2,000 planes. Unlike pre-war rightist groups, *Kikuhata* attempts to enlist mass support, uses democratic symbols (emancipation of the worker, the dignity of man, harmonization of the pursuits of happiness and profit), and is developing a programme similar to that which Hitler's National Socialists used to climb to power in Germany. Beginning in January it entered upon a three-year drive to increase its membership and form a political party, with labour as the backbone, to pave the way for entering national politics and

eventual control of the Diet.

A third group of importance is the revived *Toa-Renmei* (East Asia League) formerly headed by Lt.-General Kanji Ishihara who led the clique opposing Tojo for control of the old Imperial army, but after his death by Lt.-General Tsuyoshi Wada, who commanded the Japanese army in Manchuria. Although Lt.-General Wada is still on the purge list, most of the principal members have been depurged and the group has begun to function openly, holding a convention in Yamagata in late 1951 and forming itself into a political party called *Kyowato* (Unionist Party). Its rallying cry is: "Don't shed Asiatic blood for America or Russia" and its guiding principles are: (1) absolute neutrality, (2) strengthening of the Emperor system (including restoration of his divine status), (3) establishment of "public industry" forces (revival of pre-war Japanese development companies that were used to exploit conquered territories) to "promote" the ruined lands of Asia, (4) an increase in agricultural workers, and (5) the development of a plan to make Japan self-sufficient in food supply. This group professes to be against both capitalism and Communism and is trying to build a strong national organization around the Emperor. It claims to have 40,000 members.

A fourth group, whose activity is carried on largely through local poetry and art organizations, is known as the *Fuji Kado-kai* (Peerless Poetry Association). It is pushing a nationalistic programme under the guise of encouraging a renaissance of Japanese poetry. Its activities are directed by Shoji Kageyama. It is a strongly unified organization with 2,000 well disciplined members under the firm control of its leaders and works through 30 local affiliates scattered throughout the country masquerading as poetry and art associations. As yet it has not openly entered politics.

A fifth group is the *Shinsei Nippon Kokumin Domei* (New Japan National League). It was organized in May 1951, announcing as its principal aim the destruction of Communism. Its leadership has not been definitely established, but three well-known pre-war right-wingers—Kenichiro Honma, Torao Maeda, and Zenichi Suzuki—are said to be guiding it. A sixth, the *Daiwato* (Great Harmony Party), is a nationalist group which concentrates upon creating subordinate local groups among workers in heavy industries with the proclaimed aim of organizing to fight Communism in local communities. Currently its "president" is reported to be planning a world tour "to gather ideas."

Seventh, there is the *Dai Nippon Dokuritsu Seinen-To* (Young Men's Self-Defence Corps). Its leader is a young ex-soldier, Wataro Shimizu, who is using as part of his propaganda to gain support a letter from John Foster Dulles congratulating him on the fine work he is doing in the fight against Communism. The thesis of this group is "a new life for the race." Shimizu's associates are generally young ex-soldiers whose

rallying call is that "the third world war must be limited to the United States and the Soviet Union" and that "Asians will not fight other Asians." An eighth group, the New Life Council, operating under the leadership of Shigeyuki Ogisu, a prominent member of the influential wartime Adults Imperial Rule Association, is now in the midst of a membership drive. It calls for a "New Patriotic Spirit" which cannot be realized by Japan's allying herself with either the United States or Russia, but can come to fruition only by Japanese self-reliance. This is an attempt to revive an exclusive type of nationalistic feeling that was fanned strongly by the militarists during the war period. As yet, the New Life Council remains vague as to how to make its special brand of patriotic spirit functional and dominant.

In addition there are minor organizations whose programmes are vaguely formulated but who are beginning to make themselves heard. Examples of these are the *Rikken Yosei-kai* (Constitutional Rights Association), *Aigo-juku* (Beloved Homeland Organization), *Dai Nippon Itsushinkai* (Great Japan Renovated Association), *Shiranuika-kai* (Sea Fire Association), *Daito-juku* (Great Asia Organization), *Meirinkai* (High Morals Association) and *Sokoku* (Fatherland). And in the universities small pockets of right-wing elements are being formed around wartime soldier students and ex-cadets from the old Imperial armed forces officer training schools.

Simultaneously with the growth of nationalistic organizations, ex-military officers' groups have also moved into the open and are beginning to reactivate their former organizations. Former high-ranking officers of the old Imperial forces are furthering programmes which are certain to have an effective appeal to ex-soldiers and to the more conservative members of the younger generation. Some are establishing co-operative farm organizations in the conservative rural areas, which have historically supplied the bulk of the manpower for Japan's armed forces; they are helping ex-soldiers, both on the land and in business ventures in cities; some are giving individuals personal help through donations of food and clothing; others are assisting families whose sons were killed in the war. Now that Japan is frankly rearming, these officers' organizations are increasingly active. The Government needs their experience and they believe that they have a good chance to move back into power. This belief received a major boost on March 13 when ex-Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura of wartime fame, immediately after his depurging, in a statement for the *Tokyo Shimbun* said: "It is natural for Japan to rearm and what is important is actually to launch a rearmament programme. Japan can complete remilitarization within two or three years if former army and navy officers are employed." In addition, the big brass from the old Imperial armed forces expect to regain status on the military front through bartering their services for pensions, which so far the Govern-

ment has not deemed expedient to grant during the Occupation.

One specific military group that might bear close watching is the *Hattori-kan* (Hattori Machine), whose spiritual centre is ex-General Sadamu Shimomura and whose programme is guided by ex-Colonel Tukushiro Hattori. Colonel Hattori was an officer of the Imperial General Staff; following the surrender he served in the Repatriation Bureau. Prominent in this group are ex-Major Generals Takeo Imai and Masanobu Tsuji and ex-Colonel Zenshiro Hara. It has already drawn up a plan for dividing the country into nine military districts with a commander in each and advocates placing the nation under martial law until remilitarization is completed. It forbids the use of any Japanese military personnel of officer rank that was associated in any way with the Occupation; advocates recruiting young Japanese under 30 years of age, and says that if the United States refuses to supply arms, Japan will turn to Russia for help and suggests joining up with the Russian bloc in this event. It calls this programme "A Reconstruction Movement for the Defence of the Country."

Another organization is the Japan Defence Research Institute, which is composed chiefly of ex-naval officers. It has already publicized a plan for rebuilding the Japanese navy around a nucleus of 40,000 men, ships totalling 280,000 tons, 2,100 planes, and a marine brigade to include four cruisers, four escort carriers, 13 destroyers, 150 coast defence ships, 60 submarine chasers, 30 mine sweepers, four to six mine layers, six transport vessels, eight submarines, and scores of localized defence craft. Other military groups are centred around former Imperial Army officers as General Yasuji Okamura, General Jinzaburo Mazaki, Major General Goyu Iwabata, and Major General Mazunari Ugaki. These military groups in particular need to be more carefully scrutinized now as Japan's rearmament programme begins to take definite shape. It is now known that during the spring of 1951 while Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida was secretly drawing up his plans for remilitarizing Japan he had the help of former Imperial army Lt.-General Eiichi Tatsumi and ex-Imperial navy Rear Admiral Yoshio Yamamoto. Both of these men are now being assisted by generals and admirals from the wartime armed forces. Colonel Takushiro Hattori had expected to participate in drafting the plans for rebuilding Japan's armed forces but because he has been prominent in the political coulisses since 1950 and closely associated with Ichiro Hatoyama (former president of the Liberal Party who was purged on the eve of assuming the premiership in 1946 and now is contesting with Mr. Yoshida for control of the party since his depurge) and Democratic Representative and ex-Prime Minister Hitoshi Ashida, both political opponents of Mr. Yoshida, the Prime Minister has refused to allow Colonel Hattori to have anything to do with the rearmament programme.

It is also specially important to watch the infiltration of officers from the old Imperial army. Currently 24 full colonels from the wartime military clique, said to be carefully selected by Mr. Yoshida and his *aides*, have been undergoing special training at the officer training school at Kurihama prior to assignment to key command posts in the National Police Reserve. The possibility of their taking over the actual leadership of the new army and determining its character has elements of grave danger for new Japan. Another straw in the wind is that Takeo Ohashi, State Minister without Portfolio, who has worked closely with Mr. Yoshida on the rearmament plans, stated on January 10 in Tokyo that he planned to appoint additional Imperial army officers to the N.P.R. as the new armed force expands this year. Presumably Mr. Ohashi knows his facts, since his actions, utterances, and recent political behaviour indicate that he is being groomed to become Japan's first Minister of Defence when the Government sets up this post after the Peace Treaty goes into effect. With a Cabinet Minister voicing such plans before the memory of the military control of the Government and its disastrous consequences has faded away, as the *Asahi* pointed out on January 7, "there are dangerous possibilities that these military groups may develop and shape their activities as to interfere in politics."

An important aspect of nationalism in Japan has always been the Emperor, since he has traditionally been the spiritual core of Japanese allegiance. While Japan is a constitutional monarchy now, no one (especially the average Japanese citizen) makes the mistake of thinking the rôle of the throne is as passive as it is in other countries with this form of government. Because the throne plays such an important part in Japanese life (remember that the Japanese Supreme Council for the Direction of the War, although unsuccessful, tried to have the Potsdam Declaration allow Japan to surrender "with the understanding that the said declaration does not compromise any demand which prejudices the prerogatives of His Majesty as sovereign ruler"), the type of person who follows the 51-year-old monarch on the throne is of extreme significance to the future course of the Japanese nation.

The Emperor is said to feel "soiled" by the onus of Occupation, and there is said to be a possibility that he will abdicate in favour of his son, Crown Prince Akihito. In the latter part of 1951 there was a struggle between liberal and old-time conservative factions in Japan concerning the education of Akihito. Liberals throughout the country wanted the 17-year-old prince to go abroad to begin his college work this year, preferably to the United States; or if not abroad, to let him enter Tokyo University which draws students from all segments of Japanese society and possesses the country's reportedly most progressive faculty. But court advisers and conservative politicians, fearful of exposing him to the liberalizing influences he would be certain to meet in either of these

places, rejected them as being contrary to "traditional feeling" and "dangerous to the sanctity of the throne."

Instead, they decided that Akihito should attend the small, ultra-conservative Gakushuin University in Tokyo, an institution traditionally open only to the sons of the former nobility and aristocrats. The pre-war reputation of Gakushuin was that of a centre of conservative, super-patriotic, nationalistic, and anti-Western teaching. Whether the university has changed fundamentally since the Occupation is open to question. Three of Japan's most notorious ultra-nationalistic professors, who were purged by the Occupation for their wartime activity—Shigetaka Suzuki, Tadamasa Isobe, and Iwao Koyama—were appointed to top teaching positions there as soon as they were depurged. In addition, on January 11, President Yoshinari Abe announced that although he knew the "nature and colour" of Professor Iwao Takayama's activities during the war as an alleged collaborator with the militarists, he intended to appoint him also to a professorship. These are among the teachers who will help to mould the thinking of the future emperor.

As all of these forces of the extreme right re-emerge and militarism begins to rise again in Japan it is well to remember that Japan historically has provided them with rich soil in which to take root and grow. One must not be misled by the jaunty pronouncements of prominent officials that a few years of Occupation have of themselves built a sound structure of democracy among the Japanese people as a whole. Japan's history almost without exception is one of authoritarian rule; even the parliamentary Constitution of 1889 was based on Bismarck's Prussia. The Japanese have had no opportunity to learn democratic responsibility, since even their teachers—the Occupation—were necessarily both military and authoritarian. As the West encourages the rearmament of Japan for reasons of military strategy, it may be ensuring the return to power of nationalistic and militaristic forces which were and are the greatest enemies of the democratic cause. As Dr. Kyo Tsuneto, President of Osaka Municipal University, recently said in a public statement:

Rearmament is nothing but the restoration of Old Japan. It is tragic, deplorable and will be unfortunate for the world. Financially, it is an unbearably heavy burden. Because of it the resurgence of Fascism in Japan is likely. Democracy in Japan is still young, immature. It needs constant and tender care. Fascism will once again trample down the budding democracy. Militarism will be certain to grow and prosper to an extent beyond the reach and control of the Government.

Thus the West needs to be more careful in the thinking which has so far characterized her arrangements with Japan; her concentration on having Japan as a military ally in the fight against Communism can conceivably lead to the loss of Japan as ideologically the one sound ally in Asia.

(In 1951 Dr. Hugh H. Smythe left Columbia University's East Asian Institute to accept a visiting professorship at Yamaguchi National University in Japan, from where he writes.)

REUNION IN GERMANY

II PARTY POLITICS

By M. J. BONN

IT goes without saying that few people are enthusiastic over German rearmament. It is thoroughly unpopular in Germany, apart from professional soldiers and foot-loose ex-troopers. Hardly anybody wants to be conscripted, and few thinking men desire the resurrection of the so-called volunteer army established at the behest of the Anglo-American powers after Versailles, the leaders of which finally betrayed the republican Government. There is moreover a deep-seated conscientious objection to war in religious circles, intensified by the knowledge that the third war would have to be waged on German territory, and become a fratricidal struggle. Yet western Germany wants to be secure and, without a military contribution on her part, the United States is not prepared to help to defend Europe in Europe.

German Socialists are not opposed to rearmament as such; they have concentrated their attacks on the European Defence Community. They do not like the formation of what they call a Lilliputian European Union, the first instalments of which are the Schuman pact and the Defence Community. In their eyes, they and the Contract with Germany will block the way to reunion; one of their moderate members has called the Contract worse than the Versailles treaty. As neither NATO nor in particular the European Defence Community are likely to be used for aggressive purposes, there does not seem to be any reason why Russia should make concessions to a menace which she feels pretty certain will never materialize. They are thus of no use to those Germans to whom reunion comes first; in fact they are bound to widen the split between the two Germanys, by speeding up rearmament in the eastern zone, where enthusiasm for a crusade for liberation can easily be kindled. Rearmament to secure "world peace and reunion" may well find greater response from the young than rearmament to safeguard partition.

One of Dr. Schumacher's great achievements has been the almost complete elimination of the Communist parliamentary party in western Germany. No doubt the experiences of millions of Germans in the Soviet paradise during and after the war have facilitated his task. But social conditions in many parts of western Germany are bad enough to favour

Communism. Yet it has got no hold on the masses or on organized labour; in Germany the pinkish intellectuals who follow Mr. Bevan in this country are conspicuous by their absence. But the passionate propaganda for peace and reunion in which Communist eastern Germany is indulging, is a challenge which western Social Democrats cannot ignore. They cannot afford to let the Communists monopolize German patriotism and rouse a fervent nationalism in the guise of pacifism. They must meet this disloyal competition with a positive policy. There are moreover millions of refugees, victims of Russian policies, and their reception in over-crowded western Germany has not always been too friendly. Some of them have succeeded in striking roots and have settled down, more or less contentedly, with their families; they are rapidly being integrated in the regional frame of German life, to which they have often made valuable contributions. But thousands and thousands float about without home and hope. They have not been attracted by the regular German political parties, and have now formed parties of their own. In some *Länder* they have successfully entered a coalition government. By upbringing and traditions, they are rather conservative, but their situation draws them towards the Socialists, who for nearly a century have acted as the representatives of the "expropriated". Few people are more inclined towards radicalism than hopelessly pauperised former property owners. German Socialism has long ago given up the primitive, purely distributive attitude, which still flourishes in the British Labour party. But it can hardly refuse the chance of enrolling this floating 'have not' population under its banner, or at least seek the co-operation of a party which is organizing it. The hope of winning these votes is making the Socialists more nationalist and at the same time, temperamentally at least, once again more radical. It is better, they argue, to open their party to these groups than to let them drift towards New Nazism.

The trade unions too, having shown admirable restraint until a short time ago, are becoming aggressive. Strikes to enforce the right to equal representation and equal responsibilities in the management of private concerns were started to coerce a parliament, which was not willing to agree to all their demands. Yet a Bill, which is as progressive as can be desired, was passed over their heads, and the unions were fortunately not prepared to go beyond their earlier demonstrations. But parliamentary democracy is menaced when vocational groups outside parliament try and dictate the road that the peoples' representative should travel.

The next regular election is due in about a year. The Socialists may emerge from it as the strongest party, but they will hardly get an absolute majority; there is however a slight chance that they might be able to form a coalition government with the help of a refugee party and a few odd splinters. They would thus have to become more radical, even though the draft of the new programme, with which they hope to win

the election, is very moderate on its economic side. On the political side they still profess internationalism, but declare very loudly that they are the Patriotic Party, which stands for reunion and national independence—their opponents by implication standing for partition and west continental integration.

In the autumn of 1953, the European situation may however have crystallized beyond the point where it could be modified by a new government. In order to prevent this, the Socialists want to hold up the ratification by the three western powers of the Contract with Germany which is returning to western Germany the status of a sovereign State, and of the European Defence Community, until a four power conference has taken place. They are evidently of the opinion that Russia is willing to pay a considerable price for the scrapping of these instruments, which they fear could no longer be used for political horse-coping after they have been ratified by all national parliaments concerned. They hope moreover, that this postponement may last long enough to bring them to power. The struggle for power is after all the prime mover in party life and party strife.

In order to gain time the Socialists have raised the question before the Supreme Constitutional Court as to whether acceptance of the European Defence Community and the Contract with Germany implies a change in the German constitution, a question on which impartial men can honestly differ. If it is answered in the affirmative, the relevant legislation must be passed by a two-thirds majority. This majority cannot be found in the present House; it must be dissolved. The elections which would have to follow could be fought on the patriotic issue of "Reunion or Integration"—which might be dead a year hence. Dr. Adenauer's Government can hardly win a two-thirds majority; it is equally doubtful whether the Socialists can gain even a working majority. In either case, there will be a deadlock. Could a new Socialist government commanding a working majority, overcome it by dropping the integration schemes in return for a workable agreement with Russia? Unfortunately the German Socialists are less popular in Moscow than the most Fascist government could be; they would be in a much weaker position than the present Government in their negotiations with the Russians and with the western Allies. The Federal Constitutional Court has rightly refused to pronounce judgment on a treaty which has not yet been ratified. Thus the question whether or not the Contract and the Defence Community must be passed by a two-thirds majority remains in abeyance. As the treaties cannot be ratified by the *Bundestag* before the next month, considerable delay has already occurred. To circumvent the strife and the ensuing political deadlock, the President, whose duty it will be to sign the treaties, has asked the Court for an opinion on the constitutional issue. This would imply an anticipation of a verdict, and the Court may decline to

act; it could settle matters only were it to advise the President of the need of a two-thirds majority, otherwise the Opposition would, not without justification, denounce the Court. In any case, just now it looks very much as if the policy of caution followed by the Allies and the clamour for postponement raised by the Socialists, has brought about a situation which both parties wish to avoid. The western allies, and especially Dr. Adenauer, wanted to meet the Russians with an integrated western Europe. Its strength was to impress the Russians sufficiently to make them withdraw from eastern Germany, accepting western integration. The Socialists were willing to postpone integration and perhaps even give it up should Russia concede in return reunion and full independence.

For Dr. Schumacher the Schuman plan implies permanent foreign control over Germany's economic resources, and the European Defence Community domination of her manpower. The allies have made Russia speed up the Sovietization of the eastern zone, and the Socialists have retarded the definite organization of a bloc which might have impressed Russia, and by their opposition to it have made it appear less formidable than it might have been. With or without a four power conference the outcome may well be the more or less permanent partition of Germany and a grave complication of the Berlin situation. A short while ago the object of East German Government activities may have been to get the western powers quickly to the conference table; now it is to establish accomplished facts, which may well make for futile meetings. Dr. Adenauer would probably be grieved, but hardly surprised by this negative outcome. He has never been of the opinion that western integration would automatically result in reunion, but he was convinced that, without integration, reunion could not be won. His more optimistic opponents will unfortunately hold him responsible for the failure of reunion now, assuming that without his integration policy reunion might have been secured. Since nobody is in a position to know what Russia would have done, that statement can neither be proved nor disproved. But it is a pity that in the early days of the *Bundesrepublik* Dr. Adenauer did not succeed in imposing co-responsibility on the opposition.

The hardening of the situation may help the Socialists as the patriotic party at the coming elections. Though these may not occur immediately if the court were to decide that a single majority is adequate, bitterness of party strife in Germany on the central national issue is bound to increase and strengthen the hands of Russia. A nation which has not learnt to subordinate its domestic struggles for power to the needs of the hour, and which does not pursue a bi-partisan foreign policy during a long drawn out crisis, does not hold a very strong position in international negotiations—whatever its potential economic and military strength might be. Thus western Germany, though prospering economically, is perhaps moving towards a tragic goal. In this critical phase of her

history her people are being split. The Weimar Republic had two great accomplishments to its credit: the elimination of religious issues from party struggles and the transformation of the Socialists from enemies of the State to its most trustworthy supporters; these are in danger of being lost. Religious animosities are rising again, and patriotism is once again becoming a party issue. A territorially truncated Germany, split in hostile factions at home, forms a poor defence of the west.

Yet things may perhaps shape differently. Russia's policy is often crude, but sometimes very subtle. She might still be willing to withdraw completely from eastern Germany, sacrifice for the time being her eastern stooges, and honestly grant a united Germany the right to self-defence. For she might argue that, given the lack of political wisdom in Germany, the coalescence of the two Germanys the social structures of which are more and more diverging from each other, would be a stupendous task and keep the Germans far more spiritually divided and innocuous than they have ever been. The German west would have to try and de-Sovietize the German east, and thus antagonize and disappoint large groups. The east would have free entry to the west economically and spiritually and undermine it by underground activities. The very rift which is now widening in western Germany between Socialists and non-Socialists would make such activities very promising. From this point of view, even the integration of western Germany with western Europe might suit Russia; it would make re-integration of the two Germanys much more difficult, and it can be assumed that France will not be prepared to admit both Germanys into her union schemes—(though her Communists might) nor be accommodating about the Saar. Yet the only way to know what Russia really wants, is to meet her in conference, and to ask her some blunt questions—not only about free voting—before the situation hardens beyond all bargaining possibilities.

(The first part of Dr. Bonn's article "Party Leaders" was published in the August number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

THE INDIAN ELECTIONS AND AFTER

BY SIR WILLIAM P. BARTON

WHEN five years ago Britain gave India her independence, power throughout the country devolved on the great Congress party whose efforts had been mainly responsible for bringing about the British withdrawal. The Congress Ministry at the centre was nominally responsible to a Constituent Assembly elected on a narrow basis. There was no Opposition either at Delhi or in the provincial parliaments; the political system was, in effect, a dictatorship of the Hindu intelligentsia under the Congress High Command, controlled by Pandit Nehru with Sardar Patel as his principal lieutenant.

The most important problem the new régime had to face was to produce a constitution. With its immense prestige, its unchallenged supremacy, its hold over more than half-a-million villages by virtue of its heritage of the Gandhian political mysticism, Congress might have evolved a system of government that would have ensured indefinitely its dominance over the whole country. It resisted the temptation. Steeped in the principles of western democracy, Pandit Nehru and his colleagues decided on setting up a secular State based on universal adult suffrage. They were not deterred by the illiteracy of 70 per cent. of the electorate of 175 millions; possibly they did not take sufficiently into account the capacity for intrigue of the Hindu political intelligentsia. Twenty-two states were formed including the British provinces and those set up from territories appropriated from princely India. Three small princely states, Tripura, Manipur and Kutch, more backward than the rest, were given electoral colleges. Most of the states have a single assembly; others, for example, Mysore, Hyderabad, Bihar, the United Provinces, Madras, have a second chamber elected on a fancy franchise of electoral colleges formed of the states' assemblies, school teachers, graduates, and local government councils, to each of which a proportion of the members to be elected is assigned. At the Centre is the House of the People and an Upper Chamber or Council of State selected by the Lower House and the State Assemblies. With a membership of 600 in the House of the People each member has a constituency of 750,000 voters.

Elections both for the centre and in the states were commenced in October and completed in April of the present year. They were well organized and it redounds to the credit of Congress that efforts were made to ensure impartiality. On a broad view of the results it will be seen that

Congress has not done so well as was expected though it has maintained its position as the dominant political party. It has an overwhelming majority in the House of the People and a working majority in 18 of the states; in the other four, Madras, Orissa, Pepsu and Travancore-Cochin, it is the largest single party; in the three states with electoral colleges, it has a majority only in Kutch. In practically every state assembly there will be a substantial Opposition. A disturbing feature is the emergence of the Communists as the second strongest opposition party throughout the country with a membership of 210 as compared with 416 Independents, next in strength to the Congress. This group, it may be noted, does not subscribe to a single political creed; it has many ex-Congressmen dissatisfied with the achievement of the party in office. The Socialist Party, with only 135 seats, despite its promises of a Utopia, is disappointed of its hope of forming everywhere a strong Opposition. The K.M.P.P. (Kisan Mazdur Prajak party) the party of the peasant and working classes, headed by Acharya Kripalani, a former Congress President, who broke away from the party recently after a clash with Pandit Nehru, has made a poor show with only 86 seats; the support given by the electorate to the reactionary parties of high caste Hinduism, the Mahasabha and JanSangh led by Dr. S. P. Mukerjee and Dr. Khare, was practically negligible. The Akali Sikhs, whose object was to set up the eastern Panjab as a separate Sikh province, met with ignominious failure mainly, it is said, as a result of Pandit Nehru's intervention when, overcoming his aversion from communalism, he rallied the Hindu majority against the Sikhs and so defeated them. The dozen or so other parties who entered the lists were mostly splinter groups from Congress; their achievements count for little. Among them the Ganatantra Parishad deserves mention if only for the reason that it incurred Pandit Nehru's obloquy. It will be recalled that the Congress Government absorbed into Orissa and Madhya Pradesh (the Central Provinces) the groups of small feudal units included in the eastern states agency under the British régime. A number of the dispossessed rulers and their adherents formed the party referred to and fought the election, winning 31 seats in Orissa.

Congress can hardly claim that the great Muslim community of 40 millions was given a fair deal in the elections. On the basis of voting strength the Muslims should have been entitled to 500 or more seats in the various parliamentary bodies; they have secured hardly a fraction of them. The Muslim League to Nehru's disgust scored six or seven seats; there was a casual Muslim independent or two, and of the rest most, if not all of the Muslims elected, were Congress nominees and as such secured the Congress vote. They would be regarded as unreliable by their community. In some quarters one hears it said that Congress Governments manipulated the constituencies, especially in Bihar and the United Provinces, in such a way that areas in which Muslims were in the

majority were split up into sections and absorbed into adjacent areas in which Hindus predominated.

Untouchability is still a blot on Indian social life. There are 50 million untouchables euphemistically designated 'scheduled castes'. The new constitution abolishes the stigma, and gives the community reserved seats proportionate to their numbers. That has not greatly improved their position as most of the untouchables elected were Congress nominees and so will be expected to respond to the party whip. The party machine known as the Scheduled Castes Federation under Dr. Ambedkar's leadership put up a large number of candidates; very few were elected. Dr. Ambedkar himself was defeated in Bombay. It would have been a graceful gesture on Pandit Nehru's part if he had allowed Dr. Ambedkar to be returned unopposed. He had played a distinguished part as law Member of the Congress Government: the framing of the new constitution was largely his work. He left the Cabinet partly because the Hindu Code Bill which aimed at removing some of the more objectionable features of Hinduism especially where women are concerned was, despite Pandit Nehru's support, indefinitely postponed. Dr. Ambedkar has for many years championed the cause of his community. He represented it at the Round Table Conference in 1931, at which he secured a strong position for it in the political life of India; he was compelled to renounce it owing to intense pressure from Mr. Gandhi. Had the Scheduled Castes Federation won the majority of the 600 or so out-caste seats to which they were entitled, the party might have exercised a powerful influence on policy, both at the centre and the provinces, the more so since the voting power of Congress would have been diminished by the loss of the outcaste element now at its disposal. Perhaps not unnaturally Dr. Ambedkar tells the world that his community is worse off in Independent India than under British rule (he has since been elected to the Council of States).

The Congress victory is overshadowed not only by these reverses but by the obvious loss of prestige and public trust in many quarters, especially in the south. For example, in Madras all the Congress Ministers were defeated; Congress won only 152 seats out of 375 which, however, made it the strongest party; Independents stood next with 63 seats, and the Communists third with 61. It would in fact be possible for anti-Congress elements to form a government in alliance with the Communists. Mr. Rajee, the defeated Chief Minister, ascribes the *debâcle* to the unpopularity of prohibition. There is more to it than that. For over a century the Dravidian people of the south have resented what they felt was the political dominance, mainly Brahmin inspired, of the north. This feeling showed itself in a strong non-Brahmin movement in the 1920's. The policy of the centre in imposing on the Dravidians Hindi a northern language, as the imperial language, is another grievance of the

south. Despite the abolition of landlordism in Madras—ostensibly for the benefit of the peasant—the Communists were able to obtain a large measure of support in the villages. On the other hand it is said that many women supported Congress because of its policy of prohibition.

Orissa is another troublesome area for Congress. Here the Ganatantra, the party of dispossessed feudalism, formed the second largest party with 36 seats. In West Bengal, where difficulties were expected, Congress came through the ordeal of the election with a comfortable majority but with the Communists as the next strongest group. Disapproval of Congress rule was shown by the defeat of several Ministers. In Pepsu (the name given to the new province formed out of Patiala and the Panjab States Union) Congress failed to obtain a majority though the strongest single party; next to it was the independent group. In Rajasthan, home of ancient Rajput chivalry, where Congress intrusion was much resented, the party only escaped defeat by a single seat. The Chief Minister was heavily defeated. Here it may be noted that the governments of the former princely states have not been given complete autonomy; they are to have advisers responsible to the centre. Mysore is an exception, a distinction conferred on the state because of its long and honourable tradition of constitutional rule.

The questionable activities of many Congressmen have contributed largely to the decline in the prestige of their party; as was only to be expected, independence let loose a scramble for place and power; the black market flourished; corruption and nepotism were rampant everywhere; interference of Congressmen with local officials has led to a marked falling off in the quality of the administration, bringing with it a loss of confidence on the part of the people generally. An outstanding example of the tendency was seen in the East Panjab where the administration was weakened to such an extent that the President of the Republic felt compelled to supersede Cabinet government, and place the administration in the hands of the Governor. In Hyderabad Congress rivalries made a mockery of democracy. The ineffective handling of the food problem brought discredit on the centre. Another adverse factor was widespread middle class unemployment.

Doubtless the *Eastern Economist* (a responsible Delhi weekly) does not overstate conditions when it comments that "the squabbles that have come to the surface in the Congress party in Pepsu, the United Province and Bihar reveal the ugly cracks behind the façade of unity which was sought to be created through the recent change in the presidentship in which Pandit Nehru ousted Mr. P. D. Tandon. In a month the wrangles have been renewed." The polemics of Pandit Nehru in which he fulminated against "the sowers of discord" show that the danger is felt at the highest political levels.

Congress may well be congratulated on its achievements in the elections.

But it should not overlook unpleasant facts which cast a shadow over its prospects. Thus in many cases it owed its majorities to the split vote. For instance in West Bengal its majority was based on only 30 per cent. of the votes cast. The same was the case in Mysore. The Congress position would have been very different in Bombay if the outcastes, Communists and Socialists had combined. In Hyderabad the opposition, mainly from the left, was so strong that Congress only maintained its lead by a narrow margin. It is significant that its huge majority in the House of the People was won on a minority vote—45 per cent.

The challenge to the party was strongest in the south; it was felt almost everywhere, and it is shown in the fact that Congress scored only 47 per cent. of the total number of votes recorded. One wishes one could agree with the view of the Chief Electoral Commissioner that "the result of the elections shows that the Indian electorate is politically adult." What has swayed the Indian peasant who is mainly responsible for the Congress success was not political intuition inspired by the attraction of democracy but the feeling that he must look to Congress under the vivid leadership of the heir of the Gandhian tradition, Pandit Nehru, to exorcise the spectre of destitution from the countryside. And one must not forget that Congress had an immense advantage over its rivals in its financial resources and its long standing and effective organization extending to practically every village in the land. Thus the demagogue found strong opposition everywhere.

Nearly 70 per cent. of the electorate went to the polls. An interesting feature was that more women voted than men. Their attitude towards prohibition doubtless influenced them; Pandit Nehru's known support of the Hindu Code Bill with its bias in favour of women was another inducement. The fact that many of the proletariat in Bombay voted Congress despite its association with the capitalist element is attributed to recent labour legislation which has weighted the scales heavily against the employer.

The great adventure in democracy to which Congress is committed by the result of the elections does not start under the happiest auspices. Famine broods over many a countryside, vast masses of the peasantry and the industrial proletariat live closely to the subsistence level; unemployment and under-employment are to be found everywhere; there is dire distress among the middle and lower middle classes. It will be a race against time for showing an improvement in the economic field, especially in South India.

At the outset the various parliamentary bodies elected as the new President of the Republic, Mr. Rajendra Prasad, a tried and able statesman of the old school with Dr. Radhakrishnan, the well known philosopher, as Vice-President. At the Centre cabinet changes have produced a more efficient team, one of which substitutes Mr. V. V. Giri, a well known

Trade Union Leader, as Labour Minister in place of Mr. Jagjivan Ram, a member of the Scheduled Castes, whose policy in some respects seemed to many observers over hasty and ill-considered.

Despite its overwhelming majority in the House of the People, with 362 supporters against an Opposition of 107, Congress scored only 45 per cent. of the votes cast for that body. There is no properly constituted Opposition which is undoubtedly a drawback to a full parliamentary life. The Speaker has ruled that a strength of at least 50 Members, must be shown if a party is to be recognized as the constitutional Opposition. None of the anti-Congress parties approaches that figure. There are 40 Independents but they do not form a party; most of them will doubtless be absorbed in one party or the other as time goes on, and the strongest group is the Communist—31 with associates. The Socialists were not prepared to join the Communists; to begin with they toyed with the idea of forming a leftist National group, with groups representing the countryside, and the feudal aristocracy of Orissa and Madhya Pradesh, but the negotiations fell through. Mr. Gopalan, who heads the Communist party, has now been recognized as Leader of the Opposition by the Speaker. One may comment that the anti-Government groups make up to some extent for their lack of numbers by their vigorous onslaught on Government policy and measures; their leaders include several of the ablest of Indian parliamentarians, Dr. S. P. Mukerjee and Mr. Hirennath Mukerjee, for example.

The policy of Government in removing the food subsidies with the exception of the 10 crore subsidy on the millet known as *milo* has been criticized from the Opposition benches generally. In particular the defence budget of £150 millions has been the target of attack by Communists and Socialists as grossly inflated. Where was the enemy, it was asked? Were the Government afraid of Pakistan with an army hardly equal to a third of the Indian forces? The central revenue budget at 401 crores of rupees (about £300 m.) showed a small surplus; combined with the capital budget there was a deficit of 75,60 crores (£55 m.). The underlying policy was questioned by the Opposition. Pandit Nehru's defence was hardly convincing; however, he pledged the Government to do everything possible to prevent further inflation and a consequent rise in the price level. There was a strong demand from leftist quarters for the imposition of death duties.

A vigorous assault was made against India's association with the Commonwealth by the Communists, and the group mainly rightists, led by Dr. S. P. Mukerjee. In reply Pandit Nehru indicated that her inclusion in the Commonwealth did not in the least affect India's freedom of action, in fact her membership of it enhanced her prestige in world politics. On foreign policy the Prime Minister, while proclaiming India's friendship with all countries, strongly criticized the action of the

Security Council of the United Nations in refusing to allow a debate on Tunisia. If the great powers dominating the Council adopted a policy of the kind both Asia and Africa might, he said, look elsewhere for leadership. Whatever happened India was resolved to press on the abolition of the Colonial system wherever it was to be found. There was little criticism of Congress handling of India's foreign relations.

In the domestic field the Congress high command decided that the elections had made it clear that the country as a whole endorsed its policy which, stated in general terms, aims at eradicating communalism, all-round economic development, a drive for administrative efficiency and the evolution of the Welfare State. Full support for all this could be expected from the states in which Congress had a working majority. In the so-called problem states in which the Congress, though the strongest party, was outnumbered by other groups the party leaders felt that its predominant position at the centre and in the greater part of India justified them in setting up Congress governments in those states. The result is that in all the states except Pepsu, Congress governments have come into power.

The system thus elaborated will be constantly challenged in states in which the Opposition nearly equals Congress in membership strength, for example in West Bengal, Orissa, Rajasthan, and Hyderabad; the challenge will be emphasized in states like Travancore-Cochin and Madras where the opposition outnumbers the Government party. In the electoral colleges, it may be noted, the border state of Tripura adjoining China on the north-east has a Communist majority.

The storm centre of Indian politics to-day is Madras and the south generally where Communism is rampant and the Dravidian element, as already noted, is antipathetic to what it regards as the predominance of the Aryan north at Delhi. To meet the danger, a bold line was taken in forming a government in Madras. There, against 152 supporters of Congress stood Opposition groups aggregating 265 members. The Ministers of the earlier Congress government had been ignominiously defeated in the elections; there were no prominent Congress leaders among the newly-elected Congress members; the high command met the difficulty by bringing back into the political arena the veteran statesman and ex-Governor-General Mr. Rajgopalachari. He had not stood for election and to make him eligible for the post of Chief Minister he was nominated by the Governor to the Upper House. He formed a government announcing that his policy was to fight Communism to the death and to improve the food position. He has recently taken the bold step of de-controlling food supplies.

The action of the centre in putting a Congress government in power in Madras has been strongly criticized by the Opposition but so far dissensions among the different groups have prevented its overthrow. A

similar lack of cohesion among anti-Congress groups keeps the uneasy Congress government in Travancore-Cochin in power.

Communism in the south and in West Bengal is a growing menace; Communists are using every popular grievance, especially in the south, with the object of creating chaos, if not to bring about a break-away of peninsular India from the north. The centre recognize the challenge of Communism and Pandit Nehru has strongly condemned it in the House of the People. Whether the movement can be held depends largely on the successful handling of the problem of economic development by means of the implementation of the Colombo Plan. In several of the more important states measures are being taken to abolish landlordism (*zemindari*) with the object of improving the status of the peasant; if the peasant really benefits from the scheme the result might be to damp down Communism in the villages.

That the spectre of communalism has not been exorcised is shown by the lack of improvement in the condition of the untouchables, whose leaders proclaim that they are worse off under the new régime than they were in earlier times. The 40 million Muslims have little, if any, influence on the administration. A striking example of the continued existence of anti-Muslim feeling among the Hindus was shown in Delhi itself a couple of months ago when Hindus staged a mass demonstration against a marriage arranged between a highly placed Muslim official and a high caste Hindu girl. The proposal had to be dropped.

The policy of the states reflects the policy of the centre, economic development, administrative reform and social uplift. Prohibition has been strongly criticized in the Bombay Parliament. It is believed that the centre does not look on it with favour.

From what has been said it is obvious that the future of Congress and of its leader, Pandit Nehru, depends on whether a solution can be found of the economic problem. For this, support on a vast scale from the West is essential, yet the Pandit's neutralism in foreign affairs is setting an example which Burma and Indonesia have been only too ready to follow. Had it been his policy to play a part in building up a barrier against Communism in S.E. Asia in alliance with the West his weaker neighbours would almost certainly have supported him.

When India was given her independence five years ago, Pandit Nehru's friends in the West looked upon him as the future leader of Asia. How regrettable it is that his policy both at home and abroad, and especially in the case of Kashmir, should have cast a gloom over the alluring prospect before him at the start of his career as the unchallenged leader of India. Is it too much to hope that, while there is yet time, he will rally his forces, re-orientate his foreign policy, settle the Kashmir problem, lay the foundations of economic prosperity of his country, and so establish a new claim to political leadership in Asia?

WHEN IS DEFLATION NOT DEFLATION?

BY PAUL EINZIG

DURING the dismal days of the depression in the 'thirties deflation came to be regarded as one of the seven deadly sins. This conception lingers on even though the depression came to an end nearly 20 years ago, giving way to persistent inflation during the last 12 years. Such is the unpopularity of deflation even now that any politician who dared to advocate it openly would commit political suicide. Yet during these last few years, and more particularly since the acute balance of payments crisis and the accentuation of the rise in the cost of living during 1951, the need for a reversal of the inflationary trend has come to be realized to an increasing extent.

The writer of this article was strongly in favour of a policy of monetary expansion during the 'thirties as a means of breaking the then prevailing deflationary deadlock. Under the influence of the post-war inflationary experience he came reluctantly to the conclusion that in situations such as the one we find ourselves in at present a certain degree of deflation is a necessary evil. In contending this he does not in the least feel guilty of inconsistency. On the contrary he feels that it is those who are either inflationists or deflationists through booms and slumps alike that are inconsistent. It would be just as unreasonable to persist in the advocacy of monetary expansion in the 'fifties as it was to persist in a deflationary attitude—as many economists did—during the 'thirties. The trend in which wages, prices, cost of production and cost of living are chasing each other in an upward direction in a vicious spiral can only be broken through the administration of a dose of monetary deflation. Attempts by Sir Stafford Cripps to achieve the same end by means of budgetary deflation failed, largely because in prevailing circumstances the high taxation adopted to that end contributed towards the rise in wages and prices. Amid conditions of over-full employment both employers and employees are generally speaking in a position to pass on to the long-suffering consumers the burden of higher taxation in the form of higher wages and prices.

Nor was the adoption of physical controls an adequate remedy in face of the inflationary trend. As the British people are essentially law-abiding, it is true that the extent of the evasion of rationing, price control, etc., has been relatively small. The result of the operation of controls was, however, the development of an increasingly artificial situation

under which a large proportion of consumers spent only a fraction of their incomes on the essentials of life (such as rents and food) and were in a position to spend disproportionately large amounts on secondary necessities and luxuries. Planning by the Government, which was supposed to have taken the place of orthodox monetary control, has become discredited because the Government were unable or unwilling to canalize our limited productive capacity in a way that would secure the most beneficial utilization. The inflated purchasing power of consumers determined production and during a period of steadily rising prices producers were able to produce almost anything in the certain knowledge that they would be able to sell it at a profit. Owing to the shortage of labour, they bid up wages to higher and higher levels, accelerating thereby the pace of the inflationary spiral.

One of the first acts of the new Government was to make a gesture towards reverting to the orthodox system, under which production and consumption are largely regulated by means of monetary control. The system under which monetary resources are kept scarce in order to discourage inflationary over-full employment and over-consumption beyond our present means has undoubtedly many shortcomings. Foremost among them is the fact that it is indiscriminate and is liable to hit useful and useless production and consumption alike. This disadvantage can be mitigated under the existing system, however, through inducing the banks to observe certain priorities and discriminate against certain types of credit. Even so, a curtailment of credit is bound to cause widespread inconvenience to borrowers who need the money for legitimate purposes and who are able to provide adequate security. There is no such thing as deflation without tears; in given circumstances it is nevertheless worth our while to put up with its inconveniences in an effort to avoid the bigger inconveniences of a non-stop inflation.

Deflation is liable to affect the trend of prices mainly in three ways: (a) through forcing holders of stocks to realize their stocks; (b) through forcing producers to resist any tendency making for higher cost of production and to make an effort to reduce their cost of production and profit, and (c) through bringing over-full employment to an end. The extent to which the deflationary measures adopted since November 1951 have achieved these results has not been very impressive.

It must be pointed out first of all that up to the beginning of August 1952 the actual extent of credit contraction has been quite negligible. In his speech in the House of Commons on July 29 the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not claim more than that "the dangerous growth of credit has been halted." Figures published by the British Bankers' Association show a very moderate decline of bank advances and the figure of the note circulation continues to rise to new record levels. But admittedly it was no mean achievement to have halted credit expansion at

all in face of the continued rise in prices. In a relative sense we experienced deflation during the first half of 1952 because the volume of money was not allowed to adapt itself to a full extent to the rise in prices which has taken place since the beginning of the Korea conflict. The volume of credit granted to certain trades, to professional classes and private borrowers was reduced, but the amounts granted to a number of industries—especially those engaged in rearmament and exports—was increased.

It is therefore correct to say that the sharp increase of the Bank rate in two instalments from two to four per cent. was not accompanied by a contraction of credit that is liable to accompany such a degree of increase. The higher cost of loans admittedly produced a certain deflationary effect. Its influence on holders of stocks and producers was mitigated however, by the fact that the difference of two per cent. per annum (which only costs one per cent. if a transaction is liquidated in six months and half per cent. if it is liquidated in three months), was liable to be offset by an additional rise in prices. In existing circumstances the higher cost of credit is not sufficient deterrent to most borrowers. There is no reason to suppose that it resulted in any substantial voluntary repayments of their debts. In order to restrict the volume of credit the banks had to 'squeeze' their debtors, or at any rate some of them, to repay and they had to refuse applications for new credits. Judging by the evidence of figures, however, this has not been done to a sufficient extent to make an appreciable difference to the total volume of credit.

As far as it is possible to judge, generally speaking over-full employment continues to prevail in spite of the existence of some isolated pockets of unemployment in Lancashire and elsewhere. In other words the extent of unsatisfied demand for labour is even now larger than the extent of unemployment. There is no means of proving this statistically because the official figures of registered vacancies are not a reliable guide to indicate the extent of scarcity of labour. Generally speaking the demand for labour continues to exceed the supply and this places the workers and their unions in a strong bargaining position. Nor has deflation proceeded sufficiently far to induce employers to resist rigidly excessive wages demands. The feeling developed during 12 years of inflation—that since it is possible to pass on to the consumer any increase in the cost of production in the form of higher prices it is expedient to take the line of least resistance by granting wage demands—continues to prevail to a large extent. The real test will come of course in the autumn when most wage demands put forward in recent months are expected to mature. If by then employers can be made to realize that the Government really means business with its deflationary policy then they are likely to stand firm against excessive wage demands. A realization of deflation might also induce employees to moderate their claims since during a deflationary

period they no longer hold all the trumps.

The main reason why up to the time of writing there has been no deflationary contraction of credit in the true sense of the term lies largely in the continued operation of the system, adopted in the era of cheap money, by which the monetary authorities automatically provide the money market with the funds required. Until the change of monetary policy in November 1951, the broker acting on behalf of the Bank of England had instructions to supply day after day the amounts required for making up any deficiency in Lombard Street. This meant that money was kept permanently in comfortable supply. Since the change of policy the arrangement has not operated quite so automatically. From time to time the official broker abstained for a while from intervening and discount houses caught short of funds had to borrow from the Bank of England at penalizing rates. Such occasions were very rare until the late spring but became more frequent in June and July. Even so, judging by the wide discrepancy between the Bank rate and market rates, it remains broadly true that the monetary authorities continue to prevent the development of a real scarcity of funds.

This means that, while the Government are exhorting the banks to pursue a tight credit policy, at the same time action is taken systematically to reassure the banks that they can disregard the Government's wish with impunity. In the absence of the systematic intervention of the official broker, any bank extending credit would run the risk of being penalized through the development of tight money conditions. Such a threat would go a longer way towards discouraging the granting of credits than any amount of exhortation from official quarters. This observation does not imply criticism of the attitude of bankers. It is no easy task for them to refuse facilities to old clients for the purpose of sound business transactions and against ample security. It is even more difficult for banks to press such clients to reduce their overdrafts. If, however, it is realized that this must be done in the interests of their liquidity, sound banking principles would prevail.

So long as the authorities continue to aim at avoiding tight money conditions in Lombard Street there can be no deflation in the real sense of the term. In such circumstances the high Bank rate must fail to achieve its object. In a sense the Government's present policy is as self-contradictory as was the Labour Government's, under which disinflation was aimed at through a series of large budgetary surpluses, the money mopped up by means of high taxation being promptly re-issued as soon as its withdrawal tended to cause tight conditions in Lombard Street.

The advisability of raising the Bank rate from two-and-a-half to four per cent. with one stroke in March is also open to question. It is not so much the high level of the Bank rate as the threat of its increase that acts as a psychological deterrent to credit expansion. At four per

cent. the scope of further increases is rather limited, because of the losses they would inflict on banks, savings banks and insurance companies through causing a further depreciation of their holdings of Government securities. The reserves of the banks have become already considerably reduced through the depreciation of their Government securities already caused by the increase of the Bank rate. Although the British public trusts its banks implicitly it would be inexpedient for the Government to put this confidence to an unduly severe test by causing a further substantial depreciation of their assets. It would have been wiser to raise the Bank rate by a half per cent. at a time, so as to leave wider scope for its further increase. In any event, the shock-tactics of raising the Bank rate by one per cent. or more are meant for the purpose of bursting a speculative boom, or checking general over-trading. Amid conditions prevailing in 1952 no such tactics were called for. The present moderate degree of credit restrictions could well have been achieved with a two-and-a-half or three per cent. Bank rate.

It seems reasonable to assume that the Government consider it politically inexpedient to go further in the direction of deflation, for fear of creating unemployment. But then deflation can never be really effective unless it creates a certain degree of unemployment. Given the continuous pressing need for increasing production for rearmament and exports any unemployment would tend to be temporary, pending the transfer of the redundant workers to the industries which are, and are likely to remain in need of additional workers. But the political effect of any deliberate creation of pockets of local unemployment would necessarily be considerable, and it is understandable if the Government wish to avoid it. Hence the moderation of its deflationary policy.

Moreover, there is a factor, hitherto unnoticed by economists, which tends to soften even such deflationary pressure as the Government are prepared to exert. This is the widespread adoption of the practice of insisting on cash payment for goods or services. During recent months many professional men and business firms, who in the past were never in a hurry to send in their accounts, have been asking their clients or customers to pay immediately after the rendering of the services or the delivery of the goods. They do so because their bank insists on a reduction of their overdrafts or at any rate is unwilling to agree to increase the limits. Possibly the increase of the cost of the overdrafts through the higher Bank rate may also have influenced this attitude. This means that, as a result of the acceleration of payments, the same amounts of bank balances do more work. In the jargon of academic economists, the velocity of circulation of the deposits has increased, which tends to produce substantially the same effect as if their amount had increased.

Needless to say, this factor will not remain continuous but will operate only once, during the period of the change of the practice. Let us sup-

pose that a firm which usually received payment in three months after the delivery of its goods adopted the practice of cash on delivery on May 1. During May, June and July it will continue to receive payments for goods delivered during February, March and April, but at the same time it will also receive payments for its current deliveries. From August 1 it will only receive payments for its current deliveries, but between May and August it collects additional amounts that become available for its requirements. To a large extent this tends to neutralize the effect of the credit restrictions.

This factor cannot be measured statistically, because there is no means of knowing to what extent the practice has changed under the pressure of higher interest rates and curtailment of bank credits. Moreover, while many consumers pay on delivery by drawing on their balances, others have to curtail their current purchases in order to be able to comply with the demand for cash payment. It seems reasonable to assume, however, that on balance the extent to which the practice has enabled professional and business men to dispense with bank loans runs into many millions of pounds. It is only after the end of the transition period during which this factor operates that credit restrictions will tend to produce their full effect. Presumably each time the banks renew their efforts to curtail credit a new set of bank debtors will adopt the practice of demanding cash payment, so that the transition period is spread over many months. Possibly this factor will have spent most of its effect by the autumn.

It seems reasonable to assume that unless and until the situation should become obviously dangerous it will remain politically impossible for any Government to adopt sufficiently drastic deflationary measures to make a fundamental difference. It is only if and when the general public comes to realize that the choice lies not between full employment and unemployment, but between lasting unemployment through lack of dollars for imported raw materials and temporary unemployment through deflationary measures aimed at securing dollars for that purpose, that resistance to effective deflation may weaken. Otherwise Britain is likely to linger for years on the brink of a crisis. The situation would never be safe enough to enable us to breathe freely, but due to the adoption of palliatives from time to time—on the pattern of the measures taken in 1947, 1949 and 1951-1952—the danger would not appear to be sufficiently imminent to revive the spirit of determination and sacrifice that saved this country in 1931 and in 1940. The prospects are very depressing, so much so that one is almost driven to hope and pray for a crisis to end crisis.

ADVENTURES IN WEST AFRICAN EDUCATION—II

BY J. MACALISTER BREW

IT was my attendance at the monthly meeting of a Village Improvement committee in Sierra Leone which was one of the educational highlights of the journey. The president was a carpenter (illiterate, but, like all the illiterate members of the committee he is learning to read and write). Some of the members had been to a residential course at Amambu Castle—one of the beautiful old coast castles once used for rounding up slaves—to train for such work. These residential courses for village leaders are the mainstay of the work in the villages, and the only way to ensure continuity. The old way of having a team in an area for a fortnight calls forth great enthusiasm but does not always have lasting results. A recognized and at least partially trained leader is necessary in each village if the work is to grow. Hence in many areas now trained people are stationed in a group of villages for a period of time in order to support and advise those from each of the villages who have attended a residential course. If the committee meeting I attended is anything to go by such methods are more than justified.

It took place in one of the class-rooms of the school—lit by two kerosene lamps. Except for the dusky faces and the colourful native clothes it might have been a parish meeting in England. About 18 people were present—the carpenter president, the schoolmaster who acts as secretary, and the scout-master who is the treasurer. A chair was left in front for late comers “so that they may lose face and come punctually in future.”

The first item on the agenda was the need for more tilly lamps and kerosene for the literacy classes. The numbers in these classes is increasing and there is not sufficient light. (Each pupil pays a penny towards kerosene and buys his own books.) The chairman threw the meeting open for general discussion as to how to get money to purchase more lights. A beautiful woman in a wine coloured head-tie, rose and pointed out that it is always the custom to hold a dance during the *Akumba* (road clearing) festival. Last time the proceeds amounted to £1. Why not organize a dance for funds for lights? A young man suggested organizing a football match and charging gate money. But an older man retorted: “We would have to pay money to defray the expenses of the travelling team and therefore we must first get some money

together to pay for that.”

They considered ways and means of raising a loan for such expenses and the postmaster offered to advance the money. Someone then suggested that the Community Development Officer be asked for a grant. But there was a chorus of disapproval and one old woman, who might have been the lineal descendant of the witch of Endor said: “No, it is important that we should do these things for ourselves.” And here, as in so few matters, virtue had its reward, for the Development Officer was so pleased by this evidence of democratic independence that he volunteered the information that another official had offered the use of a truck to convey village football teams to and from other villages for return matches and, doubtless, this could be arranged for them too. The whole matter was then referred back to the sub-committee for Physical Education for action.

Some of the most interesting reports on the agenda were from the various sub-committees. From the Sanitation sub-committee we heard that, during the last inspection conducted by its members, one of the latrines in one of the wards was found to have no cover. “Flies fear the dark”—so it was resolved that two weeks grace be given and then all latrines must be covered.

A young man raised the question of keeping food clean in the village saying, for example, that fish sold in the market should be kept in baskets and not set out on the ground where flies could settle on it, and it was agreed that these matters be gone into by the Sanitary committee. An old man in a beautifully woven native cloth then reported that cleaning of roots and trees on edges of the villages had been done, so that there should be fewer mosquitos and snakes to trouble them.

The report on women’s activities was made by a slight, elderly woman. With the downright manner of committee women the world over she said that it had been decided to select a woman leader from each of the four wards to organize the women’s activities and each of these leaders was to select certain young girls “to be instructed as to what to do with regard to cleanliness.” They should be shown, for example, that when platters and calabashes are washed they must have a table on which to turn them upside down so that sand and ants do not get into them. (They were also to be reminded to show respect by helping old people to carry heavy loads, and to be god-fearing and attend their religious services.) It was pointed out by a woman obviously not on this sub-committee that one ward was too big for one person to supervise alone. It was therefore agreed that two women should be appointed for each ward and suggested names were put forward. Their mastery of democratic procedure was then shown, for one of the names was that of a woman not on the Village Improvement committee and the president was asked for a ruling; after much whispered discussion he stated that, in his opinion, a

committee member must be elected.

The schoolmaster raised the problem of how to get more women to the literacy classes; house to house campaigns should be undertaken and if women did not then come, they should be brought before the elders and punished. The committee was obviously not happy about this and eventually agreed that there should be no compulsion. At this important point, when eagerness might well have out-run discretion and killed much educational endeavour, the Community Development Officer suggested that some of the committee's unused development money should be spent to offer prizes of knitting wool to groups of women in the various literacy classes, as an inducement to others. This would prove a real attraction for the craft is sweeping West Africa, and a knitted sweater has become as much a sartorial necessity for a well-beloved African husband in the rainy season as a little woollen bonnet is for his piccins.

The Entertainments sub-committee reported that they were trying to organize a draughts match and a proverb telling competition and the young leader complained about the unwillingness of older people to come forward and help in these activities. After a great deal of argument, the point of which evaded me, it was resolved that the competition should be arranged. The sub-committee leader went on to say that they "had made up their minds to encourage the elderly by giving prizes, and one silver cup had been presented by a native of this place now in good business in Kumasi." The president then suggested that a letter of thanks should go to the donor from the main committee.

Under 'any other business' it was reported that the Rural Development Officer was seeking permission to bring Chiefs and Elders from another village, which had just started a Village Improvement committee, to see Asaba's sanitary improvements. The would-be visitors were anxious to start building pit latrines and incinerators in their village and were seeking advice and ideas. It was resolved that the Rural Development Officer should be asked to bring the visitors and the Committee would show them round, subject to the chief's agreement—for all minutes of the Village Improvement committee are submitted to the Chief as a matter of courtesy and for his approval and co-operation.

The rest of the business was adjourned so that the Committee might listen to "words of encouragement and advice from the lady European visitor." One can only respect and admire the enthusiasm and zeal of a nation "shaking itself after a long sleep." And what advice can one give to people who are already learning that education and welfare go hand in hand and that entertainment and education must be intermingled if "the less enlightened among us are to be encouraged to go forward with us hand in hand to build a healthier and a wiser way of life"?

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The educated African of Accra, Lagos and Freetown is often a serious, melancholy creature, who, having formerly believed that knowledge was the key to Paradise, is now resigned to the faint hope that at least it will be the key to power. But in rural areas this informal adult education is opening the eyes of parents to the fact that education is above all things the key to life, and life more abundant than they had ever dreamed possible.

It is not only the Community Development Officers and Mass Education teams who are making these valiant contributions to adult education. Some of the most valuable work is being done by Parent Teacher associations and particularly is this the case in Nigeria, where many of the village schoolmasters have a sense of professional responsibility to the life of the whole village which is not as yet common to educated Africans throughout the Coast. Of the many Parent Teacher associations visited, one, some 70 miles from the city of Benin, stands out memorably. It met in the usual school, a long low building of red mud and a corrugated iron roof. It was an assembly of old men and women and young parents—people in every variety of dress, from a beautiful native cloth worn over a torn singlet, from striped blue pyjamas with a wine coloured lady's coat carelessly thrown around it, to the formally correct deep black suit of the African pastor. All sat uncomfortably crowded into the school desks—about 50 men and a dozen women.

Outside in the clearing in which the school stood, those not entitled to attend the meeting crowded against the apertures which take the place of windows in most African schools. When the wind blew the shutters to, they obligingly pulled them back, to their advantage and ours. Silhouetted beyond these beautiful dusky faces a dramatic sun was setting behind tall palms. The sky was filled with that pale green and pink light which looks so improbable on picture postcards but which is an every evening incident in Africa. In the middle distance little children sat in the dust playing an endless game which entailed heaving smooth stones from hand to hand to a high nasal chant whose tempo increased and diminished. A completely naked boy kicked a ball about with considerable skill, but was halted by the spectators leaning over the window openings, as the parson rose to open the meeting with prayer. A roll-call followed, all members of the meeting standing until their names were called by the schoolmaster. We then sat down to an agenda of twelve items!

A financial report came first. At the last meeting it had been agreed that the junior primary school must be re-roofed and to finance this by a contribution of 10s. per head per child in school, by a £1 from each quarter of the township, and by a levy of 2s. from the women. The teachers had helped in collecting and £135 had thus been subscribed from the Ozo people. The roofing had taken 13 bundles of iron sheet-

ing and the District Officer had given four of these. "But there is yet a debt of £8 4s. 0d. outstanding to be paid to the carpenters and sawyers."

Most of the other items could be grouped under two headings—requests from the schoolmaster and requests from the parents. The latter were voiced by one parent with all the others murmuring their assents in that grunt which is characteristic of the vernacular in those parts, but which is so disconcerting when one first experiences it at meetings. First, they requested the headmaster to help them to approach the District Officer about a better water supply and the provision of a maternity home. Secondly, "now that we have a Standard VI school can we not have a training college for our teachers?" The headmaster also wanted a better water supply for the school and complained of the difficulty he was experiencing in keeping goats and sheep out of the school garden; he asked for the parents' co-operation. Then, calling our attention to a display of the children's handiwork, he said that members of his staff would be willing to teach weaving, sewing and knitting to the parents in the school holidays, if a sufficient number were interested. The smiles and approving grunts which greeted this offer seemed to us a sign that in this village the 'holiday course' idea was being born. Comments on all these matters were made by three village men in turn. "As to the water supply there is a native proverb: 'One step at a time lest we fall.' We have done many things for the school and we must consult the Elders about this fact as we have concerning the other things. We must get help ourselves and not expect all for no effort."

"I advise we first get some bags of cement ourselves and then the District Officer will be willing to help us."

"As to the maternity home, first we must build a house and then ask for a nurse or we must bring one of our own daughters to be trained for that purpose."

The final item was a talk on the care of babies. To our astonishment this was delivered by a slight man, looking no more than a boy—wearing a bright blue shirt and pair of striped pyjama trousers. In a gentle voice and speaking slowly in English amid grunts of assent: "Children", he said (among other things), "are your most precious possessions in the world and they are very difficult to get. Myself I like infant children—I am an infant teacher. See that they each have their own chewing sticks and that they get their baths—keep them clean since, if they are dirty, they become victims to many complaints, like yaws. If your children move with dirty children the best thing to do is to bring their parents to the light. You ask me and I will help you." At the conclusion of his speech a vote of thanks was proposed in the vernacular by three men who rose and said in unison: "We thank you for the advice and may God Bless You." Darkness had fallen and we streamed out

into the velvety night and to the far end of the compound where the first visit of a mobile cinema van had long since claimed the attention of the erstwhile spectators at the Parent Teacher meeting.

What must have been most of this largish township were now assembled to see this film. As most of them had never seen such a thing before, they would brook no advice about sitting at a reasonable distance from the screen and, as the film reached its climax with the birth of a baby in the newly built maternity hospital under the supervision of a young African nurse, the women rose from their seats and crowded closer and closer to the screen. As an educational venture this film show might have been written off by the formalist as a complete failure, for there is a special technique in showing films to an illiterate audience which has none of the Westerner's long tradition of looking at pictures and cartoons from childhood. Many mass education officers have mastered this technique, but only too often the mobile film vans and operators are on loan from other departments whose main concern is, not unnaturally, that of holding yet another show.

But to ensure that an illiterate audience of people unaccustomed to story telling through pictures receives any real education from a film show the story must be told simply first, to prepare their minds for the dramatic impact of the film situation; "Stills" of the most exciting and instructive parts must be handed round to accustom their eyes to what will be happening and, even when the film is shown, the story needs to be repeated and discussed yet again. Happily an increasing number of people are recognizing that if a group is to obtain anything like full value from the film, "the play" is most emphatically not the only thing. I saw film shows given to many another illiterate audience in Africa where the whole evening was handled with a skill which left the value of films in mass education beyond dispute. Nevertheless, even after this meeting broke up in disorder, the comforting reflection remained that next time both the villagers and the operator will have learnt something—and a village which has started holiday and evening classes from a flourishing Parent Teacher association will not take too long to adapt itself to yet another method of learning other things which will make life happier.

Yet another branch of welfare education which will make things easier for the next generation of school children is the work being done among illiterate women by Government and Mission alike. In northern Nigeria educational work of an inspired nature is being undertaken among pagan women in so-called literacy classes on the fringe of the Sahara. In Ashanti residential courses for engaged girls and married women—ranging in length from six months to a long week-end—are gradually having their effect, not only on child nurture and family life, but on the whole attitude of adults to education. The result is that many Africans in the villages and townships are more aware of the social and moral

significance of education than many of their more sophisticated relatives in the towns.

The educational work among pagan women in the leper settlements is of such special importance and significance that it demands consideration on its own. But in many a village and township 25 to 30 young illiterate mothers spend from 8.30 till 12, and from 2 till 4 each day for a month learning mothercraft and ante-natal care, child welfare and simple first aid, hygiene, cooking, laundry and housecraft (with special relevance to their own homes), needlework and knitting; in most cases reading and writing are also taught when the town is visited for a second time. As a rule special meetings are called for husbands, to tell them something of the teaching the women are receiving and to seek their co-operation in improving their houses and their families' way of living.

In the western provinces of Nigeria I spent many days in almost complete isolation from European influence visiting classes taken by teams of African women trained by one of the Missions—and was lucky enough to visit one township when the whole course was coming to a magnificent finale with a health week which sanitary inspectors, education officers, teachers and agriculturists had all co-operated in organizing. There had been a baby show and a cleanest compound competition; ten talks had been given by various speakers in the market place; the slaughter slabs had been visited by the school children who had written essays on health, and prizes had been awarded by the chief wife of the *Oleyende* (Chief). The last event of the week took the form of a play presented by the women on the long flight of steps leading up to the *Oleyende's* palace, and it was this that we attended.

The story of the play had been told to the women during their sewing classes. They had then dramatized it—making up the words spontaneously as we do in charades. The space in front of the steps was crowded with villagers—old men, young men, the proud, if rather mercilessly teased, husbands of the performers, and more children than one would have believed possible in such a small place.

The *Oleyende*, his wives and the visitors sat in chairs in front of the steps, a wicker table with a white embroidered cloth and a vase of flowers before them—the Chief's horse-tail sign of office reposing by it. In some ways the whole evening seemed strangely akin to what must have happened in the Elizabethan theatre. The important people were almost on the 'stage'; there was no scenery, and time and change of place was marked by moving the action from one side of the steps to the other—outdoor scenes taking place in the centre. There were obvious lines for "the groundlings"—there was laughter in plenty from the audience and occasional pieces of advice and encouragement. We all groaned when things went wrong, and laughed and panted and shouted approval when at last Akene, the spoilt and dirty wife was delivered of a beautiful baby.

Having had one miscarriage she had taken the advice of "the clean wife"; not only she and her baby profited as a result, but her husband and husband's relatives were pleased since they, too, now had a daughter-in-law who could teach them "to live in an enlightened way." When the play moved to its climax members of the audience were so carried away by the story and the rejoicings on the high steps of the stage that they too began to dance. The Chief rose with his wives and joined in, in a dignified manner, and we, rather self-consciously, but moved with a desire to share something so vital to our hosts, joined in too. Perhaps this may be regarded as a very humble tribute to those teachers, African and European, who are indeed working a miracle in African society and are in very truth "taking the light to them that sit in darkness." To admire this work is in no way to belittle the work done in schools, colleges and universities on the whole of the Coast—but one sometimes wonders if their staffs always appreciate how much lighter their task will be when these present parents, now indulging in some form of education themselves, send their children to school.

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The major problems of education in Africa are, first, the problem of educating parents to see that the standards of the home are such that the child does not learn much that it is impossible to put into practice in his environment. Secondly comes the problem of providing the kind of village life and home background which will neither outrage nor hamper the ambitious child, nor defeat the child who is not so gifted and who may well lapse into illiteracy if there is no chance to practise in after life any of the skill he has so painfully acquired in school. It is of little use to teach a child to read, if few books ever come his way and if, in the long 12 hours of the African night, there is no place or light to read by; to teach a child to measure and to count if the incidence of disease and malnutrition is such that his expectation of life is not measurably increased.

Finally, the sort of education that every country would wish to provide for its children is inevitably an expensive business. How can a country of limited economic resources pay for this? No one would dissent from the view that compulsory, universal education is the goal to which all four territories must direct their efforts, but that this can be achieved within the next decade or so is an idle dream in which it would be a disservice to encourage Africans to indulge. Even the Gold Coast's brave attempt at universal education has stopped short of making it compulsory, for neither the trained staff, the school buildings nor the money are, as yet, available in sufficient quantities to make such provision practicable. No territory is as yet able to pay for really first-class education for everyone, and anything short of the best constitutes a danger to the progress of a mighty nation.

One of the few certainties is that, in the words of Burke: "A great

empire and little minds consort ill together " and, fascinating as it is to discuss the quality of primary education, whether enough children are going forward for secondary education, the problem of training sufficient teachers, and how they should be trained, what is of real importance in West Africa at the moment is: what does education mean in terms of teaching people to live better—physically, emotionally and spiritually? A great deal of attention is being paid to the education of the country's leaders—but what of the people whom they will lead? If the education of the few is too far in advance of the masses, the way is opened for the demagogue, because there is not a sufficiently critical general public. For all the world over we are open to the temptations of human beings. We are all prone to struggle to obtain privileges so that we may be somewhat in advance of our neighbours, and having won our place in the forefront we are all equally prone so to organize things that no-one else shall do the same.

There is evidence that the intuitive mind of Africa knows this more truly than the rationalizing mind of Europe. In no other way is it possible to explain the exciting challenge which welfare education is now presenting to the Head-man of the small village no less than to the most powerful and progressive of the paramount Chiefs and Emirs. In no other way is it possible to account fully for the emotional undertones that colour any reference to such welfare education in all four territories.

(The first part of Dr. Brew's article—one of the results of her journey to West Africa on a special educational mission she joined at the invitation of the Minister of State for the Colonies—was published in the August number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

THE HOSPITAL SERVICE

SOME COMMENTS

"A public social service that becomes of immediate personal concern to one-eighth of the population each year is a formidable thing, not only in its cost but its potential influence on the lives of the people. It must be remembered, too, that interest in the hospitals is not restricted to patients; their friends and relatives are affected and it is probably no exaggeration to say that one-third of the whole population comes into more or less contact with the hospital system annually," wrote Professor A. P. Thomson, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Birmingham University, in the July issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. His article discussed the progress of the hospital service—with particular reference to the Birmingham Region—since the establishment of the regional boards in 1947 whose planning committees prepared for the commencement of the National Health Service in the following year.

PROFESSOR THOMSON'S article brought vivid memories of my native city of Birmingham, and the surrounding green (and black) countryside, when the emphasis was still on charity to the "poor-or", as some of Birmingham's middle classes used to say, on "Humanity with a capital letter."

To-day the middle classes claim the service as a right; they represent informed public opinion; they ask questions, and they voice polite criticism. So I do not entirely agree with Professor Thomson that criticism has come mainly from outside. Many improvements can be traced to a combination of self-criticism by the staff and suggestions from the hospitals' new inmates, indistinguishably merged (at first glance at least) in the general population of the ward. After all, there is little to choose between the hair style and dainty lingerie of Mrs. Brown, the young char, and Mrs. Smith, the schoolmaster's wife—now both referred to as such, and not as "The Appendix in Bed 7" or "The Ingrowing Toenail in Bed 9." Yet it is probably to the Mrs. Smiths in the aggregate that we owe the swift replacement of the old 'biscuits' by latex mattresses, and cocoa and bread by a three course supper. The Mrs. Smiths expect the rationale of treatment to be explained to them, to be told how to carry on at home on discharge till they can contact doctor and district nurse, and they read in their daily newspapers what they had long suspected—that part at least of the hold-up in out-patients is traceable to a charity hang-over, the persistent late arrival of the medical staff.

We have still to learn how to mould the administrative machine to suit

Mrs. Smith rather than wake her so that she may conform to the machine. Her middle-class background also craves some approximation to the nursing home of the past, where her nurse was comparatively easy to identify. In her own words she asks for what we in the nursing profession call "case assignment" as opposed to "work assignment" with its kaleidoscopic whirl of ministrants, none but the night staff in any way identifiable as her own. Yet we can hardly allow Mrs. Smith the customer to assume that she is always right. As Professor Thomson and Mr. Bevan said, she is still convinced that the insurance stamps meet the whole cost of the service, and on this ground she makes her claim. It is difficult to make her see that only ultimately and very remotely as a taxpayer does she foot the bill. And this is altogether too impersonal to modify her outlook on what is her due.

I agree with Professor Thomson that we are making some impression on the pent-up pressure of patient demand, that the novelty of "free" illnesses is wearing off; but, with the shifting age distribution in mind, and the mounting cost of scientific treatment, I am less optimistic than he about the future. Unless we strengthen our front line in the domiciliary, clinic and family doctor services, prevention and screening will be inadequate and our people will continue to flock to costly hospital beds at the base. In spite, therefore, of the difficult situation with regard to registrars, I would be the last person to quarrel with the Danckwerts award, or indeed with any financial device to restore us to truer perspective. Till recently the financial temptation to book for a hospital confinement was almost irresistible; as to the recent charges for amenity beds: I know a patient on concentrated "intake and output" who must have drunk away most of his weekly two guineas in orangeade alone.

Another financial adjustment in the right direction is the weighting in favour of smaller lists for general practitioners. So is the encouragement of joint practices, which, it is to be hoped, will leave enough in hand to pay for ancillary help. What other treatment could 4,000 patients expect than a ride on the conveyor belt to hospital, an automatic chit for liquid paraffin or a placebo when stiff and bedridden? Under such conditions what time has the doctor to teach the laws of health or guide to the achievement of at least semi-independence? This is not to say that the hospital is absolved from such teaching, for its function is not merely curative; its convalescents must not only be guided to a wise and speedy convalescence but prevented if possible from falling ill again.

The cost of the hospital service continues to increase. The sky is no longer the limit; in its place we are conscious of a financial ceiling which seems—particularly to administrators—oppressively low. Shortage of money leads to ever tighter control from the centre, a withering of initiative and enthusiasm, and the consciousness that all these financial expedients, these systems of audit and schemes of bulk purchase may be

costing more in freight and 'phone calls, in misunderstandings, clerking and multiple entries than the economies they set out to achieve. It is wholesome to see the pendulum swinging back to voluntary effort and "free monies", to self-help and Leagues of Friends. If we cannot have steel we must make do with bright paint.

Only in one section of the hospital field has the impact of the Health Service fallen markedly short of expectation. True, no section has inherited such a legacy of outdated buildings and staff shortages as the mental hospitals. Admitted they are very large institutions with specialized problems. But is not their claim to special treatment their undoing? Has not the specialist management committee emphasized their isolation and put the brake on the helpful mutual exchange from which other grouped hospitals, even those for the chronic sick, are profiting? Into these rehabilitation, the new approach to geriatrics is slowly penetrating; the nurse's treadmill round of washing, feeding and bed-making is giving place to something more constructive—its objective, the stabilization of the "frail ambulant". Not that these hospitals are without their problems; so often the welcome, which should await that same frail ambulant on return to home, never materializes. We cannot always blame the family; some consequent domestic and financial problems are indeed intractable.

Professor Thomson touches on the improvement which the health services have brought to working conditions for the nursing staff. This is true, but against it we have to set the intense strain—especially for the ward sister and her senior student nurse—of work in a modern ward, with its constant stream of new admissions and high level of medical and surgical performance.

Most people would agree that the committee members of the administrative machine have, on the whole, done a conscientious job of work. Most people would surely also agree with Professor Thomson that the present method of appointment after consultation is on the whole more appropriate than election, involving the risk of political line-up and pre-arranged decisions on issues which call for discussion on their merits. As to the tripartite nature of the service, there is a tendency to regard it as something which the service itself has brought about. But were the consultants, the general practitioners and the medical officers of health so very united before July 1948? Surely the cure to-day is no different from what it was then—co-operation between individuals at ground level. Without this substratum of personal goodwill the foundation of co-ordinating committees is only sand.

H. M. BLAIR-FISH,

State Registered Nurse, and secretary to the various working parties appointed by the Royal College of Nursing for the preparation of evidence to public bodies.

Professor Thomson paints a rosy picture of the English hospital service, as viewed from Birmingham, after four years of nationalization on a regional basis. Not all the 13 regions (four of them Metropolitan) into which the country is divided have been so successful, though, as Professor Thomson implies, this is far the most satisfying of the three sections of the National Health Service. Most inpatients seem well pleased with the new régime—some, indeed, are flabbergasted by their luxurious surroundings and find it hard to believe that there will be no bill to pay when they go home.

The hospitals certainly show no sign of the dull uniformity foreseen by critics of nationalization. On the whole their efficiency has been greatly improved by the closer co-ordination and reduction in overlap—not to mention the relief of the voluntary hospitals from their chronic penury. Wide variations still exist in the standards of medical and nursing staff; these are probably as incurable as the inequality of infantry regiments, and for much the same reason: institutions of world-wide reputation are naturally the first choice of doctor or nurse. The variable quality of the buildings and equipment is less easy to explain; it seems to depend on a mixture of luck and good management. Those hospitals which lost no time, when the Health Service started, in pressing their claims for extensions and new apparatus have scored over their cautious *confrères*. The latter are now finding their lists of urgent requirements heavily blue-pencilled by the regional hospital boards on the grounds of national economy, and some hospital management committees complain that their board's order of preference shows little appreciation of the facts of life.

E. CLAYTON-JONES,
Assistant Editor of THE LANCET.

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Professor Thomson's statement that one person in eight attended a hospital in the Birmingham Region in 1951 is certainly startling, but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his statistics. It is doubly interesting when taken into account with Dr. John Fry's article in the *British Medical Journal* of August 2, 1952, "A Year of General Practice." Dr. Fry has worked out that no fewer than 75 per cent. of his patients consulted him in 1951. The question naturally arises: are we becoming too health conscious as a nation?

Most general practitioners will agree, I think, with Professor Thomson that there has been surprisingly little serious complaint about the present hospital system. In this connection the chief difficulties with which a

general practitioner has to contend are:

- (1) length of waiting lists for admission to hospitals and sanatoria;
- (2) obtaining accommodation for chronic sick patients, usually elderly, in infirmaries.

It is quite true that many of these chronic sick cases do not need any medical treatment that they cannot receive at home. Unfortunately relatives are often unable or unwilling to look after them. The provision of home helps sounds satisfactory in theory, but in practice a 'help' is often not easy to obtain and not always reliable.

Some patients also complain of their food in hospital, but these complaints are often frivolous. A real problem that has still to be solved in some hospitals is to see that the patients' hot meals reach them still hot.

It is certainly true that the gap between hospital practice and general practice has widened since 1948. One reason is that the type of general practitioner who did part-time work on a hospital staff is dying out. This may result in improved specialist services but is not good for the general practitioner, who finds it increasingly difficult to keep in touch with new trends in medical thought and practice. An excellent innovation in my own town is that an afternoon ward round takes place once a week in our chief hospital, which general practitioners are invited to attend. Cases of interest are shown by the consultant in charge of the ward, and treatment discussed.

Professor Thomson concludes on a hopeful note. It would be interesting to know if the number of new hospital patients has declined in other regions. One year is perhaps not long enough to detect more than a trend. As more and more disease processes become amenable to treatment, so hospitals and doctors' surgeries will continue to be crowded.

M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
General Practitioner in southern England.

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The Newcastle Region has evolved broadly on the same lines as Birmingham. There is in the region a population of 3,000,000 and there are 171 hospitals including 11 mental hospitals managed by 31 hospital management committees. The 11 mental hospitals each have a management committee and the remaining 160 hospitals are controlled by 20 H.M.C.'s, the larger of which cover the geographical centres of population; the others, some of them far flung, cover the rural and semi-rural areas. In the chief centres of population a complete service has been or is being organized.

Professor Thomson mentions that in Birmingham the hospital groups control all types of hospitals including the mental hospitals. This is an

interesting, important and controversial matter upon which, at the moment, in the Newcastle Region there are divided opinions; mental hospitals are a problem on their own and one of great magnitude. The present accommodation in the Newcastle Region is grossly inadequate, both in quantity and quality.

As to the relationship between the regional boards and the management committees—this was first put to the test when the roseate hues of the early financial dawn started to fade away, leaving behind a sense of frustration. This phase is probably passing to be replaced by a more realistic approach to the fact that within a given ceiling regional expenditure must be controlled. It seems to follow from this that the man on the spot who knows not only the local difficulties but also the local people, is in a better position to assess priorities than the officers of the Ministry and it is considered of paramount importance that officers of regional boards should get out of their offices and about the region discussing problems personally with management committees and their officers and creating a background of mutual co-operation and goodwill. This is the sort of personal touch which it would be difficult for Whitehall to achieve.

For the reasons which he mentioned Professor Thomson does not deal with finance, but in many ways it is at the root of our difficulties. The problem of dividing the amount allotted to a region is hard to solve. Up to date the demands of management committees, in the aggregate, have been in excess of the funds available. In the Newcastle Region we have had to adopt a policy of slowing down the development of better areas in order to help their weaker brethren. Presumably the Ministry must differentiate in the same way between regions and we in the north are conscious of the fact that between wars we were classed as a distressed area, with the result that inevitably the expansion of the hospital services was slowed down.

The long range planning of developments, when money becomes available, must depend very largely upon medical priorities. It appears to be essential that all the branches of the medical profession should somehow combine to decide what the pattern of the future is likely to be so that policy can be framed accordingly.

T. C. SQUANCE,
O.B.E., D.L., J.P., *Chairman of the Newcastle Regional
Hospital Board.*

“REDBRICK” TEN YEARS AFTER

BY H. C. DENT

BRUCE TRUSCOT, writing ten years ago his classic apologia for *Redbrick University*, prophesied that, if modified in ways he elaborated, it would “probably dominate English university education in centuries to come.” I wonder what he feels about that statement to-day? Far-seeing assessor of future trends though he showed himself to be, it is clear that even he did not anticipate the “almost breath-taking growth,” as it has been called, which Redbrick was to make during the ensuing decade. Still less, probably, did he foresee the extraordinary twists that events and circumstances were to give to the proposals for Redbrick’s betterment which he so strenuously and ably advocated in his book.

* * * *

In the literal sense many of his fondest dreams for Redbrick have come true. In particular, the “necessary fundamental reforms” he postulated have in effect all been accomplished. He demanded first and foremost “the allocation to the modern universities of a Treasury grant many times larger than at present,” with in addition “a six-figure block sum for building purposes.” The Treasury grant to Redbrick for 1951-1952 was more than ten times as large as that for 1938-1939, while between the end of the war and February 1952 nearly £4,000,000, most of it from public funds, was actually expended—the amount sanctioned was far greater—on new buildings, extensions and adaptations.

Nearly one-quarter of this amount was spent upon expansion of residential facilities, which Mr. Truscot specified as Redbrick’s most urgent need. The other two reforms he regarded as fundamental were the provision of “open entrance scholarships” and “the development of special Schools within each university.” Thanks to the Ministry of Education and the local education authorities university awards are to-day freely available to all who need them and can make the grade intellectually, while thanks to government policy and the University Grants Committee every university has had since the war full opportunity to establish or enlarge Faculties, Schools and Departments for which it felt a need and which it might be expected to make successful.

But none of these advances has been made for the reason Mr. Truscot

had in mind. He wanted, quite openly, to enable Redbrick "to contend against the present-day overwhelming advantage of Oxbridge." That aim has been set aside for the far more important one of providing a sufficient flow of highly educated and trained men and women to meet the nation's needs in every walk of life, and especially in the fields of science and technology.

It is not intended here to pursue the Oxbridge versus Redbrick controversy. But I would suggest that the developments of the past few years have affected Redbrick more largely and more profoundly than Oxbridge, or indeed any of the other groups of universities in Great Britain. To begin with, it is the only typical group which—as a group—has grown in numbers. Mr. Truscot, it will be recalled, wrote primarily on behalf of "seven modern universities": the civic, municipal, provincial, or regional universities, as they have been variously termed, of Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Reading and Sheffield. That seven has now grown to nine, Nottingham (1948) and Southampton (1952) having been elevated to full university status.

But to get a true picture of Redbrick's advance it is necessary to include also the English university colleges, all of which, as the University Grants Committee observed recently,* "in constitution and character . . . resemble the English civic universities." These have actually decreased in number, from five to four, but in almost every other respect this group has been enlarged even more radically than the already established Redbrick universities. Most importantly, I think, by the inclusion in their ranks of a newcomer of unique character, the University College of North Staffordshire, which began its career in October 1950. (Unique though "Stoke" is, it can nevertheless claim to be in the full tradition of the English civic university, which has always depended for its health and strength upon local support. Indeed, it can claim to have carried that tradition one logical step further, for, as its first Principal and chief begetter, the late Lord Lindsay of Birker, proudly declared on its formal opening day, "it is the first academic institution which owes its existence to the zeal of local authorities since the City of Edinburgh founded the University of Edinburgh in the sixteenth century.") It is also the first English university college to be born full-grown, the first to start its life as a fully residential institution, the first to be empowered to grant its own degree, and, most important of all, the first to establish a "foundation" year of general studies, compulsory for all its undergraduates, as preliminary to the normal three years of more specialized studies.

The significance of Stoke cannot be over-estimated, provided always the college be given a fair enough run financially to establish itself, and

* *University Development*. Interim Report on the years 1947 to 1951. Cmd. 8473. H.M. Stationery Office, 1952. 1s.

can continue to command the services of able and imaginative staff and to attract able and enthusiastic students. But the changes which have taken place in Redbrick as a whole, and in some of its other members in particular, may prove ultimately to be equally significant.

I select first the general change obvious to the outside observer—in which capacity I write—the immense increase in the number of Redbrick students. In the academic year 1938-1939 Redbrick (under which head I include the seven universities named by Mr. Truscot, the then university colleges, and the Manchester College of Technology) mustered altogether 11,581 full-time students, out of a total of 37,433 in English university institutions. By the academic year 1950-1951 Redbrick's numbers had grown to 26,339, out of 64,180. The reader will notice at once not only the absolute but also a relative increase; in 1938-1939 well under one-third of all English university students were being educated at Redbrick, in 1950-1951 well on towards one-half. Let me press this point one step further. In the table in the *Fifth Report from the Select Committee on Estimates, Session 1951-1952*, from which the foregoing figures (supplied by the University Grants Committee) are taken, there is a third column, headed: "Estimated maximum numbers in the first post-war decade." This shows* that Redbrick may by 1955 or thereabouts count 32,400 students out of 67,800 in England—which is as near as makes no difference to a full half. (If the 3,000 students in the Newcastle division of Durham University were to be reckoned as "Redbrick"—as they might well be—the shift in the balance of numbers would show even more strikingly.)

If I may be permitted a side-glance at the Redbrick-Oxbridge question, in 1938-1939 Oxford and Cambridge had 10,954 students, or nearly as many as Redbrick. In 1950-1951 they had 15,098, that is, fewer than two-thirds as many, and according to all reports do not intend to increase beyond the latter figure but rather to stabilize at one somewhat below it. Oxford's numbers dropped by 750 between 1948 and 1951.

Time alone will determine the importance of this shift in the balance of numbers as between Oxbridge and Redbrick. But already increased numbers have transformed some at least of the Redbrick establishments into almost completely different places from what they were before the war. The outstanding case is the University College of Leicester. In 1939 it was a tiny private establishment—founded as a limited liability company in 1918—receiving no Treasury grant and boasting only 82 students. In 1951 it was a fully-fledged University College by Royal Charter. It had almost as many academic staff as it had students before the war. Its students had grown to 730—a ninefold increase. It was in receipt of a Treasury grant for current expenditure of £110,850, and

* I have added to the numbers given in the Report another 600, being the number of students expected to be by that date at the University College of North Staffordshire.

between the end of the war and February 1952 had been able to expend over £300,000 (mainly derived from public funds) on new buildings, extensions, and adaptations.

Life must have been exciting at Leicester during the past few years. In January 1948 the College correspondent wrote to the *Universities Review* that:

Knighton Hall, the fine property acquired last season, is now the residence of the Principal, while the former residence and adjoining hostel have been adapted to house some 100 women students. Two additional houses make up with Nether Close a nucleus of hostels for men, in which, so far, there are about 90 residents, and a smaller house has been made into a hostel for eight women members of the academic staff. The new dining hall and kitchen are now in use; additional lecture rooms and staff rooms have been well contrived by the conversion of existing buildings . . . Further extensions and adaptations are in progress.

Alongside this rapid physical growth was proceeding, of course, rapid academic growth: the founding of Schools and Departments, the establishment of Chairs (eleven by the end of 1950), and the initiation of ever increasing numbers of staff and students into a continuously enriched academic and social life. (To mention but one item, between 1945 and 1950, 21,000 volumes were added to the college library.) Nor is either physical or academic growth at an end, for Leicester has in mind ultimately to provide for 2,000 students. And then? Well, Leicester would not be Leicester if it had not already had visions of full university status. Especially since Nottingham . . .

If the case of Leicester be outstanding there are others sufficiently remarkable. Hull, like Leicester, was in 1939 unaided by any Treasury grant. It had then 162 students. In 1951 it had nearly six times as many. The Treasury was grant-aiding it to the tune of nearly £150,000, and more money had been spent upon its buildings than upon those at Leicester. Academically, it had promoted notable experiments: it was teaching Swedish and had established the first Department of Finnish in the country. Thanks to private benefactors it had been enabled to found a number of research fellowships and studentships, and by the end of 1949 was able to claim that with three-quarters of its students in residence it was more nearly a fully residential university institution than any other in the country outside Oxford and Cambridge. Small wonder that by that date Hull, like Leicester, was already looking forward to the day when it would be no longer a college but a university.

Other examples of exceptionally rapid growth are Southampton, the youngest of the English universities, which has almost quadrupled the number of its students (268 to 980), Nottingham, which has done much the same (582 to 2112), Sheffield, whose numbers have nearly trebled (769 to 2024), Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, and Exeter, all of

which are more than twice as large as in 1938-1939. Only Leeds, Liverpool, and Reading are to-day less than double the size they were before the war. Altogether, Redbrick, which in 1945 offered to increase its student population by 85 per cent. within ten years, has in fact increased it by nearly 130 per cent. in five.

It is much too early yet to begin to assess the implications of this phenomenally rapid rise of Redbrick. That it has its dangers is obvious; that these need be more than temporary is less certain. The position, even with regard to numbers, is in the current phrase essentially fluid. Though the total number of students at the universities appears to be stabilizing (it may come to rest somewhat below the peak figure of 85,000), the numbers at some of the Redbrick universities and university colleges are as yet far from stable. Several of these, it is true, as for example Southampton, Reading, and Hull, are resolved to hold their numbers at approximately the present level or slightly above it, but others are still contemplating considerable increases.

To turn to another aspect, the character of the student body has changed greatly within the past three years. Until 1949 most students entered on Further Education and Training grants, which meant that they were above—in many instances much above—the normal age of entry to a university, and had all had experience of adult life elsewhere. Their attitude towards university life and work, and in numerous instances their reasons for coming to a university, were different from those of the boys and girls now entering direct from school or, among the men, after National Service. It is only during the last year or two that the universities have been confronted with a relatively undiluted generation of the permanent "new order", that is, a body of students proceeding normally from school to university, all of whom have won their places by reason of their intellectual capacity and academic attainments, and of whom all who need aid are sustained by public funds.

Thirdly, while the past seven years have been years of extensive and intensive building up of academic and social resources at the universities, this process may safely be said to be as yet in its initial stages. The many new Faculties, Schools and Departments that have been founded, ranging from music, drama and fine art to electron physics and industrial metallurgy, and from American studies and Oriental languages to genetics and veterinary science, have yet to make their full impact on university life and work, more especially as in far too many cases they have had to struggle into existence in improvised premises, with inadequate staff and equipment, and subject to overcrowding of the grossest nature.

Fourthly, while the amount of physical building since the war has been, despite all delays and postponements, truly prodigious and quite unprecedented, the major development schemes projected by several of the Redbrick universities have as yet barely been begun. What will be

the effect on the quality of university life and work at Reading when the university has been transferred to the 300-acre Whiteknights Park? Or upon life and work at Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle and Sheffield when their projected *cités universitaires* stand completed in the hearts of these great industrial and commercial areas?

That is perhaps looking into a distant future, at a moment when it is probably unwise to peer very far ahead. But discarding speculation two facts are already established. The first is that henceforth roughly one-half of all university students in England will be enrolled at Redbrick, and the second that Redbrick has far more to offer them to-day than it had ten years ago, and will have year by year still more.

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Can it be expected, then, that Redbrick will come to "dominate English university education" as Mr. Truscot has suggested? I think not. I think rather that the individual members of Redbrick will develop along such distinctive lines that within the next half century the term will have become obsolete. The signs that this will happen seem to me already clear. The different rates at which they will develop residential facilities will be an important factor. To elaborate but one other: as I pointed out two paragraphs ago, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Newcastle are proposing to rebuild themselves in the centres of their cities, while Reading is moving to at least semi-rural surroundings on the outskirts. Nottingham University has always been well outside its city, Birmingham has transferred most of its activities to Edgbaston, Leicester is reasonably remote from the centre of the city, from which it is separated by a spacious park, and the University College of North Staffordshire, though less than three miles from Newcastle-under-Lyme, gives one the feeling of being in the depths of rural England.

This difference of location will, I fancy, impose an increasingly different character upon universities within and without their cities. Apart from the different atmosphere of the social life which must necessarily ensue, it may be that universities inside their cities will tend to concentrate more upon the technological branches of university study, while those outside will be drawn more to study of the humanities and pure science. There will, of course, be numerous exceptions in detail—for example Southampton, which must be regarded as a "fringe of the city" university, is building up a strong School of aeronautical engineering, while Manchester, equally definitely a "centre of the city" university, has within the past few years notably broadened its range of humane studies—but I shall be surprised if this trend does not manifest itself before very long.

Another difference will be, I think, that the "centre" universities will

tend to draw a larger proportion of their students from their immediate localities than will the "fringe" universities, with perhaps, especially if they become weighted towards technological studies, a larger proportion of oversea students. Again, of course, there will be exceptions; while some inhabitants of Sheffield, for example, were not long ago moved to protest against the intrusion of "foreigners" (that is, students from other parts of England), the Vice-Principal of Birmingham proudly declared a few weeks ago (by way of tribute to the retiring Vice-Chancellor, Sir Raymond Priestley) that: "So sure and steady has been the University's advance (under his leadership) that it has long ago ceased to be provincial, except in geographical location."

Which leads me to my last point: that each of the universities and colleges will develop differently according to the different qualities of the leaders it attracts to its service, and above all to its Vice-Chancellor or Principal. Nothing would tempt me into a discussion of the vexed subject of the government of Redbrick, but it seems to be generally agreed that in recent years the power and influence of its Vice-Chancellors have increased and show no signs of diminishing. They have it in their hands to make or mar their universities. There are in office to-day as Vice-Chancellors of Redbrick men who I believe will do as creative a job for the universities over whose destinies they preside as did Priestley for Birmingham or Vickers for Southampton. When they, and others like them still to come, have seized the unique opportunity offered them by Redbrick's prodigious expansion, Redbrick will not indeed "dominate", but it will look any other university in the world in the face as an equal, by right of achievement.

(Until recently the author was the editor of the Educational Supplement of The Times.)

RECORDING RURAL HISTORY

BY C. HENRY WARREN

EVERYWHERE, up and down the country, people are discovering the liveliest interest in the English rural way of life as it used to be and as it never will be again. In villages and little market towns, societies and groups of enthusiasts are springing up for the single purpose of gathering in, before it is too late and while there are still a few old folk who remember, anything and everything concerning the intimate social history of their immediate locality.

There is even an official aspect of the matter. A survey, it is hoped, will presently be undertaken to provide information for a modern Domesday Book of these islands. And most counties already have their own record office, operating within the orbit of the county council, whose task is to collect, transcribe and collate every possible kind of historical record relating to the county. I believe several of these county record offices are doing quite exceptional work, but I can only speak of the Essex one, of which this is certainly true. Material gathered in from local archives now amounts to a quite astonishing collection and more is coming in almost daily. From time to time exhibitions are held, revealing some particular aspect of Essex history, and always the record office is open for the use of students and the general public. Teachers in particular avail themselves of this unique service and it cannot be doubted that their pupils benefit accordingly.

But I have in mind at the moment a more private and personal aspect of this fascinating work of recording and deciphering local rural social history. As I see it, we can all make a little Domesday Book of our own immediate locality, to our pleasure and profit, and, maybe in the end, to the considerable benefit of the larger and more official schemes. Finding out why a certain field in our neighbourhood, for instance, is called Walford's Rainbow (actually the name relates to a method of ploughing according to the curve of the hedge) or why a certain farm is called Tile-kiln (a more obvious speculation), not only increases our knowledge of, and therefore our interest in, the parish in which we live but may also save from oblivion some little social fact which, though humble enough in itself, is an integral part of our rural tradition.

All that is needed to begin with is an ordnance map of the district we intend to make the focus of our study, six inches to the mile, and an unswerving intention to pursue our inquiries wherever they may lead us,

whether this involves the purposeful but sympathetic questioning of old people (and the ability to sift the wheat from the chaff of their reminiscences) or the close and tedious inspection and transcription of such local records as deeds, court rolls, parish accounts and so on.

Nothing should be considered too insignificant to be worth our attention and scrutiny. An ancient oak tree, in whose hollow hulk the owls roost and in whose roots the bumble bees nest, may prove to have been a favourite *cache* for poachers, an overnight hiding-place for pig or bird. And as we persist in our inquiries all sorts of curious information may come to light concerning the secret ways of poachers in the bad old days. Or a lonely roadside pool, known (but not on the map) as Polly's Pond, may turn out to have been the unlucky grave of a village suicide, and the facts we unearth this time will open our eyes, as no book could, to the hungry cottager's lot of less than a century ago.

We may be lucky enough, as I was recently, to get the loan of a parcel of old deeds belonging to a farm whose recorded history goes back to between four and five hundred years. Those stiff, folded parchments, with their florid, quill-written script, were, when I came to study them, more than a history of a single farm: they were a history in little of the whole of farming England. Here, on a parchment written in Latin and dated 1691, was the farmer's copy of admission to the Manor of Ridgewell; here again, in another parchment sealed with the seal of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was a deed of enfranchisement whereby part of the farm was declared "to be holden of our said Honor of Clare in free and common socage freed and discharged of and from all and all manner of Fines, Heriots, Reliefs, Quit Rents and other dues and payments, suits, services and customs whatsoever." But perhaps the parchment that interested me most was the signed declaration of an incoming tenant in the days of high farming in which he undertook to farm the estate in a manner here set down to the last detail, including crop and stock, fertility and the management of all woodlands.

Even the field-names of this farm, unchanged for hundreds of years, were a history in themselves; but then field-names, of course, are always a source of curious local information concerning the days gone by. One field-name was The Churchyard—though the nearest church to-day is a long three miles away; indeed, the field in question stands at the juncture of three parishes, remote even from the farmhouse itself or any cottage. Its extent is one acre (God's Acre?) and it contains a deep pond where, the old folk say, buried church bells may be heard ringing at midnight. One old farmhand, to whom I talked, remembered helping to clean out the pond years ago and coming on a number of "powerful big old stones" but he could not say what had become of them, unless they were used for mending one of the cart tracks. Were they, I wonder, part of a chapel, or gravestones, or what? It took me a long time to find any really signi-

ficant clue and I am still seeking for final confirmation; but I have come to the conclusion that The Churchyard had been the local burial place for those hereabout who had died of the Plague, the custom then being for parishes to share the expenses of a mass burial-ground conveniently situated away from the centres of habitation and to erect a chapel there, with a priest in charge. Here was a case where the parish records, surprisingly, did not help. Only a local legend remained, and the name of a little field, to point the way back, as I suppose, to one of the most shattering catastrophes the English countryside had known.

Another local historical fact which I stumbled upon, concerned a field where I was helping to harvest the wheat. It was called Butneys, but of course nobody knew why. Then one day I came upon the statement that a family named Boteneye had owned a manor in the vicinity in 1303. Of this Norman family no trace remained but the name of this field—sufficient, nevertheless, to keep it in mind for six hundred years. Later, I discovered that it was possible from the air to identify, in the middle of Butneys, the distinct foundations of a house.

Field-names may also serve to bring to light crops that were once common to the district but are grown there no more. Carraway Field, for instance, reminded me that carraway was once a regular crop in my locality, and my subsequent inquiries led to the discovery that it was grown, strangely enough, along with teasels and coriander in a triple crop. The next obvious step was to find out what I could about its husbandry. Similarly, The Vineyard, without a doubt, is evidence that grapes were once grown here as a crop, though whether for wine or to be dried for currants I cannot quite determine. Again, hops have not been grown in my neighbourhood for the best part of a century; but the part they once played in the economy of the district is still remembered in the name Hop Gardens, though to-day this is the site of some council houses.

Even hedges ought not be ignored in our task of compiling this little Domesday Book. If a hedge is of quick, and planted fairly straight, the chances are that it was set when the neighbouring land switched over from open field to Enclosure; the former peasants' strips were lumped together into fields, at the dictation of a Government-appointed commission, and enclosed by quick hedges. (You may even be fortunate enough, in cases of very late enclosure, to come upon old people who actually remember hearing tales of the unorganized revolt with which such commissions were met.) If, on the other hand, a hedge is of mixed planting, and runs as crooked as a drunken man, the likelihood is that it is a pre-enclosure hedge. Grass verges, too, must not be overlooked. Where they are very wide, they were most likely common land, on which the cottager was free to graze his humble stock. Perhaps, as in my own district, there are some small strips of land between the verges and the fields, hedged on both sides, and locally called slypes. Were these strips of land stolen?

If so, when and by whom?

Or there is the lane outside the hedge. How did it get its name? I well recall the thrill with which I discovered, from an early map of the district, that the quiet little lane outside my home was originally known as The Suffolk Way. It was, indeed, the recognized route up from Burnham-on-Crouch into Suffolk when medieval pilgrims from all over the world came to worship at the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. Another lane bears the friendly name of Tom's Lane; but who was Tom? Another is called Dyers Lane, where no doubt the fifteenth century dyers lived when the wool and cloth trade flourished in these parts; while yet another is called Cutlers Lane, where, similarly, the cutlers lived when an early steel trade brought riches to the district.

And what about the numerous footpaths which, until quite recently, threaded the countryside from one village to another and from the village itself to outlying hamlets and farms? Such paths, meandering round the hedges or boldly cutting across the plough (in which case they are known in my part of the world as dools—"boundary marks in an unenclosed field"), were the farmhands' quickest way to work in the days when they had nothing but their own feet to go on. Many of them have now disappeared, ploughed up, out of necessity, during the war and never restored—as, by the look of things, they never will be. All the more reason, therefore, at least to map the routes they once followed, for the record's sake and against that day, maybe, when men will re-learn the fact that they cannot live by bread alone—the wild roses and the song-birds in the hedges may, after their fashion, be quite as important as the wheat in the fields.

So the list could be extended almost indefinitely of ways and means whereby we can help to record some of the simpler facts of rural social history in our own locality. Village crafts and the forgotten pest houses, cottage economy and the pre-mechanical husbandry of the fields, local architecture and the discarded furniture of the Church, dialect and regional dishes, all have their small but none the less significant contribution to make to our private Domesday Book. It may be that we shall unearth some fact of more than local importance, but that is not our aim. The pleasure and interest evoked as our task develops will prove a sufficient reward; we shall love our "sweet, especial scene" the better for every fact we discover about that intimate past where our roots were nourished.

POEM FOR AUTUMN

While faint-heart honeysuckle slackens her pale grip
 Of rosegold claws in the tall untidy hedge
 Where flashing flies, more torpid bees, still tumble, sip,—
 While the slight river-chat slips restless through the sedge,
 Dark matron elms stand comfortably at peace;
 Nor, solid to the heart, are English oaks
 Mounds of brown gold: not yet awhile will trees
 Dressing for show, put on their gaudy cloaks;
 Nor yet the lissom silver birch toss each bright curl
 With the defiant gesture of a girl
 Harried, but roused at being pursued, dancing
 A brief ecstatic dance (with age advancing)
 From her veins' ichor, the fugitive ballet, Joy,
 Before she has found her boy,
 Before youth's bouquets have been won.
 No poplar tempts as yet the westering, miser sun
 With fluttering of bright-minted million pennies.

Autumn comes in, not suddenly with pomp
 Of gold and purple flowers, with no loud trump,
 But with an unexpected alien breath,
 Acid, like the taste of an apple on the lips;
 Long before fruit mellows, stealthily creeps
 With shadows, with a chill presage of death;
 Much before huge Orion, old, so very old,
 Climbs up in staggering brilliance from the east;
 Before the gaunt swift leaves for a fatter feast
 Urged by black rapid scythe-shaped wings away,
 To find hot Egypt's sun another day,
 His only enemy, here under faint skies, the cold.

Autumn approached last night, but quietly;
 Laid skeins of gossamer, which light discloses,
 Between bowing blooms; brought to the orchard-tree
 The blazoned wasps, that rich red admiral there

Fanning slow wings on a dropped, rotting pear;
 And pearled with rain the cold autumnal roses.

Out in the woods declining rose bay willow-herb
 Spills wool for seed; the sunbright fields afar disturb
 With sight of scraps of fleece the sheep have left
 In the cropped grass, that could be milky mushrooms.
 Under the drip of trees in deep lush glooms
 By a mauve mallow clump, grow flat horse-mushrooms
 As big as plates and nibbled, holed, the theft
 Evidently of silent slug and snail.
 The smoky sun begins to draw a veil;
 And one by one the thickening veils are cast
 Down on the distant misty landscape, half aghast
 While hushed, till soon sly meshes of moonlight
 Are tangled like pale scarves in oaks and elms.
 The Tree of Night buds, all the sky is bright
 With stars for leaves, the silence overwhelms;
 The heart of silence heaves, the fretted sky
 Is charmed, arrested, till a sudden cry
 A white owl's shiver-note rings out the call to thought.

There is no sadness here, no death, but rest and resurrection.
 See, how the tired leaves dream away their sleep!
 Brown Autumn bears her own renewal and inverse perfection,
 Brings certain promise and no mere rejection
 Of life or hope, no crowded sorrow we should keep.
 Though the dank aster hangs her muted head,
 While Naked Ladies show not any leaf,
 Iron rust of sorrel gives no cause for grief,
 Nor spent hard knapweed, for these are not dead.
 While the cupped acorn holds the infant oak,
 When ash-keys hang, a colony of bats,
 Soon strongly-rooted swelling midgets poke
 Up through the soil, ubiquitous; live beech-mast mats
 The forest floor, intent to turn another page
 Of tender primrose leaves on Nature's circling pilgrimage.

The solar Word, the seed, are over all:
 Behold a glory great! where light and earth
 Between them shall accomplish each new birth;
 Of myriad miracles be prodigal,
 Etheric bodies building up from sun and soil such flowers
 To glow with complex beauty their brief hours,

So seed-grain brightly burns like a small nubilous cloud
 With visible magic luminously endowed;
 As when a dog-fox, trotting through the dark,
 Pursues his lady with uneasy bark,
 The ruttish vixen hears his frenzied yelp,
 Feels first the instance of her unborn whelp;
 As when the egg lurks in the song of lark:
 Thus Nature keeps her pause, unfolds her plan
 To mould a plant, a fox, a lark, or man.

Now is the height, the time when trees and shrubs are flaring
 With tawny gipsy scarves, all colour-trumpets blaring
 Bronze, blood, and brassy notes, the tulip-tree's bold yellow,
 The sumach's purple plush, vermilion berries, with a hundred tints,
 some savage, mellow,
 Black, umber, buff, scarlet and gold, metallic green, a challenge loud and
 proudly pleasant
 As Phasian firebird, our cock, archly-stepping pheasant;
 Before quiet Winter brings again his cold device—
 Not yet Jack pike lies silent, rigid under ice—
 Of crystal branches humming to numbed ears
 When trees can tinkle like old chandeliers.

Now drops the withered day, the twilight droops, the Milky Way
 Glimmers a broad, cherishing silver stream across the sky.
 How lightly step the Twins in Gemini,
 Dancing to the celestial choreography!
 Valiant Orion strides forth, protects from harm,
 With flaming of his golden sword, the farm,
 Flashing above oasts round and warm.
 Vast wings of Cassiopeia stretch to bless . . .

Now let us acquiesce.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

DEFOE THE JOURNALIST

BY D. L. HOBMAN

BY its very fame as a novel *Robinson Crusoe* has eclipsed the personality of its creator. Some authors, like Dr. Johnson, live for posterity more by what they were than by what they did, while others, of whom Daniel Defoe is an outstanding example, produce one book which is immortal yet which somehow destroys any private claim on the interest of their readers. Defoe has really a special right to that interest, not only because he wrote about 250 books and pamphlets including his masterpiece, but because he was one of the earliest, if not actually the first, in the line of English journalists. An outstanding example is *The Journal of the Plague Year*, for as he was born about 1660, he was actually no more than five years old when the plague broke out. He edited various papers at different times (*Edinburgh Courant*, *Mer-cator or Commerce Retrieved*, etc.), and in them he wrote political commentaries which were forerunners of the leading article, and he even started a kind of gossip column.

In 1704 he founded a periodical, *The Review*, treating of home and foreign news, British and European politics, and trade. The lighter side was to be found in the Scandal Club, for the discussion of such topics as love and marriage, language, drunkenness and gaming. Its aims are stated in the title-page of the first completed volume:

A
 REVIEW
 of the
 Affairs of France
 and of all
 EUROPE,
 As influenc'd by that Nation:
 Being
 Historical observations on the Public
 Transactions of the WORLD; Purged from
 the Errors and Partiality of News-Writers,
 and Petty Statesmen of all Sides;
 WITH AN
 Entertaining Part in every Sheet,
 BEING
 Advice from the Scandal(ous) Club,
 To the Curious Enquirers; in Answer to Letters
 sent them for that Purpase.

LONDON

Printed in the Year MDCCV.

Defoe's enemies referred to him contemptuously as a mercenary

scribbler, much as in modern times one might have spoken of a penny-a-liner, but he himself knew well enough that his readers were by no means all serious-minded, and he explained in a kind of preface to *The Review*: "we have been often solicited to leave off troubling ourselves with the grave puzzling part of the Paper, telling a long story of the Swedes, Hungarians, and the Lord knows what! and bring our Paper to all mirth and pleasantry, and delight. And they promise to furnish us with matter enough." Deliberately he strove to "wheedle them in (if it may be allowed that expression) to the Knowledge of the World; who, rather than to take more pains, would be content with their ignorance, and search into nothing." Is not that the essence of journalism at its best?

His curiosity about men and affairs was insatiable, his inventive power almost unlimited, and his cool detachment from false sentiment might have set the tradition of hard-boiled cynicism usually attributed nowadays to Fleet Street. This attitude is illustrated in his satire on *The True-Born Englishman*, written at a time when it was the fashion to lampoon the Dutchmen who were employed by William of Orange. The king was friendly to Defoe, and through royal favour he had managed, when he was bankrupt, to obtain a kind of civil service post in connection with the Commissioners of the Glass Duty so, even apart from inclination, he had good reason to support William. Moreover, he did not fail to draw a distinction between those Englishmen who were true, and the others who were only true-born, pointing out that "the multitudes of Foreign Nations who have took sanctuary here, have been the greatest additions to the Wealth and Strength of the Nation." In spite of that, his verses must have rung strangely in patriotic ears. Referring to Romans, Gauls, Greeks, Lombards, Saxons, Danes and others, he says:

From this amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natured thing, an Englishman.
* * *

And here begins our Ancient Pedigree
That so exalts our poor Nobility:
'Tis that from some French Trooper they derive
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive.
* * *

Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering Danes
Whose Red-Hair'd Offspring everywhere remains.
Who joined with Norman-French compound the Breed
From whence your True-Born Englishmen proceed.
* * *

A True-Born Englishman's a Contradiction,
In speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.

He once wrote that "the end of satire is reformation" but sarcasm is liable to be misunderstood. His pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, pretending to come from a High Church pen, got him into serious trouble, although to-day the irony seems obvious enough. For instance,

when he demanded on behalf of the Church of England: "Let her foundations be established upon destruction of her enemies," how could anyone have failed to realize that he was actually defending Nonconformists? On the whole, however, his style—direct, humorous and full of vigour—must have had a fine propaganda effect on many of his contemporaries.

As early as 1697 he had published a pamphlet on the education of women, which began: "I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves." If woman is robbed of the benefits of education she finally "degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, the devil!" The pamphlet ends: "This chapter is but an Essay at the thing: and I refer the Practise to those Happy Days (if ever they shall be) when men shall be wise enough to mend it."

It is regretted the lack of feminine education, to him "an unpolish'd gentleman is one of the most deplorable objects in the world" (*The Compleat Gentleman*). He wrote pamphlets on anything and everything—shop-keeping, private charity, *An Argument showing that a Standing Army, with Consent of Parliament, is not inconsistent with a Free Government*, domestic service, the condition of the London streets. He advocated street lighting, and wanted the insolent and rapacious watermen, and especially the shoe-cleaners, to be authorized or, as we now say, licensed. It appears that "under the notion of cleaning our shoes, above ten thousand wicked, idle pilfering vagrants are permitted to patrol about our city and suburbs. These are called the black-guard, who black your honour's shoes, and incorporate themselves under the title of the Worshipful Compony of Japanners" (*Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business*).

Defoe was naturally interested in all sorts of unusual phenomena, from murders to magic. In one book, *A System of Magick: or, A History of the Black Art*, he dealt with contemporary belief in the occult, and gave a convincing account of a visit made by a friend—actually, no doubt, himself—to "a cunning man" in Kent, and then, in the last few words, he gave a sceptical twist to faith in the black art which could not have been done better by any modern journalist. He declared that good spirits are not as intimate with the magicians as the latter pretend, whose traffic may be more with diabolic than with angelic beings, "or . . . with no spirits at all."

No sooner had he heard of a rumour of a ghost alleged to have been seen in Canterbury, than off he hastened to question the woman personally to whom it had appeared, and subsequently to publish the result of

his inquiry under the title, *A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the Day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave at Canterbury, the 8th of September 1705*. And in Bristol, at the house of Mrs. Damaris Daniel, he interviewed a Scottish sailor called Alexander Selkirk. This man had gone to sea in 1703, and the captain of the ship having died on the journey, he quarrelled with the man who took over command, and finally refused to go on with him. The following year he insisted on being landed at Juan Fernandez in the Pacific, took his possessions with him and settled down alone on the island. After four and a half years he was taken on board a passing English ship and returned safely home. An account of his adventures was written down by more than one man, including the captain who had rescued him, but it remained for Defoe to work up the narrative into one of the best-sellers of fiction of all time. Not that he would have admitted his book to be a novel, for he wrote in the preface: "The editor believes the thing to be a just history of fact; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it: and whoever thinks, because all such things are disputed, that the improvement of it, as well to the diversion as to the instruction of the reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without further compliment to the world, he does them a great service in the publication." The final outcome of his visit to Selkirk appeared in 1719—after many refusals—under the title of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Daniel Defoe was then in his 60th year, and was described by his publisher as "one who had known the different stations of life from the closest conversation of a King and Queen to the fatiguing difficulties of a Dungeon." His father, butcher and tallow-chandler of Flemish descent, was called James Foe, or Foo, the French prefix being added much later by the author himself. It was a Nonconformist family, and the boy, who had been intended for the ministry, was given a good education at a local dissenting academy where, incidentally, he had a schoolfellow by the name of Timothy Cruso. Boswell records that Dr. Johnson, having recommended De Foe's works to a friend, allowed "a considerable share of merit to a man, who, bred a tradesman, had written so variously and so well." The author certainly preferred business to the pulpit, and engaged in various more or less adventurous commercial undertakings, which usually seem to have failed, although at one time he was rich enough to build a fine house in Stoke Newington. He once wrote about himself in the third person, as editor of *The Review*: "It is true, he had his imperfections: and the fury of the Times, the poverty of circumstances, and the unhappy love of the bottle, reduced him too low, for a man of his capacity."

He took a keen interest in public affairs, and more than once was pilloried and imprisoned as a result of his active part in politics. A description of him, with an offer of reward, was published in the London

Gazette in 1703, according to which he was of medium height, spare, with grey eyes, dark hair and complexion, a sharp chin and hooked nose. He declared that he had "a Body unfit to bear ye hardships of a Prison, and a mind impacient of Confinement," and apparently spent much of his time in concealment; he was actually in hiding when he died in 1731.

His prolonged absences from home may have caused almost as much relief as anxiety to his wife, for when he was at home he seems to have indulged in long periods of complete silence which must have been found trying by his family. At the age of 24 he had married Mary Tuffley, a well-to-do young woman by whom he had six children. He had some Puritan views, especially on upbringing, but it is amusing to find how the moralizing breaks down under the impact of his gift of realistic description. In *The Family Instructor* he tells the story of parents who decide belatedly to reform their household. The mother goes into the room of her 18-year-old daughter, a naughty girl. "For when she came to tell her of laying by her foolish Romances and Novels, of which she was mighty fond; leaving off her Patches and Play-Books; refusing her going to the Park on the Sabbath-Days, and the like, she flew out in a Passion, and told her Mother in plain Words she would not be hindered, she was past a child, she would go to the Park, and to the Play, and the like, ay that she would." Then there follows a conversation:

Bro: You talk wildly now: I *hope* you would be a good Christian.

Sis: A *Christian*! Why, what do you take me for, a Mahometan!

I think I am a very good Christian.

And then the girl "with a kind of humming low Voice, sang the Tune of a new Playhouse Song" whereupon she had her ears boxed, ostensibly not as a punishment for contempt of her mother but of her Maker. She remained sulking in her room, refused to obey her parents' summons, and when her sister demanded to know what message she should give them, replied: "Tell then *I a'nt well, can't you?* that I am upon the Bed, and have shut my door, and won't be spoke with; *tell them anything*: Don't you see I a'nt fit to be spoke to?"

It all reads just as though it were taken from life, probably from a mutiny among his own children. Defoe was a close observer, of the domestic as well as the social scene, who collected facts and handled them with integrity and common sense. He was a realist, too much so perhaps for the taste of his literary contemporaries, who were not accustomed to such an accumulation of practical detail. He wrote about anything of topical interest, and he recognized existing evils and had the courage to oppose them, and to advocate reforms which were far in advance of public opinion. Championing education for women, he denounced too the slave trade and persecutions for witchcraft. He deserves to be remembered not only as the author of the novels *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders*, but as a humanitarian in the best tradition of liberal journalism.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE BIRMINGHAM STORY

BY JAMES E. MACCOLL, M.P.

The important thing about local government is that it is local. That sets a problem for the historian. He can study what at different times local councils were meant to be doing as recorded in Acts of Parliament and departmental circulars but unless he can find out what in fact was done in all the different town halls, he can very easily paint a wholly misleading picture. Before the Whitehall grip became as firm as it is now, nullification could be practised by local authorities as adroitly as by American states and adoptive acts be ignored or quietly pigeon-holed. The local variations and idiosyncrasies make up local government and the competent historian must try to portray them in perspective.

That is the great value of these two big volumes* of local history. Mr. Asa Briggs offers them "as a contribution to what I hope will soon become a prominent field of English historiography" and it is gratifying to record that this is an official history prepared under the supervision of a sub-committee of the City Council. Gibbon and Bell's racy account of the London County Council had already shown that official histories can be both well written and scholarly and here the tradition is admirably maintained by both authors.

The story, as might be expected, discredits several myths. One is the radical myth—that local government was corrupt and incompetent until the bracing winds of popular election stirred it into a bold and enlightened activity. The contrast is unreal between the Metropolitan Board of Works and the L.C.C. It does not stand much examination in Birmingham.

The conservative and undemocratic Street Commissioners within their restricted field did some valuable constructive work until they gracefully accepted dissolution in 1851. The Borough Council failed to maintain its early good intentions after it got going in the 'forties and Professor Gill comments:

In 1856 and 1857 the Council reached its lowest level. It was factious in debate, narrow in outlook, mean and reluctant in public service.

The golden age of Birmingham local government coincided with but was not altogether caused by the arrival in the Council of Joseph Chamberlain. The neglect of the town had reached a climax, just when Birmingham was enjoying great prosperity. The resources were there and the man with the drive to use them. It was not only what he achieved himself. In all he spent only eleven years in the Council and his famous mayoralty was confined to three. But Chamberlain's great contribution was to give citizens a vision of what their city might be. "He caught the spirit of the times and hurried it forward, reveling in the exhilaration of responsible power." British local government has had plenty of men who could administer with care and honesty. It has lacked those with creative inspiration. The civic gospel of Birmingham's Nonconformist divines was transformed into an aggressive political creed by one who "claimed that he was so parochially minded that he looked with greater satisfaction to the annexation of our gas and water, to our scientific achievement in the improvement area" than to the imperial successes of Disraeli.

It did not last. Chamberlain himself

strayed from annexing gas and water to annexing the Transvaal and when the trade recession hit Birmingham, the citizens showed markedly less enthusiasm for the civic gospel. Indeed civic pride seems to have oscillated with the trade cycle in a satisfactorily Marxian way all through the piece.

Mr. Asa Briggs is less successful in handling his inter-war material. That is understandable both because local government became less individual and its content more complex. But it is clear that with all its up and downs, Birmingham never became a badly governed city. Though it started well behind Manchester, it achieved fame as, in the words of an American visitor, "a business city, run by business men on business principles." Yet there is a strange paradox in the Chamberlain story, from republican radical to Tory Prime Minister, beginning with Joseph, who annexed gas because "all monopolies in any way sustained by the State should be in the hands of the elected representatives of the people to whom the profits should go" and continuing with Neville, who in 1914 wanted town planning through municipal ownership of land and in 1916 said of his new savings bank, "not all the bankers in Lombard Street will prevent its becoming a permanent part of the municipal undertaking."

Another discredited myth is that local government was idyllically free from party strife until the wicked Socialists spoilt it all. The violent struggles in the 'thirties and 'forties to establish the Birmingham Charter were strongly partisan. Appointments to local offices, even of a judicial character, followed a spoils system. In the words of a local historian:

No words can express the depth of animosity with which according to the statements of the survivors of that period, the opposing parties regarded each other. Not only was united public action impossible between them, almost for any purpose however desirable, but private intercourse, and the exchange of the courtesies of

social life, were mutually denied.

Chamberlain was of course the prince of party organizers. The famous "caucus" was developed in part to cope effectively with the cumulative vote for the School Board. Of the work done in Birmingham he did not hesitate to say: "It would have been absolutely impossible to any but a strong and united party, backed by all the influence and authority of a great majority of the constituency."

These two volumes cover a much wider field than I have described. They are the story of the industrial and social life of a great community. A valuable source for the local government specialist, they will have a fascinating personal interest to Birmingham people. To the casual reader they may have the remoteness of somebody else's photograph album. Like a good album, local history must include the good and the bad. If our interest is to be kept, we must be shown not only Uncle Albert, who was once presented to the Duke of Cambridge, but also Uncle Fred, who drank and married that unfortunate girl from the tobacconist's. Professor Gill and Mr. Briggs are not Lincoln Steffens, but they give us a fair picture of the lights and shades. There is for example the leading "economizer" of the 'fifties, "the mighty and omniscient Joe Allday, who ruled their discussions at the 'Woodman' and roared his denunciation of their opponents." We have all had him on our local councils.

There is an enthralling account of the Liberal Unionist split and the struggle to control the local machine; but later on, when coming into the sphere of contemporary recollection, I feel that Mr. Briggs' nerve failed him. I would have liked for example to have learnt a lot more of the battle behind the scenes in 1922, which led to the Housing and Estates committee losing its powers to plan and build houses.

This is a first-class job and the best result of it would be for many other councils to follow the example and pro-

* *History of Birmingham*: Vol. I to 1865 by Asa Briggs. Oxford University Press. 63s. Vol. II 1865 to 1938 by Conrad Gill.

vide us with an official history of similar quality.

SOVIET DOCUMENTS ON FOREIGN POLICY: Volume II. 1925-1932. Selected and edited by Jane Degras. *Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press.* 45s.

A well-selected, well-edited collection of documents, such as this certainly is, must necessarily cover a wide range of subjects, so that it is inevitably difficult to pick out threads that are to be traced through them all. It is, on the whole, a remarkable feature of this volume that, amidst all the manifold problems of international politics and diplomatic procedure that present themselves a certain number both of aims and of psychological curiosities reappear from time to time with so large a measure of consistency.

There is, first, Marshal Stalin's analysis of the predominant trends of the time and his attempts to reconcile his followers to a period of consolidation at home and reconciliation abroad without damping their revolutionary ardour. There are, he says, "ebbs and flows in the revolutionary tide"—this being a season of ebb; it was a period, he explained elsewhere, of "the temporary stabilization of the Soviet régime. The characteristic feature of the present international situation is the establishment of a certain temporary equilibrium between the two stabilizations." This theme recurs constantly. It was the underlying thought of an economic policy in which Chicherin sought the investment of American capital and in which the operation of the State monopoly of foreign trade was entrusted to a number of special export companies in the name of "a more flexible system of special trade organizations."

There is, which persists in the Russia of to-day, the constant interpretation of events outside Russia as being the outcome of policies in which a certain effect upon the Soviet Union is always represented as being at the centre of the thought and action of foreign policy-makers. Chicherin, for example, stigmatized the entry of Germany into the

League of Nations as being clearly designed to isolate the U.S.S.R., and the Locarno treaty was greeted in somewhat similar terms.

Condemnation of the Treaty of Versailles is expressed in phrases more conventional but scarcely less extreme than those which characterized Nazi speeches on the subject in the next ten years; the best that could be said for it was that it constituted the essential link between Russia and Germany—an understanding which was one of the linchpins of Soviet policy of the time. The same thoughts Chicherin voices about the League of Nations: "a victors' organization which was to secure for the victors the fruits of victory and to share them out painlessly among themselves."

Whilst many of the comments set out in this volume and made by Soviet leaders are based on half-truths, and on the perversions of half-truths, there are one or two instances of deliberate dishonesty, as where the Soviet Government indignantly deny having made any contribution to the funds supporting the British General Strike, but state that they cannot of course control the actions of the Soviet trade unions.

The central feature of Russian foreign policy at this period was that it practised and advocated a partial and temporary co-operation with the west, but that it never lost sight of underlying incompatibilities which made a full and permanent understanding impossible. This fact these papers bring out with clarity, objectivity and skill. The question they raise is whether it will ever be possible to reach a more durable and substantial agreement with the present rulers of Russia.

W. T. WELLS

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT; Volumes III and IV. Selected and edited by Elting E. Morison. *Harvard University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 130s. The previous volumes of Theodore

Roosevelt's letters dealt with the years of preparation. Volumes III and IV show the man he became, what he meant by civilization and how as President of the U.S.A. he attempted to develop it. Their title, *The Square Deal, 1901-1905*, indicates his principles and method. The letters, excellently indexed, provide material for research into the election and powers of an American president, into relations between capital and labour in the States, into the politics of the Panama Canal zone, into naval problems, imperial beginnings and supremely into the final stages of the Russo-Japanese War.

As in the earlier volumes the letters to Sir Cecil A. Spring Rice are the finest. A reading of those that deal with Russia and Japan gives the measure of Roosevelt's stature (v. IV. 1233). Letters, forthright and full of slang, directed to Senator Taft, reveal the boisterous President on his own doorstep (v. IV. 1161). To von Sternberg he shows himself rather more politician than moralist. His principles he expounds with Churchillian vigour in a letter (IV. 921); written on his acceptance of the nomination to the presidency, that should be read by all students of American affairs.

Other letters will appeal to the reader interested in the man himself. The charming letter to the Indian "No Shirt" (IV. 1185), the comments on the shape of the soldier's collar (III. 291), the definition of a good chaplain (III. 272), the book list (III. 642), the extreme severity to the woman writer (IV. 1027) and his defence of the brave priest (IV. 1022) endear him to us. The most tender letters are addressed to his son "Blessed Kermit" in especial when they deal with the doings of his brother Quentin who, aged 5, remarked to a persistent reporter concerning his famous father: "Yes I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life." Other interesting topics concern the bears, wolves, elks, coyotes, not forgetting Josiah the badger (III. 483), of the U.S.A. Of the country itself a vivid picture is given in a fifteen-page letter

(III. 547-563) describing Roosevelt's western tour of 1903.

At the end of Volume IV. in an essay on "Roosevelt and the Legislative Process" J. M. Blum attempts an analysis of the character of the famous square-dealer. His morality is, he says, "that which could be accomplished"; again, it is "that which was popular" and adds that the President "felt that the central issue of his time pivoted on the control of business because this control determined conduct and morality was for him a matter of conduct." (1342). Bearing witness to these comments: "I will show my faith by my works," Roosevelt said, as he determined "to look ahead and plan out the right kind of civilization which we intend to develop from these wonderful conditions of vast industrial growth." (III. XV).

A word of praise is due to the well-chosen pictures and cartoons, to the point and brevity of the footnotes (for example IV. 823. on Edith Wharton), and to such skill in the selection of the letters that the resultant autobiography is vivid and fresh, and the story dramatic.

GRACE A. WOOD.

COUNT D'ORSAY, THE DANDY OF DANDIES, by Willard Connely. *Cassell.* 25s.

If we are to judge by his features, manners and social accomplishments, the intensity of his life or diversity of his friends, Alfred, Count D'Orsay, is among the most remarkable men recorded. By birth he was Franco-Germano-Italo-Flemish, connected with the Bonapartes, the greatgrandson of a postmaster; his looks and charm were so astonishing that Napoleon wanted him for a page and Wellington, for a brief moment, made him his protégé. It was the patronage of the Blessingtons, who were "socially infatuated with him at first sight," which in 1822 caused him to resign his commission in the *Garde Royale* and to embark upon his fantastic career. With the irrepressibly generous peer and his gifted wife, D'Orsay spent

the next 27 years.

As the Blessingtons processed through France, Switzerland and Italy in a carriage large enough to contain a library, and the Countess established herself in a Neapolitan palace, entertained in a fabulously splendid Parisian *hôtel*, or finally created the legend of Gore House, D'Orsay came to know nearly every celebrity in the nineteenth century. He made drawings (not always flattering) of Byron, and met Teresa Guiccioli; he listened to Lamartine, who was "so perfectly like a gentleman" that Lady Blessington "would never suspect him of being a poet." The rugged Landor approved of him and so, undoubtedly, did Queen Hortense, who met him at a Roman ball. Talleyrand was his long-established acquaintance, Disraeli and Louis Napoleon went boating with him up the Thames, Creevey damned him, Crabb Robinson dined with him, and Dumas *filis* attended his funeral. D'Orsay lived at the zenith of wit and fashion, and though, at last, to escape the bailiffs, he was forced to leave Gore House in the small hours of a Sunday morning, and though he never recaptured his first fine careless mood, his story retains all the glitter of a cavalcade.

His conduct towards his wife, the step-daughter of Lady Blessington, remains unforgiven; he himself emerges from his biography as a man of irresistible fascination but perhaps too conscious of his charm to be endearing. "Placed in a public position," Disraeli wrote of him, "he would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind." The opinion is still debatable. But whatever one thinks of D'Orsay, this book, which marks the centenary of his death, must be read by those who enjoy nineteenth-century society, its brilliance, diversity and individualism. The age of D'Orsay was one of grand actions and diverting intrigues, of fine literature and entertaining gossip. Mr. Connely has used a quantity of unpublished mater-

ial: new letters, written at the time of D'Orsay's "imprisonment" in Gore House, and an account of some three hundred of his paintings, drawings and sculptures, which had been forgotten for a century. After a complicated first chapter, Mr. Connely handles his mass of facts with humour, sympathy and a sense of proportion, and usually with nice feeling for style.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

POETIC DICTION: A Study in Meaning, by Owen Barfield. *Faber*. 18s.

TRADITION IN THE MAKING OF MODERN POETRY. Volume I, by Howard Sergeant. *Britannicus Liber*. 12s. 6d.

The theory of meaning developed in the new edition of a book first published in 1928 is, in its philosophical implications, a refutation of the ideas subsequently expressed in their extreme form in logical positivism. In Mr. Barfield's new preface—specially written for this edition—particular scrutiny is given to this doctrine, since he sees it as the contemporary expression of the view of knowledge as power. This, he holds, is in active and dangerous opposition to the liberty of the human spirit expressed through the individual imagination.

Setting out to examine the nature of poetry, the book presents an entire theory of knowledge. The two ways in which the human mind tries to learn—the scientific, analytic approach, developing ever finer distinctions of meaning—and the poetic—which seeks through metaphor to unify conceptions normally thought of as separate—are found to be, in the first place, complementary rather than contradictory. The intensive application of reasoned thinking, in its gift of steadily increasing understanding of and control over matter, has trained us to think in a much more coldly analytic manner than, for example, Homer. The intimacy between Homer's gods and men was not a flight of his poetic fancy, but part of the way in which he saw the

world. These differences in outlook, Mr. Barfield reminds us, are reflected in our use of language. Words from the less evolved languages, which we translate by several different words, probably had in fact a single, broader meaning. Thus, language forms and is formed by thought; so that we may have the authentic poetic experience in reading Homer, it is necessary first to have abandoned, under the hard glare of modern thought, that world in which gods and men laughed and fought and quarrelled in much the same manner—and then to re-experience, re-capture it with a shock of pleasure. Reason is essential to poetry, since without it we could never have got beyond the mentality which unconsciously accepts the 'poetry' as the be-all and end-all of reality.

The 'material' world, as Mr. Barfield insists, would be incomprehensible to us if we did not actively—albeit unconsciously—distinguish between shapes and colours and contours. This same creative activity of the human imagination upon the 'sensed' world, his argument continues, produces also the perception of new or forgotten unities, and so poetry. But the process is unconscious in the first case, conscious in the second. In either case, it is how the 'real' world is created and both kinds of knowledge have precisely the same claim to final 'validity'. Logical positivism claims just the reverse; in effect it aims "... to limit the sphere of man's knowledge to the increasingly tentative findings of physical science, and to dismiss all other affirmations as meaningless."

It was perhaps inevitable that science should thus unceremoniously have dragged philosophy along by her hair, and that the positivists should have denied poetry any meaning as such, or any function except to arouse emotion. All the more welcome, therefore, is this new edition of an authoritative and creative attempt to reveal the fundamental unity which is surely at the root of all knowledge. The sheer spontaneous delight in poetry is

never forgotten by the author, and the book—save for a rare lapse into whimsy beautifully and fastidiously written throughout—sometimes itself becomes pure poetry. The last paragraph of Chapter 7, for instance, led one reader at least directly to that "felt change of consciousness," that extension of awareness into a new dimension, which Mr. Barfield identifies with the experience of poetry.

Mr. Sergeant's short book is the first of three volumes on its subject, the final one to assess developments in dominion and colonial poetry. The aim of the trilogy is "to show how the traditions, techniques and ideas of the past, combined with ... new creative forces ... have exerted their influence upon contemporary poetry ... to assess what has been achieved during the last fifty years." This first volume includes in its survey the poets of the first decade of the new century, the Georgian movement, American poetry and influence and imagism. The book is painstaking, thorough and informed. It is also entirely free of the imaginative touch and originality of idea for which one hopes when a poet writes on poetry. The assessments frequently shock, by their pedestrianism; to be assured, for example, that Walter de la Mare's "The Traveller" is "meritoriously conceived" must be disconcerting to any mind which has received the full impact of that magnificent poem. LOVEDAY MARTIN

MR. NORRIS CHANGES TRAINS (8s. 6d.) and **THE MEMORIAL** (9s. 6d.), by Christopher Isherwood. *The Hogarth Press*.

First published in 1935 and in 1932 respectively, both novels reflect states of mind between the wars no less than the trend of events. They are evocative enough, although it is hard to recall anyone quite so nasty as Mr. Norris or so obstinately sad as Mrs. Vernon. The satire, kind in the earlier book, has by 1935 become savage, breaking the promise of maturity that distinguished the work of the younger Mr. Isherwood.

"Let us now praise famous men" beginning with Mr. Harry S. Truman, who might so easily and excusably have remained a dim, prosaic little figure against the bright legend of Franklin D. Roosevelt's life and personality. Instead, he becomes unobtrusively—even hazily—something of a giant himself, with a snugly-fitting legend of his own, yet one surely capable of stretching to his growing stature. The occasional fury of Britain's men-in-the-street at American precipitancy, superciliousness and vulgarity now unconsciously exempts the present occupant of the White House—an endearing illogicality of hero worship this, for in his own words: "The President of the United States represents 154,000,000 people."

To be a pilgrim

Besides having a good idea, William Hillman has confirmed the truth of these surmisings on the establishment of a high Truman tradition by collecting some of the personal diaries, private letters and papers, with an autobiographical chapter and recorded interviews, under the title of *MR. PRESIDENT* (Hutchinson. 21s.). In no better way could the world learn of the hopes and fears, the likes and dislikes, the standards and aims of a man who, though an active collaborator in the book, must share the essential loneliness of all who hold great office. Here is one, prepared by ten years in the Senate but still modest and a publicity shunner, successfully meeting the unexpected challenge; here is the student of history, the delighter in English literature, the musician all the more sensitive for "not being quite good enough," combining shrewdness and commonsense with idealism, kindness and fellowship. To meet him in these pages is to revere him; it is an ennobling experience too, for the reader's respect and admiration for simple goodness are refreshed and enhanced.

The pen is mightier

Whether Mr. Churchill is able to enlarge his chubby halo is less certain; some there are who spy him already

sceptred among the immortals, and some others would have liked to see him retiring from political life at what we regard as his peak in 1945—the period in fact just after that presented in his fifth volume of *THE SECOND WORLD WAR: CLOSING THE RING* (Cassell. 30s.). But even while we deplore his career since as anti-climax, we are supporting his claim to greatness by our pleasure in the kind of English—clearly unique to-day—that he is able to write. The beat and rhythm of his sentences are as exciting as Spanish dancing or jungle drums. Take any passage at random from this record of the decisive months between the middle of 1943 and June 1944 and the spell works; with eyes shut the fingers flick over and come to rest at: "From the Philippines the encirclement of the Japanese homeland could begin." Again, 300 pages further: "It was at this point, while all hung in suspense, that I flew from Carthage to Marrakesh, bearing my burdens with me." Or, near the end:

The scale of the Russian struggle far exceeds the operations with which my account has hitherto been concerned, and formed of course the foundation upon which the British and American Armies approached the climax of the war The situation of Hitler's armies at the end of May was forlorn. His two hundred divisions on the Eastern Front could not hope to withstand the Russian flood when it was again released.

(An important incidental: let no-one sink to the level of Kremlin misrepresentation by being less just than the Prime Minister in acknowledgment of the Russian struggle.) Then Mr. Churchill's industry alone could bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of lesser and unpersevering practitioners of the written word, for his achievements are obvious corroboration of the "nineteenths perspiration and one-tenth inspiration" axiom.

The American angle

The lethargy of ill health was the cause of the dwindling of another long and detailed record, begun immediately after the year covered in Mr. Churchill's book, by the United States Secretary of

Defence. The last entry of *THE FORRESTAL DIARIES* (Cassell. 25s.) is dated January 2, 1949, and they are thus post-war history with special reference, as James Forrestal's appointment implies, to the 'cold war'. Tackled as a continuation of the Prime Minister's story, they and it leave one with a sense of the utter indissolubility of the Anglo-American relationship for good or ill—so it had better be good! The American account also makes one impatient for Mr. Churchill's next volume for comparison's not always odious sake. Here is Mr. Anthony Eden as early as April 21, 1945, expressing the belief at dinner with Forrestal and Admiral Leahy "that the chief pivot of Russian policy to-day was an effort to drive a wedge between England and the United States." Also in these entries, so admirably edited by Walter Millis with the help of E. S. Duffield and introduced by Viscount Alexander, our first two 'famous men', President and Premier, naturally take their place (with Mr. Attlee and the Labour Government apparently not particularly congenial companions of the diarist).

Germany explains

Messrs. Truman and Churchill figure naturally too in the next book; the first is thanked twice and the second once for sagacious behaviour—a dubious compliment from Franz von Papen whose copious *MEMOIRS* (André Deutsch. 25s.) Brian Connell has sifted, presented and translated as though the task were easy. Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten—for those who hate Fascism's guile, cruelty and unbearable sin of pride—the peregrinations of Herr von Papen, so it was not expected that this autobiography would be a disinfectant. And it can be sickening—not least in an unctuous criticism of Russian dictatorship that America and Britain now welcome from a man who accepted the post of Vice-Chancellor in Hitler's dictatorship ("for the purpose of counteracting the influences of the Nazi ministers in the Cabinet" he says), who became

Hitler's Minister in Vienna and Hitler's Ambassador in Turkey. Yet, in its baleful way, the book has proved quite as engrossing as its forerunners on the table. Neither the author's life nor his account of it here could be charged with dullness; alongside his adventures—from court page to Wilhelm II to his spell in the dock at Nuremberg, with the 'operation Cicero' *en passant* that has recently been whitewashed by James Mason in a film—any crime novel would appear to be suffering from pernicious anaemia.

After a life full of incident, great hopes and even greater disappointments, I have become convinced of the impossibility of saving the Western world by purely rationalistic and materialistic methods There is now a return to belief in the Power that stands above our terrestrial affairs and first gave life its true meaning.

The deification of matter, of the machine, of the masses and of human authority is slowly making way for the old spiritual conceptions We cannot halt the discoveries of science, but we can bring them once again under the authority of the mind. Only then will it be possible to combat the totalitarian states, which have become the slaves of science and materialism

You would think it was the Archbishop of Canterbury calling for a day of prayer.

Aladdin's lamp

No such bewilderments attend the reading of *THE AGA KHAN* (Odham's. 15s.). Stanley Jackson has written a straightforward biography, without "cosy emasculation", of the robust personality the subtitle calls "Prince, Prophet and Sportsman." The general public is not entirely to blame for knowing only about the last, on racecourse and at gaming table, with fabulous parties around and a beautiful wife in the *entourage*. But those people who wondered in 1936 why he should be presented in Bombay with his weight in gold (£25,125) or ten years later with the equivalent of his weight in diamonds (£640,000) have much to learn from this book of his spiritual leadership of ten million Muslims, whose prophet he is by virtue of his direct descent from

Mohammed. His rigid training made him master of five languages at 15, he was once President of the League of Nations, King George gave him an 11-gun salute, "Queen Victoria poured tea for him, Gandhi was imprisoned in his palace and Rita Hayworth served him with caviare"—and also of course with a grandchild. It is not surprising that he has shrewdly invested his £600,000,000 fortune, and he still emerges (explodes is a better word) from these pages a likable person; in fact, while agreeing with the author that the Aga Khan is "a charming anachronism" this reader is uncharacteristically inclined to put an emphasis on the adjective.

Seeing places

And another leader with a pleasant personality—to Bernard Newman who met him and subsequently wrote the story of him and his country in *TITO'S YUGOSLAVIA* (Robert Hale, 18s.)—had "the advantage of a mixed east-west education in life" too. In 1951 the author returned to a people he knew and loved to make a long journey through the federated provinces that comprise for him "one of the most interesting States in Europe." So this is not only an enjoyable and informative travel book; it is a refresher course for us in the events that led to the extraordinary situation of a Communist country almost under the hem of the 'iron curtain', fearing, disliking and disowning the Communism of the Soviet Union. This convulsion, evolution or revolution is scarcely less startling to the rest of the world than it was to the poor man in Mr. Newman's opening paragraph who,

soon after the war was over, shouted "Down with Stalin!" and was jailed for four years. On his release he was naturally determined not to make the same mistake. So he shouted "Long live Stalin!"—and was promptly jailed for another four years.

Such proceedings in Belgrade, Liubliana or Zagreb are still a very long way—even our Jeremiahs would concede—from being possibilities in Gloucester,

Hereford and Worcester, *THE THREE CHOIRS CITIES* (Batsford, 9s. 6d.) of which Bryan Little writes with his usual care and appreciation. The quality of their history and architecture link them together no less than their music festival, their Roman occupations no less than their cathedrals and civil buildings. Yet each town is different enough to give a great variety to the many illustrations in the book, and their "trio of counties" are indeed "among the choice pleasures of England." With such a more than guide book in hand the pleasure of going back to them soon will be doubled.

The mind of modern Europe

Whether as guides to unknown territory or as indispensable addenda to the completion of a pattern, the four books belonging to a series of "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought" are warily commended. They are *BAUDELAIRE* by P. Mansell Jones, *CROCE* by Cecil Sprigge, *RILKE* by H. E. Holthusen translated by J. P. Stern, and *PAUL VALERY* by Elizabeth Sewall (*Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, 6s. each*). Small in compass, they are packed tight—literally for the clear and beautiful type is small—with exposition and interpretation. Each writer shows the creative achievement of the subject "in the setting of traditional European beliefs and tastes." The essays are thus not limited to the biographical, and their concern with poetic imagination, philosophy, analytical reason, theology and the liberal tradition has called for slow reading and slower pondering—two reasons alone why they deserve a longer examination here. The language and style of the critics are blameless; it is their themes that are inherently complex. So Mr. Sprigge's is a congenial starting-point, because we have all become only too familiar with the social and ideological upheavals that inspired Benedetto Croce, and because his continuing belief in the ideal of freedom beckons encouragement to ours.

GRACE BANYARD

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THE STERLING AREA

EVER since Mr. Churchill's Government made it their objective to stop the outpouring of the sterling area's gold and dollar reserves, people have been watching the periodical statistics bearing on this point with a well-justified anxiety. The latest figures, which were published early in September, show no very pronounced trend. The area's deficit during August was 44 million dollars, not in itself a very large amount, and in any case one swollen by an abnormally heavy deficit with the European Payments Union. There is some danger in studying the fluctuations of these figures as though they were a barometric graph. It is not the day-to-day changes in the economic weather that matter so much as the economic climate in which the sterling area as a whole has to exist. Studies on this subject have been rather hampered up till now by the lack of really comprehensive statistical material. This want is supplied by the full and admirably lucid work* recently published by the Economic Co-operation Administration's special mission to the United Kingdom. A reading of this book provides a reminder about the nature of the roots of the sterling area—a reminder which, in its way, is quite as important as the abundant statistical matter provided. In the technical sense the sterling area is, of course, no more than a wartime creation, formed to enable the Commonwealth countries (with the important exception of Canada) to make the best use of their foreign exchange resources. But the Commonwealth is no fortuitous agglomeration; it is the outcome of a long economic process which can be called 'Colonialism' without a necessarily objectionable connotation. It possesses an inherent unity which is shown by the fact that, though the United Kingdom's trade with the rest of the sterling area was drastically restricted during the war, it has since reverted to a percentage roughly equal to the pre-war one.

The sterling area is a natural growth—hence its strength. But it does not follow that its health will be preserved by attempts to keep it as it is; the reverse is true. The internal structure of the area's trade is being transformed by the growing industrialization of the member countries. Textile industries—the classic precursors of a fuller industrialization—are for instance being developed in India, being favoured through the relative simplicity of the processes involved. The British textile industry is suffering from this development, but it cannot be reversed without the employment of methods which went out of date in 1776. The

* *The Sterling Area: An American Analysis*. Under the direction of John M. Cassels. H.M. Stationery Office. £1 1s. 0d.

problems arising from the changes within the sterling area are, however, less intractable than those it has to face as a whole in relation to the United States and to the Continent—the problems of the dollar gap, and the E.P.U. deficit. The former is particularly difficult. In the area's trade with the United States, raw materials form the most important class, and over the world as a whole raw materials have become more valuable than manufactured goods. But the particular raw materials exported by the sterling area to the United States contain two striking exceptions: gold, the price of which is virtually pegged by the American Treasury, and natural rubber, the price of which is restrained by competition with the synthetic product. If the prices of these primary commodities had risen as others have, the same volume of exports to the United States would have earned the sterling area another \$3,500 million, and its reserves would now be in a very healthy condition. The deficit with the E.P.U. is less easy to formulate; but its most significant element lies in the restriction on British exports being imposed by a number of continental countries.

It is this restrictionism that contains the greater danger in the long run. The high price of raw materials (apart from those just mentioned) is, to be sure, a very heavy burden on the United Kingdom, but it will sooner or later right itself, since it is the demand from manufacturers that is keeping up the price, and no manufacturer will bankrupt himself by buying at an exorbitant rate. But restrictionism also means that countries are moving in the direction of autarky, with all that this means in the way of the uneconomic use of natural resources. It also means that the world turnover in trade will shrink, with a corresponding dead loss to the United Kingdom in the revenues it obtains from shipping, banking and insurance—revenues which, of course, vary directly with the volume of world trade. In entering on the path of restrictionism, if only as a short-term measure, Mr. Butler has given the world a most dangerous lead. The real remedy is to expand exports, and this can be done only by selling to the rest of the world the things it wants. Something is already being done in this direction. The falling off in the exports of textiles has been accompanied by a very large increase in exports of engineering products, which are not only what our customers want, but have the special advantage of embodying higher manufacturing skills, and therefore of commanding, on this account alone, a much higher exchange value in international trade. The importance of these industries is best proved by the actions of those extremists who have been trying to restrict their output. But to develop this type of export to the highest possible pitch will require capital investment, which in turn demands a lower standard of living for the time being. This the Government appear disinclined, owing no doubt to electoral reasons, to contemplate. It is doubtful whether this is good politics. It is certainly bad economics.

SOVIET FIFTH FIVE-YEAR PLAN

By K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

“THE successful fulfilment of the Fourth Five-Year Plan permits the adoption of a new Five-Year Plan 1951-55 ensuring the further advance of all branches of national economy.” So runs the third directive of the XIXth congress of the All-Union Communist Party published by the Soviet press on August 20, 1952. To understand the unusualness of this announcement it must be remembered that the Fourth plan was completed on December 31, 1950. For more than nineteen months students of Soviet affairs had wondered that no new plan had been presented for approval to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. As the Central Statistical Board of the U.S.S.R. continued to publish quarterly reports on the execution of the “State plan”, it had been assumed that the new plan was in operation but its contents were being kept secret. When, therefore, Mr. Stalin, as secretary general of the central committee of the All-Union Communist Party, published his announcement that the XIXth congress of the party was to meet in Moscow on October 5 and was to adopt, among others, the directives of the Fifth Five-Year Plan, he caused surprise alike through the Soviet Union and the world.

As the directives were published in full by the Soviet press, occupying, for example, over two pages in *Izvestia*, it is doubtful whether the congress will be allowed to introduce any important changes in them. They were prepared by *Gosplan*, or the State Planning Committee, which from March 14, 1949, has been presided over by Mr. Maksim Zakharovich Saburov, who since 1947 has also been one of the deputy chairmen of the council of ministers of the U.S.S.R. No doubt they are the result of careful study and summarize a more voluminous and more detailed plan which will not be published. After approval by the XIXth congress, they may be expected to be submitted to the next session of the Supreme Soviet and, according to the country's constitutional practice, become state law.

* * * *

The main stress of the Fifth Five-Year Plan is, as in the case of its four predecessors, on heavy industry—on rearmament. “Without heavy industry we shall be doomed as an independent country,” wrote Mr. Stalin (quoting Lenin) in *Pravda* of November 7, 1929. In a speech

delivered in Moscow on February 4, 1931, Mr. Stalin said that it was impossible to slow down the tempo of the First Five-Year Plan (1928-32).

No, comrades, it is not possible! The tempo must not be reduced! On the contrary, we must increase it as much as is within our powers and possibilities . . . This is dictated to us by our obligations to the working class of the whole world. To slacken the tempo would mean falling behind. And those who fall behind get beaten. But we do not want to be beaten. No, we refuse to be beaten! One feature of the history of old Russia was the continual beatings it suffered for falling behind, for its backwardness . . . We are 50 or 100 years behind the advanced countries. We must make good this distance in 10 years. Either we do it, or they crush us . . .

No one knew whom Mr. Stalin had in mind as planning to "crush" the Soviet Union. In 1931 Hitler was not in power. By exporting machinery and equipment to the Soviet Union Germany was helping Soviet industrialization and the U.S.S.R. was contributing to the secret rearmament of Germany by permitting the *Reichswehr* to build and test on Russian soil new prototypes of artillery pieces, tanks and aircraft. But the situation was vastly different when on March 10, 1939, Mr. Stalin was delivering his report to the XVIIIth congress of the All-Union Communist Party. According to him, a "new imperialist war" was already in its second year, "a war waged over a huge territory from Shanghai to Gibraltar." He was glad to announce that a great deal had been done to increase the preparedness of the Soviet armed forces and that by the end of 1938 Soviet industry had grown more than ninefold as compared with 1913. Nevertheless he stated that the "clear and explicit" tasks of Soviet foreign policy were:

First, to continue the policy of peace and of strengthening business relations with all countries; secondly, to be cautious and not allow our country to be drawn into conflicts by warmongers who are accustomed to have others pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them . . .

Hitler made use of this business offer, but twenty-two months later turned against his partner. One reason why Germany failed to crush the Soviet Union in the 1941 and 1942 offensives was the extent of Soviet rearmament. Mr. Stalin was right, therefore, in refusing to slow down the tempo of heavy industry and in deliberately neglecting the production of consumer goods. After the common Allied victory of 1945, however, after the destruction of the German and Japanese war machines, there were many people, in the Soviet Union as elsewhere, who hoped that the postwar or Fourth Five-Year Plan would insist less on rearmament and military preparedness and more on the reconstruction of war-damaged cities and villages; more on the production of consumer goods and in general on increasing the standard of living of the Soviet peoples.

But such was not the case: the stress was still on heavy industry and

national defence. In his first, and so far last, post-war speech delivered in Moscow on February 9, 1946, Mr. Stalin directed that in the shortest possible time the Soviet Union must heal the wounds inflicted by the German Fascist invaders; he also directed that in heavy industry the Soviet Union must "not only come level with the outside world, but also even surpass" this level in the near future.

As to plans for a longer period, he continued, our Party intends to organize a new powerful upsurge of the national economy which would enable us, for instance, to raise the level of our industry threefold as compared with the pre-war level. We must achieve a situation wherein our industry is able to produce annually up to 50 million metric tons of pig iron, up to 60 million tons of steel, up to 500 million tons of coal, up to 60 million tons of crude oil. Only under such conditions can we regard our country as guaranteed against any accidents. This will require perhaps three five-year plans, if not more. But this task can be accomplished, and we must accomplish it.

A few weeks after this pronouncement the Supreme Soviet adopted on March 18, 1946, the law of the Fourth Five-Year Plan fixing new goals for every branch of national economy. An April 17, 1951, *Izvestia* published a joint report of the State Planning Committee and the Central Statistical Board on the fulfilment of the 1946-50 plan. It said that "on the road of Communist construction the Soviet people had won a brilliant victory." True, by 1950 260 million tons of coal and 37.8 million tons of crude oil had been extracted, instead of the respective 250 million tons and 35.4 million tons planned; 90,300 million kw. hr. of electricity had been generated instead of 82,000 million kw. hr.; production of pig iron was 19.4 million tons—only 100,000 tons short of the figure fixed in the plan—but 27.3 million tons of crude steel were produced, or 1.9 million tons more than the plan had aimed at.

The Fifth Five-Year Plan fixed for 1955 the following rates of increase for the "vital types" of industrial production: coal 43 per cent., crude oil 85 per cent., electricity 80 per cent., pig iron 76 per cent. and steel 62 per cent. (For what these increases would mean in precise figures, see Table I.) To-day the Soviet Union is the second industrial power of

TABLE I.—HEAVY INDUSTRY PRODUCTION
(In million metric tons ; electricity in .000 million kw. hr.)

	1913	1928	1932	1937	1940	1946	1950	1955 (Plan)
*Coal	29.1	35.5	64.4	127.0	166.0	162.0	260.0	371.8
Crude oil	9.2	11.5	21.4	28.5	31.0	21.8	37.8	69.9
Electricity	1.9	6.2*	16.4†	36.4	48.3	49.5	90.3	162.5
Pig iron	4.2	3.3	6.2	14.5	15.0	10.0	19.4	34.1
Steel	4.2	4.3	5.9	17.7	18.3	13.3	27.3	44.2
	* 1929		† 1933					

the world. Of course, the United States alone produced in 1951 about 95.4 million metric tons of steel, the United Kingdom about 16 million

tons and the six countries of the European Coal and Steel Pool 37.6 million tons, which gives for the free world a total of 149 million tons as compared with 31.6 million tons of the Soviet production for that year. But no complacency should be felt about these figures: in the free world even in wartime a considerable amount of steel is used to produce goods for civilian consumption, while in the totalitarian Soviet Union even in peacetime over two-thirds of steel are earmarked for rearmament.

* * * *

The standard of living of the Soviet peoples has undoubtedly improved in comparison with conditions in 1945, but on the whole it is not better than before the 1939-1945 war. In 1950 the Soviet Union produced 167 million metres (182 million yards) of woollen cloth, that is, 2 feet 8 in. a head or one-fifth of the amount supplied in Great Britain for the home market. Although the length of cotton fabrics was fixed for 1950 at 4,686 million metres, only 3,815 million metres (4,158 million yards) were produced, that is, 20 yards 2 feet a head which includes not only clothing but also household cotton goods. It was planned to produce at the end of the Fourth Plan 240 million pairs of leather shoes, but only 205 million pairs were produced, equal to one pair an inhabitant, as against three pairs a person in the United States and two pairs in Great Britain. The Fifth Plan provides for notable increases in textile and footwear production: 61 per cent. for cotton fabrics, 54 per cent. for woollen fabrics and 55 per cent. for leather shoes (see Table II).

TABLE II.—TEXTILE AND SHOE PRODUCTION
(In million metres ; for shoes, in million pairs)

	1937	1940	1946	1950	1955 (Plan)
Cotton fabrics	3,442	3,886	1,878	3,815	6,142
Woollen fabrics	105	120	79	167	257
Silk fabrics	58.9	69.5	—	125	—
Leather shoes	164	205	78	205	317

The housing situation in the Soviet Union remains grave. While urban housing floor-space a head was about 6.4 sq. metres in 1923, in 1939 it had decreased to four sq. metres—that is, 6.5 feet by 6.5 feet*. The situation seriously deteriorated during the 1939-1945 war. Mr. Voznesensky† wrote that of 2,567,000 dwelling houses in occupied Soviet towns,

* In Soviet statistics floor-space represents the area of living-quarters, excluding kitchens, bathrooms, passages and lavatories, as these are shared by many families.

† Nikolay Alekseyevich Voznesensky, member of the Politburo of the All-Union Communist Party, deputy premier of the council of ministers and chairman of the State Planning Committee, was dismissed from all his three functions in March 1949. In 1947 he wrote a book entitled *Voyennaya ekonomika S.S.S.R.* (Wartime Economy of the U.S.S.R.), revealing many figures hitherto unknown.

1,209,000 were destroyed or wrecked, the floor-space demolished amounting to more than half of the total housing in the affected cities. He added that in order to restore pre-war conditions for the population of the liberated areas of the Soviet Union it was necessary to build more than 60 million sq. metres of housing floor-space in the cities of these areas alone. The Fourth Plan provided for the rebuilding and repairing by 1950 of only 84.4 million sq. metres of floor-space, of which only 33.2 million sq. metres were allocated to war-damaged areas. Expressed in terms more familiar to British ears, the Soviet housing target meant 120,000 five-roomed houses, against 821,518 permanent houses built in Great Britain from the end of the war to December 31, 1950.

The Soviet aims for the main building materials were fixed for 1950 as follows: felled timber 280 million cu. metres; cement 10.5 million tons; roofing slate 410 million sheets; window glass 80 million sq. metres. The statement on the fulfilment of the Fourth Plan does not mention housing and limits itself to saying that the plan for cement was 97 per cent. fulfilled—that is, 10.2 million tons were produced. As to other building material, the statement admits that output and quality “still lag behind the growing requirements of the national economy.” The *Economic Survey of Europe in 1951** reveals that the amount of marketable timber in 1950 was only 162 million cu. metres (see Table III). For propaganda

TABLE III.—BUILDING MATERIALS PRODUCTION

	1937	1940	1946	1950	1955 (Plan)
Cement (million tons)	5.5	5.8	3.3	10.3	22.7
Roofing slate (million sheets)	186.9	205.0	140.0	440.0	1,114.4
Window glass (million sq. m.)	60*	44.4	46.7	84.3	336.2
Marketable timber (million cu.m.)	111.3	119	80	162	252.7

* 1938

reasons Moscow had, of course, first claim on all building materials and it was announced that 535,000 sq. metres of floor living-space were brought into use in 1950. During the same year, in Stockholm, 346,000 sq. metres of living-space were made ready for service, yet the Swedish capital was a city of only 726,000 inhabitants as compared with the Moscow population of more than six million. According to the *Survey of Europe*, by 1951 wartime losses in housing (but not the ten years' deterioration in the remaining houses for the country as a whole) had been more than made good in the urban areas and nearly 90 per cent. in the countryside, while, however, the total population of the country, on a comparable territorial basis, had risen by about 5 per cent. from 1940 to

* Prepared by the U.N. Research and Planning Division of the Economic Commission for Europe. All figures in this article are taken from either the *Bolshaya Sovetskaya Entsiklopedia*, special volume devoted to the U.S.S.R. (Moscow, 1948) or from the *Economic Survey of Europe in 1951*.

1951, and in the urban areas probably as much as 30 per cent.* The Fifth Plan does not say much as to future housing development. It directs that the lag in the timber industry must be eliminated, that the haulage of marketable timber is to increase by 56 per cent. and that cement production must rise 2.2 times, that of roofing slate 2.6 and of window glass 4.

If, to accept a recent *Izvestia* statement, residential construction was as yet among the most backward branches of Soviet industry, agricultural production is certainly one of the Soviet planners' major worries. The Fourth Plan decreed that by 1950 the annual grain harvest must be 127 million metric tons and that of sugar-beet 26 million tons. Neither figure was achieved, although actual production was said to be slightly higher than in 1940 (see Table IV). It is necessary, however, to keep in mind

TABLE IV.—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION
(In million metric tons)

	1913	1922	1930	1932	1938	1940	1950	1955 (Plan)
Grain*	80.1	50.3	83.6	69.9	90.0	118.8	124.5	186.7
Sugar-beet	10.9	1.5	14.0	6.6	16.7	21.0	23.5	40.0
Potatoes	23.3	—	47.5	—	65.6	84.2	101.9	147.8
Cotton	0.7	—	1.1	1.3	2.7	2.7	3.8	6.3

* Bread grain and coarse grain together. About 67% of all grain produced is bread grain (wheat 39%, rye 25.4%, millet 2.1%, buckwheat 1.1% and rice 0.3%).

that from 1933 figures given for Soviet grain crops represent not the actual amount harvested, but a "biological" estimate determined in the field prior to harvest; from 1939 this method of estimate has been applied to all crops. According to Mr. Naum Jasny, a former Soviet agricultural expert, now on the teaching staff of Stanford University, near San Francisco, official estimates of the 1933-39 grain crops "were around 25 per cent. higher than the actual crops"†. Production of grain in Russia in 1913 amounted to 572 kg. a head, possibly more, for careful Czarist statisticians were somewhat under-estimating the actual crops. If Soviet estimates were to be taken *à la lettre*, the grain production in 1950 would be 622 kg. a head, but according to Mr. Jasny it was only about 467 kg. The Fifth Five-Year Plan stipulated that the grain production must be increased by 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. Taking the higher proportion into consideration, the total production by 1955 would be 186.7 million tons or 864 kg a head of it were to be assumed, first, that the total

* The population of the U.S.S.R. in the 1940 frontiers was estimated at 193 million; in 1950 it was estimated at 201 million. According to a speech by Mr. Lavrenty Beria on November 6, 1951, between 1945 and 1951 the death rate had been halved and infant mortality had been reduced even more, while for several years the annual population increase exceeded 3 million. In 1955, therefore, the population of the U.S.S.R. would amount to at least 216 million.

† N. Jasny, "Soviet Statistics", *Review of Economics and Statistics*, vol. XXXII, February 1950.

population of the Soviet Union would then be 216 million and if the Soviet agricultural statistics were to be trusted. Even so, however, the results would be far from remarkable having regard to the fact that in 1950 the production of grain in Canada was 1,493 kg. a head and in the United States 1,001 kg.

Animal husbandry, in which wartime losses were particularly severe, offers perhaps the most serious difficulties for the Soviet policy of food production. The targets fixed for 1950 were as follows: 65.3 million head of cattle, 31.2 million pigs, 121.5 million sheep and goats and 15.5 million horses. These figures were far from being reached (see Table V) and by the end of 1950 the Soviet Union had fewer cattle than pre-

TABLE V.—LIVESTOCK
(In million head)

	1916	1922	1929	1933	1938	1940	1950	1955 (Plan)
Cattle	60.6	45.8	67.1	38.4	63.2	71.0	57.2	68.6
Pigs	20.9	12.1	20.7	12.1	30.6	36.1	24.1	36.2
Sheep and goats*	121.2	91.1	146.8	50.2	102.5	108.5	99.0	160.4
Horses	35.8	24.1	34.6	16.6	17.5	20.6	13.7	16.4

* Since 1930 sheep and goats are enumerated together. The number of goats for the years 1916, 1922 and 1929 were respectively (in million head) : 8.2, 6.8 and 13.5

revolutionary Russia, and fewer pigs, sheep, goats and horses than in 1938 in a smaller territory for a smaller population. In 1916, in round figures, the ration for every 100 inhabitants was 43 head of cattle, 86 sheep and goats and 15 pigs; in 1940 the respective numbers were 37, 57 and 19 as against 28, 49 and 12 in 1950.

Yet, on November 6, 1950, Marshal Nikolay Bulganin, presenting the traditional "victory" report to the Soviet peoples, claimed that the government had supplied the population with 35 per cent. more meat and 60 per cent. more butter and other fats than in 1940. No meat production figures in the Soviet Union have been published since 1938. The First Plan, rather optimistically, fixed as goals for 1932 49.1 kg. a head for urban and 22.6 kg. for rural populations. In fact, production in 1938 was only 19.4 kg. (or 42.7 lb.) a head for the total population*. It is difficult to believe that by 1950, with a larger population and fewer livestock, meat production a head could be greater than in 1938. Here again it is useful to remember that in 1950 the meat consumption was 97 lb. a head in the United Kingdom and 145 lb. in the United States. The Fifth Plan directs that by 1955 Soviet meat production should increase by 92 per cent. as compared with the unknown 1950 production. Sugar

* According to the *Statistical Year-Book of the League of Nations* (Geneva 1945), the 1938 meat production was 3,303,000 metric tons, including 1,295,000 tons of beef and veal, 1,564,000 tons of pork and 444,000 tons of mutton.

production reached 12.5 kg. (27.5 lb.) a head in 1950 and was scheduled to reach 20.7 kg. (45.5 lb.) by 1955. Even if this aim is achieved Soviet consumption would be left far behind the consumption a head in the United Kingdom and the United States, which in 1950 was respectively 84lb. and over 100 lb. (see Table VI).

TABLE VI.—FOODSTUFFS PRODUCTION
(In thousand metric tons)

	1937	1940	1946	1950	1955 (Plan)
Butter	185	207	185	325	559
Vegetable oil	495	724	312	775	1,372
Fish (catch)	1,600	1,400	1,100	1,778	2,809
Sugar	2,421	2,150	465	2,515	4,477

The failure to attain by 1950 the agricultural aims of the Fourth Plan led certain members of the Politburo, headed by Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, to recommend a third agrarian revolution in the countryside, the first being the "socialization" of all land by a decree of November 8, 1917, and the second the enforcement, from 1928 onwards, of a State-owned and State-managed agriculture. The peasants interpreted the 1917 decree as giving them the right to seize and parcel out among themselves the former landed estates. As the Communist régime lacked the strength to impose acceptance of the idea that all belonged to the State, until 1927 individual peasant holdings accounted for 98 per cent. of the total agricultural output. The second agrarian revolution initiated by Mr. Stalin aimed tactically at the *kulak* or rich peasant, but in fact the total collectivization of agriculture and the liquidation of the peasantry in general as "the last capitalist class" were the real objective. By January 1939 the *kolkhozy* or collective farms included 18.8 million peasant holdings or 93.5 per cent. of the total with 370.8 million ha. of agricultural land. In addition, there were 3,998 State farms or *sovkhozy* with 51.1 million ha. of land. After the 1945 annexations the collectivization of agriculture was forcibly introduced in the new western areas and by January 1950 there were in all 254,000 *kolkhozy* and 4,540 *sovkhozy*. The third agrarian revolution had two aims: first, to merge smaller *kolkhozy* into bigger ones; secondly, to build for every bigger *kolkhoz* an *agrorod* or "agrotown" to replace the existing villages. The first aim was achieved, at least in part, for in March 1951 it was announced that the number of *kolkhozy* had been reduced to 123,000. But the destruction of existing villages and homesteads was resisted by Mr. Andrey Andreyev, a member of the Politburo. A criticism of the "agrotown" idea coming from Mr. G. A. Arutinov, first secretary of the Armenian Communist Party, appeared in *Pravda* in March 1951 and the following month all propaganda for the vision of "agrotowns" suddenly ceased, not because Mr.

Stalin is afraid of "cockroaches", as he once called peasants, but because building material and manpower in the Soviet Union are inadequate for the simultaneous purpose of rearming, building new canals and power stations and pursuing the "agrotown" idea.

* * * *

In his speech of February 4, 1931, already quoted, Mr. Stalin said that the U.S.S.R. had "more than enough" natural resources to become the greatest industrial power of the world. Enumerating other "objective conditions" for the achievement of such an aim, Mr. Stalin affirmed that the country was also happy to have a Government capable of and willing to utilize these immense natural resources; that this Government had the support of the vast masses of workers and peasants, that the country was governed by a system free from the incurable diseases of capitalism (such as periodical depressions, unemployment, waste and poverty among the masses), and, finally, the country was lucky to possess "a party sufficiently solid and united to direct the efforts of all the best members of the working class to one purpose, one sufficiently experienced not to be dismayed by difficulties, and systematically to pursue a correct, revolutionary Bolshevik policy . . ."

In this enumeration only the claim to abundant natural resources is unassailable. To use them appropriately would require an efficient government, which the Soviet Government is not: in a State where nobody dares take responsibility for the smallest decision, efficient planning is impossible, the quality of production must be low and prices high. There could be no greater error, however, than to jump to the conclusion that the Soviet Union is a giant with feet of clay. The Soviet régime, contemptuous of human dignity, protected by formidable armed forces of the interior, is the strongest on earth and would fall only by losing a major war. Whatever the price, moral and material, the country's industrial equipment is increasing with every year that passes, and it should not be forgotten that some 90 million inhabitants of the seven European satellite States are producing heavy industry goods, textiles, shoes and foodstuffs for the common pool.

THE DEIFICATION OF MAO TSE-TUNG

BY O. M. GREEN

SOME months ago an essay by Mao Tse-tung written in 1937 was reprinted by the official Communist paper *People's Daily* and widely distributed, in which he flays the rigid fanatical doctrinaires for their inability to discern the changing conditions of the world and to adapt themselves to them. A further essay, also written by Mao in 1937, "On Contradictions", has lately been reprinted in the *People's China*, a fortnightly magazine published in Peking in English, in which Mao describes the contradictions inherent in every phase of society, from the conflict of which the next phase is brought about; this process, he says, will continue until the world attains to perfect socialism and perfect rest.

These essays are of twofold interest. They show us something of the restless, inventive mind of the man who steeped himself in the Chinese classics as much as in western social writers, who in leisure moments composes poems in the classical style for his amusement, who holds up for public edification the heroes of old novels which he devoured in his youth, and who, besides being a profound political thinker, is no mean military strategist. His work *On Protracted War*, written in 1938, prescribes a form of attack which has been exactly followed by the Chinese armies in Korea. The reprintings and the voluminous comments by Communist writers on his works, illustrate the almost superstitious reverence with which he is regarded by his followers, ceaselessly insisting on his far-sightedness and inspired leadership.

Mao Tse-tung, entering this month his fourth year in supreme power in China, is unquestionably the most impressive figure in Asia. He has already attained equal rank with Marshal Stalin as one of the high priests of Communism; indeed in some respects he might be described as Marshal Stalin's superior for in the most notable part of his work, as will be seen, he was right when the Kremlin was wrong. To-day as chairman of the People's Central Government Committee and of the Revolutionary Military Affairs Committee—the two highest organs in China, whose omnipotence is minutely defined in the Communists' Common Programme—he is the undisputed ruler of all China.

Although he frequently dwells on the importance of a correct understanding of Marxism-Leninism, it is doubtful whether Marxism was ever a predominant factor in his own thoughts. Communist writers tell us now that he had never read any of Marshal Stalin's writings until 1942—which

is not impossibly true—and then discovered that he had reached the same conclusions, which, judging by the pattern of Communism that he has evolved for China, is more debatable. For Mao has always taken his own line, and between 1927-1935 he was in open conflict with the official Chinese Communist Party and the instructions it was receiving from the Cominform. Latterly, too, one has noted less in Peking's publications of "Marshal Stalin, our great leader" and more of the omniscience of Chairman Mao.

Everyone has heard of Mao Tse-tung's peasant ancestry and his crude peasant tastes and habits. It might be said of him that he came from the peasants only to return to the peasants. As a struggling student in Peking he was at first intoxicated by the liberal writings of Liang Chi-chao, one of the principal figures in the "Hundred Days' Reform" of the luckless Emperor Kuang Hsü. Later he came under the influence of a Peking University professor Chen Tu-hsiu, first secretary of the Chinese Communist Party which he inaugurated in Shanghai in 1921. Mao is the only survivor of the 12 men at that meeting. Chen Tu-hsiu was expelled from the party in 1927 for deviation.

From Shanghai Mao went straight back to his native province Hunan to organize revolutionary unions among the peasants. The basis of his policy was that, as the peasants number four-fifths of China's population, they are the only sure foundation of power. As every class obviously depends on the peasants' labour, this claim seems logically unanswerable. But it was dead against the views of the official Communist Party and of the Cominform that successful revolution could only be achieved among urban workers and that the peasants were a secondary consideration. Mao fell into disgrace with the higher-ups of Communism. This explains why so little was heard of him from 1923, when the Russian Borodin, called in by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, was fostering the strength of the C.P. inside the Nationalist Party in Canton, through the triumphant march to the Yangtze in 1926, down to General Chiang Kai-shek's breach with the Communists and expulsion of Borodin in 1927.

Mao was in Canton for some part of the Borodin régime and joined in the march to Hankow. He also fought in the vain attempt of the Communists to make a stand against General Chiang at Nanch'ang in August 1927. But afterwards it was entirely as a lone wolf that he gathered together the scattered remnants of Red troops, bandits and other distressed peasants and, with the collaboration of Chu Teh, the Communist Commander-in-chief, founded the first Chinese Soviet Republic at Ching-kangshan on the mountainous border of Fukien and Kiangsi. During the ensuing years in which Mao Tse-tung's Soviet extended its power up into the middle Yangtze valley and when there was serious alarm that the Communists might reach Nanking, Mao was still in schism with the official C.P. and with Moscow. It was not until 1935, when, after four

years of ruinously expensive campaigning, General Chiang had forced the Communists to retreat from their mountain stronghold on the famous "Long March" to Yenan in the northwest, that Mao was elected chairman of the Communist Party, and the Cominform was obliged to admit his extraordinary success and give him its blessing.

The peasants served Mao Tse-tung well all through his wars first with the Japanese, then with General Chiang. But without detriment to his faith in them, he has moved far beyond them. They are the foundation of power but not its coping-stone: the downfall of the Chinese dynasties usually began in peasant risings but the support of the scholars, with one exception, was invariably needed for their success. Mao's knowledge of history must have shown him this, and in it one sees the germ of his book *New Democracy* which is the bible of the Chinese Communists. The system it lays down is that China must be rebuilt upon an alliance of all the exploited against those familiar demons of Communism, imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism, in which farmers, merchants, professional men, petty *bourgeoisie* and intellectuals will work together. Since the perfect socialism is still a long way off, the workers are told that merchants and industrialists must be allowed to make some profits in order to induce them to use their brains and experience for the good of the nation; even landlords may be permitted to keep some of their land and to hire labourers so long as they do not exploit them.

In harmony with these principles the Chinese Peoples' Political Consultative Conference, assembled in Peking on October 1, 1949, to inaugurate the Communist Government, contained among its 660 members representatives of several factions which are not Communist, such as the Democratic League and the Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee, the Christian Church, Mohammedans and the minority tribes of China. Some of these are also included in the People's Central Government Council. All the evidence is that they are dummies with no real power. But their presence enables the Communists to say that their Government is not Communist. When they were first in Shanghai, when the *North China Daily News* was still allowed to be published,* they ordered that it should refer to them as liberators. By now, while careful to emphasize the correctness of Mao's thinking on Marxist-Leninist lines, they claim that his genius has moved to a more advanced stage. Their creed is not Communism but Maoism. To-day Mao Tse-tung is more than a dictator. Quite clearly he responds to the unconscious but deep-seated desire of the Chinese people for a semi-divine Son of Heaven on the throne. He lives aloof outside Peking closely guarded and difficult of access. Sometimes he makes a godlike descent to address some special conference in Peking, or issues a message to the nation on New Year's Day or a Communist anni-

* At the end of 1950 the *N.C. Daily News* was forbidden to print the B.B.C.'s foreign news which it had been picking up out of the air and the proprietors decided to cease publication rather than print Communist "hand-outs". Thus the last independent voice in China was silenced.

versary; otherwise he is rarely heard. Chou En-lai, the Premier, Liu Shao-chi, the cold dehumanized child of Moscow, Kuo Mo-jo, the fiery erratic poet, are often heard at great length on the air. But not Mao Tse-tung.

There is a telling description in a recently published book by an American sinologue* of four photographs of Mao at different stages of his career. First the rough, untidily dressed, but supremely self-confident leader of the Chingkangshan days. Next, a well-fed, well-dressed man in whom self-satisfaction vies with self-confidence. Then the signing of the alliance at Moscow, Mao among the Russians with "the stern mien of a brooding god surrounded by lesser gods." And, in the latest picture, consciously the great man, equally to be revered and feared.

As one speculates on Mao Tse-tung's future, the only apparent certainty is that he will not rest content with things as they are. China, which accepted the Communists readily enough as a relief from the Kuomintang, is visibly restless. Business men find that the promised partnership of State and private enterprise is simply the old fable of the wolf and the lamb. The New Democracy is merely the old tyranny of oligarchs. College professors are rounded up in camps for humiliating re-education in Maoism. Worst of all, the peasants find that the Communists' boasted land reform has saddled them with harsher masters than the old landlords. Not only are they heavily taxed, but they are being forced into co-operative groups, in which each man must pool his land, labour and beast if he has one, in preparation for the collectivization of the land which the Communists frankly say is their aim. It has yet to be seen whether Mao Tse-tung is great enough to find any remedy for these distresses except terrorism.

But his vision ranges far beyond China. In his May Day broadcast in 1949 there was a memorable passage in which he declared that the Chinese revolution was not limited to China but would ultimately liberate "the 1,000 million suffering peoples of Asia."

That the Russians are worried by the uncontrollability of this Chinese Pegasus was shown at a meeting of the Moscow Institute of Oriental Studies a year ago when Zhukov dwelt on the wide difference between Maoism and the pattern of the Russian revolution and insisted that Maoism was not applicable to all parts of Asia. But Mao and China are too big to be brought to heel like a European satellite. This is not to suggest any breach between China and Russia. But Mao is under 60 and robust; Marshal Stalin is 73 and ailing, and when he dies Maoism may have a profound effect on world Communism. But does there remain in Mao Tse-tung any strain of humility to enable him to withstand the internal corruption which is the common downfall of deified dictators?

* *China's Red Leaders*, by Robert S. Elegant.

RACE BALANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY SIR CHARLES DUNDAS

THE three dominions of the southern hemisphere, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa suffer from a common defect: insufficient population relative to their areas and geographical situations. All three lie isolated and remote from the greater powers to which they must look for support in war, they have immense seaboard to guard and they are industrially underpowered. In these conditions they have manifest need to do all they may to increase their populations by organized large scale immigration. Recognizing the need and the exceptional opportunities afforded by post-war conditions Australia has embarked on a vigorous and bold immigration programme and New Zealand is doing her utmost in the same direction. South Africa, on the other hand, has done next to nothing in this way; indeed a minor scheme for government-sponsored immigration started in the immediate post-war years was discarded in 1948 and such small immigration as there has been since is countered by a not inconsiderable flow of emigration, chiefly to the Rhodesias. Yet the Union more than any other dominion has peculiar need for very great augmentation of her European population.

For purposes of defence the country, more than eight times as large as Great Britain and endowed with some of the richest resources on earth, has an effective population of no more than two-and-a-half millions, for its nine million non-Europeans are discounted as military man-power. For much needed industrial development also more Whites are essential since non-Europeans perform almost exclusively only unskilled or menial work. And over and above these important considerations there are the racial, national and political problems that bedevil the land and are directly due to ill-balanced race composition. The vital need of the Union is better race balance and that can come about only by European influx from overseas.

In any multi-racial country the relations prevailing between one section and another will hinge largely, if not entirely, on the numerical ratio of one to the other. The telling factor will most often be concern on the part of a minority group to hold its own, to preserve its language, culture and identity, and the wider the diversities in these respects the stronger will be the group sentiment animating each side. In the Union there is anxiety on the side of the English-speaking minority for retention

of its national speech, culture and association with the motherland, which, rightly or wrongly, but not without reason, they believe the Afrikaner nationalists aim to supplant with what they speak of as "Afrikanerdom". The rift is, of course an unhappy legacy of the past, the feud between Briton and Boer (now commonly known as Afrikaner) that has never been entirely composed, in fact has of late been inflamed again. If ever there is to be a solid white population in the Union capable of withstanding the immense pressure it will have to face in the Dark Continent this sectionalism must be eliminated and to that end nothing could be more effectual than infusion of a strong neutral element. It is from greater diversity of stock that unity may come as it has in the United States and Canada and from this point of view it will be all to the good if immigrants are drawn largely from foreign European lands, as in any case they must be in order to obtain the required numbers.

That there is every need for European solidarity where Whites form but one-fifth of the vital population is self-evident. It is a case of a minority, a very small one at that, concerned to maintain itself in the midst of an overwhelming majority of different colour, race and civilization. Because of the backwardness of the African mass Europeans have hitherto easily retained unchallenged mastery, but with the revolutionary changes of this new age they see their domination threatened and so they seek to entrench their privileged status by keeping the coloured majority in subjection. In fairness it must be said that it is for them a question of self-preservation. They are convinced that removal of the colour bar would be to open the flood gates and to commit race suicide.

Thus it is fear that is at the root of the matter, the fear inherent to minorities everywhere, and here enhanced by the spectre of Black domination. *Au fond* this apprehension derives from race misbalance, adjustment of which is possible, and only possible, by large scale immigration.

It is to be inferred that such thoughts were in the mind of Mr. J. Strauss, successor to General Smuts as leader of the United Party, when, addressing a party conference a few months ago, he spoke of "fear that beclouds the thinking of so many white men" and said that if during the next 50 years the European population of the Union were increased to 10 millions there would be no such fear. And, when moving a vote of no confidence in the present parliamentary session, Mr. Strauss charged the Nationalist Government with responsibility for "a dangerous diminution of immigration . . . to provide the necessary manpower for development of the country and to bring about a better balanced population and so help safeguard White civilization." More recently Mr. Strauss has stated publicly that if returned to power the United Party "will start large scale immigration." These utterances by the leader of the Opposition suggest a new approach to the Union's race problem which for

my part I believe offers the only hope for its solution. It is race mis-balance that is the mischief and that underlies race relations as they exist in the Union; wherefore the remedy is to be sought in adjustment of race balance.

Thus from every point of view large scale immigration is desirable, not to say imperative. The target set by Mr. Strauss, that is to say growth of the European population from two-and-a-half to ten millions within 50 years, would require influx at the average rate of 150,000 a year. It may be questioned if the Union could obtain and absorb that number, but even more dubious is it that the adjustment of race balance can be delayed to the year 2002. The tide of colour emancipation that swept over Asia now laps strongly around Africa; the situation is already tense and is like to become explosive a generation hence, if not earlier. In these conditions an acceleration of the programme for achieving balance is expedient. But before proceeding to contemplate mass immigration consideration should be given to potentialities for partial adjustment even in existing conditions.

In a previous article published in *THE FORTNIGHTLY** I discussed the situation of the half castes or "Coloureds" in the Union. In virtue of their mixed European and African descent they may be placed in the race scales on one side or the other. Actually they may be said to have been more nearly associated with the Whites, with whom for a century and until now they enjoyed equal rights. At all events it seems unnecessary and imprudent to place them so as to load the already heavily over-weighted African side. They number a million, equivalent to nearly seven years immigration at the rate of 150,000 a year. Seen in this light the present policy of the Nationalists to these Eurafricans seems very much like nose-cutting and face-spiting.

Asiatics, numbering close on 300,000, are unrepresented and are restricted in movement and domicile. Their cause has been taken up by India and Pakistan, so far without result. Their repatriation to India, as desired by the Union Government, seems a counsel of perfection but, on the other hand, it is likely to prove impossible to sustain the present situation in perpetuity. Together with Europeans and Coloureds they bring the number of non-Africans to about three-and-three-quarter millions.

According to the 1951 population census there were 8,535,341 Natives in the Union, an increase of 700,000 over the figure shown by the 1946 census. The exact distribution of that native population to-day has yet to be ascertained, but the proportion living in the native areas is not likely to be higher, if as high, as the 40 per cent. it was in 1946. At any rate it may be taken that some five million Natives are at all times outside the reserves in what is known as the mixed area, where they have no legal

* "South Africa and the Coloured Voter" December 1951.

right of domicile and constitute in the main a floating population. Most are labourers on European farms, but on the basis of 1946 statistics it may be assumed that no fewer than two millions are in urban areas to which there is constant and growing drift. Here native housing is wholly inadequate and by consequence there is extensive slum-living of the worst type with the inevitable accompanying evils of crime, vice, disease and moral degradation.

It is the declared aim of the Nationalist Government to ameliorate these conditions by enlarging and developing the native reserves and to establish them as semi-self-administering areas somewhat on the pattern of the British system of indirect rule. In this way they hope to make the reserves more attractive and to draw away from the mixed area at least whatever surplus native population it harbours. This is the one feature of the policy of *Apartheid* that seems both just and constructive and it is to be regretted only that its implementation has not preceded other less rational and justifiable measures that have been taken for race segregation. But if it is to be effectual the scheme will entail very heavy financial outlay and vigorous action. For, notwithstanding that the existing native areas afford about eight acres per head of population, they barely sustain meagrely their present populations. There is, as a matter of fact, provision for addition of about eight million acres to the native areas. It is, however, a matter of furnishing not merely space, but of establishing sound economy, the which cannot depend wholly on agriculture, even of improved standard. Fair opportunity must be given for earning a decent livelihood together with scope for exercise of abilities in the various spheres of a genuine order of African society.

So developed and organized, the reserves would be in the nature of native territories for the exclusive use and benefit of Africans. It would follow that they cannot also have equal rights everywhere else. Thus the inhabitants of the reserves would have no more claim to political rights in the mixed area than, say the Basutos, have to representation at Westminster. They would be represented in the Union parliament by the Minister for Native Affairs as the peoples of the British colonies are represented in the United Kingdom parliament by the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

If in this manner the African population came to be reduced by half a million and provided the Coloureds and Indians are put in the scales on the non-African side it would require an increase of but one million Whites to balance the race scales in the mixed area, or say one-and-a-quarter million to give an assured non-African majority. It should be possible to accomplish that within 20 years, during which period also the development of the native reserves could be achieved.

In the mixed area as in any other plural race land the main issue will be the question of representation, for in the last analysis it is always

political right that is the aspiration of the under-privileged, as being the source from which flow all other rights. However low the standard set most Natives in this area could not qualify for the vote on any rational basis. The more reason there is then to enfranchise those of them who can qualify on equal terms with Europeans, for nothing embitters a man so deeply as to be relegated to inferior status no matter what his deserts and conversely nothing is more contenting than that by his own efforts and talents he may raise himself to equality with others. It is true that where rights are made contingent on qualifications the State is under moral obligation to afford opportunity for all to qualify, but even so the number qualifying will hardly be such as to menace White control for many years yet to come, or ever if there is commensurate growth of European population. In point of fact an enfranchised native *élite* may in itself constitute a strong resistance line against clamour for votes for all. True it is also that even a small group of non-party voters may be used to tip the political party scales on occasions but if Europeans wish to keep control in their own hands they must not use people of other races as pawns in the political party game, nor will the world outside the Union accept that as a valid excuse for withholding the ordinary rights of citizenship.

The Nationalist project for the native reserves is decried as impracticable, not least because, if at all effectual, it would inevitably diminish the indispensable labour supply, which even now does not meet the demand. Seeing that in present conditions the entire economic structure of the Union rests on this labour, it is a valid criticism and the Government have not explained how they propose to meet it. Certainly they do not intend to replace black with white labour. South Africans in general regard it as ordained that all unskilled work is to be performed by Africans. But if the bulk of labour must be native then the population of the mixed area will be predominantly African and there can be no such thing as a white South Africa. Mr. Strauss, however, spoke of race balance and a white population of ten millions and he can surely not have conceived of these numbers as composed of only employers, skilled workers and supervisors. If, however, Mr. Strauss meant that native labour be replaced at least in part by white workers then there is a possibility that to this extent the native policies of the Nationalist and United parties can yet be reconciled. For despite heated controversy over *Apartheid* all South Africans are at heart *Apartheidists* in the sense that they stand for race separation and it is only the practicability of regional separation, having regard to the need for the Native's labour, that is disputed. That in turn depends on whether or not native labour can be in part replaced. It is, of course, cheap judged by wage figures but there are those who consider it expensive because inefficient and low in output.

Whatever South Africans propose for the safeguarding of white

supremacy, certain it is that so long as they rely wholly on black labour so long will they be more dependants than masters and menaced with submergence in a coloured multitude. It does not follow, of course, that there may be no native labour, but while it is the only labour the Union will be a predominantly black country and it is idle to speak of white South Africa.

Possibly what has been written may strike some as designed to supplant the African and rob him of his birthright in his own land, but the truth is that in no other way will he be accorded any rights at all. For it is unthinkable that the Whites will ever surrender their long-held power of control and submit to domination by a black majority. There will be no rule of democracy while Europeans are a minority and the sole hope is that a more liberal spirit will prevail when in virtue of their numbers Europeans no longer have cause for fear.

Mass immigration, development of reserves, concessions to Africans and forgoing of cheap native labour will exact renunciations from the European community, but South African Europeans must make up their minds whether or not their cherished ideals of white supremacy and white civilization are worthy of these sacrifices or are to be hazarded for lack of resolute effort and for the sake of cheap black labour.

One feels that the Union stands at the cross-roads and must take decision on the future course. Mr. Strauss has pointed to one road. It is a road that may lead from *Herrenvolk* rule to democracy. A multi-racial society can live in harmony only under democratic rule and if the régime is to be white, as no doubt it should be, then Whites there must be in such numbers as is required to furnish a white majority and that is achievable only by immigration to maximum capacity. It remains only to be said that this would be to the advantage not only of all in the Union, of whatever race, but to the Commonwealth and indeed to all nations, for the future strength and prosperity of this southern outpost of western civilization is of vital universal consequence. That being so the Union could, perhaps, count on international support and assistance for the building of a South African nation and true democracy.

(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.)

BELGIUM'S PROBLEMS AND PROSPERITY

BY DAVID INGBER

CAESAR, writing in 57 B.C. on his conquest of Gaul, noted: *Omnium Gallorum Belgae Fortissimi Sunt!* What was true then is equally true now albeit in a different form. The impression one gains in travelling about Belgium is a striking illustration of it. At first sight, the general aspect of the country seems to have changed little compared with what it was two or three years ago. The standard of living remains the highest in western Europe. The same applies to the level of national productivity. In town and countryside alike reconstruction is still much in evidence. These in short are some of the many remarkable features about Belgium which any visitor can hardly fail to notice.

Politically, there now prevails "the calm after the storm." The recent controversy over conscription has been temporarily settled, the Government having reduced the length of service from 24 to 21 months. The present Government is an all-Christian-Social (that is Catholic) team with M. Van Houtte as Premier. Its composition suggests a "Cabinet of All The Talents" including several 'orthodox' economists. This is of particular significance. Economically, Belgium stands as it were in a category apart. In a world marred by the twin evils of inflation and trade. Export figures for the first seven months of this year were more or less equal to the rate of exports for 1951. In that year, imports were covered by exports to the order of 104.22 per cent. The value of these imports was 127,160 million francs against an export value of 132,500 million francs thus showing a credit balance of 5,360 million—the most favourable for a long time. Compared with 1949, imports showed an increase of 44 per cent, while the increase in exports amounted to 65 per cent. The United Kingdom stood second to the Netherlands as the principal customer of Belgian exports. As supplier of Belgian imports it ranked third after the Netherlands and France.

Since the end of the war Belgian industry has been considerably expanded. Traditionally a manufacturing country, a still higher degree of industrialization became imperative to meet the demands of a growing population which will soon reach the nine million mark. New industries have been established up and down the country, including areas that were not long ago mainly agricultural. The policy of concentrating on local

(light) industries is especially noticeable in the provinces of West-Flanders and Limburg. This last-named region in North-East Belgium is destined for a great future as a development area. Its main asset is the Campine (Kempenland) coalfield which in years to come will assume added importance as the collieries in the southern provinces—Belgium's Black Country—are approaching exhaustion point. An essential factor is also the proximity of Antwerp as a centre of imports and communications.

The combination of coal and Antwerp could be described as the key to Belgium's prosperity. Coal output now exceeds the pre-war figures, the rate of extraction being roughly 2,766,000 tons a month. Production methods in the collieries are being modernized while the labour force in the mines is to be further increased through the recruitment of foreign man-power. By the same standard, shipping in the port of Antwerp reached its post-war peak in 1951. The number of ships to call there was 11,425—the highest since 1937, the best year between the wars. Of those 2,943 flew the "Red Duster".

Belgium's progress since the Liberation gives much cause for satisfaction but no reason for complacency. The state of her economy is no longer as favourable as it was three or four years ago for the maintenance of a high level of industrial activity. The two most serious problems confronting that economy are as elsewhere inflation and unemployment. In addition to these there is the question of rearmament or how to reconcile national resources with international requirements. The rise in the cost-of-living is more acute in Belgium than it is here. As for unemployment, the number out of work is now 280,000 and is bound to increase further during the winter months. The industry most affected by a 'recession' is the textile industry the bulk of which is situated in Flanders. This accounts for unemployment being much higher in the Flemish-speaking than in the French-speaking provinces where rearmament has given a fresh impetus to local heavy industries. The clothing and furniture industries are likewise the victims of changing world conditions and in great difficulties. The outlook to-day is somewhat improved over that of last March. But by almost every other standard it remains a sombre one.

In September 1944, the governments of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg gave their blessing to a plan for a Customs Union between the three countries, to be known as Benelux. To-day, the realization of Benelux is still as far off as ever. The reasons for this are many yet simple. The proposed Customs Union was never a popular scheme. As a new venture it cut across the existing pattern of trade relations and vested interests. For that reason alone it had bitter critics in each of the three countries concerned. Nor is this surprising. Even within a Customs Union there must be buyers and sellers. And whereas Belgium and Luxemburg are wedded to the classical concept of a liberal economy the

Dutch have organized theirs on the British model. Wages, prices and the cost of production are all much higher in Belgium and Luxemburg than in the Netherlands. Moreover, the Dutch exporter is subsidized by his Government. The Belgian and Luxemburg exporters are not. As a result, Belgian agriculture, textiles, beer, furniture, etc. are unable to compete against the cheaper products from across the frontier.

The divergence does not end there. The growing increase in population in the Netherlands and the loss of Indonesia have compelled the Dutch to build up their industrial potential. The Belgians on the other hand are striving to expand their agricultural output and their home markets. Influential business interests in the Netherlands are strongly in favour of terminating the Benelux connection for closer relations with the sterling area and West Germany—the Netherlands best customer. In fairness it must be said that similar views are held in Belgium.

What are the prospects of Benelux? Under the Benelux Treaty full economic union was to have come about in successive stages. The first of these was reached on January 1, 1948, when the three countries adopted a uniform tariff for all goods entering their respective territories. The second followed two years later becoming known as the "pre-Union". Since then no further progress has been achieved in initiating the final stage. Those taking the long view remain confident that Benelux will ultimately justify its *raison d'être*. It cannot be denied that in the first seven years of its existence Benelux has done a great deal to promote the flow of goods as well as ideas between the three countries. Whether a full Customs Union will be effected is a matter for conjecture. Meanwhile, there is the "pre-Union".

A far weightier issue than the future of Benelux is the present relationship between Belgium and the European Payments Union. This matter is one which is giving the Belgians considerable food for thought. EPU has had a short but chequered history. Loans granted by Belgium to foreign countries through that organization rose from 4,000 million francs in 1950 to more than 21,000 million in March 1952. The strain which this imposed on the national economy had by then become such as to call for Government intervention. In the last week of March the Government enacted a series of measures restricting exports to EPU countries. These included the ending of the system whereby exports were financed by the Treasury, the 'freezing' of 40 per cent. of all transfers of capital to EPU countries as well as between five and 25 per cent. of the proceeds of trade with those countries. After five months in operation these measures were beginning to show signs of success. In August, the position had been reversed to such an extent that Belgium has a deficit with EPU to the order of \$4,000,000. The 'freezing' of the proceeds of trade is to be contained though not with the same stringency. The Government's reason for maintaining it is the accumulation of revenue in Belgian banks,

revenue which is estimated at some 6,000 million francs. To put this money into circulation could not be done without incurring the risk of runaway inflation.

Side by side with these purely economic complexities appears that most baffling problem of our time—rearmament. As an active member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the European Defence Community Belgium is now engaged in her biggest defence effort ever. The notion of neutrality which held such a wide appeal before the last war, particularly to the extreme section of the Flemish Nationalists, is now to all intents and purposes a thing of the past. Nevertheless, many an ordinary citizen, at heart, seems to wish that the great powers would let Belgium alone. The defence effort has been marked by not a few difficulties at home and some misconceptions abroad. In the months before the Lisbon conference public opinion was deeply perturbed at statements made by various foreign critics that Belgium was not pulling her weight. The Belgians now point out that the cogency of such statements has been lately more than disproved. They emphasize that even the 21 months term of conscription will be longer than those of their neighbours. If the western continental countries can be considered as fulfilling their obligations, why, (so the argument runs) should Belgium be expected to do more?

The Belgian armed forces are organized on the British pattern and compare favourably with those of any western European power. The peacetime strength of the Army is 132,000, part of it being on occupation duty in the British Zone in Germany. The training system is so designed as to assign the maximum number of men to combat units. Under the NATO Treaty, Belgium is committed to expand her services still further. The original figures aimed at an army of 160,000, a navy of 50 warships and an air force of 32 fighter squadrons by July 1954. But the recent reduction in the length of service has forced the defence planners to re-adjust their programme. The same treaty has also set something of a precedent by making Britain and Belgium partners in a joint military enterprise. This concerns the British base now under construction north-east of Antwerp. Once completed the base will be an entirely 'self-contained' establishment covering an area of some 4,000 acres in the Campine countryside. Moreover, the British Ministry of Supply set up last summer a purchasing mission in Belgium which has placed with the Belgian industry orders amounting to many millions of pounds. Of the total value of orders placed by the British Government in western Europe, Belgian industry received no less than 40 to 45 per cent.

How does the man-in-the-street react to such novelties as the Schuman Plan and the European Defence Community? Regarding the first of these two it is fair to state that this matter is one affecting not so much the national community as a particular section of it. The Christian-

Social party, the Socialists and the Trade-Unions support the Schuman Plan. What opposition there was emanated from the Liberals and from the same interests which in France and elsewhere deprecated the transfer of control of coal and steel industries to a supra-national high authority. As for the man-in-the-street, his attitude could be called one of 'sympathetic apathy'.

If the Schuman Plan has stirred no deep feelings the European Defence Community has no lack of hostile critics. To most people it seems that this alliance is at best a marriage of convenience. And no special knowledge of Belgium is needed to understand the reasons underlying this lack of enthusiasm. One out of many is that under the Belgian Constitution the King is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, which "shall only be used for national defence and shall not be engaged in operations outside the Realm." Their integration into an international force runs counter to this principle and will thus necessitate a revision of the Constitution. There is, however, a far more important reason than this. Few Belgians would dispute the need for collective western European defence. But the well-nigh general view is that any defence community without British participation is bound to be one dominated by Germany. There is no tendency to under-rate the Communist danger, yet the fear of German rearmament remains the overriding consideration with people from all walks of life. Twice within one generation Belgium saw the tide of German aggression rise, break and recede. The legacy of two world wars is neither forgotten nor forgiven. In the absence of British participation in the E.D.C. nothing was better calculated to reassure continental opinion than Britain's pledge "to give military and other help to any of the E.D.C. States militarily attacked in Europe." Quite apart from its moral effect this guarantee served as a useful reminder that Britain's frontier is still on the Rhine.

(A student of Belgian affairs, the author has recently returned from a second visit this year to the Low Countries.)

GLADSTONE AS A EUROPEAN STATESMAN

BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

THERE is a widely-held opinion among certain Englishmen that William Ewart Gladstone was a hypocrite and a humbug, and there is a view, even more prevalent, among men of other nations that Englishmen are hypocrites and humbugs. To say that Gladstone in his European policy was typically English is thus to canalize suspicion in a single channel. It has, however, another and less doubtful advantage; in exhibiting the inevitable dichotomy in Gladstone's attitude, it makes it possible unemotionally to investigate the charge. And nowhere is the self-conflict seen more clearly than in his foreign policy. As an English statesman, responsible for the welfare of millions of his fellow-countrymen, he stood for non-intervention to the limit; as an individual, a Christian and a humanitarian, he stood for moral intervention—also to the limit. Such contradiction invites confusion.

The two strands are clearly seen as early as 1850, when he was 41. When Palmerston incarnating the popular patriotism of a country drunk with power and prosperity made his *Civis Romanus sum* oration, Gladstone, the Conservative statesman, rose to attack. In the face of derision he declared then simply and unequivocally the principle which he never deserted: "It is the principle of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of other countries." If Great Britain could influence the internal conditions of other countries consistently with the principles of international law, let her do so; but she had no right "to go abroad and make occasions of other countries." If interference were inevitable (as in some circumstances it might be) it "should be rare, deliberate, decisive in character and effectual for its end."

Nor was it expediency alone which dictated this stand. There was no doubt whatever that in the world of 1850 Great Britain could have used 'the big stick' had she been so disposed with little, if any, risk to her position. "Let us do as we would be done by," said Gladstone in his peroration, "and let us pay respect to a feeble State, and to the infancy of free institutions, which we would desire and should exact from others toward their maturity and their strength."

But three months after this speech he visited Naples under Bomba. What he saw there seared his soul. Suddenly the statesman was swamped by the man. Venal courts, perjured evidence, political vengeance, imprisonment in the vilest conditions such as 24 years in fetters in

an underground dungeon, torture and death. On his return to England, he published the two letters in which he accused the Neapolitan government of "the violation of every moral law under the stimulus of fear and vengeance" and endorsed the opinion that it was "the negation of God erected into a system of Government."

These letters, translated and discussed in the liberal press of Europe, may indeed have influenced international opinion; but, as far as the unfortunate Neapolitan prisoners were concerned, they served merely to intensify their sufferings. That is the worst of moral indignation in politics unbacked by force. In the century that followed the pattern was to acquire a certain familiarity. Whether or not you applauded the outburst depended largely on whether you were a citizen of a free country at liberty to contemplate the eternal verities or a political prisoner fettered to a common criminal in a Neapolitan dungeon. But there is no doubt that, from that moment, Gladstone in the eyes of Europe sprang into the position which he was never to lose—the Liberal champion of the oppressed everywhere. Nor is there any reason either to doubt his sincerity or to withhold admiration from his sensibility. If Europe never forgot what he had said, he never forgot what he had seen. His heart did not wither, even though he allowed it to be controlled by his head.

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He was 60, and with a head becoming more wary with the years, before, as Prime Minister of England, he was properly responsible for her foreign policy. The existence of a letter which Morley describes as "a sort of charter of the leading principles of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy" leaves us in no doubt as to his attitude. On her emergence from the Napoleonic wars, England was, by the peculiar circumstances of her victory, in a dominating position in Europe and her flag, in the years that followed, became in Canning's words "a signal of rallying to the combatant and shelter to the fallen." But in 1869, "the habit of appeal and of reliance . . . requires to be altered by a quiet and substantial though not a violent process; for though Europe never saw England faint away, *we* know at what a cost of internal danger to all the institutions of the country she fought her way to the perilous eminence on which she undoubtedly stood in 1815."

But now the situation had altered. "Is England so uplifted in strength above every other nation that she can with prudence advertise herself as ready to undertake the general redress of wrongs? . . . Is *any* Power at this day warranted in assuming this comprehensive obligation? Of course, the answer is, No." What, then, was to be England's policy? Gladstone's epitome of it is worth quoting in full:

That England should keep entire in her own hands the means of estimating her own

obligations upon the various states of facts as they arise; that she should not foreclose and narrow her own liberty of choice by declarations made to other Powers, in their real or supposed interests, of which they would claim to be at least joint-interpreters; that it is dangerous for her to assume alone an advanced, and therefore, an isolated, position in regard to European controversies; that, come what may, it is better for her to promise too little than too much; that she should not encourage the weak by giving expectations of aid to resist the strong, but should rather seek to deter the strong by firm but moderate language from aggressions on the weak; that she should seek to develop and mature the action of a common, or a public, or European opinion, as the best standing bulwark against wrong, but should beware of seeming to lay down the law of that opinion, by her own authority, and thus running the risk of setting against her and against right and justice, that general sentiment which ought to be, and generally would be, arrayed in their favour. I am persuaded that at this juncture opinions of this colour being true and sound are the only opinions which this country is disposed to approve. But I do not believe that on that account it is one whit less disposed than it has been at any time to cast in its lot upon any fitting occasion with the cause it believes to be right.

This refusal to be bound by guarantees to other powers "who would claim to be at least joint-interpreters" (in glaring contradiction to one of his disciples in non-intervention who gave a guarantee, some years later, to Poland); this refusal of the statesman—whatever the man might be tempted to do—to deliver official lectures to European States (in equal contradiction to that disciple's opponents); this vision of a European public opinion and this faith that such opinion would, in the end, side with whatever was right and just, mark the policy as that of one who has tempered his idealism with realism and, in the hour of responsibility, seen politics steadily for what it is—an attempt at the possible. How, in retrospect, it may appear to a European an Englishman may not presume to judge, though he may perhaps think that, from the point of view of England, the desertion of it has led to ever-increasing and accumulated disasters. And it was as an Englishman, essentially, that Gladstone acted. If his name became, as it did become, a symbol in Europe, it was because he saw the indissolubility of interests between England and the Continent and, in taking steps to safeguard the one, inevitably safeguarded the other. To promise come what may too little rather than too much was after all a guarantee of a kind—a guarantee of stability.

So he kept his country, by a hair's-breadth, out of war—out of the Franco-German duel and out of a war with America. His attitude to the former—which alone is the concern of this article—is of some interest in the light of a later contest. He refused "in the interests of peace" to guarantee Belgian neutrality by arms in case it should be attacked. This, to him was "an enterprise which we incline to think Quixotic; if these two great military powers combine against it—that combination is the only serious danger." If Gladstone's policy of non-interference and neutrality may seem a trifle unheroic, at least it had the merit of not turning the war of 1870 into the first world war, for which his own generation of

Europeans owed him some thanks.

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The second tenure of office in 1880—when Gladstone was 70—must be seen against a very different background. What swept the statesman to power again was the man who denounced the Bulgarian atrocities with a voice and pen immeasurably more formidable than when, 30 years before, he had thundered against Bomba. There will always be those who see this moral protest, as Disraeli saw it, as nothing more than a convenient trick to regain the Premiership. Such a judgment defies attempts at argument; but a just question might well be how far the statesman in Gladstone reinforced the crusading humanitarian. In his own opinion, he returned to politics for one reason and one reason only—to undo the effects of Disraeli's foreign policy, "the most selfish and least worthy" he had ever known.

And here enters another element persistently minimized—Gladstone's religion. All his life a sincere and devout High Churchman, he had as he approached death become more occupied with his faith. What put the final edge on his detestation of Disraeli's policy was that, rightly or wrongly, he saw it as a religious matter. "What Dizzy hates" he wrote, "is Christian liberty and reconstruction . . . I have a strong suspicion that Dizzy's crypto-Judaism has had to do with his policy. The Jews of the East bitterly hate Christians, who have not always used them well." Thus, when he came to power, his energies were directed against the Turkey which Disraeli had supported in its treatment of the Christian countries in its power. And in this negotiation one may take a parting look at Gladstone to notice how the various strands entwine.

The matter was the rectification of the Montenegrin frontier as it had been agreed at the Treaty of Berlin by the cession of certain Turkish territory. Since the employment of force against him appeared unlikely, the Porte showed no disposition to honour his promises. Gladstone was faced with a situation in which he was notably at odds with himself; all his instincts as a man were thwarted by his principles as a statesman. At last he decided that "the resources of honour and persuasion having been exhausted, nothing remained in order to overcome the obduracy of the Turk except force." He proposed to the other powers that Smyrna should be occupied, and when the Porte heard that the proposal had been made, he gave way.

To Gladstone this was little short of a miracle and the vindication of his European policy. The more cynical might be more disposed to describe it as a gigantic bluff that came off. But, as so often, the cynicism would be something less than profound. For the essential factor of the situation was that the powers refused to do what Gladstone proposed to them. Neither France nor Germany nor Austria would fire a shot. The

Sultan had been frightened into acquiescence by merely hearing of Gladstone's move. The victory "was due not to a threat of coercion from Europe, but to the knowledge that Great Britain had asked Europe to coerce."

And in the letters which Gladstone wrote to his wife in this anxious time is his apologia as a European statesman. The first letter containing the news opened by quoting the first verse of the hymn "Praise to the Holiest in the height" and went on to say: "There is not time to tell you in how many ways this will be a good and a great good. Six months ago the question of the Montenegrin frontier was a small one. The proceedings in the intervening time have made it a large one. It is the working of the European concert for purpose of justice, peace and liberty, with efficiency and success, which is the great matter at issue. That has always been the ideal of my life in Foreign Policy: and if this goes forward rightly to the end it will be the most conspicuous instance yet recorded."

That evening, he learnt that the other powers refused to march and feared that the Sultan would take advantage of the circumstance "to take to his tricks again." But, he said in his letter next day, "in no case can we lose the *whole* benefit of the incident. *It demonstrates the power of a real concert believed to exist*, and makes it more difficult for the shabbier Powers not to join us or give us countenance, which is aid of a certain kind—One way or another I believe the Almighty will work it out . . ."

Thus the man, the statesman and the Christian, so often at seeming odds, attained a coherence which made him a symbol in Europe. And to the very end he was faithful to the trust. In one sense his last resignation was the most splendid moment of his career, for finally he retired from office, not because he was old and nearly blind, not because he was worn out by the persecutions of the Queen, not because he had failed to carry his full Cabinet with him, but because he was asked to propose, as Prime Minister, an unprecedented increase in military expenditure. Others might do that. He would not. Europe's eyes were on him and were he to do such a thing, Europe would know that a new era had begun—an era of mounting armaments and fear and suspicion with the inevitable outcome of a general war. To that he would be no party. What he could not prevent at least he would not sanction and, for the last time, he offered his resignation as Prime Minister of England. But he did it as a European.

CAPITALISM AND THE WELFARE STATE

BY R. G. HAWTREY

THE title of Professor Demant's Scott Holland Memorial lectures, now published in book form,* echoes that of Professor Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, the first course of lectures given in the same series, delivered in 1922. In a nutshell Professor Tawney's thesis had been, as Professor Demant puts it, that the Reformation, and particularly Puritanism, "gave a good conscience to the growth of mercenary dispositions" (p. 136), and when the mechanization of industry in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries opened up new opportunities for the accumulation of productive wealth in the form of capital equipment, money-making had become respectable.

Capitalism is an economic system which relies on private profit-making as the inducement for commercial and industrial enterprise. For Professor Demant, however, it means not only a specific form of economic organization, involving "the separation of owners and a labour force working for wages", but the doctrine itself by which private enterprise was justified, "that society was best served by all its constituent elements becoming subject to the market" (p. 22). The subordination of all values to market values was Professor Tawney's principal theme, and it is in a "great reversal" of this that Professor Demant sees the decline of capitalism. Economic activity is ceasing to be independent of ethics and of the total demands of society. "The decline is to be regarded not so much as the beginning of a new order of history but as the end of a short-lived experiment" (p. 20). And the decline did not begin with the twentieth century. "As early as 1795 the Speenhamland Law for a minimum income irrespective of wages prevented labour for a time from being treated as a vendible commodity left to find its place in the market. In the nineteenth century more and more movements arose to intervene and interfere with the free play of the market economy" (p. 27).

It is, I think, a mistake to identify capitalism with a free market economy, the philosophy of let-do. Capitalism is essentially the policy of private profit-making enterprise. Profit is, of course, made by selling in a market, but it need not necessarily be in a free market. Medieval markets were not free; prices and wages were regulated; yet traders made their profit by selling their products. And at the present time, when prices are controlled, the market still functions, and the trader still sells

for profit. Medieval experience no less than modern experience proved that it is difficult to enforce an uneconomic price. The economic price is that which equalizes supply and demand, and any considerable departure from it gives rise to an excess or deficiency of supply. The medieval "just price" was substantially the economic price, except in cases of special scarcity. And in modern times it is in such cases, whether due to a shortage of supply or an exceptional demand, that prices are controlled, and control has to be supported by rationing or State-regulated supply. The virtue of the free market is that it tends to establish an economic price; that is the basis of Adam Smith's "invisible hand", and of the doctrine of let-do. But a free market is not essential to the working of capitalism. Only when the breakdown of a market leads the State to take over the business of producing or selling, and to eliminate the profit-making trader altogether, is capitalism suspended. Professor Demant sees the decline of capitalism in the controls of the present day, "the subordination of exchange, selling, production and money to other than economic requirements", and he puts the question: "Was the ethically normative character of economic life in the Middle Ages something which can be counted on to return, just because the free-market economy which was associated with its disappearance is itself becoming a thing of the past?" (p. 32).

His answer is definitely, no. In the period following 1914 "collectivist economics were being tried out under some of the assumptions of the capitalist period, assumptions which seemed inimical to the moral stature and social needs of men, and to the reproduction of the real economic basis of all systems" (p. 55). There were the same "motives of commodity hedonism"; the same dissipation of natural resources; the same technical overdevelopment "at the expense of the biological, community and spiritual substance of society"; the same "arrogance of industrial nations"; the same misguided "economic rationalism" and "perfectionism". "The realization that these tendencies were not confined to a free-market economy, but would be furthered under collectivist régimes, opened up questions not of this or that organization of industry, but of the nature of industrialism itself" (p. 56). Thus it is not capitalism but industrialism by which "the very substance of social living is endangered." And we cannot look to the decline of capitalism to restore "the moral stature and social needs of men."

Where then is the place of religion in all this? The Reformation did not bring to an end the "ethically normative" influence of religion on economic life. Religion continued to condemn cupidity and extortion and to commend generosity. There were wealthy people in the Middle Ages, not only the great feudal lord or prelate, but the merchant who might amass a great fortune in a lifetime. The Church in those days warned the wealthy that the treasures of this world were of no ultimate value,

* *Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, by V. A. Demant. Faber. 12s. 6d.

and enjoined upon them a generous expenditure on charity and on gifts to the Church itself. And it enjoined observance of the principles of the just price and the prohibition of usury (as interpreted by the schoolmen). The gradual dropping of these principles from codes of permanent legislation, which resulted from the economic development of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, did not in itself weaken the condemnation of cupidity and extortion by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. Undoubtedly the doctrine of the free market and the invisible hand did contribute materially to make the proliferation of upstart fortunes which followed on the industrial revolution appear respectable, but at the same time there were grounds of public policy for favouring the accumulation of wealth. Wealth meant national power, and under the economic institutions of the time there was no alternative to accumulation in private hands. The idea of the State itself superseding the industrialist and the merchant did not rise above the horizon till the appearance of socialist parties in politics towards the end of the nineteenth century.

The policy of the free market and let-do was closely associated with nineteenth century liberalism. Professor Demant sums up "the aims of our Western democratic liberal culture" (p. 63) as: liberty in the pursuit of truth; an absolute standard of good and evil; conformity of the law to natural rights; recognition of "our common humanity" and its implication of equality. These he traces to certain "axioms": (1) "that persons find their true being by embodying in the temporal order the absolute permanent values of the eternal order"; (2) "that the social order in its political or cohesive aspect is subordinate to this personal purpose"; (3) "that the whole world has a unity, but the principle of its unity transcends the world process" (p. 68-9). In his view "the cause of the decline of what is positive in the liberal aim and doctrine" was that "men in the liberal age sought to sustain these aims with a new set of axioms" to the effect that "man is merely part of a process"—"a drop in the becoming."

The Platonic antithesis between being and becoming is at the basis of Professor Demant's own version of Christianity. For him "the fact of process, which marks everything in the temporal world, is given a meaning by reference to an abiding transcendent source of being, which, though not itself in process, is the origin of all things and the key of their destinies" (p. 68).

I venture to suggest that the fundamental axiom of liberalism was and is that the individual is a better judge of his own good than any human authority, and should be free to pursue whatever ends commend themselves to him, subject only to the limitations imposed by law and morality to prevent him from interfering with his neighbour's freedom to do the same. Liberalism did indeed subordinate the social order to this personal freedom, but it did not presuppose any particular philosophy or theory of the nature of the Good. A liberal, who was a philosopher, might

believe in "the absolute permanent values of the eternal order" and in a unity which "transcends the world process" but his liberalism did not depend on any such views. And the predominant philosophy of liberals was utilitarianism. The principle that the individual is the best judge of his own good applied to his behaviour generally, and in particular to his economic behaviour. He could exchange his labour or other resources for money, and could spend the money through the market on whatever products he desired. The market was assumed to measure the value of a product, because it measured what people in the exercise of their freedom were willing to offer for it. And the value of the product was reflected in the value of the services of those who contributed to produce the product. Thus labour was "treated as a vendible commodity"; work was done for a pecuniary reward.

If people have to be induced to do anything which they would not spontaneously choose to do, the inducement takes the form either of a reward or of a penalty. Political behaviour is induced by penalties; economic by rewards. Rewards are certainly the preferable method, and of all possible kinds of reward the pecuniary is the simplest and the most effective. The very effectiveness of the pecuniary reward gives rise to the specific vice of cupidity. The scope of the pecuniary motive has been extended by "the victory of economic, contractual and mere citizen relationships over the older domestic, hierarchic, local and status groupings" (p. 51). In so far as a man's vocation is determined by status or caste, it is not dependent on the pecuniary motive. In fixing his status, society implicitly assumed the responsibility for his security so long as he conformed to it. The worker who gained economic freedom lost security and status. "By the dissolution of all claims upon society except those he could purchase with his wage, he tended to be left with nothing he could count on as a right The evil of a proletarian loss of status was a main count against capitalism made by Marx and the early communists" (p. 54).

Professor Demant sees three reasons why the "market principle" of liberalism has been giving place to the "state principle" of socialism: (1) "the dislocations of a market economy ceasing to function"; (2) need of a social reality "which would give status and a sense of significant function to the mass of men"; (3) "an object of reverence, a repository of the social good, had to be found which would engage men's religious and emotional attachment in the void left by the disappearance of a specifically 'sacred' sphere of life" (p. 91). The State has indeed become an object of reverence, not to say, of religious fanaticism, where it is identified with a militant communist party. But there is little trace of such a sentiment in the rationalized socialism of the west. The "dislocations", which Professor Demant puts first among the three causes of decline, make no explicit reference to the world wars and their after-

effects of shortages and emergencies, which have compelled even the most liberal of States to take comprehensive powers. He has, no doubt wisely, limited his subject by excluding this aspect of it.

Apart from the full-blown collectivism of the communist countries, the most characteristic manifestation of the underlying tendencies which form his theme is in the Welfare State. The Welfare State is the outcome of democracy. By the mass of voters the State has never been regarded as an object of reverence. It has been an instrument for the attainment of their social and economic aims, and in the use of it they have discarded the misgivings and inhibitions of liberalism. Even in the nineteenth century the Factory Acts and the Education Acts recognized that enlightened self-interest would not invariably promote the happiness of the individual. Liberalism had assumed too readily that self-interest could be identified with family interest, and that the faithful and enlightened discharge of parental responsibilities could be taken for granted. The twentieth century has seen further encroachments upon the liberal assumption. It is no longer assumed that the individual is a better judge than the State of his own needs in respect of nutrition, health and housing. And the Welfare State does not accept the dissolution of all the worker's claims upon society except those he could purchase with his wage: it supplements the wage with resources drawn from other classes. Thereby the worker regains status; not, it is true, the status based on immemorial usage which appears immune to change, for a status which has been created by policy may be withdrawn by policy.

The Welfare State has made inroads on the liberal principle of enlightened self-interest. Yet a residue survives. While the State has assumed so much of the responsibility for everyone's material welfare, the individual disposes of his own leisure. And one outstanding effect of industrialism has been a great increase in leisure. The reduction of hours achieved by organized labour is quite in accordance with the free market. It is perhaps in the question of the use of leisure that the crucial test of liberal principles is to be found. In adopting the utilitarians' identification of the Good with happiness, the liberals exposed themselves to the criticism that happiness is a poor sort of ideal. Happiness can be attained by the satisfaction of very limited desires. Greater happiness, it may be contended, can be attained by the satisfaction of more exalted desires. But that is not certainly so. Indeed the assumption of a correlation of the intensity of happiness with the elevation of the desires satisfied seems to be a very crude psychology. But I have already pointed out that liberalism is not tied to any particular philosophy. Whatever the Good may be, the liberal claims for the individual free choice of his ends.

The utilitarianism of the early liberalism contributed in two ways towards clearing the ethical atmosphere: it brought out the distinction between ends and means, and definitely relegated the rules of conduct,

whether legal or moral, to the category of means; it limited ends to states of consciousness, and more particularly states of feeling, in individuals. An extension beyond mere happiness of the states of feeling counted as good in themselves does not seriously modify the ethical structure.

When Professor Demant interprets Christian thought to mean "that human life, while it is involved in Nature and history and conditioned by them, has links in its very being with the Eternal God who transcends the world as well as operating within it by His immanent action" (p. 87), he is perhaps positing ideals more exalted than happiness. But liberalism does not exclude such ideals. And, after all, does not the simple and lowly Christian, who believes in doing good to his neighbour, conceive the good as consisting in his neighbour's happiness? Even the philosophic Christian, for whom the Good is a manifestation of transcendent being, does not necessarily exclude this view. Both St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas regarded the desirability of happiness, whether temporal or eternal, as self-evident.

Professor Demant's concluding chapter is headed *God's Will and our Modern Age*. Here he distinguishes "God's ultimate will that men should live by love", and "God's will for the preservation of life and a relative justice in a sinful world." We must not "identify this or that system with the ultimate will of God" but we should "commit ourselves to a programme we honestly believe to make the lot of men more tolerable" (p. 178). Is he not after all reverting to the world of things temporal? Not quite, for Christianity has given "a great stimulus to the sense of history as significant" as a drama enacted in terms of the two worlds, temporal and eternal. "Man could therefore make history because he stood to some extent outside the mere succession of generations" (p. 182).

What sort of history then ought man to make? "The cultural side of life, its arts, knowledge and ceremonies—all that qualifies life and does not merely preserve it—has a precedence over politics and economic activities" (p. 184). Yet "life must be sustained by economic activity, it must be protected and co-ordinated by politics, before it can be enriched and adorned. These have a physical priority over the cultural stratum." Politics and economics in fact are means; the ends are to be found in those human activities and experiences which reflect the transcendent. Cynics and pessimists, who take a low view of human nature, point to the misuse by the multitude of the wealth of leisure with which capitalism has endowed them. And undeniably they resort to much that is trivial or even despicable. But the Platonist, who has faith in the divine element within us, will not despair. Time is needed to adjust human nature to this great change, and surely patience will be rewarded.

(From 1947 to September 1952 the author was Price Professor of International Economics at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.)

THE DEATH OF A DIALECT

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

N EARLY sixty years have passed since the writer set out to find a corner of the country where weekends might be spent in complete seclusion. A chance remark by a gifted physician and good friend, the late Dr. Robert Thomas Cooper, led to an almost unknown and quite neglected corner of the Essex marshlands where a tiny sixteenth century moated farmhouse lay forgotten at the end of a field served by a cart track. Two or three miles from shops and branch line, with no more modern conveniences than Adam and Eve would have found in Eden, it carried on a time-worn oak beam in the living room the figures 1588, date of the Armada invasion. The house was in the valley but on the hill top an old farm worker had a forty gallon "cowl" and there was a nearby well. For sixpence he would bring water to the door. His wife received and housed the bread, a friendly farmer supplied milk and a good lady, whose husband earned twelve shillings for his six day labour of 60 hours or more, agreed to "turn me out" for a weekly half-crown. On Friday evenings the carrier would meet the train so that parcels of meat and groceries could be brought down from London and he would entertain me with pious discourse, for he was pastor of the Peculiar People and loved everything on earth with exception of the Pope of Rome. He would check his old horse whose maximum pace fell short of four miles an hour to descant upon a favourite theme. "I do wholly wonder what th' owd Pope o' Rome's up to this very minit," he remarked on one of our first journeys together, "that'll be some mischief, I be bound. I count sech gooin' on dedn't oughter be allowed. Why I have heard tell he believes in transubstation," he added triumphantly, after wrestling with this unfamiliar word. "And what is that, Benjamin?" I inquired. "That is a wunnerful false an' pornicious doctrine," he replied after a thoughtful pause. "It mus' be; ded'nt, he 'ouldn't believe it. I don't howd wi' th' Pope o' Rome an' I warn th' brethren agin him, most every Sund'y."

The sins of the illustrious head of the Vatican, he was then Pope Leo XIII, served to introduce me to the dialect. Being what is called a "furriner", people hesitated at first to "acquaint along o' sech" but the carrier, hail-fellow-well-met with one and all and master of old time phrases was my cicerone. Soon I was in love with the unfamiliar speech of that countryside in which men and women ended their sentences on the

top note and used words familiar to Wyclif, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Short, sharp and fitting, many a word or phrase sounded inimitably apt and there was an economy in it that seemed to reflect in its own fashion the economy practised under compulsion in every field.

Gradually, and only after 20 years or more, the "furriner" was admitted to the sodality of the marshland; men and women could forget that he didn't belong and even recognize him as a help in time of trouble. Their tongues were loosened and the "furriner" developed a technique. Shirt cuffs, white and stiff then, would carry a pencilled word or two without creating remarks and so many a choice term was booked. But the day came when a shrewd old woman remarked, "Whatever you makin' them squiggles on y'r shut fower?" "Only a historical note." "You don't wanter bother y'r head about history," retorted the querist, "that's what they teach child'en at school; that ain't f'r grown ups; t'ain't no sense f'r sech."

The unexpected was always happening. Out of a chance chat by the road side a memorable word or phrase would spring up like a hedgerow flower. "I'm same as a pore woman," said the lady who objected to squiggles, "but if somebody come an' tow'd me that Master Beehag bin an' slipped his wind, I'd give 'em a shillin' outer me stockin'. Bin an' put up th' price of ile; that wore a dirty bit o' him an' I tow'd him so to his head." Mr. Beehag travelled the country lanes with paraffin and could get more pints out of a gallon than any competitor in Marshland.

A widow talked to me of her late husband. "He wore reg'lar shrimpled, time he wore took; you could see his cawfin in his face. He jest lay on his bed o' sickness an' looked at me with his eyes." A request to what is now called an obliger to prepare a fire miscarried. "Didn't Fred ask you to have a fire for me?" The owner of the house had walked with me to the obliger's cottage to inquire. "Fred never ast me nawthen about it; did, I'd ha' went." In other words: "If Fred had asked me to light a fire, I would have gone." Surely a fine economy here.

Illness in all its varied manifestations produced striking phrases. Although there were men and women who were taken to hospital and recovered from operations, fear of hospitals was widespread. A certain Wise Woman who trafficked in "yarbs", or herbs, of healing explained the procedure, to a gathering by the pump. "Time you git to horspital," she said solemnly, "there's a dozen of 'em waitin' f'r ye. They got white aprons an' knives an' some on 'em ain't hardly more'n grown up boys. They take an' onsense ye an' cut out jest what they please. Then they sew ye up an' send ye home. Folk what's bin there ha' tell't me. They say there ain't a p'liceman in th' place. I 'ouldn't goo to a horspital if that was ever so. I'd liefer die peaceful at home. Men don't wanter come cuttin' delikit women about; t'aint seem'ly."

Attempts of older folk to assist diagnoses were remarkable. Examples

worthy of record are past numbering, flowing like a river in the 'nineties and the first decade of the present century, dwindling in the years following the 1914-1918 war and finally succumbing to the second great struggle and the influence of the B.B.C. It was inevitable that, when all the youth of Essex fell into line, uniformity should replace variety. But the *coup de grâce* was given to the dialect when every cottage held a radio and kept it at work from dawn to dewy eve or later. To-day you must go into the byways and accost old folk in the tongue they used to know; here and there it may be that a gleam of recognition, a little smile of satisfaction will be the reward. Some words and expressions, once part of the common heritage of dwellers in rural Essex, should have enjoyed longer life.

An elderly woman described her symptoms. "I'm gastric, like me Father, the doctor sez. Me cough rend me, it's cripplin' me nerves, but I'm nicely as regards me head. I ain't over an' above ill, mind ye, but I ain't meself. No, I ain't wropped up in me wittles, everything seems to flavour th' same. I ast th' doctor to gimme a bottle an' let th' Natural Health Service p'y f'r it. If he sign his hand, chemist gotter give it ye an' he dussn't charge ye nawthen." This was a few months ago.

Here is the sad case of Mopsy Trudgett as set out by her great friend. "She towed me she could put up with pine. 'That's company f'r me,' she sez. 'But I don't like me breath any, an' that perish me to put me arm over me head.' Mopsy went like that for weeks. Then th' doctor got a ambylence an' tuk her to th' hospital an' they no more to do but cut out her innards, yards of 'em, she tellt me, an' never put 'em back. When they let her out she wore wholly shrimpled. She's alive still. I'll allow that much, but she's a pore atomy an' she don't like herself any. 'I feel th' miss o' me innards,' she towed me; that ain't more'n a month ago. 'They'd growed up with me like. T'ain't as if they was teeth; I allow you can't expect to keep sech.'"

Here is the case of a pre-war obliger, Mrs. Wimple. She remarked: "You remember Mrs. White of Oldmeddies?" "Yes, folk say she has gone to America." "Let 'em say; you ain't bound to believe everything folk tell ye in this world. Time she come down here she gotter maid but she couldn't keep her. She should say it wore too dull hereabouts. Dull, mind ye! Well, she went back where she belonged. Then Mrs. White come up to mine an' fair crazed me to turn her out three times a week. 'I ain't behowden to nobody nowadays,' I towed her, 'but if I come to ye I want a shillin' an hour.' That shuk her, but she should say: 'Very well, Mrs. Wimple!' 'Well,' I sez, 'that's settled, an' you'll gimme a cup o' tea, time I come, an' me levens an' me dinner an' another cup o' tea afore I goo back to mine. I like cocoa along o' me levens an' three lumps o' sugar in me tea, bein' I got same as a sweet tooth.' 'Well,' she sez, 'that'll all be jonnock (reasonable) an' then I looked after th' place like it bin me own. She gotter allow I cooked tasty. An' one mornin' she up

an'sez: 'I shan't be wantin' ye arter th' end o' th' month, Mrs. Wimple, telly f'r why; I'm gooin' to America, where me merried daughter live.' You might knock me down. Then she gotter allow she bin an' sold Oldmeddies an' th' folk what was comin' in got maids along o' them. Double cunnin', I call it. I never bin out furrin all me born days an' I don't know anybody hereabouts what has. If th' dear Lord wanted you to live out furrin, you'd ha' bin born there."

Bill Dag, ploughman and handyman, was the loving father of Bert and Prue. He would talk proudly of his children. "Twinses, each o' th' both on 'em," he remarked, and he praised them for having one birthday "stiddy two." "I count that save a peck o' trouble," he remarked. When the seventh of these memorable days was approaching he met me near the shed by his garden gate. "Step along in," he said, "it's light-some down at th' end. I got me twinses birthday next week, an' I've built 'em a tittymetorter. Happen you'd like to see it." So saying he took me to the large shed. "I've dared 'em to come around till I tell 'em they may," he said mysteriously, and then the tittymetorter was revealed; it was a seesaw. How the name came it would be hard to say, but all the old folk know it. Bill Dag had a considerable vocabulary of strange words and phrases. He it was who gave up flight shooting on the marshes because it kept him out too late. "That's bull's noon whiles afore I git back an' then me missis start clanjanderin'." Bull's noon is midnight and to clanjander is to complain noisily. *Eheu fugaces*—Bill and phrases.

Before Prue was out of her teens she was one of the village belles, powdered, painted and enjoying her little hour before she took her choice of several admirers. But her mother was bewildered and uneasy. "Git over me," she said plaintively on one occasion, "I'm wholly scat. Her Father sent her to the sink to wash the stuff off her face on'y las' Saturd'y night and she got some more on now. If he sees it there'll be a peck o' trouble; he kin be very oldfashioned time he git aggravated."

In far off days when part of the winter was spent in the south of France a nearby farm worker was engaged for a fixed sum to look after my small but productive garden. On returning home a little earlier than usual the garden revealed a sorry sight. Nothing had been done. "This is very bad," the heartless employer said, "you can't expect to be paid for doing nothing." A letter followed delivered by hand. It read:

dere sir i take up my pen to rite these few lines hoping it finds you well as it leaves me middlin dere sir for my work i cannot say but my master will give me a good carater an rite forward an if you don't pay me me money i ont never come nigh the place agen an i remaine yours ancetrer

Mr. James Mole.

In the *Wheatsheaf* Mr. Mole was heard to say that he "'ouldn't bemean himself to work for a furriner if that furriner went down on his bended

knees, he couldn't never abide spufflers anyways. Soon as ever he got th' time he was gooin' to Market Waldron to set a lawyer on him. Then that furriner 'ould be wunnerful shrunk an' no mistake and would be called upon to pay 'forever o' money!' It is good to record that Mr. Mole did not go to Market Waldron. He came back to the garden instead and reckoned that I'd made a mistake but that the garden should not suffer bein' he allus favoured it. "We all make mistakes whiles," he added graciously when I gave him a trifle on account of the work he hadn't done and his comment reminded me that the statement was true.

Another precious letter from a small collection that reposes in some forgotten packet was written by a lad who left my employment to join up in 1914. His mother gave it to me. "That's mos'ly boun' to do ye good," she remarked, "bein' it come from the Holy Land an' all." Yes, the letter was written from Palestine, brief and to the point. I had to read it aloud, for neither parent had added "eddication" to their accomplishments; the letter had been submitted to the clergyman, the doctor and the schoolmaster before it became mine. It ran as follows:

dere mum an dad i take up my pen to rite these few lines hoppin it finds you middlin as it leaves me fine. dere mum an dad we are now in the holy land but they havent give us any beer so i will now conclude with luv to each of the both of you.

Education was not esteemed, "school larnin'" was despised. "A man don't wanten send child'en to school," declared one of my many farm worker friends. "A boy wanten handle a spide an' a fork an' larn hedgin' and ditchin' an' fattin' a pig. An' a gel wanten larn to help her mother an' bake th' bread an' mend th' clothes an' keep th' place ship shape. If a farmer want a man or a man want a wife, that wont help 'em to read things outer a book, ne yet to write a letter. Don't tell me. Book larnin' 'on't help ye to draw a straight furrow on this lagsome owd clay; that want three harses an' a good man behind them, though I sez it what is one."

Driving in the carrier's cart along the village street we passed an elderly man walking on crutches. He had two wooden legs, if the two slender supports could be so called. "If he bin an' had faith, he 'ouldn't have had to walk on wood," said the carrier, "he'd ha' bin as sound as you an' me, but he never see the light though that burn in th' Chapel all day Sund'ys. He happened of pines in his legs an' went right away to the doctor. An' that man no more to do but sez: 'You got vericoarse vines, Jarge, an' we'll have to take them legs off o'ye. Don't, they'll fly to y'r stummick.' So they took him to hospital an' cut his legs off o' him. I sez to him: 'Jarge, do ye see th' light afore that's too late,' an' he up an' sez the light wouldn't be no use to him now, bein' his legs had gone. Let that be a lesson to ye. If you happen of a illness, goo to th' dear Lord right away. He's th' best of all th' doctors an' the cheapest. He'll mend

ye, an' 'on't ast ye nawthen."

Cleanliness was not deemed next to godliness. "Got th' toothache," cried an old farmer. "Well, I never. That comes o' cleanin' y'r teeth. I'm in me siventy three an' never had a tooth brush in me mouth ne yet lost a tooth. Took to eatin' crusts, time I wore a little owd bay; that saved 'em." I remember that his teeth were sound and had a semi-transparent yellow tinge. Old Miss — eyed water with genuine aversion. "Too much washin' in this here world," she complained to my housekeeper after the Nuisance Man (sanitary inspector) had called at her cottage and made appropriate remarks. "Me pore Mother what's in Heaven sez to me: 'Bessie,' she sez, 'if you wash y'r head you'll lose y'r mem'ry, an' if you wash y'r fet you'll git corns, sure as harvest.' Mother dedn't howd wi' new fangled ways, no more don't I. But the Nuisance Man don't know nawthen. 'If you're skeered o' fleas,' I sez, 'you kin stay outside. They 'on't run arter ye, t'ain't likely. They keep theirselves to theirselves. That oughter be a lesson to ye not to come interferin'."

Here are some terms that were met with of old and are unheard to-day:

Four Wents (or Wants) and Hulve (Chaucer).

Sad (heavy, ill-cooked)—Wyclif.

Frampold and Tissick (Shakespeare. Milton also uses tissick).

Parsaivance (intelligence) and Cammicks (food left over) come from the sixteenth century.

These words have passed or linger only in remote corners. I have heard a sick woman described as "reg'lar tewly" and a man confess that he has "signed his hand"—a sixteenth century term.

In the description of symptoms the old mode of speech was most emphatic. "His life fair run away from him," was said of a fatal illness. "He had a fancy party what he lived with. He called her his housekeeper. There's f'r ye. She worn't no more than a trollop an' so I told her, time she gimme back answers." "Me gel gotter job in Lunnon but she 'ouldn't stop. She should say the houses got undergrounds." "Time I get to the end o' th' day, I'm reg'lar mauled. I feel like a pennorth o' soap after a hard day's washing." "Me hackney cough mos' crazed me; I couldn't sleep no shape." "I gotter wondrous pain in me back an' th' doctor gimme cardinated soda f'r it. He should say: 'She got a fat heart an' stagnation.'" "I don't have no luck although I say 'White Rabbit' first day of every month an' me Mother used to say you couldn't go far wrong if you said that." All these are but samples.

With the coming of the 1914-1918 war a man in a nearby village received exemption because he had a rupture and wore a truss. Those who had seen the truss described it as a "sarpent". This man's cousin

kept a little shop that maintained him at the price of very hard work, but it was a one man business and he didn't want to be a soldier. So he went to his cousin and offered him half a crown a day to stay in bed for two days and lend him the truss. Armed with this—enveloped perhaps would be the better word—he went up for examination and complained of his pains, only to be assured by the unsympathetic doctor that those pains would be less if he put the truss on right side up and would properly disappear if he abandoned it altogether. Grieved over the loss of liberty and of five shillings he returned home to await his summons. He gave the "sarpent" to his wife to return to his cousin as soon as possible, because rumour had it that his cousin's wife was "rampaging cruel".

Benjamin, the carrier, improved the occasion. "Seth dedn't want'er put his trust in sarpernts, bein' we read in th' Book that the sarpent is th' mos' cunnin' of all the beasts of th' field. If a man happen of a rapture an' take a sarpent to his bossom that is mos'ly boun' to bite him." "I never heard that it bit Seth," I protested. "He ain't dead yet," the carrier replied decisively. "Have you ever seen the sarpent?" I asked him. "I don't want I should," he replied. "Seth no more to do but ast me to look at it, time I called at his with paraffin, but I up an' sez: 'Git thee behind me, Satan.'"

The old man was a very lovable character. When I had to choose a line for his tombstone "a friend of the friendless" seemed the most faithful description. Carlyle might have had him in mind when he wrote: "Venerable is the rugged face all weather tanned besotted, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man living manlike."

The old speech, the sturdy men and women who found in it something they could regard as their own, the thatched and weather boarded cottages that gave character to the village street—"into the night go one and all." The bicycle, the newspaper, two wars and the B.B.C. have worked their will on the dialect; there is no strength of survival left. The old people totter towards the grave. The time has come when I can no longer salve it; my little contribution of books, novels and short stories will follow into oblivion. Consolation comes from a few lines by Walter Pater, writing of the time of Marcus Aurelius: "The colloquial idiom offered a thousand chance-tost gems of racy and picturesque expressions, rejected or at least ungathered."

(Mr. Bensusan, the author of more than 50 books including collections of short stories and studies of the Essex marshlands, is now celebrating his 80th birthday. For many years he has been a regular contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY, and its readers' good wishes are included here with the editor's own.)

LOS ALAMOS

BY LUDOVIC KENNEDY

NOT without reason do the car licence plates of New Mexico bear the legend, "The Land of Enchantment". With its long mountain ranges, sudden canyons and desert plateaux, with its trees of aspen and cottonwood and *piñon*, with its dry sunny climate, it is one of the most beautiful states of America. And to a European it is the most sympathetic. For here the soothing influences of older civilizations prevail. One third of the population of half a million are descended from those Spaniards who occupied the country between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries and left their language and architecture as a permanent memorial. And in *pueblos* and reservations Indians whose connections with the country go back beyond recorded history still hold their secret ceremonials and dance to their gods for rain.

In the northern part of the state lies the upper valley of the Rio Grande. At one end is Santa Fé, the oldest state capital in America, where in the Spanish Governors' palace Lew Wallace wrote *Ben Hur*. At the other end is Taos, once the home of D. H. Lawrence, and familiar to tourists both for its beautifully-preserved *pueblo* and large colony of artists. Between the two, 18 miles from the national highway and 7,000 feet up in the Jemez range of the Rocky mountains, is the community of Los Alamos. Ten years ago it was a small private school for boys. Now it is a Government reservation covering six square miles and supporting 15,000 people. Within its confines are assembled, prepared and tested the ingredients for each new atomic weapon.

To the outside visitor Los Alamos is something of a disappointment. The place is divided sharply into two sections, the technical and the residential areas. The technical area, in which all nuclear experiments are carried out, is a collection of strange-looking buildings surrounded by a high wire fence. It is impossible for any visitor, American or otherwise, to obtain access to it. Even those who work there know no more than is necessary to their jobs. In the whole community there are probably not more than five or six people who have knowledge of all its functions.

The residential area is more accessible. The inhabitants are proud of what has been achieved there and eager to show it. There is a big shop-

ping centre, two cinemas, half a dozen churches, schools for all grades (said to be the finest in New Mexico), social clubs, sports grounds and a golf course. All this is admirable but to those familiar with the feats of American construction battalions during the war, not very remarkable. What is remarkable is the contrast the buildings afford to the Spanish-Indian architecture of the plains below. The trim little bungalows with neat unfenced lawns, the well planned streets and avenues—these are more typical of New England than New Mexico. The surprise of Los Alamos is its ordinariness. Except for the security posters in the public buildings you might be in any one of a hundred American bases anywhere in the world.

As with the buildings, so with the inhabitants. They come mostly from the big cities, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, and have little affinity with the country and people around them. They too reflect the sense of ordinariness and normalcy. No one discusses, for instance, the technical area; this is not because it is secret but because it has long since lost its novelty and become an accepted part of their lives. The scientists are too immersed in the technical aspects of their work to spare much time to considering its political significance; if their wives think about the place at all, it is only in terms of their homes. Even the sudden explosions which from time to time emerge from the technical area and go booming down the valley have become so much a part of the routine that they pass uncommented.

The impressions the visitor takes away from Los Alamos are gained less from the place itself than from its relationship to its environment. They are mostly impressions of contrasts. First the physical contrast between the character and people of Los Alamos and those of their surroundings; between the pets' hospital on the hill and the *adobe* huts in the valley, between the Chicago physicist and the Taos painter.

Secondly there is the historical contrast between what Los Alamos represents to-day and what New Mexico has traditionally represented; the contrast between the old order of sword and gospel and rosary and the new order of test-tube and textbook and identity-card; between the followers of St. Francis and the disciples of Einstein, between faith and positivism, instinct and intellect. Not a dozen miles from Los Alamos live a group of Indians, converted Catholics, who still sacrifice animals to their gods and, on feast-days, dance to the saints whose Mass they have just celebrated.

Finally, and within Los Alamos itself, there is a third striking contrast. The only laboratory housed in the residential area is the health laboratory. Here each day a group of white-coated, orderly, intelligent men conduct radioactive experiments on mice and other animals to find means of saving human life. Not five hundred yards away other white-coated men, equally orderly, intelligent and industrious, are making similar experi-

ments to find means of destroying it.

Yet the lasting impression of Los Alamos is its ordinariness; its hygiene and trimness and efficiency, its suburban calm and *bourgeois* stability. As one drives down the hill to Santa Fé, it needs an effort of the imagination to realize that on the results of what happens here during the coming years, probably depends the future pattern of our lives.

WHY SHOULD MY DREAMING?

I

Why should my dreaming yield its spirit's power
Striving for beauty in a world that swings
Publicly from the songful to the sour,
Unblossoms Life, clips Love's immortal wings,
And feeds on jazz and discord? He who sings—
If heard, unheeded—servant of the height
Of his own minstrelsy, must seek the light
Alone in action's panoply of dream,
Resolving darkness, thrusting towards the gleam,
The one unchampioned challenger of Night.

II

There must be dreams. How could a man be named
The heir of God unless within him lay
Seeds of true greatness and his heart acclaimed
The majesty that can be every day,
Each hour of life, if he will but obey
Imagination's will, the pride of thought
Transfusing stuff from which his lot is wrought,
Out-travelling realms of dull reality?
So only can a man his godhead see,
So only find what every heart has sought.

III

There are of mortals those who toil and strain
Dry-rotted through with worry, sombre-souled

WHY SHOULD MY DREAMING?

Even in a time of light, and inward pain
 On drooped mouth-corners clamps its sorry mould.
 Up with the dreamers! Let no strangle-hold
 Of heavy truth be theirs, but hearts be high,
 Claiming the promise of the morning sky
 With eager mind, so as the evening nears
 They shall be found, whatever fate appears,
 Freshened to live and not afraid to die!

GORELL

OCTOBER FANTASY

from the French of Marie Noël

A Great Wind ranged in a hurly-burly
 Over the plain one October day,
 Turning everything topsy-turvy,
 Out of breath with his boisterous play . . .

A Small House stood on the public highway,
 A Small House, whitewashed and very neat.
 Never a mouse trotted through the chambers;
 Nor 'gainst the walls dared a shutter beat;
 Never a door slammed, nor did a clock run
 Fast or slow, nor the butter spat
 From the frying-pan at the black-nosed sabot,
 Never the soup leapt out of the pot.
 A good little house, a good and proper,
 Tucked in a sheltered nook, with her face
 Turned from the scorching sun, from the breezy
 April airs in the skies that chase,
 Sleek roof, white walls, and erect and upright,
 (If a trifle narrow in build), she stood
 On the highroad, in confident rectitude.

The Great Wind racing about, one evening
 Was tired of chasing . . . he knew not what.
 With a sigh emerging from out the forest

OCTOBER FANTASY

He married the Little White House on the spot.
 He was right, you know; for the world, at best,
 Is too large to roam in; he wanted rest.
 He came in, thrusting against the startled
 Doors, with the dead leaves' scattering,
 With dust-grains, seed-grains, and all the singing
 Of birds, of belfries, of fountain and spring;
 The shiver of leaves, the quiver of branches,
 The breath of the grass, and the breathing of boughs;
 And with him the clouds, the moonlight, the tatters
 Of mist from the thickets entered the house.
 In he came . . . of a sudden, the lamps in the chamber
 Nodded a welcome; he dropped on the floor
 (That trembled to take it) his cloak, still sombre
 With the dusk's disquiet outside the door.
 But the Little House wrapped him up in her loving,
 The Little House shut him in her calm shade,
 The Little House sheltered him so tenderly
 In her heart's enclosure, and, lulling him, made
 A peace so serene, a warmth so deep
 That his soul, as she cradled it, fell asleep.

And while he lay sleeping, she went asweeping,
 She swept up the shiver of boughs and of reeds,
 Of grasses, and branches; the moonlight, the tatters
 Of mist, the dead leaves, and the dust with the seeds;
 The singing of leaves and the singing of belfries
 She threw out with the murmur of fountains and springs;
 She beat her mats hard 'gainst the wall, shook out smartly
 On the threshold her broom, still quivering with wings.

Now next morning was fine, and tired of sleeping
 So long, the Great Wind woke up with a shout,
 "Come, Little House, and fling your door open.
 I cannot breathe freely until I am out."
 "O no, my husband, my darling husband,
 Listen to me, for I know best.
 You will catch a cold on the road; from the ditches
 Fever rises, and in the mist
 (Well do I know it) lurks some distress.
 Why run after unhappiness?"
 "What, Little House, am I not master?
 Stand out of my way, for I would spring
 Clean from the window. This is October

When I dance a round with the leaves, and fling
 Myself deep into the woods . . . " O my husband,
 My distracted husband, for Heaven's sake!
 You shall not do it! A fine thing, surely,
 Should your wife permit you to break your neck!"

The Little House then, in a terrible flutter,
 Quickly shut the half-open door,
 The seven windows, the attic skylights,
 The cat-hole, the rat-holes on every floor.
 She turned the key, shot the bolts home sharply,
 Drew the prim curtains everywhere,
 So that in vain October beckoned,
 The Great Wind could not follow him.

There,
 Like an aged man, he sits crouched in the ingle,
 And blows on the smouldering log, on the fire
 When it sulks, to arouse—O lovely wonder! —
 The beautiful flames that still aspire,
 That twist their hands, mad with repentance,
 That dance without ceasing, in ardent mood,
 And repulse with their springing feet, in escaping
 We know not whither, the blackened wood.

Then, tripping gaily, the Small House comes
 Serene as ever—here my story's over—
 And settles her kettle upon the flames.

A. V. STUART

THE BOOK OF JOB

BY ELIZABETH BELLOC

IT is a poem which holds a unique place both in the Bible and in the great literature of the world. It is one of the greatest poems ever written, ranking, as poetry, with the epics of ancient Greece and Rome. Its date is uncertain and its author's name unknown. It was much circulated and read for many centuries before it was incorporated, late, into the Hebrew canon, and by the time it was thus fixed and saved for the future, it had suffered at least one interpolation, and the original author's name had been long forgotten. It is written in the purest and most perfect Hebrew, but the ideas in it are not Hebraic: they are from the Idumean desert outside Palestine. Written in the language of Jerusalem, its setting is the desert country of Edom (in Latin, Idumea), its characters are desert dwellers, and their ideas are drawn, not from the Temple schools at Jerusalem, but from the wise men among the desert tribes. The poem breathes the very spirit of the Arabian desert where the soul of man faces his solitary God. The desert whirlwind storms through its thought, the desert stars look down upon its tragedy. No city, no temple brought forth this cry of the human heart burdened with undeserved calamities and seeking an answer from the infinite mysteries that surround life.

The story of Job is set in patriarchal times when a simple monotheism was incorporated with crude ideas as to reward and punishment. It was accepted that good behaviour was rewarded in this life by material prosperity, and bad behaviour punished by poverty and disease. But the unknown author of Job wrote his poem for those minds which saw further than such crudities. He had a sophisticated and much-travelled mind. He had evidently witnessed the fact that the good suffer and the wicked prosper very frequently in this unintelligible world. He had an instinct of true spirituality by which he saw that the prevailing doctrine of reward and punishment could reduce the love and service of God to mere self-seeking. To do the will of God because it inevitably spells one's own prosperity is not an act of true religion. Apparently, before the writing of the poem, there already existed in Palestine the legend of a saintly patriarch called Job who had been overwhelmed with undeserved troubles, but whose faith in God had somehow stood the test, and who had finally triumphed over evil by patience and submission. The unknown author took this legend and wrote his masterpiece round it, supplying humanity

with the beginnings of an answer to the age-old problem of evil.

The setting of the book is in the land of Uz, part of Edom, in the deserts south and south-east of Palestine. There is a magnificent prologue in prose, told rather in the style of a folk-tale. In this appear a very early conception of the Angels, as the Beni-Elohim, the Sons of God, who come and stand before the throne of the Eternal. Among them, alas, comes the evil spirit, Satan, who mocks at the goodness of the prosperous Job on earth, and obtains permission from God to tempt his soul to rebellion through suffering. According to the primitive orthodoxy of his times, Job, an exceptionally good man, is enjoying an immense material prosperity, including happy marriage and many children. All this is changed by a series of terrible misfortunes. A hurricane from the desert throws down the house where his children are feasting and they are all killed. Chaldean brigands pillage his flocks and herds. Job is stricken with a terrible skin disease. (It is known to medical science that certain skin affections can be caused by violent emotion.) His wife, presumably in her grief for her children, turns against him. In the east, those stricken with skin disease had to leave the immediate neighbourhood of human dwellings, and live apart in a lonely place. Three friendly desert chieftains come to condole with Job. At this point the prologue ends and the poem begins.

Throughout the prose prologue the Hebrew word Jehovah is used for God. In the poem, true to the Idumean setting, the Arabic words for God are used—El, Eloah, Schaddai—meaning The Almighty One. The form of the poem is: the protest of Job's soul; the colloquy between him and his friends; the failure of his friends to comfort him; his effort to arraign God before the bar of human justice; the evocation of the Almighty One, and His answer to Job—that He is the Creator Whose power extends far beyond the orbit of human thought. Job humbles himself in dust and ashes, and accepts the will of God. There follows a prose epilogue, giving the traditional "happy ending". All that Job has lost is restored to him.

Matthew Arnold tells us why Hebrew poetry can be so marvellously translated. Its primitive grandeur is untrammelled by the strict and difficult laws of metre and scansion which govern the works of Homer and Virgil, and the rhyme which makes so difficult the translation of Dante. Hebrew poetry is written to a spiritual rhythm of "rhyming thoughts" which can be translated with especial ease. "It is the poetry of parallelism", he writes. "It does not depend on metre and rhyme, but on a balance of thought, conveyed by a corresponding balance of sentence." The poetry of universal religion is written according to laws which come over with ease into every living language.

In the tragic opening of the poem we read how Job curses the hour he was born:

Let that night be solitary . . .
Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark,
Let it look for light, but have none,
Neither let it see the dawning of the day.

His friends, doing their poor best to comfort him, well-meaning but making a bad matter worse, have given us for all time the types of "Job's comforters". They are less great than their stricken friend, who in his anguish has reached the beginning of a new revelation of God in his soul. But his so-called comforters cling to the old ideas and insist that Job, in spite of his saintly life, must have offended God in secret. Untouched in their own health and prosperity they rebuke Job for questioning Providence. One of them puts it with eerie power:

In thoughts from the visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
Fear came upon me and a trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face
And the hair of my flesh stood up.
It stood still, but I could not distinguish the form thereof:
An image was before mine eyes.
There was silence, and I heard a voice saying:
Shall mortal man be more just than God?
Shall man be more pure than his Maker?

This wonderful passage is as vivid as if it were written yesterday: a ghost story at the very dawn of literature, unnumbered centuries ago.
Job recalls some remembered nightmare of delirium:

When I say: My bed shall comfort me,
My couch shall ease my complaint:
Then Thou scarest me with dreams
And terrifiest me through visions.

The plaint of his agonized soul continues:

My face is foul with weeping,
And on my eyelids is the shadow of death . . .
I am a brother to dragons
And a companion to owls.

He means the birds and beasts of the night and the desolate places; all creatures that make a plaintive cry. The "dragons" are probably the jackals, whose long-drawn howling can be heard at night in the desert hills. There is a terrible description of the punishment of the wicked:

Terrors take hold on him as waters,
A tempest stealeth him away in the night.
The east wind carrveth him away, and he departeth,

And as a storm hurleth him out of his place.

But Job protests his innocence and the goodness of his life. He has kept all the laws of God; he has even avoided the evil of pantheism and the age-old mistake of worshipping creation instead of the creator. In antiquity, the doctrine of Zoroaster, with its worship of fire and light, was well-known in Palestine and the neighbouring deserts, together with the quaint custom of kissing the hand to the sun and the moon. This was forbidden to all monotheism, and Job had been faithful to the one God:

If I beheld the sun when it shined
Or the moon walking in brightness;
If my heart hath been secretly enticed
Or my mouth hath kissed my hand . . .
This also were an iniquity . . .

All the speakers call on the greatness and grandeur of nature to show forth the mystery of God and His power which mankind must not question. The far horizons of the desert appear in the poem, and the infinite vastness of the skies at night. Who but God:

. . . fashioneth Orion and the Pleiades
And the hidden places of the south.

The desert, stretching away out of sight beyond the southern horizons suggests a further vision of earth and stars, truly there, but invisible like the hidden aspects of Providence.

Is not God in the height of Heaven?
And behold the height of the stars, how high they are!
He stretcheth out the north over the empty place,
And hangeth the earth upon nothing.

If the unknown author could have looked forward nearly thirty centuries he would have seen how the astronomer Kepler was to love that last line.

Towards the end of the poem the Eternal is Himself evoked in answer to Job's prayer, and appears speaking out of the whirlwind and the storm. In words of unparalleled sweetness and splendour He shows how He alone is the Creator Who exists before the human soul was made.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . .
When the morning stars sang together
And all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades
And loosen the bands of Orion?

All the marvels of creation are called forth in stately order till the dazzled soul bows down its head. The self-evident beauty and wonder of the

world are used to plead for that which cannot yet be understood, and all that is plain to man's perception is used to justify that which is hidden. The message of these last great strophes of the poem is this: God is so much mightier than man that the human soul may trust Him to know what He is doing. The souls of the good are asked to suffer for some profound reason which the Creator will eventually make clear.

The high spirituality of this Book shows the soul of man advancing beyond the ultra-simple ideas of material reward and punishment in this world, to the brink of a tremendous revelation. A new idea, fraught with spiritual consequence for the future, appears still wrapped in clouds of mystery, half-perceived in the grandeur and sorrow that surround it. Like a flash of lightning over the far landscapes of the soul, the great words of Job rend the darkness and illuminate the remote future:

For I know that my Redeemer liveth
And that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth . . .
Though worms destroy this body
Yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Here is the birth of Christian hope, nearly a thousand years before Christianity, in the wilderness south of Bethlehem. But it is hope still wrapped in swaddling clothes. "Upon the earth", he says, and "in my flesh." There is as yet no idea of the life after death; justification and salvation will come in this world. The old earth-rooted ideas still hold fast like trees in a tempest while the winds of God storm through them and the new inspiration flashes upon them from heaven.

A whole literature has grown up around this poem; saints, poets, and scholars have felt the attraction and the mystery of it, and most of them have "said their say" upon it. One accusation against it is that the central thought in it goes in a circle: it starts with the idea of material reward for goodness; advances towards a far grander vision; then returns to where it started with the restoration of Job's prosperity as a reward for the virtue of submission. But, alas, human thought *does* go in a circle, and this great poem, caught in the starry circles of heaven and earth, looks forever down the ages to the Messiah Whom Job pre-figures, and whose divinity alone can free the soul from the prison of human thought.

One of the proofs that the poem was much read in antiquity are its echoes in the Psalms, in Isaiah, and especially in Jeremiah. Jeremiah might be said to be "soaked" in it. But it is Isaiah who carries on the central idea, developing it in his inspired description of the Man of Sorrows, in words which seem to weep upon the page. It is he who discovers, woman-like, that love and pain are one thing in the high places of the soul, and that supreme suffering leads to supreme victory. But the "root of the matter" is in the Book of Job; strange powerful root, slowly

burgeoning through the centuries, until on Golgotha it bore its final rose-red flower.

The Book of Job by tradition was considered to be the oldest piece of writing in Hebrew literature. There was a legend that the patriarch Jacob brought it with him into Canaan when he returned from exile in the Arabian land of Laban. More widespread was the legend that it had been written by the hand of Moses himself. The scholar Cary, the translator of Dante, thought it had been written when the Israelites were still in captivity in Egypt, before the Hebrews were yet a nation, or had set foot in the promised land. These traditions, if unscientific, are picturesque; they are the distillation of imaginative conjecture, hanging like clouds over the hidden origin of the poem. It is thought that the author, writing at an epoch later than the patriarchs, and pondering a sublime and enigmatic theme, availed himself of the mysterious patina of time, and deliberately set his poem back in the patriarchal ages. (In the same manner, *King Lear*, written in the sixteenth century is set in early British times.) It is strange to think that the writer of Job, desiring the dignity of time, should have looked back through history, and perhaps never even guessed at the immense perspective of the future and the long aisles of the centuries down which his words were to echo. Or perhaps he did guess. One of the most intriguing passages in the Book is where the patriarch, in his agony of protest, cries out:

O that my words were now written!
O that they were printed in a book!
That they were graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock forever!

These words sound like the true exclamation of a living man, perhaps part of the oral legend of Job which the poet deliberately set himself to make immortal in writing.

When the nineteenth century brought its scientific methods to scholarship a certain faint light was shed through the mists which surround the origin of this poem. Scientific guesswork often coincides with the truth which is found at the core of legend. The Hebraists tell us that the poem is written in fresh and powerful Hebrew, a living fountain of language obviously springing from a vital source. This means that it was written when Hebrew was still a spoken language, as with the Greek of Homer and the Latin of Virgil. Like the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* the Book of Job is a blossoming tree of literature which could have sprung only from the living root of a great language still spoken and sung. This dates it before Aramaic had supplanted Hebrew as the spoken tongue of Palestine, and puts it before the fourth century B.C. The only Aramaisms found in the poem are in the speech of Elihu, Job's fourth "comforter", who appears to be as poor a consolation to us as to Job, since all scholars of repute are agreed that his speech is a later interpolation. The angels and demon of

the prologue are a very early conception, showing none of the developments due to the contacts with Assyrian and Persian ideas which permeated the Hebrew imagination after the Babylonian captivity. This suggests a date earlier than 588 B.C. Also the breadth and depth of the whole work, and its marked liberty of spirit seem to point to an epoch earlier than that of the good king Josiah who, disapproving of the pagan practices which had corrupted Jerusalem, carried out a serious enforcement of the Hebrew religious regulations in defence of monotheism. These very necessary reforms turned the Hebrew mind more towards its natural genius for pure religion, and less towards literature. This would date the poem earlier than the seventh century B.C.

Though the setting of Job is in primitive times there is nothing *naïf*, or crude, in the language or style as there would be in a genuine primitive document. On the contrary, the style is as deliberate as it is powerful, and the mind behind the poem is sophisticated. The unknown poet knew the deserts, and the ideas which the desert sages had evolved. He knew the ancient Arabic mythology of the stars, which was discouraged at Jerusalem. But his mastery over Hebrew suggests that he also knew Jerusalem. He had seen Egypt and the Nile and the boats on the Nile. Being a writer living in a permanent paper shortage he knew about papyrus reeds. He has left us immortal pictures of the lion, the eagle, and the Arab steed, and a description of the great gold and sapphire mines of Sinai, to which he must have travelled.

The poem belongs to some epoch when literature flowered among the Hebrew people. Such a time was the reign of Solomon and the two centuries after him. It was a time of comparative luxury, with the peace and security necessary for the production of works of art. The reference to the mines of Sinai would alone point to this epoch, during which the first Temple was built. It was a time which produced the Song of Songs, the Book of Proverbs, and the Prophecies of Isaiah. There is a likelihood that the Book of Job may have been written during the reign of Hezekiah in the eighth century B.C. He was a great king, the cousin and patron of Isaiah, and imagination flourished in the liberal religious atmosphere of his reign. The Book of Proverbs was compiled at Jerusalem in his time. He was himself a writer, and one of his poems has survived.

The Hebrew prophets are political in spirit, but the writer of Job is poet and philosopher only. Hence the lack of any historical allusion in the poem, such as occur in the prophets, and which might have given some exact clue to the date. This must remain forever conjectural, with a strong probability of its being within the limits of the two hundred years from Solomon to Hezekiah. But the atmosphere of the poem is dateless, breathing the air of the unchanging deserts, treating of the eternal values which lie outside of history.

"Rejoice thou daughter of Edom that dwellest in the land of Uz", says

Jeremiah. In the septuagint version of Job there is a marginal note in which Uz is called Ausitis, the Southern Land. Uz was the name of one of the remote patriarchs, a nephew of Abraham himself, and his desert land was already old when Moses came out of Egypt. Edom was the land of Ishmael the rebel and Esau the brigand, and its rolling wastes were the setting for the immortal patriarch who dared to question God. In the little desert city of Teman in Edom a school of wisdom and philosophy had slowly formed itself. Its teachings were known to the desert tribes and its reputation had reached Jerusalem. During the reign of Solomon, and after, there were occasional exchanges of ideas between Teman and the Hebrew capital. The Arab king Lemuel mentioned in the Book of Proverbs may have had some connection with this school; also the sage Agur, one of whose works is preserved in the same book. One of Job's friends is called Eliphaz the Temanite, apparently a chieftain of the Beni-Kedim, the tribe which had made Teman famous. Jeremiah writes: "Is wisdom no more in Teman, is counsel perished from the prudent?" And Habbakuk more consolingly: "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran." Job, mourning his desolate condition, compares human friendship to the desert streams which dry up in summer: "The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them"—in vain. It is not too fanciful to conjecture that the house of Job may have stood in the stony land around Mount Seir near the caravan routes to the eastern and southern deserts. Here through the centuries the patriarchs had watched the long lines of camels disappearing into the Arabian desert like human thoughts into the infinite.

In Blake's celebrated illustrations to the Book of Job he draws an austere background of desert mountains. He also draws Job's faithful wife supporting him through the whole tragedy and never leaving his side. We all impute ourselves in our art, and the English poet and mystic was a very happily married man, incapable of sharing the age-old Arab contempt for women. Perhaps if their voices had been heard with respect in ancient Teman it might have understood more perfectly the profound mysteries of suffering and love. Its incomplete masculine wisdom, charged with powerful poetry, gave a half-answer to suffering humanity; it was a thousand years before the whole answer came.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE PLIGHT OF MAN

By J. B. COATES

Two recent books from America contain a diagnosis of the condition of contemporary civilization.* Both of the thinkers concerned regard man's situation as extremely grave. In Mr. Lewis Mumford's view man is suffering from a demoralization so profound that he is in danger of sliding back into barbarism. Through his inventions he has created an inter-related world community whose very existence depends on values he has permitted to lapse. The pressure on him of the industrial machine and the mechanisms for mass entertainment have become so over-bearing that he has lost the capacity for responsible self-direction. Inner autonomy, says Mumford, has almost disappeared in the United States; as much as a third of the student population of college grade can be considered moral imbeciles or, at least, moral illiterates. If freedom has disappeared in the Communist world, it is far from secure elsewhere. Now that certain life-preservative taboos have broken down, our leaders would be capable, in Mr. Mumford's opinion, of turning the whole planet into a cindery radio-active waste or one vast plague-infested lazaretto.

Professor Sorokin's picture is, if anything, even more gloomy. Our culture in his view bears every mark of disintegration and decay. Values increasingly lose their binding power as they are interpreted in terms of biochemistry, reflexology and psycho-analysis. Any genuine social conscience is increasingly disappearing in favour of the opinions of factions and the pseudo-conscience of pressure groups. He believes that freedom will increasingly become a mere myth for the majority while dominant minorities behave with unbridled licentiousness. Declarations of democratic rights will become screens for unadulter-

ated coercion. Technical inventions will become increasingly destructive instead of constructive. Thought will be replaced by 'information, please' and 'brains trusts'. The appalling evils of our time, the labour and concentration camps, the ruthless elimination of millions of Jews, the atomization of Japanese cities, the destruction by systematic terror of personal integrity and independence, could not have happened, in Mr. Sorokin's view, without the widespread presence of a shocking depravity, and he implies that nothing can be done to halt or avert the moral decline.

Mr. Mumford's book, it should be made clear, is written in no mood of pessimism. He believes that these are times which call for courage and hope. If our age threatens world catastrophe, it also holds forth unexampled promise. But the promise will not be fulfilled unless sufficient numbers of men realize the immensity of the task that calls them. For no piecemeal reforms will serve man any longer. The total pattern of life has to be re-made, including man himself. The primacy of the person must be the first principle of reform. Mr. Mumford's work, which is concerned, as the title conveys, with the conduct of life, is devoted to elaborating an ideal of personality. He rejects a merely rationalistic analysis of the self. A new sense of the divine is called for; out of the recesses of the self angels and ministers of grace come forth if we are ready to receive them. Modern men have been less than half men. Wholeness and balance of personality must be cultivated. Men must learn both to integrate themselves through contemplation and enrich themselves and others through love. Mr. Mumford sees no hope but in transformed individuals, but we must not wait for others. Millions of transforming

* *The Conduct of Life*, by Lewis Mumford. Secker and Warburg. 21s.
History, Civilization and Culture, by F. R. Cowell. An Introduction to the Historical and Social Philosophy of Pitirim A. Sorokin. A. & C. Black. 21s.

agents are needed, in every land and walk of society, the re-born democracy of which Whitman spoke prophetically.

Mr. Mumford looks for a spiritual revival, but perhaps gives no sufficient reason for believing it will take place. Professor Sorokin's analysis claims as its basis the most elaborate empirical investigation of human societies that has as yet been made. Like Spengler he adopts a cyclical view of history. Civilizations pass, in his view, through three phases, which he calls the ideational, the idealistic and the sensate phases. Ideational societies are religious and authoritarian. The idealistic stage which follows is the happiest phase of development. In idealist societies there is great creative vitality in art, literature and philosophy, yet faith in traditional values is well maintained. We are now living, in Professor Sorokin's view, in the final stage of disintegration of the third phase, the sensate phase. In sensate societies, religious belief declines, an agnostic attitude to the world beyond the senses becomes widespread, and all traditional standards are put into question. There is a widespread demand for liberty which soon degenerates into licence. Man's attention is directed primarily towards the control of the external world and to the pursuit of pleasure and power. As a confusion of opinions replaces any consensus on values, tremendous evils arise in sensate societies and lead to their collapse. It is in such a period of collapse that we are now living.

Mr. Mumford remarks on Professor Sorokin's system that, despite the wealth of scholarship that supports it, it seems to him to combine the weakest features of both Spengler and Toynbee—of Spengler because it envisages societies as going through a cycle of growth and decay, of Toynbee because it takes a stand for Christian interpretations in opposition to science. The Sorokin doctrine, indeed, like all other theories of historical development, seems altogether too neat. Acceptance of it would lead to a fatalism which Professor Sorokin in practice rejects. Mr. Mumford believes that new

cultures represent a genuinely new emergent, the product of the creative mind of man, the building of a civilization on the basis of a dominant unifying theme. In practice Mr. Sorokin is similarly seeking to play a part in terms of his own insight in building a new integrated culture. He has put forward a doctrine of truth which seeks to overcome the limitations of perspective of the dominant trends in the various historical phases, which builds into a synthesis the contributions of the mystical, the intuitive, the logical and the empirical approaches. There seems no reason in nature why such a synthesis should not be the integrating principle of a new culture and civilization in which case, as such a thing has not happened before, future history clearly would not need to repeat the past.

Mumford and Sorokin, indeed, agree on the need for such a synthesis. They stand, along with such men as Berdyaev, Mounier and Jaspers, among the wisest as they are among the most knowledgeable thinkers of our time.

THE DILEMMA OF SOUTH AFRICA, by John Hatch. *Dennis Dobson*. 18s.

THE PEOPLES & POLICIES OF SOUTH AFRICA, by Leo Marquard. *Oxford University Press*. 16s.

THE GAMBIA, by Lady Southern. *George Allen & Unwin*. 21s.

The problems of South Africa are not, as some South Africans claim, a purely domestic matter. In so far as they concern relations between the races they have a significance that penetrates the whole of the African continent, the Commonwealth, and ultimately affects all mankind. They are thus as international as they could possibly be.

Our first two books to some extent overlap. They are both mainly about racial questions in South Africa and they both lead us to very much the same disquieting conclusions. Yet they differ in their manner and in their matter. Mr. Hatch examines the South African attitude towards the government of non-

European races, and the effect of that attitude in practice upon the governed. (The word European is used inaccurately but conveniently for 'white', and non-European means the African or Black, the Asian, and the 'Coloured' proper, who are people of mixed descent). Mr. Hatch is not himself a South African but in the course of two visits to the Union he appears to have met, and to have talked with, people of every kind of opinion and the result is a very convincing book.

The Europeans in South Africa are haunted by the fear that the non-Europeans, who already outnumber them by three or four to one, will one day become so powerful that western civilization will become submerged. This is the reason for all the restrictions and disabilities, sometimes petty and absurd, that are imposed by Europeans on non-Europeans and which are designed to prevent any mixing of the two on terms of equality. The theory behind them is summed up in the word *Apartheid*, separation, which in popular fancy has become almost a synonym for the present Nationalist Government. Mr. Hatch takes us through the various interpretations of the word in the minds of those who use it, from the intellectuals' ideal of two separate white and black States, through the crude assertion of racial dominance of prominent Afrikaner politicians, down to the contemptuous rudeness of the man in the street.

In this matter of native policy, as Mr. Hatch makes all too clear, there is no effective opposition. Organizations, parliamentary or otherwise, opposed to the present Government, except for a few Liberals and Communists, are themselves too tainted with racial bias to bring about any change. Their chief concern is to defend their position against the party now in power. 'Malanism' differs from the policy of the United Party only in emphasis. It is the same tune played *fortissimo* on a different fiddle. Meanwhile those moderate non-Europeans who might be prepared to negotiate are driven by frus-

tration into bitter non-co-operation. Mr. Hatch is not optimistic of the outcome and his prospect is therefore of increasing tension until something breaks.

Mr. Marquard is a South African and a Liberal. His book is more leisurely, less tense than that of Mr. Hatch, but he does supply what the latter takes for some extend for granted, and that is the background against which the South African drama is played. The two books should therefore be read together. To the average man who has lived much with the African it seems strange that so worthwhile a person should be an object of dislike. One need read no further than Mr. Marquard's first chapter to see the reason. This dislike is not based on profound knowledge or experience, for the European South African's ignorance about the other races of his country is staggering. It is an instinct born of events as far back as the first contacts between the early settlers and more or less degraded Hottentots and slaves, and the first rivalries of Europeans and Bantu on the eastern frontier. From these origins spring the twin convictions that the African belongs to a different—and lower—order of life and that he is a potential rival to be watched and suppressed. The seeds of discord between Boer and Briton were sown later but have borne a crop nearly as heavy.

Mr. Marquard goes on to describe the principal aspects of South African life. The people, their various communities, occupations and characteristics, the constitution, local and central governments, justice and law, education, religion, all are well discussed and there is a chapter in which the Colour Bar is penetratingly analysed. Little, if anything, is left out that enables one to place the central problem of racial policy in its appropriate setting. Unlike Mr. Hatch, Mr. Marquard does propose a solution, which is the integration of the African into the political and economic life of the Union, while social relations should be left to the good sense of all concerned. Sadly it must be confessed that his book,

carefully compiled and written with great sincerity, the fruit of a mind that has worked hard on an intractable problem, does not inspire any lively hope that such a reasonable and generous solution will ever be adopted.

Lady Southorn has written the history of the northernmost—and least known—of our West African colonies, a narrow strip of land which runs for 250 miles along either bank of the Gambia River from which it takes its name. There are also descriptions of the country, some account of the administrative background, and scenes from everyday life. While not profound, the book is written in a clear and evocative style and is very readable.

A. SILLERY

BRAZIL, by J. A. Camacho. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*. 11s. 6d.

This is the third in a new series of Chatham House books on the republics of Latin America. When referring to the two previous volumes* Mr. N. P. Macdonald in the April 1952 number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* remarked that they were "written so much to the same pattern that it is clear that the authors of these books are following a set form"; *Brazil* proves that supposition to be incorrect. Mr. Camacho has worked to an original and engaging pattern of his own, dividing his book into five main parts: (1) a section in which he emphasizes the geographic, economic and demographic contrasts that exist in this enormous country; (2) a section on the racial, economic and political experiments undertaken in Brazil up to the end of the nineteenth century; (3) the subsequent movement towards political, economic and cultural emancipation; (4) matters in which Brazil has set an example to the world—miscegenation, the progressive colonization of the interior, and an enlightened foreign policy, and (5) a summary of present-day political, economic

and social affairs, with a footnote on future possibilities and the Salte Plan. Although split up in this manner, the text flows easily, for the author is by nature as exuberant as Brazil itself. Mr. Macdonald believed that the two previous volumes in the series were too merely informative to be likely to awaken the attention of the British reading public to the *terra quasi incognita* of Latin America (and it is possible that they had no such function); but Mr. Camacho's *Brazil*, anyway, is excitingly readable. Several tables of statistics are inserted in the text, but the reader skips them without effort and (as many of the latest figures available are for the year 1948) without serious loss.

The author, understandably, adopts a Brazilian point of view and readers of other nationalities may feel that the result in certain instances is too greatly biased in favour of the land of Don Pedro II and Dr. Vargas. For example, it is not wholly true that when war broke out between Paraguay and Brazil in 1864 the only dispute was concerning the right of way on the Rio Paraguay (p. 69); for many years Brazil had been nibbling at and annexing Paraguayan territory. Nor was Brazil's armed intervention in the Banda Oriental as innocent as Mr. Camacho would let us suppose. But in most cases the author's enthusiasm for his subject is well justified. The relative absence of racial prejudice in Brazil is quite admirable. General Rondon's inspiration and idealism in opening up an extensive area of the far west do indeed set an example to others engaged in the development of backward areas. And it is right that we should be reminded that in international relations Brazil, during the present century at least, has revealed "a sanity, restraint, and measure of good will hardly to be equalled by any other of the world's larger Powers."

The bibliography is—but only just—adequate.

GEORGE PENDLE

BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1952. Edited by John Armitage. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. £3 3s. 0d.

This annual publication which, in 1952, summarizes and reviews all major events of 1951 in some 700,000 words, is the fourth to be published in London since the war. Of the 505 contributors most are themselves actively concerned in the activities of which they write. Among the events which the book records are the Festival of Britain, the Canadian Royal Tour and the return of Mr. Winston Churchill to power after six years as leader of the Opposition.

Biographical articles have become a particularly valued feature of the *Britannica Book of the Year* and the new volume has among others Mr. R. A. Butler, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe and Lord Woolton. Another noteworthy biography, devoted to General MacArthur, includes a record of the investigations which took place on the General's return to the United States.

The "Air Forces of the World" entry notes that during 1951 British jet engine development continued at a high level, but adds "there was no reason to believe that Soviet jet engines in use or under development in 1951 were inferior in any way to those on test beds in other parts of the world." The same article describes how, when an MIG-15 was shot down in Korea in the summer of 1951, its power plant was identified and it became clear that the Russians had combined the best of British and German jet engines into efficient designs of their own.

The *Book of the Year* is richly illustrated with photographs and newspaper cartoons and is entertaining even to the casual user. Among the eye-catching facts, which crowd upon the reader who thumbs quickly through these pages, are that Moscow was the most expensive city in the world, prices to foreigners ranging from 8d. for a newspaper to £6 for a square meal; that in the year ended June 30, 1951, 227,000,000 National Health

Service prescriptions were dispensed in England and Wales at an average cost of 3s. 5.5d. each, and (perhaps not entirely surprising to the London motorist) that the average speed of journeys by car in London fell to 10.9 miles per hour.

GORDON WINTER

CHILD ADOPTION in the Modern World, by Margaret Kornitzer. *Putnam*. 16s.

Margaret Kornitzer has compiled a valuable encyclopaedia of information for those who are concerned with the work of child adoption and they will find a very human document incorporated with its history. In plain and simple language the potential "adopter" can learn exactly what his approach and his procedure should be. He can find reassurance too, for her praise of adoption societies is unstinted. Children's Officers, who are already expected to have become super-beings during their short term of office, will still find much to think about in this book. Members of Children's Committees, fulfilling new responsibilities, should find support and inspiration here, although their work in the field of adoption is not yet developed.

There is something to interest them all in her treatise on boarding out and fostering in general. She visualizes a far greater co-operation between all types of welfare and social workers in the field than is at present the case; there are still many stools between which a small child may fall and a more co-operative vigilance must be developed between all who have the welfare of the child at heart. Only in this way can we feel assured that the new legislation is an improvement on the old. Emphasis is rightly always on the welfare of the child, all other considerations being only secondary.

Although some Children's Officers seem to be handling only a small number of adoptions, it is doubtful at this stage whether the arrangement of adoptions can ever become a large-scale feature of their work. The number of suitable children received into care by local au-

* *Chile*, by Gilbert J. Butland, 12s. 6d.
Uruguay, by George Pendle, 11s. 6d.—
 Editor.

thorities is very limited but, on the other hand, this seems a natural sequence to a successful boarding out placement. Margaret Kornitzer wisely emphasizes that the trial period cannot be too prolonged in the interests of both parties, and a year might well be made the minimum.

Attention is drawn to the veil that inevitably falls over the subsequent fate of the adopted child, and, until statistics of a completely different nature can be produced from people who were adopted ten or fifteen years earlier, the full success of the work that has been done cannot be properly assessed. The passing of the adopted child into a world of silence must still give rise to anxiety in the public mind, and no-one is more aware of this than the author. The information on the adoption laws in other countries is not among the least valuable of the contributions she has made to the great cause to which she has devoted so much of her life.

MARJORIE BAX

WITCHCRAFT, by Pennethorne Hughes. *Longmans, Green*. 21s.

BORDERLANDS OF SCIENCE, by Alfred Still. *Rider*. 20s.

Robert Burton, in 1621, includes fairies among "terrestrial devils". The modern dainty fairy, Mr. Hughes explains in *Witchcraft*, does descend from devils or their cronies, the witches. The profusion of primitive and magical beliefs, when pruned of superstitions, might leave residual truths. The power of suggestion is revealed in witchcraft. Suggestion seems to be a modern equivalent of the old magical efficacy, though Mr. Still warns against its misuse: suggestion may suggest too much reliance on suggestion.

The traditional witch, as Mr. Hughes assesses history, is a relic of the witchcraft into which early religion degenerated. European witchcraft represents the "old palaeolithic fertility cult" suffused with magic. Since, according to George Hamond, in 1701, the Devil is

more than 5,600 years old, Mr. Hughes can note the formulation of "some idea of a pact with the Devil" by A.D. 306. Devotion to the Devil and his kin made witchcraft a diabolical parallel to Christianity. When it was "at last identified with heresy" the persecution of witches had one urgent motive.

Religion "gives" and magic "takes". Religion also tries to "defeat loneliness and the fear of individuality." Mr. Hughes says this "has been shown". A Christian asceticism, he thinks, partly provoked witchcraft into diabolism. On the mingled mystical, religious, and magical notions there operated, he also thinks, the "dualistic idea"—the constant conjunction of good and evil in thought and religion. He has organized the available data, widely gathered, and reasonably interpreted, into a highly attractive history that includes many items both in and connected with witchcraft.

The hyperaesthesia of many witches seemed to make them insensitive to "appalling tortures". Dance, drug, and suggestion account for many phenomena of witchcraft, such as ecstasy with its hyper-normal features or the effect of the Evil Eye. At the "Sabbat"—the great "degenerate form of the saturnalia"—the acting "Devil" and his followers might dance themselves into possession.

The medium, during a seance, may drop into this condition of apparently changed personality—including an altered voice. Mr. Still notes recorded "bodily levitations of entranced mediums" by "spiritualists" and "competent investigators". Reputed levitations, or flights, recur in the stories of saints, mystics, and witches. *Borderlands of Science* presents interesting accounts of such topics as levitation, the divining-rod, poltergeists, hypnotism, clairvoyance, telepathy, and precognition. Such inquiries may reveal the truth contained in many beliefs now cold-shouldered by science. Genuine clairvoyance, for instance, may verify the Zulu "Opening the Gates of Distance" as Andrew Lang thought. If telepathy is now admitted by many intelligent people it may have

been more prevalent before speech tended to oust it, as Mr. Still suggests. Mr. Hughes goes further: some anthropoids have telepathy or something similar.

Modern scientists, many of whom "believe in telepathy", though they are said to be "wise", are often reproved in *Borderlands of Science*. Science ought to take more "intelligent interest" in ghosts; it also exaggerates the "importance of reason". A scientist becomes "more human and interesting" if he is also a poet. Though the "composite of mysticism and intuition" in the "poet's conception of time" differs from the scientific notion, and is "unquestionably illogical", it may be real. Intuition is "closer to reality" than the reason so dear to science. Science, like magic or religion, is one theory of thought, and, as it has superseded its predecessors, it may itself be superseded by a totally different method.

Mr. Still ranges interestingly and provocatively over the relation between body and mind, memory, the subconscious, instinct, and intuition. He is often uncomplimentary: "Nobody in search of beauty" would seek it in "modern" paintings; civilization to-day "has few moral ideals"; superstition has always had one hotbed in "established religion". Science trusts reason; the mystic trusts faith; religion apprehends entities only slowly recognized by reason; magic, despite extravagances, presents the "supernormal" unexplained by science. Mr. Still ends with a reference to Dr. H. W. Dodds: "basic principles of ethics" came by faith. Intuition, the upshot seems to be, may give what reason cannot, but "intuition", like "reason" or even "faith", is a pesky word.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

SHAKESPEARE AND THE CLASSICS, by J. A. K. Thomson. *Allen & Unwin*. 18s.

Unlike most of those who have taken part in the age-long controversy about the amount of Shakespeare's classical knowledge, Professor Thomson, as he says in his preface, is a classical student,

not an expert in Elizabethan literature. In my opinion, this is an advantage for from a basis of intimate classical scholarship he is well qualified to discriminate between what is first-hand in the dramatist's stock of Greek or Roman lore and what he draws from the common pool of antiquity in his day. As Mr. Thomson emphasizes, both at the grammar-school and the university, "to know Latin was the same thing as to be educated."

In the case of Shakespeare he first examines what there is in the shape of external evidence. He begins with Jonson's attribute of "small Latin and less Greek" and argues (as I think, rightly) that this "is not a claim, but an apology" for what was known to be a deficiency in Shakespeare's equipment. Another contemporary, Francis Beaumont, in verses to Jonson, will

From all learning keep these lines as clear
As Shakespeare's best are.

Leonard Digges, who was 28 when Shakespeare died, in verses prefixed to the 1640 edition of his *Poems*, asserted that in the whole book he did not borrow "one phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate." And broadly to the same effect is the later seventeenth century testimony of Milton, Fuller and Dryden. To the contrary is John Aubrey's statement that Shakespeare "understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." Aubrey's authority was William Beeston, son of Christopher, Shakespeare's fellow-actor. But his is posthumous hearsay evidence, conflicting with contemporary first-hand evidence, which Mr. Thomson prefers to accept.

He then falls back upon internal evidence and postulates two conditions for proof of borrowing. The thought must have something in common in it, and "the wording of the thought must exhibit a form which indicates that he had the original in his mind since otherwise he might be using a translation." In his two chief classical sources we know that he did use translations, Sir Thomas North for Plutarch's *Parallel*

Lives and Golding for Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; almost certainly Chapman for the *Iliad*. Moreover a good deal of classical lore could be gathered from masques and shows, from tapestry and pictures, as, for instance, the siege of Troy in the painting viewed by Lucrece. And as recent research has shown, and Mr. Thomson might have stressed further, in addition to such school-books as Lily's Latin grammar and the *Sententiae Pueriles*, there were Anglo-Latin phrase-books and dictionaries upon which Shakespeare could draw.

The Professor then turns to the formidable task of assessing the evidence furnished by each of the plays and poems in turn. And at the outset he is faced by the difficulty that, especially in some of the earlier plays, there may be other more learned hands than Shakespeare's. Or he may be working on the basis of some pre-existing drama. Even readers who may not agree with some of the author's conclusions must profit from his scholarship and the scrupulous fairness of his approach. Personally I think that he exaggerates the Senecan influence on *Macbeth*, and perhaps his debt to Ovid in Latin. But I would support his final decision that Shakespeare, for all his love of antiquity was "but a perfunctory reader of the classics" in the original.

Here he was in strong contrast with Jonson who bolstered up his first Roman tragedy, *Sejanus*, with quotations from his Latin sources, and who thought, mistakenly, that such scholarship was essential to success in that field. Shakespeare judged better when he wrote *Julius Caesar*, a new play on a classical subject—and a new kind, a Revenge play, but not after the Senecan fashion. Its style is "succinct, plain, studious of a certain noble directness . . . corresponding to the Renaissance conception of the Roman character," and its parts are bound together in organic unity. There is nothing more attractive in Mr. Thomson's book than his further discussion of this and the other Roman history plays. One is left

with the impression that of all the classical influences on Shakespeare that of Plutarch *via* Amyot-North, was the most favourable.

F. S. BOAS

NEW POEMS 1952: A PEN ANTHOLOGY, edited by Clifford Dymont, Roy Fuller and Montagu Slater. *Michael Joseph*. 10s. 6d.

The object of this anthology is to give a hearing to established and new poets at a time when publishers are losing money on nearly all contemporary verse. Whether this situation is created by deficiency in the poets themselves or by a decline in public taste is an open question, though it is true that the public has been fooled by a few practical jokers and posers, while some critics have been deceived by superficial cleverness and novelty. For novelty suggests the shallow and showy and gimcrack, and too often has no relation to originality. It is reassuring, therefore, to find that originality impresses these poems, from the more traditional forms used by Walter De La Mare, Edwin Muir and Richard Church to the eccentricity of some later comers.

The editors express admirable beliefs, borne out by the poems, that clarity is a virtue, and wilful obscurity is not poetic, and that it is preferable for a poem to be about something. And though the inclination to return to common speech does not always seem compatible with poetry, the return to common words makes for a healthy astringency. Though all words are grist to the mill of the poet, conscious poetic diction cloy on the austere modern palate. Only when words have been used in a particular order or context does an idea, a scene, or an action flash into poetry. Any other arrangement of the same words would fall into the flats of common speech. Take, for instance, Cecil Day Lewis's skilful use of the plebeian word "stopping" in connection with a river:

Endlessly stopping its tides against the
embankment
which occurs in a very good satirical

poem. And N. K. Cruickshank uses a string of unpoetic words

...uncartoned chestnut's keen shoe tan
with lively effect.

But while poetry is words, words are not poetry unless they convey the dynamic of passion or strongly felt intellectual content. As Miss C. V. Wedgwood remarks in her introduction, this age, like the seventeenth century, is one of transition, when art, affected by social and political unrest, is bound to be largely experimental. It is also an age of sophistication and disillusion which, though hostile to lyric poetry, make for excellent satire and intellectual verse. Several examples of such are to be found here. A S.J. Tessimond debunks the man of culture:

And so the only books at which he looks
Are books on books, or books on books on
books.

While Clifford Dymont and John Montague reveal new aspects of the South Bank Exhibition and a circus, and Roy Fuller flings a dart with:

The needle of the gramophone induces
The mood essential to the poet's art.

The modern tendency to self-analysis and deliberation prompts James Kirkup to write of a surgeon:

A calligraphic master, improvising, you
invent

The first incision, and no poet's hesitation
Before his snow-blank page mars your
intent.

For the impulse of inspired poetry knows no hesitation—the snow-blank page fills in a rush. But above all, this is not an age of spontaneity.

Though Norman Nicholson, Paul Dehn, and D. J. Enwright write more from the mind than the heart, all of them exercise that faculty of thinking through the senses to produce evocative or sensuous verse. A good intellectual poem comes from Herbert Read, while Alan Ross's "Cricket at Brighton" is gay in the John Betjeman manner. Perhaps the only really moving poems in a cerebral collection are Ewart Milne's "Elegy for a Lost Submarine" and the nostalgic "Autumn Balance in Ashour Woods" by Jack Lindsay.

PHOEBE HESKETH

PATRICE PERIOT, by Georges Duhamel. *Dent*. 11s. 6d.

THE WALNUT TREES OF ALTENBURG, by André Malraux. *John Lehmann*. 10s. 6d.

THE FEARLESS HEART, by Georges Bernanos. *The Bodley Head*. 10s. 6d.

M. Georges Duhamel's novel *Patrice Periot*, topical in theme, intelligently if sometimes rather facetiously written, treats of a typical form of contemporary cluelessness as exemplified in the philosophy, or lack of it, of an agnostic scientist who through sincere if woolly-minded humanitarianism involves himself in politics and with the extremists of the Left. Professor Periot, from being a single-minded biologist of repute, becomes one of those news-valuable figures of his time—like those who pullulated over here, especially in the 'twenties—whose name is constantly to be seen appended to manifestoes and appeals in the French equivalents of *The Times* and the *New Statesman and Nation*. Humour is provided by the absurdity of some of the causes for which his support is solicited but, even with near-farce, bleakness creeps in, as when the visit of the ludicrous "member of the Oscar Wilde Academy" warns the professor too late that all is not well with his unhappy elder son. When rivals of the gutter press seize on his private grief for their own ends he feels, with Mercutio, "a plague o' both your houses," having learnt the hard way—what Dickens taught in *Bleak House*—that a general, even cosmic philanthropy is no substitute for charity at home.

At the grave of Mme. Periot in the opening chapter, as in a moving scene between Periot and his naïf, saintly younger son—whom M. Duhamel contrives not to make a prig—there is an authentic sense of awe; a background of eternity to the characters with their angst. At times, one may say, the narrative takes charge—but then, as Mr. Forster once lamented, the novel must tell a story. Throughout, M. Duhamel's

major characters are sensitively drawn and real, no mere playthings of the plot. The novel approaches art through illuminating, not just depicting, the contemporary scene. Compassionately and creatively it examines one form of modern *hubris*; that impure humanism—as Mr. Eliot has called it—that deems itself alternative rather than ancillary to religion.

M. Duhamel is *de l'Académie Française* whereas M. André Malraux can be best described as a scholar with a sword, but there is no doubt that his *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg* is a more cerebral work than *Patrice Périot* although, partly for that reason, it is less satisfactory as a novel. M. Malraux gives his narrator his own *nom-de-guerre* and much of the book reads like family history or personal reminiscence transposed not very cohesively into fiction. The episodic narrative—there is scarcely a plot—deals mainly with the physical and metaphysical adventures of the narrator's father who is a sort of Alsatian T. E. Lawrence and whom his son refers to as the *éminence grise* behind Enver Pasha. This is before his disillusionment with a Utopian dream of "Ottomanism". (The parallel with Richelieu's Father Joseph is, at best, superficial.) Later he participates in a brilliant, necessarily inconclusive debate of *savants* that is overshadowed by the walnut trees of the title whose symbolism, obscure, interpolated rather than integral, seems to suggest a kind of mournful pantheism. Their roots go deep into the past, and an evocation of the Middle Ages, a sense of Gothic kinship with Breughel, is one of the moving elements in a work that does not add up to the sum of its parts. There is much else; the pathos of a suicide; the *frisson* felt, communicated by survivors . . . M. Malraux's visual imagination, too, suffuses his prose, often with a lurid glare, as one might expect of the author of *Psychology of Art*. He attempts always, as an artist must, to distil significance from experience. His book lacks form, perhaps because, artistically, it

needed more gestation.

The Fearless Heart, although entirely about the dedicated life of nuns, their relationship to God and to a *sans-culotte* Caesar, yet contrives to have a timeless validity; to be more universal in theme than, say, the guilt-ridden Catholic novels, superficially wider in scope, of Mr. Graham Greene. The story is based on historical fact *via* a film-script by a priest and a romantic novel by a German authoress; an unlikely pedigree for a masterpiece, but doubtless the tale, in its different renderings, had haunted Georges Bernanos' mind and finally inspired him. Shakespeare borrowed from Lodge, after all, and gave us *As You Like It*. *The Fearless Heart* is presented as a scenario. In essence it is a modern *Everyman* in which personalities feature as well as the soul. *The Times* obituary of him compared Bernanos to Barbey d'Aurevilly. In this work, at least, affinity with the author of *Les Diaboliques* is hard to find.

LUKE PARSONS

NEXT MAN IN: A Survey of Cricket Laws and Customs, by Gerald Brodribb. *Putnam*. 16s.

THE ECHOING GREEN: Cricket studies, by John Arlott. *Longmans, Green*. 11s. 6d.

Mr. Gerald Brodribb has established a reputation peculiarly his own in the literature of cricket, and it is chiefly in what may be described, though not too literally, as out of the way fields that he has proved himself. *The English Game* was an anthology noteworthy for its freshness and unusual sources; *Cricket in Fiction* a bibliography which surprised many by the width of its research and the strange works, well-known for quite other merits, into which cricket has found its way. Here Mr. Brodribb has chosen to describe those incidents in first-class cricket which have resulted in suggestions for changes in the laws of cricket or in experiments. Thus the book centres round curious points of law which at the same time inspire a flow

of the best kind of cricket talk and reminiscence.

"Since 1895 the value of the run has remained virtually unchanged"—a statement proved by the fact that the average cost of a wicket in first-class cricket was 24 in 1895, 25 from 1919 to 1939 and 26-28 since 1946! So high scoring is not exactly a modern development. In a Test Match as recently as 1950 the wrong batsman (Simpson) faced the bowler (Ramadhin) and this after it had already been noticed at least that the wrong bowler (Valentine) had been about to bowl (he had actually started his run up) in any case. "It is reported that James Broadbridge literally threw his bat at a very wide ball which mounted in the air and was caught by Mr. Ward at point." He was given out and may have been the only man to have been caught off a wide.

These are but three of the many topics that have among others particularly informed and surprised one reader, and it would be his expectation that other readers might find equal delight and interest in some quite different selection. Nor does the author hesitate to put forward his own suggestions: for a revival of lob bowling; for the improvement of the score card (and incidentally the printed accounts) by showing at what time a batsman went in and came out and at which wicket a batsman was out; for good fielding to be no longer penalized when a throw-in hits the stumps and goes for 4 in an unexpected direction, and, most interestingly perhaps, when he asks whether the authorities have ever considered what would happen if throwing were made legal. "Would a throw necessarily achieve greater speed, and would it be accurate? It would certainly spoil the aesthetic pleasure of watching a well-actioned bowler, but it would be interesting to know to what extent throwing would be more difficult for the batsman to cope with." The book is altogether fascinating. Mr. Brodribb is one of those who well understands that cricket is in some words of C. B. Fry "a cult

and a philosophy" as well as a game.

Among writers of similar understanding must be numbered Mr. John Arlott who has gathered in *The Echoing Green* certain essays written in the past four years, into which so much of himself and of labour has gone that he would be sorry to consider them lost. There is a pleasant chapter called "Gadgets on the Green", with drawings of Felix's Catapulta and other machines for batting and bowling practice. To many, however, the individual portraits of some 20 contemporary cricketers will most appeal; these sketches all express Mr. Arlott's attitude to the game as he sees it revealed in the men who play it, and tempt the thought that perhaps he sees (and sometimes creates) a 'character' too easily.

In days when sections of the press are clamouring for brighter cricket when all that is needed is better cricket, it is refreshing to find Mr. Arlott deploring the attitude of those who want to introduce changes that would turn cricket into a spectacle: such a spectacle, he says, would not be cricket. "Any change which would alter the human values of the game," he continues, "or prevent all the different qualities of men from creating cricket in tune with character, would be a change for the worse—away from the true nature of cricket—even though it were to fill every seat on every ground in England." Mr. Brodribb's views on reformers are, happily, identical.

J. F. BURNET

ART AND EVERYMAN, Volume II, by Margaret H. Bulley. *Batsford*. £2 5s. 0d.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S ART, by Hermann Leicht. *Allen & Unwin*. 35s.

When people declare that they know nothing about art, they make a sensible and acceptable admission. For although art has been universally practised since man's cave-dwelling days, its nature has eluded close definition. In spite of brilliant aesthetic theories, mas-

terly critical analyses, comprehensive histories and the impressive results of archaeological and anthropological research, Tolstoy's question: "What is art?" remains largely unanswered. However, when people confess their ignorance they do not mean, I think, that they are baffled by the nature of art but, rather, that they know little or nothing of its history, personalities and techniques. When they qualify their admission—as they do with predictable tiresomeness—by adding: "But I know what I like" there is an inevitable suspicion that those who know nothing probably like the wrong things. Yet, after all, what are the wrong things and what distinguishes them from the right?

Throughout both volumes of *Art and Everyman*, Miss Bulley sustains and develops the proposition that there is art and 'not art'; the second volume begins with a re-statement of her main theme. "Each example of art must share a common principle and each example of 'not art' must suggest the negation of that principle." The general intention of the work is to define the principle and settle the limits of the frontiers which separate true art from its opposite. The sub-title of the book is therefore appropriate: "A Basis for Appreciation." With hundreds of illustrations, grouped under headings of Beauty, Substance, Power and Self-Expression, the author proposes and discusses a set of values by which the reader may test not only the validity of each example, but also that of his own judgment. By comparison and contrast, she encourages recognition and appreciation of art and assists in the detection and rejection of 'not art'.

The qualities of great work are constant, being neither transient nor perishable like physical beauty, but rather, ageless and unalterable like eternal truths. No conceivable material factor, short of destruction or damage, could detract from the changeless beauty of, say, Michelangelo's Madonna in the church of Notre Dame in Bruges. Yet, without doubt, there are many who have looked at it without

feeling aware of any response to its immaculate beauty. So, on the one hand, there are the everlasting values of art and, on the other, the infinitely variable and incalculable reactions of individual onlookers. The supremely valuable thing about Miss Bulley's work is that her basis for appreciation has been swept quite clean of all the clutter of irrelevancies, misconceptions, confused thinking and humbug that so often stands between us and genuine discernment. For it is quite certain that true appreciation comes only through a direct and sensitive realization of the original conception that once took shape, immutably, in the artist's mind.

The whole panorama of man's artistic activity from the ice age to modern times comes within the scope of Hermann Leicht's history. "Those who take art seriously," he writes, "should learn that they must not be too quick to condemn, but must try to understand it in its historical and racial setting. Here the history of art is of inestimable assistance." More often than not, art historians are claimed by especial preoccupations, with the art of a continent, a country, a century or, maybe, with the life and work of a single master.

The great pattern of man's total output as artist is not often laid before us in one piece. Hermann Leicht's world history is a methodical and well-proportioned work. His distribution of emphases is very ably done and, as a result, his matter, although it is necessarily compressed and closely detailed, seems spacious and is consistently readable. Furthermore, he succeeds in preserving the large concept of art as an universal creative impulse commonly shared by all peoples of all times. It is an admirably convenient and informative handbook, fully illustrated with many half-tone reproductions, line drawings in the text and a few fairly good colour plates. The original book was in German; the English version, done by Bernard Miall, seems to be a commendably skilled and sympathetic translation.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

In the jet age, when speed even in book reviewing is counted a primary virtue, the monthly publication is often woefully conscious of shortcoming. Especially is this the case when a book, long heralded by its publishers as a forthcoming event of outstanding importance, proves on the day of issue to warrant the prophecy.

A fine biography

The acclaim greeting Mr. Harold Nicolson's *KING GEORGE THE FIFTH* (*Constable*. 42s.) immediately on publication was most richly deserved. A more leisurely reading than perhaps some daily newspaper reviewers were able to give it leaves one with feelings of utmost satisfaction. Not only does Mr. Nicolson unfold, in delectable style, the political story of the reign but he remains warmly conscious throughout that his book is a biography and that all the momentous events he records must be viewed only from Buckingham Palace and the other homes of King George. To do this satisfactorily he is forced to rely on footnotes for terse summaries of background information which most readers will need and no-one should begrudge. The result is triumphant and not least because when events stray from the King for a page or two his presence is missed.

There are few people over 40 who fail to recall King George V with affection. If the basis of that affection was the belief that he shared their anxieties and was ready and eager to mitigate them at whatever cost to himself Mr. Nicolson's biography will justify their trust. Mr. Nicolson makes no attempt to impose upon King George extraneous virtues; this biography is not concerned, as was Mr. John Gore's, with King George's private life but it is recognized that in his household many were afraid of him and found him unapproachable, that privately he was frequently discouraged and depressed. Yet, at a crisis, he would invariably rise to great heights; he was equable when others were excited; ten-

acious, never allowing himself to lose sight of a problem and refusing that privilege to others, and, to ministers and other public men, encouraging and practically helpful. There is no doubt that he was personally well advised. He said of Lord Stamfordham: "He taught me how to be a King" but the fact remained that he was willing to learn and willing to do that little bit more than could reasonably be required.

The King's task was a difficult one. Although, when he came to the throne in 1910, the social revolution which was to threaten all the monarchies of Europe had begun, it was in his reign that the biggest changes, accelerated by war, were made. Had he lagged behind in appreciation of the importance of the changes the people might well have lost faith for ever in constitutional monarchy; instead he strengthened that faith and, because of his oneness with his people, he was the State's anchor. His good relationships with prime ministers so different as Asquith and Ramsay MacDonald were bonds of confidence. He was not unready to give his ministers advice, when advice he felt was needed; he was ever prepared to give them support. Over the Parliament Bill he came well out of a hazardous situation; on the Irish question he was little short of superb. At the start of his reign diplomatic tact and skill was called for in private communication with other crowned heads; long before the end of it the same tact and skill plus genuine friendliness were helping Labour ministers to do their best. One complaint: the selection of photographs does not match the text.

Other lives

Turning to other biographies, *PETER FRASER*, by James Thorn (*Odham's Press*. 18s.) is a straightforward account of New Zealand's wartime prime minister. The writing and compilation of the book lack distinction and it may be that Mr. Fraser was a greater man than

Mr. Thorn is able to reveal. Certainly Mr. Fraser was a doughty champion of the people, possessing abundant humanity, courage and strong language. Experience, apparently, was his mentor and responsibility a friend. But one would have liked less of what Mr. Fraser said and did and more opportunity to judge his actions from fuller accounts of the words and acts of others. As it is he marches almost alone throughout the book matched against shadows.

For his apologist, Field-Marshal Von Rundstedt has his former chief of staff General Guenther Blumentritt. His book is called *VON RUNDSTEDT: THE SOLDIER AND THE MAN* (Odham's Press, 16s.) but it has little to say of Von Rundstedt's early life and is mainly an account of the part he played in the 1939-1945 war. To General Blumentritt, Von Rundstedt is the wisest of commanders and a hero. To readers he may appear less meritorious, yet, right or wrong, his views as related are revealing and many of the details of what was happening just across the Channel in 1942, 1943 and early 1944 are intriguing. So also are the glimpses of Hitler megalomaniacally gaining his way and there are some interesting photographs. One cannot give the book high praise but the discussion on the Second Front from the German point of view and many tit-bits of information make it worth reading.

An earlier war

A book that has lain too long on the table is *THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE*, one of *Hutchinson's University Library Volumes* (8s. 6d.). Its author, C. M. Woodhouse, has a personal as well as a scholarly knowledge of Greece for he had a distinguished wartime career there. This fortunate combination, helped by a good, clear style, enables him to put life into a story much neglected because of its involvement. With the first sentence of chapter one Mr. Woodhouse establishes friendly relations with his readers who, when the book is read, will put it down with an expression of gratitude for a masterly analysis.

Defoe again

Another satisfying short book is Francis Watson's *DANIEL DEFOE* in *Longman's Men and Books series* (10s. 6d.). The mysteries and certainties of Defoe's crowded and eventful life will never lack chroniclers but this record, packed as it is with opinion and incident, should hold its place among shorter biographies for a long time to come. Defoe, the novelist and reporter; Defoe, the business man; Defoe, the political commentator—each led a life full enough for most other men. His industry was incredible; his adventuring never-ending; his interests wide. It sounds a grand, exciting life, in spite of imprisonment, bankruptcy and the pillory and Mr. Watson is sure that Defoe enjoyed his adventures. Took pride in them is perhaps nearer the mark for, speculator though he was, Defoe, one feels, had a hard core of melancholy. But he is a joy to read about. No journalist of the past would have succeeded better in the present. His "eye-witness" accounts would have stirred us all.

It is natural therefore that Mr. Harold Herd's book *THE MARCH OF JOURNALISM* (Allen & Unwin, 21s.) should, after a chapter on newsbooks, devote a few pages to Defoe. They are few because Mr. Herd has much to get in to his 350 pages. Perhaps he has been over-ambitious, for he includes periodicals in his survey which is a useful one nonetheless and stimulating for a primer.

Finally, to end a once a year tenancy of these columns, one welcomes a large handsome book from the *Cambridge University Press*, *MONASTIC SITES FROM THE AIR* (55s.). These "air photographs of the sites of medieval religious houses", by David Knowles, Professor of Medieval History at Cambridge and J. K. St. Joseph, Curator in Aerial Photography at Cambridge, demonstrate beautifully how serviceable aerial photography is to archaeology—a pleasant peacetime pursuit for an art or skill associated for many of us with war. His commentaries are excellent.

JOHN ARMITAGE

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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PREVENTING ACCIDENTS

A RAILWAY disaster like that at Harrow still causes a greater shock, and possibly arouses a keener concern for victims and relatives, than an air crash. It is not only that railway travel is still the normal way of getting about for most of us. What might be called the mystique of the iron road remains strong; the groups of little boys with notebooks at the ends of main line platforms on Saturdays are a sign of it. The railways caught the romantic nineteenth century imagination both here and in America; the awe they then aroused, expressed in popular literature, holds us yet and a rail disaster brings out in us the intenser sympathies of an earlier age.

All accidents are a national liability; each one of them is a draft on the economy. Mr. Viant, in a Commons debate in June, quoted an estimate that the cost of road accidents in 1951 was £146,000,000. Add to this the large total of hours lost in industry, the waste of young life caused by accidents in the home, and it is easy to justify the existence of a body like the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

In the causes of all accidents there are human and material factors. Safety—or the husbanding of human resources—is sought by education or propaganda at all ages, and by extensive schemes of capital investment—safety devices in factories, schemes of rail and road improvement. The human element in accidents will always be important; it is not economically possible to remove it. Admittedly accidents consume national wealth, but there is a limit to what the nation can spend in avoiding them, just as there is a limit to what can be spent on the educational or health services.

The underground railways of London, with their packed but slow running traffic, have found it possible with train-stop devices and dead-man's handles to reduce the human element in accidents to a minimum. The Great Western, on the other hand—to refer to them like this seems to do more justice to their tradition than Western Region, British Railways—have an automatic train control system (begun 1906, completed 1938) which will warn the driver that he has passed a signal at danger, and apply the brakes, but which does not rule out a signalman's error. The "Colour-light" system on the Southern makes it more difficult for the signalman to go wrong, but has no automatic stop for trains whose drivers take them through signals at danger. Both arrangements, it is claimed, have done much to reduce accidents, but they have not elimin-

ated human fallibility. It should be obvious that a balance has been struck. Large sums have been spent on reducing the human element; the sums required for removing it altogether have seemed prohibitive. The balance made is probably sound economics.

On the roads the attention given to the human element has outrun capital investment in safety. Education in the schools, road crossing patrols and the like, the campaigns directed to drivers, bicyclists and pedestrians must be judged to have had their effect. Since 1938 the number of road vehicles licensed has risen by 41 per cent., the fuel consumed by 27 per cent., and the population exposed to risk by six per cent. Road casualties for 1951, however, were down by seven per cent. from 1938 and fatal casualties by 21 per cent. These figures are impressive. More still can be done through education and propaganda; reckless drivers and incompetent drivers can be seen any day on the roads. It is worth remembering that many—perhaps many *occasional* drivers, which is worse—are survivals from days when driving licences could be got without tests; it might be worth requiring them to take the test when their licences come up for renewal. On the whole, however, without giving way to complacency, the figures can hardly be called a poor result for the pains that have been taken already.

Unquestionably, however, road safety demands capital expenditure. For many years the emphasis has been on improving the human users of the roads. If any further advance is to be made, more money must be spent on the roads themselves. The Government are in process of spending £3,000,000 on removing black spots—notorious points of accident—from trunk roads and on improving second-class roads, but it is far from enough. Every driver can compare for himself the long stretches of narrow, twisting, dangerous 'A' roads, with the comparatively few places where modern road-building technique has been given its head. Road A1 itself illustrates the best and worst at different points along its length. Giving bicyclists ways of their own, and enforcing their use, would remove one large source of danger—but this is by no means cheap.

The balance has always to be preserved between the cost of accidents and the cost of preventing them. It is not an ideal moment for asking the Government to spend more on roads. More obviously needs to be spent, and it is a sound investment, yielding measurable returns, but the better moment for spending might be round the corner, when one will see, what no one wishes to see, a falling off in manufacturing activity. The lull should be used. When the pace of industry slackens, pressure should be brought on government to make capital investment in road and rail improvement. If plans are made ready now, and the work driven ahead when begun, the end of the industrial lull will find the country's transport system safer and more efficient, which ought to represent an annual real saving of some millions of pounds now wasted on accidents.

THE AIM OF GERMANY'S TRADE UNIONS

BY W. FRIEDMANN

IN many respects, the social and economic structure of present-day western Germany shows an astonishing and sometimes disturbing return to pre-Hitler days. Ownership and control of industry has on the whole returned to the same people and groups who were in charge before. After all the immense efforts of thousands of Allied officers, of Allied and German review courts, after all the output of ingenuity, paper and time, the net result of the de-Nazification programme is almost insignificant. Some of the most prominent Nazis have disappeared or still serve sentences; most of the others are back where they were: in industry, in Government, in universities. After years of work some decartelization has taken place in the coal, steel and chemical industries. A new social issue which raises problems of far more than national concern is the vigorous campaign of the German trade union movement for full participation (*Mitbestimmungsrecht*) in the direction of industry. Except for the question of German unity and Germany's position between east and west, this is to-day the most hotly debated issue of German politics.

Under the Weimar Republic the German trade union movement consisted of two main sections, by far the bigger of which were the "*Freie Gewerkschaften*", affiliated with the German Social Democratic Party, as the British trade unions are affiliated to the Labour Party. A smaller but important section was constituted by the Christian Trade Unions which were close to the Catholic Centre Party. These two parties, together with a dwindling Liberal Democratic Party, were the pillars of the Weimar Republic, and of the new and fragile German democracy. The Nazis suppressed not only these parties but also the trade union movement, which they replaced by a compulsory and completely Nazified organization.

When in 1945 the German trade unions regained their freedom, their best leaders had either been killed by the Nazis or grown old in years of enforced obscurity or exile. Outwardly, the movement in western Germany recovered quickly and vigorously. In this field at least the three western Allies saw eye to eye. To-day the great majority of industrial workers are organized in a number of trade unions which form the powerful *Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund*. One significant change has occurred—the former Socialist and Catholic wings have amalgamated, and the trade union movement in western Germany is to-day a unified organi-

zation. The price of unity was that the new movement forsook its political affiliations, at least outwardly. There is now no direct political link between the trade unions and any political party. Yet the new movement could not and did not remain politically inactive. It has taken a stand on many outstanding questions of to-day.

Above all the unions have demanded—and already in part obtained—equality with the shareholders' representatives in the control of industrial enterprise. Under German company law, the direction of an undertaking is shared between two organs: the executive board (*Vorstand*) normally manages the company affairs; the supervisory council (*Aufsichtsrat*)—normally appointed by the shareholders' meeting—has a general supervisory function which includes the right to appoint and dismiss the board (*Vorstand*). The trade unions want the number of workers' representatives on the supervisory council to be equal with that of the shareholders nominees, with an independent person as chairman. The important point is that they do not want the workers' nominees to come from within the industrial enterprises themselves, which, under post-war legislation, have works councils elected by the workers. The trade unions want to limit the representatives of the latter on the board of the company to one member, whereas the others are to be nominated by the central trade union concerned. In other words, they claim a share in the direction of the German economy as representatives of the organized working class as such, not of the workers employed in a particular factory or mine. Yet the trade union nominees, once appointed, are not bound by "instructions and directions". After years of controversy, the Adenauer Government have conceded this claim for the re-organized coal and steel industries, where the new system has already begun to operate. But the trade union movement wants to see this representation extended at least to all basic industries, and to such State enterprises as the federal railways and the federal post. Recently the Trade Union Federation called a two-day strike in protest against a federal bill—now passed—which fell short of their demands, and only conceded a much more limited right of co-determination to the works' councils. This strike created much public excitement, especially as it affected some public utilities, and it lost the unions some sympathy among the public. The employers obtained legal opinions to the effect that under the Constitution a purely political strike means an unconstitutional coercion of Parliament as well as an actionable tort against the enterprise affected by the strike.

British as well as American trade unionists might find it difficult to understand the issue as well as the fervour with which their German fellow trade unionists pursue it. The Canadian or American union on the whole is not concerned with political objectives; it wants a strong position in collective bargaining, and its almost exclusive aim is a bigger

share of the cake, that is, higher wages and better conditions at work. Far from wishing to share the responsibilities for the running of United States Steel or General Motors, the C.I.O., the A.F.L. and their Canadian counter-parts would probably be most reluctant to sit on the boards of companies. Perhaps the future will bring a political labour movement on the American continent. But the day is far off when the unions will demand seats on the boards of companies. In Great Britain, the movement has of course a more powerful and direct political influence, but it has moved in a very different direction. Through its links with the Labour Party, the Trade Union Congress has great political influence in Parliament. It has strongly backed the Labour Party's programme of nationalization of the basic industries. But the British trade unions have been careful not to weaken their freedom of movement in regard to collective bargaining by taking a direct share in the management of industries, socialized or otherwise. Some individual trade unionists are on the boards of nationalized industries, and there are production councils in many plants, but even in the newly nationalized industries the new boards, as employers, negotiate with the unions as before.

Why is the position of German trade unions so different? The first reason is that they suffer from the memory of prolonged suppression and exclusion from public life and responsibility. The second reason is that they distrust the average German employer who in the past has often shown contempt and hostility for the movement and its claim for a share in economic and managerial responsibility. The third reason is that the demand for the socialization of basic industries, which was strongly supported by the unions after the collapse of Nazi Germany, has been thwarted by the policy of the Allies. Although the Americans and the British arrested many German industrial leaders in the long-forgotten days of 1945, they were unwilling to take the next step and socialize the ownerless steel, coal, and other basic industries. The Americans went even further and blocked several German parliamentary bills, which aimed at the transfer of these industries into public ownership. Now the matter rests with the German federal Parliament. The Adenauer Government, whose precarious majority is based on a coalition with some right-wing parties, are on the whole opposed to, or at least lukewarm about socialization. Thwarted in this direction, the trade union leadership staked all on the right of co-determination. The German unions see themselves to-day as one of the big groups in the State which have the right and the responsibility of political leadership. They run colleges and institutes in which they are training leaders from their own ranks. They see that the industrialists, the civil servants and other leading groups of former days are more or less back in power, and they cry out for the right of the organized working class to help shape Germany's economic future.

There is much sympathy with these demands in present-day Germany.

The trade unions have suffered grievously at the hands of the Nazi régime, and there are few people to-day who would deny that organized Labour is one of the main pillars of modern democracy. But in the pursuit of its claims, the movement is now becoming entangled in difficulties and contradictions which may have a boomerang effect. It bases its claim for equal participation on the share of labour in the national product. This is undeniable, and it is equally true that in most modern enterprises the shareholder has no real voice but that the effective control of the enterprise is in the hands of a single person or company, or a small group of shareholders, if not in the hands of the management as such. But many industrialists, business men and professors, as well as conservative circles, deny that these facts give Labour a right of control. The shareholder's claim to control of the management of the enterprise is based on the risk he takes with his capital. But the trade unions, they say, are not responsible to anybody. In nominating an equal number of the supervisory council, they would have rights but no duties. They risk no capital and are not legally responsible to anybody for mismanagement or losses.

More powerful than this object is another one which comes from many Socialist and Labour supporters and goes right to the heart of the function of trade unionism in modern democratic society. The right of labour to equal participation in the control of industry is difficult to reconcile with the traditional function of the unions, the fight for better wages and labour conditions. The more successful the unions are in their fight for co-determination, the more effectively will they be met with the argument that, having an equal share in the control of industry, they must themselves think in terms of the enterprise as a whole rather than of labour. In short, the German trade unions are coming perilously close to the Nazi conception of the community of interest between management and labour, which was the main excuse of the Nazis for the abolition of the trade union movement. Yet there can be no doubt about the German trade unionist's intensity of feeling on this question of co-determination. Only about a month ago the biggest of the West German trade unions, the metal workers, held a congress at which the president of the Trade Union Federation was bitterly assailed for his and his colleagues' failure to call another strike in protest against the new federal statute which had failed to extend the full right of co-determination from coal and steel to other industries.

The moral basis for the trade unions' claim is that they feel entitled to a responsible part in the planning and direction of the economic and social life of the nation. The participation of labour nominees in hundreds of different enterprises does not, however, amount to national planning. This is nowadays achieved by other means, such as the allocation of raw materials or foreign exchange, the control of exports and imports

and, above all, direction of labour. These controls are a more important means of planning than piecemeal socialization or the participation of trade union nominees in the management of individual enterprises. It is doubtful therefore, whether the infiltration of labour nominees will achieve much more than a certain widening of the social strata from which industrial leaders are selected. So far, many of the trade union nominees are lawyers or accountants with labour sympathies.

Lastly there is the problem of personnel. The German trade union movement suffers disastrously from a lack of qualified leaders. It will be years before enough responsible and educated trade unionists are trained. Meanwhile, the decartelization of the coal and steel industries in which the right of co-determination already exists, makes heavy demands on existing talent. The unions have to find dozens of people sympathetic to their aims and yet capable of holding a controlling position in a modern industry. Yet the trade unions want an extension of the right of co-determination to many other branches of industry. It might have been wiser to consolidate the position already gained, to learn from experience before taking the next big step.

It seems that the German movement is becoming involved in a dilemma which sooner or later may face the trade unions of other democratic countries too. It can either maintain the traditional function of the movement in a semi-capitalist society, that is, represent the organized working class as a group in collective bargaining, or it must abandon this function and see itself as one of the main pillars of the managerial State of to-day, sharing the burden with industrialists, engineers and government servants. The latter is a possible conception, and the leaders of "1984" may well be a combination of this kind. Some recent speeches by trade union leaders, notably one by Herr Fette, the president of the Trade Union Federation, have lent colour to suggestions that they envisage a kind of corporate State, based on social groups rather than a parliamentary democracy of political parties. But it is doubtful if the German trade union leaders really want to go that far, or that they are even fully conscious of this dilemma. Meanwhile, they may well be weakening a normally strong position by attempting to claim a position for labour which, in a society still based on private enterprise, is difficult to combine with a vigorous labour movement and which, even in semi-socialized Britain, the trade unions are careful to avoid. It may be that the German trade union movement too will have to restore direct parliamentary links if it wishes to exercise an influence on the direction of national life which is commensurate to its importance and status, and yet compatible with the principles of a parliamentary democracy.

(After a prolonged visit to Germany the author has just returned to Canada, where he is Professor of Law in the University of Toronto.)

REVOLT AND REFORM IN EGYPT

BY CLEMENT H. BROWN

THE spectacular and unexpected events of the summer in Egypt can only be accurately assessed against the background which preceded them. Discussions with Britain were in the doldrums and no-one on either side appeared quite to know where a new initiative could come from, or what form it could take if it did come. Everyone in Egypt, as well as outside it, knew that the internal state of the country was not what it should be. Yet it was still the public fashion, among both great and small, to attribute a large proportion of Egyptian difficulties to the English. Precisely how the presence of British soldiers in the Canal Zone harmed the Egyptian peasant or in what way British influence was responsible for the admitted mis-government was never made clear. No-one ever bothered to try to make it clear.

It was always sufficiently clear that not many Egyptians of thought and education really believed this thesis. They were only too well aware that there were other reasons, nearer home, why all was not well with their country. But it was not policy to voice these too openly. In private, a large proportion of thinking Egypt was quite openly waiting for "A Man." And now in General Neguib they have got one. That he comes from the army might normally in modern western democracies be held somewhat against him. In Egypt it is all in his favour.

The army has been thought of very little as a defence against Soviet expansionism, or even against the so much hated "British imperialism". Eyes of fear are, rightly or wrongly, much more on the neighbour Israel, with whom Egypt is still officially at war. The western belief that Arab differences with Israel must be settled sooner or later, and that the best time to compose these differences is now, has never been accepted in Egypt. But the modern Egyptian belief in a large and strong army seems to be fed from other sources even than its hatred of Israel. There is first the obvious fact that every modern power has such an army, and Egypt naturally aspires to be a modern power. It is even appreciated that a strong army is rather a result of than a cause of great power status, and one of the mainsprings of the ever-current belief in industrialization is that only so can a modern army be maintained without dependence on foreign sources of supply.

But more and more there has seemed to grow up recently in Egypt a belief in an army for its own sake. I think Egyptian opinion here has

definitely missed some of the subtleties of western thought. True pacifism is of course very much a minority opinion in the west. But it exists, none the less, and perhaps has a greater influence on the climate of thought than might be suspected from its numerical strength. There is particularly with us a strong element of near-pacifism, a point of view which accepts armies as necessary evils, but which is quite clear that intrinsically they *are* evils. From such an attitude probably springs a reluctance to attribute to military men any special merit outside their own field. They may have such merits, but it would be rather in spite of than because of their military origin that they would be accepted. This attitude seems to be altogether desirable, and even fundamental to a proper democratic awareness of the true sovereignty of work-a-day civilian people to whom a soldier is a hired and paid expert like any other.

In Egypt all this is different. Democracy is there based, as with us, nominally on the free vote of the ordinary man. But the most numerous "ordinary man" in Egypt is the uninstructed peasant, who may have a clear idea of what greater benefits he wants to get out of life, but has certainly a very unclear idea of how to get them. Political parties in profusion of course spring up to help him, and some of them, particularly the *Wafd*, succeeded in getting his support. Just why the ordinary peasant or worker supported the *Wafd* has never, to many observers, been clear. It has not in practice proved notably more successful than its opponents in implementing, when in power, its promises of reform. So, unable himself to give a clear diagnosis of his country's needs, the average Egyptian welcomes anyone who claims to be able to do so. And if the anyone wears the mystic halo which surrounds the army, he has so much the better chance of being believed and followed. General Neguib, as far as can be seen, has a simple-minded certainty of at least some of the answers. How can we, from afar, assess his prospects?

Certain economic truisms, understood in the west, have perhaps not yet been seen in Egypt in all their stark reality. Among these is the appreciation that there are only two ways of making the poor richer. One such means is by a general technical increase in productivity. The detailed technical study and organization necessary for this goes on in many praiseworthy Government departments in Egypt. But this method of approach carries none of the public prestige or excitement of politics, and thus never gets the attention it deserves. We know now that the only possible alternative to increased production is that the poor can become richer if the rich are willing to become poorer. This line of thought had until recently never been appreciated or admitted in Egypt, and would not have been liked if it had been. Public office was still in practice the prerogative of the personally rich, who admitted, in theory, the principle of social reform, but in fact never allowed it to develop to

the point where it threatened their own position. In general, they successfully played off the public interest in reform against the importance of maintaining themselves as leaders of it. Such men were particularly vocal in insisting on a strong army as the primary necessity for Egypt. There is a certain poetic justice in the fact that it is now this very army which has given the old leaders their *coup de grâce*.

The first thing to be noted about the new movement in Egypt is that it is in no sense a revolution of the people—the workers and peasants of traditional revolutionary theory. They have certainly acclaimed it, though how far this support is motivated by an Egyptian instinct for being on the winning side is difficult to guess. They may, it is hoped, finally be the gainers from it. But they did not start it, and this applies of course to the ordinary soldier as much as to the rest of the class from which he is drawn.

In Egypt we can identify, very roughly, the same division into upper, middle and working classes which is, or rather perhaps was, the British pattern. As a constructive reforming or revolutionary force we must as we have seen, rule out the proletariat who form the vast majority of the population. They have neither a sufficient understanding of the social issues involved, sufficient education to acquire such an understanding, nor any form of leadership or organization to implement a policy if they had one. It is, one must admit, a poor democracy which thus obliges us to rule out such a large and potentially dominant fraction of the population. But such is the Egyptian background as it is, or was.

Political life, thought and discussion having been, up to now, entirely a prerogative of the middle and upper classes, what appears to be really new in the Egyptian situation is an open clash between these two. Roughly, of course, senior officers of the army may be identified with the older generation of politicians with whom they have natural links and affinities, and junior officers with the younger, less compromised politicians, and the mass of junior government officials. Many of the latter naturally are school and college friends of the young officers, differing from them only in the career they happened to choose. It will be noted that the senior officer element was eliminated on the day of the revolt, neither they nor the King judging very highly any possibilities of successful resistance that may have crossed their minds. General Neguib is reported to have said that he was the only general left in the army.

The older politicians have proved a tougher nut to crack. They were too long accustomed to be the centre of the stage, and too familiar with the tricks necessary to keep themselves there. But they too have been divided and broken one by one, leaving the determined group of revolutionaries, with their leader, the masters of the stage. The general had proclaimed, from the first, that the group had no intention of interfering

in the country's normal political life, and that, the purge effected, they proposed to retire to a normal army rôle. He may, by this insistence, have deceived himself, though it is doubtful if he ever deceived anyone else. Subsequent events showed the impossibility of the position and General Neguib is now Prime Minister.

His intrinsic difficulty was that the changes initiated could only continue to go forward if the motive power that initiated them continued in full control. Political purification was the test case. The word seems the commonest, and perhaps the most overworked, word in Egypt to-day. That corruption was rife in senior government and political circles had become a by-word. It was everywhere admitted and everyone was willing to furnish details. Almost too ready; having listened to A's tales of B's corruptibility it was generally as easy to get from B a complete account of why A's motives were suspect. While ready to admit that there is no smoke without fire I can only record that in 30 years' residence in Egypt, I have never myself had any first hand evidence of corruption. One of the difficulties of understanding Egypt has always been that the national solidarity against Britain is only a façade. Behind the screen Egyptians have been only too ready to blame each other for any and everything.

The present tendency to identify the rich, the powerful and the older generation with reaction and corruption seems to me therefore altogether an over-simplification. It is simply too easy to be critical when one is young. With the whole governmental and political set-up a by-word for inefficiency, self-seeking and corruption, its biggest critics have often been many of the junior and semi-junior officials who were caught up in the net. But five, ten, or 15 years later, when some of these same critics have risen to positions of responsibility they have seemed to become themselves set in the same mould. That the young grow old and the junior in course of time become senior, is one of the troubles of Egypt, as of the rest of the world, and is as inevitable as tadpoles turning into frogs. It would be nice to think that the new rulers of Egypt knew the secret of retaining youthful reforming enthusiasms.

However ideal reforms may be, in a modern State they will always largely be at the mercy of the government machine which has to carry them out. What would seem to be needed in Egypt is an extensive simplification of bureaucratic method, with a new spirit of initiative and responsibility in the junior officials, actively encouraged by their seniors. Difficult, but not impossible if enough people wanted it and cared for it. The difficulties of the group who have taken it on themselves to provide the course of action would seem to arise from the magnitude of the problems they have stirred up. The land reform and limitation of individual holdings will naturally appeal to the land-hungry majority. But there may be secondary technical problems which no-one has yet had time to

think of.

Average crop yields of the smaller peasant have never been equal to those of their better equipped neighbours. There is therefore a real fear that the extensive partition of large estates in favour of a multitude of small owners may reduce average yields. There ought to be a remedy for the backwardness of the small peasant. He could be taught the latest research results by a properly organized agricultural advisory service, and by the co-operative ownership of tractors and other machinery he could have cultivation facilities which he will never be able to own by himself, but which to the large grower have been normal. The solution to these problems has so far eluded the Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture. Do the young officer group now know the answer? If they do it would seem reasonable that some of them should be seconded to the Ministry of Agriculture to carry it out. It is stated that a million acres will pass from large to small ownership. The typical small official has so far seen transference to Cairo as his ideal. Will he now be prepared to see his fulfilment in village reform?

It is a truism in the west that you can do everything with bayonets except sit on them. The Arab world has not perhaps yet realized the subtlety of this, and may have to make the discovery slowly and painfully. That particular disillusionment would not so much matter in Egypt if the present group could rely with any certainty on the continued support of a broadly-based public opinion: if, in fact, a new spirit in administration and public life was ready and waiting to carry on the reforms where the initiators will necessarily be obliged to leave them off. We can only wait and see if it will happen that way, for there are too many unknowns for accurate guessing.

The basic data of social problems nowadays are economic facts, and it is by their handling of these that the new rulers will necessarily in the long run be judged. Their first dramatic gesture of doubling the private soldier's pay was of course popular with the privates and acclaimed by everybody else. But Egypt can forget no more than other countries that nasty question: "When is a pound not a pound?" and the twin realities have again to be faced—unless there is a rise in total production, the increase of one man's pay is inevitably at the expense of everybody else. Egypt is primarily an agricultural country, but the increase of agricultural production beyond its present levels is a more intractable problem than most people realize. It is true enough that the best farmers in Egypt get crop yields double the general average. But the same is true of all crops everywhere. It is easy too to start model farms on marginal land and show how their production can be increased. That also is now done everywhere. But from this, to raising the average production of the average small farmer is a very large step. We have seen that the problems of education and organization involved are not those in

which Egypt has shown any special ability.

It is perhaps because most Egyptians are sufficiently personally aware of the difficulties of raising agricultural production that they turn so automatically now to industrialization as the solution. It sounds easier. But is it really? The pride of Egyptian industry so far has been the modern textile factories, and the best of these, at Kafr el Dawar, went up in unexplained smoke in the first weeks of the new régime. There was not even an anti-British motive to provide an apparent justification, as when a fifth of modern Cairo was burnt in January. The economics of Egypt simply will not stand these mob excesses.

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The biggest unknown is how far the new Egyptian Government, any Egyptian government, can carry through some of their plans without the inflation which takes away with one hand what it appears to give with the other. That a larger and better army will now have an even greater priority is taken for granted, but how it is to be financed is not explained. Army leaders are reported to oppose the indirect taxation which necessarily bears hard on the poor, and is one of the major sources of increase of their costs. But how is the budget to be balanced without it? Efficient machinery for the direct taxation of the rich has never existed, and even if it had, the new land reforms are deliberately designed to kill the goose which lays the golden egg.

All the evidence indicates that future industries can only be made viable, as was the textile industry, either by a heavy tariff protection or by direct government subsidies. The former raise everyone's cost of living. Can the budget support the latter? Even if it could, I have never myself understood how industries which are a charge on the State budget can be considered, in the final reckoning, as a national economic asset. I do not think these facts are normally faced partly because they are neither pretty nor comforting. The adage that you cannot lift yourself by your own bootstraps remains true.

A word may be added about cotton, which has not yet been displaced, nor is it easily going to be displaced, as Egypt's main economic standby. Technically there could be a loss from land reforms. The finer staples and higher grades which the speciality spinner needs were traditionally produced on the large estates. The cotton grown on the royal estates was particularly sought after. In addition, the crop-lots of pure seed produced by large growers were an important link in the organized chain of pure seed supply. New methods will be needed to get the same technical results from a large number of small farms. Consumers naturally consider their own problems first. They will buy their cotton wherever it is findable and by whoever it is offered, if they are given satisfaction. But the Alexandria market is a delicate one, and the normal flow of cotton at a reasonable price was grievously interfered with by Wafdist

and other governments. The authors of these cotton policies are now discredited. It is a return to genuine liberalism of trade that consumers will look for, rather than new forms of government intervention. General Neguib has problems enough in internal reform. The cotton market can be safely left to look after itself, and only if it is allowed to do so can the country continue to derive full benefit from its exceptional advantages as a producer.

It will thus be seen that Egypt's young revolutionaries start off with a fund of goodwill. In the main their actions and their methods have been given as much of cautious approval in the outside world as they have of more emotional acclaim in Egypt. But, as the initial novelty wears off, the underlying difficulties may be more apparent, and it is by their approach to the tricky economic difficulties of the ordinary man, it must be repeated, that the new leaders will be judged.

(From 1921 to 1951 the author worked with the Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture. His article "The Egyptian Impasse" was published in the February 1952 number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

TWO CHAPTERS IN COLOMBIA'S HISTORY

BY N. P. MACDONALD

I

IT is an apparent coincidence of history that one of the battles that sealed the fate of Spain's American empire should have been fought in a land which, of all the points where Columbus is known to have set foot in the New World, to-day alone bears his name. Yet it really was no coincidence. What is now the Colombian capital of Bogotá was then the chief city of the Spanish Viceroyalty of New Granada. The battle fought in 1819 at Boyacá, a few miles to the east, showed that Simón Bolívar had recognized the need for cutting off the power of Spain at its roots. His judgment was justified by the resulting foundation of the state of Great Colombia, which at first comprised not only New Granada but also the present republics of Venezuela and Ecuador. But it was not until 1830, when these two countries constituted themselves as separate states, that the individual history of Colombia began.

It has been a history in which, as elsewhere in Latin America, geography has played a decisive part. What man declared to be one country is, geographically, three countries; for Colombia, thanks to the division of the Andes into three distinct ranges within her borders, is composed of three equally distinct regions. There is the low-lying, swampy and hot Atlantic seaboard lying across the northern extremities of the Andean Cordilleras which, with the Pacific seaboard, accounts for about one-third of the area of the country. Then there is the Andean plateau, rising at some points to 19,000 feet, representing another third, while the rest of Colombia comprises the great plains, or *llanos*, which stretch away eastwards to the Venezuelan and Brazilian frontiers.

These geographical divisions have influenced the distribution of population. On the humid Atlantic and Pacific coasts Negroes are to be found, descendants of slaves brought from Africa by the Spaniards, and among whose ancestors laboured St. Peter Claver, "slave of the slaves". The Negroes share these coastal areas with scattered remnants of lowland Indian tribes, some of which are still hostile to any white who may cross their path. The Andean plateau was formerly inhabited by the Chibcha Indians. But, unlike the Quechuas of Peru and the Aymarás of Bolivia, the Chibchas survive to-day only in small minority groups. They lacked

any developed civilization which might have enabled them to resist assimilation by their Spanish conquerors. Only on the Venezuelan frontier do the Motilones Indians remain relatively numerous and untamed. Thus Colombia faces none of the political or economic problems presented by the existence of an Indian state within a state. As in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia the predominant influence is that of a white minority. But in Colombia, thanks to the almost complete absorption of the Andean Indian, that minority is greater in proportion to the total population than are the white minorities of the other republics. In Peru and Bolivia the whites account for only 15 per cent. of the population, and in Ecuador for only 10 per cent. But in Colombia the whites represent rather more than 20 per cent. of the inhabitants, which is a little more than double the percentage accounted for by the Indians.

But the absence of an Indian problem in Colombia has led to other problems. In Peru and Bolivia where, as in Colombia, geography is at war with the attainment of real national cohesion, a desire to keep the large Indian populations in subjection has been common to almost all sections of ruling white and *mestizo* minorities, whatever their political differences. In Colombia, with virtually no reason for the existence of such a common interest, the growth of a sense of national unity has been continuously confronted by the problems created by geography. Three regions, each with its distinct climate, and distinct populations imbued with fierce local patriotisms—not to mention the innumerable smaller segments accounted for by numberless settlements in Andean valleys—have made it inevitable that the struggle to achieve and maintain national unity should be a bitter and protracted one. For, thanks to geography, the capital at Bogotá was long one of the most remote of the world's cities. Before the age of steam the journey from the Atlantic coast to Bogotá took anything from 40 to 70 days. Even in modern times, before the coming of air travel, the trip took an average 12 days; first a short railway journey, then a week's trip by steamer up the river Magdalena, another train, another steamer, and finally yet another stage by rail. Even then the journey was, and is, sometimes interrupted for as much as a month by low water in the Magdalena. Apart from these railways, and a few other short lines, and some recently-built roads, the main communications in Colombia are still along mule-tracks, and journeys on these, literally up hill and down dale, are always difficult and often dangerous.

Against this background the administration of the country by any central authority has been difficult from the earliest days of Colombian independence, and for many years the country was little more than a loose federation of states, even of cities. Such was not the intention of its founders, as reflected in its first name of the Republic of New Granada. But subsequent changes of that name reflected the centrifugal stresses which afflicted the young republic. Thus in 1861 it became the Grenadan

Confederation, a name which mirrored the extreme decentralization which was the main feature of the constitution of 1853 and postscripts to it.

From the foundation of the republic both political parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals, favoured a federal or confederal form of state. For long neither party would afford to think otherwise without risking loss of support among the fiercely local patriots who supported one or the other, and each thus tried to outdo the other in advocating decentralization. The constitution of 1853 was the work of the Liberals, and additional acts to it provided that any part of the country might be created a federal sovereign state. Within a short time each of the eight provinces had become such a state, with its own president or governor, and its own constitution. In 1863 the adoption of the name of the United States of Colombia represented an attempt to retreat from this extreme federal form, but the evils it had brought with it still persisted. Thus some states had Conservative governments while others had Liberal administrations, and so, inevitably, some states were always opposed to the central government of the opposite political colour, and, thanks to geography, they were able to defy Bogotá with impunity. In the states themselves the "ins" were usually at odds with the "outs", the former doing their best to oust the latter from power, as often as not with allies from their own party in neighbouring states, and even with the support of the central government, if it happened to be of their political complexion. Rivalry between the states was paralleled by dissensions between individual cities. Thus there was jealousy, if no more, between ports, such as Baranquilla and Puerto Colombia; between centres of differing political loyalties, such as the Conservative Pasto and the Liberal Popayán. Altogether, therefore, civil wars were the rule rather than the exception, and in the 70 years from the beginning of Colombia's individual history until the end of the century there were at least 27 civil conflicts, of which ten were national in scope.

Eventually both Conservatives and Liberals became persuaded that a continuation of this state of affairs would wreck the country completely. The Conservatives were wholly converted to the idea of a unitary state. The Liberals recognized the need for strengthening the central authority, although they still hankered after a degree of federalism. Rafael Nuñez, a Liberal who had become a Conservative, inspired a compromise between these views which took shape in the constitution of 1886. This provided for a strong central government, which appointed governors of the states, now converted into departments, and elected assemblies in the departments which, however, were left in control of their own finances.

But in this country where, in contrast to many other Latin American republics, politics have always been much more a matter of parties and principles than of personalities, another issue divided the Conservatives

and Liberals. This was the question of the place of the Church in the State. At the foundation of the republic Catholicism had been declared to be the State religion and, in the main, relations between Church and Government were harmonious for more than 20 years, during most of which period the Conservatives were in power. The Conservatives advocated the continued union of Church and State, and the maintenance of predominant clerical influence in education. The Liberals stood for a separation of Church and State, secular education, and general restriction of the power of the Church in political and domestic affairs. But only in 1853, when the Liberals gained power, were they able to apply these principles, so embittering their conflict with the Conservatives. They wasted no time in dis-establishing the Church and making marriage an obligatory civil ceremony. Religious communities were suppressed, the Jesuits were banished, and the clergy deprived of many privileges and made liable to answer in the civil courts for neglect of their religious duties. A brief period of Conservative rule, from 1857 to 1860, saw an attempt to reverse these anti-clerical measures, but the Church again suffered when the Liberals regained power in 1861. Not for another 19 years, until the presidency of Rafael Nuñez, did pressure on the Church relax. Nuñez restored its former privileges, and in 1888 concluded a *concordat* with the Holy See which was to remain in force for 50 years.

Yet although prospects of domestic peace at first improved under Nuñez, he weakened the power of his administration by refusing, on health grounds, to reside in the capital. He preferred instead to exercise his authority through a deputy, himself remaining in his own house on the Atlantic coast near Cartagena. The habit of his fellow-countrymen of resorting to arms to settle their political differences was thus not eradicated, and the death of Nuñez in 1895 was followed by disturbances which soon deteriorated into renewed civil war. In what became known as "The War of the Two Thousand Days" some 100,000 men perished on many battlefields, many more were incapacitated and the economy of the country was almost wrecked. Not least the province of Panamá declared its independence, with at least tacit encouragement from Washington, and Colombia thus lost 32,000 square miles of her territory. Altogether the country seemed on the verge of disintegration.

But one of the foremost figures in recent Colombian history, Rafael Reyes, was to restore national unity and to lay the foundations of the economic progress enjoyed by the country since the first years of the present century. During his presidency, from 1904 to 1909, Reyes re-organized the national finances, reformed the army, encouraged public works and reconstructed the railways. This progress, however, was achieved only at the price of a suppression of liberties, and Reyes, himself a Conservative, was eventually succeeded by a Liberal, Carlos Restrepo. He did much to develop public education and was scrupulous in his obser-

vance of the constitution and in his respect for local liberties. In 1914 the Conservatives again came to power, and in the next 16 years they introduced numerous social reforms, such as improving existing labour legislation and encouraging peasants to own land, while carrying out an extensive programme of public works, largely with United States financial help. An end to this chapter brighter than its beginning.

II

To-day Colombia is, in many respects, back where she was 50 years ago, for wide areas of the country are being ravaged by what the present Government have admitted to be a full-scale civil war, between government troops and police on the one side and well-armed and well-organized guerrilla forces on the other. And to-day, as half a century ago, the conflict once again reflects the rivalry between the Conservatives and Liberals.

Its origins go back to 1930, when a split among the Conservatives led to the election of a president of liberal tendencies, Dr. Olaya Herrera; and although the Conservatives did their best to regain power, a Liberal president was subsequently elected every four years until 1946. In that year the Liberals split in their turn, and this led to the election of the Conservative Dr. Mariano Ospina Pérez on a minority vote. He tried to govern with a coalition administration which included some Liberals. But by now the Liberals had veered sharply to the left, under the influence of Señor Jorge Eliécer Gaitán. He had been one of the two Liberal candidates for the presidency in 1946, and subsequently became sole leader, in which capacity he withdrew his followers from the coalition in March 1948. A few weeks later he was assassinated while the Pan-American Conference was in session in Bogotá. Responsibility for the crime, with its accompaniments of rioting and looting in many parts of the country as well as in the capital, was ascribed to the Communists by General Marshall, then United States Secretary of State; but it is doubtful if the Communists were in the least concerned in this particularly blatant sign that, in Colombia, the political clock was fast slipping back. In an attempt to quieten public clamour President Ospina once again formed a coalition with the Liberals, and in this administration Señor Darío Echandía, the new Liberal leader, was the foremost figure. But the divisions between Conservatives and Liberals proved too deep, and in April 1949 the Liberals withdrew from the Government.

The Conservatives, with an eye to the congressional elections then only two months away, at once began to make sure of their success at the polls. Liberal provincial governors, mayors, chiefs of police and any others in positions of influence were dismissed. Many Liberals fled to the mountains or to the eastern plains, where they established themselves as

guerrillas, and the country began to ring with stories of terror and oppression. But despite these Conservative attempts to stifle opposition, the elections again resulted in a Liberal majority in Congress, although one smaller than before. Warned by Conservative tactics this Liberal majority sought to advance the date of the presidential election from May 1950 to November 1949. A law making this change was passed over the presidential veto. On its being upheld by the Supreme Court the Liberals decided to impeach President Ospina, who retaliated by suspending Congress and declaring a state of siege. The Liberals replied by refusing to take part in the elections for the presidency or to accept the results; they declared that the prevailing censorship and prohibition of meetings made a free vote impossible. In the event Dr. Laureano Gómez, an extreme right-wing Conservative, a former Colombian Minister in Berlin and an ardent admirer of General Franco, was declared elected.

On the morrow of his inauguration Dr. Gómez declared that as the Liberals did not recognize his election he could not co-operate with them. For their part the Liberals asserted that he had obtained the presidency by fraud and violence, and that any Liberal who joined a Gómez administration would be a traitor to the party. The stage was thus set for the intensification of political violence which has marked Colombian politics for the last two years, and the temporary withdrawal of Dr. Gómez from the presidency for health reasons has done nothing to diminish that violence. Instead the state of siege, the censorship, prohibition of public meetings, and the suspension of the departmental assemblies have continued. A year ago the Liberals boycotted the congressional elections, and they are thus unrepresented in the present entirely Conservative Congress. And all the time the country has been torn by civil war.

When he assumed the presidency Dr. Gómez and his supporters were inclined to make light of the disorders which already prevailed. Dr. Gómez himself asserted that only limited areas were affected, and that the security of the state and the peace of the country as a whole were in no way threatened. But subsequent events have made nonsense of such optimism. To-day, two years later, hardly a week passes without reports of robbery and murder, and what are virtually pitched battles, in widely-separated areas of Colombia, from the borders of Panamá in the west to the frontiers of Venezuela and Brazil in the east. Thus, towards the end of last March, government forces claimed to have captured 50 well-armed guerrillas in the department of Bolívar, and to have killed another 300 elsewhere. A fortnight later it was claimed that a further 200 guerrillas had been killed. In June a patrol of 19 men protecting engineers carrying out a railway inspection some 100 miles north of Bogotá was attacked by guerrillas who left a corporal as sole survivor. In July guerrillas am-

bushed and killed 196 troops in Eastern Bolivia. Geography makes it impossible for government forces to crush the guerrillas decisively. They may be, and often are, located by aircraft, but on the ground they have an enduring advantage.

These battles in the provinces have been paralleled by wordy war in Bogotá between Conservatives and Liberals, each party accusing the other of responsibility for the prevailing violence. The Conservatives accuse the Liberals of actively supporting the guerrillas, whose victims—they claim—are almost always Conservatives. And they underline their case by citing incidents such as is reported to have occurred at Neiva, a small provincial town, where the police headquarters were attacked by "bandits" shouting "Long live the Liberals". Or again, when a clandestine radio station was discovered on a farm 40 miles from Bogotá one of those arrested there was a prominent member of the Liberal party central committee. Altogether, say the Conservatives, the guerrillas are not only mere bandits, but include in their ranks many well-known criminals. They steal cattle, destroy crops and force farmers and their families to flee to the towns. For their part the Liberals deny that they support the guerrillas. But they maintain that the present régime is illegal, and that it retains power by violence. A former Liberal president, Dr. Alfonso López, has publicly accused the government of responsibility for the shooting of "hundreds of innocent persons", and for the widespread confiscation and destruction of property. The guerrillas themselves have declared that their object is to bring about the formation of a provisional government which could prepare for free elections, and they assert that government forces are in reality responsible for the crimes laid at their door. Thus one of their clandestine information sheets, referring to military action against them in eastern Colombia, said: "The pacification of this area is being carried out in a vengeful manner, and with unrestrained violence."

Against such a background it is hardly surprising that joint efforts by the two parties to end the disturbances, undertaken on the initiative of the Liberals, have proved useless. And so the struggle goes on, bringing ever more bitterness and demoralization in its train. So far the Communists, numerically insignificant in Colombia, can claim no success; but it is to their interest that democracy in Colombia should continue to be undermined. For that is what is happening. Many Colombians are asking themselves whether it is not better, even at the price of liberty, to be ruled by a dictator who can keep order instead of, as at present, by a dictatorship which cannot. And so, although these chapters of Colombia's political history are separated by years in which social and economic progress have been considerable, the second chapter ends on a darker note than did the first.

found it worth while to spend many millions in public works and highways to bring these areas into production. It is believed that this river of oil stretches all the way from Ecuador to Cape Horn. Brazil thought she had no oil; now geologists tell her that half the country is floating on it.

It is easy to see how important this news is, not only to South America, but to all the world's democracies. North American oil reserves are being rapidly depleted. The United States Government have encouraged American oil interests to develop Arabian oil fields and build a costly pipeline to carry the oil over leagues of desert to the shore of the Mediterranean. But these Arabian fields are next door to the Soviet Union. Marshal Stalin would not even need to send strategic bombers to put them out of business. Short range dive bombers and fighters would do the trick. We could no more defend these fields, or that vulnerable pipeline, from Russian attack than Russia, if she had wells in Mexico, could defend them against American attack.

Industry depends upon Brazil for industrial diamonds. Brazil led in diamonds until African mines were discovered, but Brazil's diamonds are harder and more brilliant than those of Africa. Recently two new fields have been discovered, one so rich that diamonds could be had for the stooping. More than two thousand stones of good size were picked up off the ground in a week's time. Digging revealed that the diamond gravel was very deep. Locked away in the roadless jungle, the fields have now been equipped with airports so that mining equipment can be flown in and diamonds flown out. Gems of all sorts are plentiful—emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, tourmalines and about 40 others. The largest topaz in history came from Brazil and is now on exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

And if anyone is interested in gold, it has always been so abundant in Amazonian Brazil that Negro slave women powdered their hair with gold dust to give it a blond tint. For three centuries half of all the world's gold came from Brazil. Production is still very heavy, employing English engineers and American machines, and has fallen off in volume only because other Brazilian resources yield greater returns.

* * * *

These are but a few of the known riches of the Amazon. The unknown may be far greater. Much of the territory has not been explored. Within Amazonia lies the world's largest unexplored region, except Antarctica. The adventurous seeker for lost worlds or new worlds has plenty of scope here. How his nerves must tingle as he sees the seductive words "*regiao inexplorado*" lettered over great stretches of the Brazilian hinterland!

Roosevelt's River of Doubt was only one of Dozens of doubtful rivers;

their courses are now being chartered for the first time. On the wall of the survey office in Belem hangs a map of Amazonia. Blue lines indicate where the rivers were supposed to be and red lines show where they actually are. In some cases the guess was a hundred miles off. The imagined direction of some rivers is found to have been uphill. Rivers are found where none was known, and no river where everyone was sure there was a big one.

Brazil cannot yet even be certain where Brazil ends and the next country begins. Her Boundary Commission is at work on the problem. It has been on the job since 1929 and has enough still to do to keep it busy for another 50 years. For example the Commission sat down to talk with the authorities of French Guiana about their mutual frontier. The conference came to nothing because no-one could be found who had ever been in the region through which the frontier was supposed to pass. Aerial survey is not enough. Surveyors must slog their way through jungles where no human foot except that of an Indian has ever trod. The wilderness does not surrender easily and men have been killed by poison arrows, or drowned in the rivers, or wiped out by fever, or irretrievably lost in dense forest that laughs at the most modern of surveying instruments.

Yet the winning of Amazonia is steadily going forward. It used to be considered a good joke to describe the Amazon region as "the land of tomorrow—where tomorrow never comes." The promise was always there but it was not easily fulfilled. There were many fits and starts. The obstacles were too great to be conquered overnight. The task was too colossal. But now tomorrow has come. It may be only the first of a succession of gradually brightening tomorrows, but it belongs definitely to the future, not the past. Airlines are criss-crossing the jungle, workmen are parachuted down to carve out airstrips, new towns are mushrooming, uranium and other valuable finds are reported.

Formerly man was interested only in exploiting the Amazon, not developing it. There was the gold rush of the days of Eldorado, the cinchona stampede, the rubber boom and bust. Now more sober counsels have prevailed. Men are going into Amazonia, not to grab a quick fortune and get out, but to stay and grow with the country. "Here is a gigantic creative new force," says Carleton Beals. "It will emerge fairly rapidly from now on, for man has all the necessary techniques to tame the entire region and make it wholly livable." And he believes, as do many others, that the future will see in the Amazon valley one of the most interesting, versatile cultures yet known to man. Only ten years ago it would have seemed absurd to talk of a culture in this wilderness of alligators, jaguars, giant anacondas and only one-half a man to the square mile—and that half-man sick with malaria and sodden with despair. Now, with sparkling new cities such as Goiania and Aragarças

and Anapolis, with great co-operative agricultural enterprises infringing upon the jungle, with schools and health centres dotting the river banks, the picture has changed.

After all, it is not unreasonable to expect much of a great river. Throughout history great rivers have fathered great civilizations. The Nile made the glory and learning of Egypt possible. The Hwang Ho and Yangtze fed the genius of China. The Ganges, the Tigris and Euphrates, the Rhine, the Seine, the Thames, the Mississippi, all have played powerful rôles in history. There are other rivers whose day is now only dawning. The Volga, Yenesei and Amur promise to mould the future profoundly, for good or evil. The Congo is even now shaking off its smother of jungle and becoming the highway of a new Africa.

The Amazon is something apart from all these. It is in a class by itself. Each of the others has been of local importance. The Amazon is the world's river. It already affects Americans more deeply—though they may not realize it—than their own Mississippi; Englishmen more than their own Thames. With a flow equal to that of 20 Mississippis, and embracing an area larger than all Europe, its size alone would make it a dominant force. Add to this the abundance of its mineral resources, vitally essential in war or peace. Add the magic of tropical growth which led General Gorgas to predict that a developed Amazon basin would some day produce more foods than all the rest of the world together. Cap it all with the fact that the region is practically empty and could, according to a United Nations survey, accommodate a billion people—nearly half the present population of the globe. And it becomes fairly clear how urgent is the development of Amazonia if the free nations are to defend themselves, if the world is to feed itself, and if this heedlessly breeding human race is to find room for its multiplying millions.

(The American author writes from California.)

THE FRENCH PEASANT AND HIS WORLD

BY LEN ORTZEN

TO go from Paris into the French countryside is more than a journey of so many miles. It is a voyage into another age, into the real eternal France where independence of mind and outlook, ancient methods of production and systems of administration are stubbornly maintained. The problem of modernizing French agriculture and increasing production is, as the Economic Co-operation Administration Mission to France has discovered, more than an economic and technical problem; there is also the rigid outlook and prudent, narrow attitude of the peasants and farmers to be overcome, which may well provide the more difficult task of E.C.A. in France.

That the French village has not lost its independence is largely due to the essentially rural aspect of France. About half of the population is a rural one. Of the 38,000 *communes* or parishes into which France is divided for civil administration, 32,000 have a population of less than two thousand. Their independence is such that most villages still disregard the legal time, that is, summer-time which continues all the year round in France. In these farming communities everyone follows the sun's time, an hour behind the legal time—"l'heure à nous" as they call it, or "l'heure ancienne"—and with no inconvenience to themselves. It is the occasional stranger from town who is inconvenienced.

Each rural *commune* is still as much a self-administering unit as an English parish was 150 years ago. In spite of the diversity and size of France the administrative pattern is everywhere the same. The chief functions of a village mayor and his councillors are controlled by the laws of 1884, which are based upon previous legislation of Napoleon. The mayor is not only responsible for the affairs of his *commune*, but also for law and order within its territory. He appoints the employees of the *commune*, who are usually three in number: the *secrétaire de mairie*, the *garde champêtre*, and the *cantonier*.

In the normal pattern of French village life the schoolteacher is also the *secrétaire de mairie*, the parish clerk. He or she does this part-time job in the evenings and, more particularly, on Thursdays—the day there is no school. Thursday is the day when the Mairie is open to the villagers; when the mayor sits there with the secretary in the sparsely furnished, whitewashed room of the Mairie, with its female bust of *La République* on the mantelpiece and its long council table untidily strewn

with documents and forms and posters. It is all very friendly, this "*jour de réception*", when the villagers bring their requests, and their troubles, to the mayor. A lot of handshaking takes place, and the intimate 'tu' is heard far more than the 'vous'. Someone wants a new identity card, or a permit to go shooting, or just the signature of the mayor—which is needed to legalize so many documents and forms. If one peasant has sold a field to another they come to register the transfer in the cadastral ledger. So the mayor deals with these varied matters in between discussing village affairs with the schoolteacher.

In small villages—that is, in the majority of the *communes* of France—the *garde champêtre* is often the *cantonier* as well. In fact, he is the man-of-all-work. As village constable he is sworn in before a justice of the peace, but his authority does not extend beyond the boundaries of his *commune*. He is the mayor's representative for the keeping of law and order, and is responsible only to him. His main duties are to see that bye-laws are respected, and he can fine offenders on the spot. In a large village he may have a uniform, but usually all he has is a peaked cap—his badge of office, so to speak. And this he wears whatever other function he fills during the day: when he is mending potholes in the lanes, when digging graves, acting as town-crier or sticking up posters.

The salaries of these people, and the upkeep of the *chemins vicinaux*—the third-class lanes—are usually the main items in the annual budget of a rural *commune*. Although the budget is prepared by the mayor and voted by the councillors, it has to be approved by the *sous-préfet*. And the laws of 1884 impose, in great detail, certain expenses upon every *commune*. In addition to repairs to the *chemins vicinaux*, the *commune* has to provide for the upkeep of the Mairie and the elementary school and the cemetery—the latter, however, also provides an income for the *commune* through the lease of grave sites. The taxes that the council can impose are also controlled by law; the main income is from rates on land and buildings, and from a local purchase tax. The local rates are very low; but then, the villagers get very little in return for what they do pay. This arrangement has always met with approval, and the outward appearance of poverty and neglect of many a French village is largely misleading. All that is demanded is that it shall be able to fulfil its essential functions. Anything else is regarded as superfluous and a waste of money. The fields are more important than the lanes, the barns more than the houses.

Although the rural *commune* is almost self-sufficient and self-governing, it has not the social sense of being a community that an English village so often has. The Mairie is an administrative centre and is seldom used as a village hall or social centre; in many villages it is no larger than a bungalow, and there is no other communal building. The gradual decline in the rural population is partly due to this lack of social facilities

and relaxations. The remoteness of many villages and the little, if any, public transport available make it difficult for young people to get to the nearest town for an evening's entertainment. So they tend to seek work in the town, attracted too by the higher wages of industry and the better living conditions. It has been officially estimated that ten million country people (a quarter of the whole population) have no mains water. And the Minister for Reconstruction recently stated that the average age of rural dwellings was 117 years.

The drift of population from the country to the town is a slow and comparatively small one. It may well be thought that this is no bad thing, in a country where mechanized agriculture has still a long way to advance and where industry has still much progress to make. This is indeed the opinion of many enlightened French economists and administrators in Paris; but in the country public opinion is anxious and disturbed by this drift from the land. People will tell you that it is upsetting the balance of the distribution of population. This equilibrium has long been a powerful factor in the national life of France, and the inherited sense of proportion of the French causes them to be alarmed by what they call, with some exaggeration, "the exodus from the countryside." They also consider that factory life, as compared with working one's own bit of land however hard and wretched the conditions, tends to deteriorate character and has an adverse influence on human values.

Under the impetus of the E.C.A. Mission in France, and with the help of tractors imported under the Marshall Plan, mechanization in agriculture is now five times what it was just before the war. But it is still far less developed than in most West European countries. And it is mainly the large wheat-growing plains that have become mechanized to a considerable extent. Elsewhere, the average *commune* is so much divided into small farms and strips of land that use of mechanical equipment is often neither physically nor economically possible. The heritage laws of the Napoleonic Code that have caused this sub-division are still valid, though family 'arrangements' are often made to prevent division of the land. This is by no means confined to peasant families. For instance, François Mauriac has written that, in his family, there has always been a bachelor uncle in each generation, so that his part of the family land reverted to a nephew. Thus, the land, divided in one generation, was re-integrated in the next.

In every village Mairie there is a plan of the cadastre, a survey map of the *commune* showing the ownership of the land. From this coloured plan one can easily see how the land of any one family is scattered about. An official attempt to unite each family's land, by mutual exchanges within the *commune*, has been slowly but steadily progressing for some years. According to the estimates of the Monnet Plan this process has to be applied to 25 million acres of land, about a half of the farming area of

the country. The "*plan de remembrement*", as it is called, has to be agreed to first in principle by the village councillors before the long and tedious re-arrangement can be begun in a *commune*. And most peasant farmers dislike official interference in their affairs. Moreover, many farmers' unions consider that the *remembrement* is not worth while because in ten or 15 years' time much of the land will be divided up again. In any case, from the local point of view, the prime object of *remembrement* is not so much to permit a semi-mechanization as to make each scattered farm more of a piece and so facilitate the working of it. This may or may not then lead to a greater use of machinery.

Farmers' unions and country people in general tend to doubt the advantages of further mechanization. They reproach the technicians and economists, who represent the opposite point of view, for forgetting the importance of human values and human worth. These two opposing viewpoints recently confronted each other, through representative speakers, over the French radio. The speaker in favour of mechanization maintained that the only way the small farms could survive—though it would be preferable for them to give way to "*la grande exploitation*"—was to organize themselves in co-operatives. This may seem the logical solution to the problem of the peasant whose farm is too small and too divided for a tractor to be used sufficiently and economically. But the other speaker objected that this would infringe the autonomy which is so obstinately cherished by the peasant and artisan; that the dignity of his individualism would be reduced, and that for small farms to be amalgamated under a single ownership or direction would lead to a further decrease in the agricultural population. The small family farm, however hard it may be to work with horse and hand, "*satisfait davantage l'homme*." The prospect put forward by the first speaker only appals the peasant, who sees in it what he terms "the proletarianization of the land."

Even when a farming family has a sizable amount of land, the head of the family is usually extremely prudent and doubtful about embarking upon mechanization. A tractor, so his mind works, does not increase production. Whether the wheat is cut with a scythe or a combine harvester, the amount of harvest is the same. He and his family already get the maximum production from his land, by hard work. A tractor would save time; but then, what could he do with the time saved? It would save labour, but as this would most likely be family labour, on an average-size farm, he cannot see any advantage in this. And then there is the cost. Apart from the greater increase of industrial prices compared with agricultural ones, that causes him to reduce expenditure, the purchase of a tractor would mark him in his *commune* as a rash man with money to spend—something he wants to avoid, in a country where visible signs of wealth are deemed imprudent, mainly because of the tax-

system.

Even comparatively large farmers have much the same outlook. They aim to preserve a balance between mechanization and the continued use of horses. The 130,000 tractors in France are spread over 110,000 farms of 50 hectares or more each. These figures correspond with the attitude of practically any farmer with more than 100 acres (40 hectares); he works his land with one tractor and six or seven horses. In this way, he reckons, he is sure of maintaining control over his farm. If the tractor should break down and be out of service for a lengthy period (and this suspicion and disdain is widespread; the average Frenchman is not mechanically minded, and service stations are few and far between) then the farmer can just manage with his horses and his family. His prudence also holds him back from increasing the mechanization of his farm. He can always grow the food to keep his horses and his workpeople, but for petrol and oil and mechanical replacements he is dependent upon outside sources over which he has no control. He, too, fears a loss of his independence and self-sufficiency. And at the back of his mind there is also the thought that in the event of another war, and yet another Occupation, his supply of petrol would cease.

Yet in many ways French agriculture has adopted modern methods and discoveries with comparative rapidity; mainly those that do not require much individual financial outlay and do not lead to large organizations. There are, for instance, more than 50 artificial insemination centres, financed on a co-operative basis, which between them serve half a million cattle annually; almost as many as were served in Britain last year. In dairy farming regions there are a number of factories making cheeses with special machinery and employing new analytical methods. The majority are quite small concerns, which is an additional attraction to the French.

But on the whole the fundamental problem remains, and it is a formidable one. Perhaps it can best be solved by helping the French peasant-farmer in his search for a happy medium between mechanization and the preservation of the old human values: scientific and mechanical advancement without losing that personal sense of security and independence; mass production that does not lead to a suffocation of human dignities. This is what is perplexing the French in town and country alike. If an answer is found would it not be one for which millions of other people in the world are seeking?

(Mr. Ortzen is the author of *The Gallic Land* published last month by Phoenix House (15s.).)

BY K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

* * * *

seizing the State power and nationalizing the means of production, the proletariat would put an end to all class differences and antagonisms; it would also put an end to the State as such: the government of persons would be replaced by the administration of things and the State would "wither away", *absterben*. Lenin did not regard the views expressed by Marx and Engels as something "complete and inviolable". He understood that much of this theory could be applied to western Europe but not to Russia. He sensed, however, that although Russia was a backward country, with a small industrial proletariat, political conditions there were favourable to a revolution. To provoke one required a disciplined group of devoted adherents organized on the principle of a secret society, that is, a small ring of leaders directing a much larger circle of members. Unity of command and the secrecy of the plan were essential. Lenin often quoted Napoleon's saying: "*J'engage le combat et puis je vois.*"

Neither these ideas nor the dictatorial temperament of the man who formulated them appealed to the *menshevik* who, still in a minority at the 3rd Congress (London, April-May 1905), became the majority at the 4th (Stockholm, April 1906) and maintained control at the 5th (London, May-June 1907). Lenin, now among the minority, decided to form a party of his own and this was done in January 1912, at Prague, where a split R.S.D.R.P. (b) was created, the 'b' standing for *bolshevik* or "of the bolsheviks". A central committee of seven members was elected under Lenin's chairmanship. Later a certain Iosip Dzhughashvili, to become known as Stalin, was co-opted.

The Russian revolution of March 1917 was not the work of Lenin: it was a democratic revolution against the inept and corrupt Czarist régime. Lenin was then at Zürich, but Ludendorff facilitated his transport to Petrograd across Germany, hoping that he would be instrumental in the dissolution of the Russian front. Lenin sneered at the shortsightedness of the Prussian *Junker*: of course, he would stop the war, by sending the millions of Russian peasant-soldiers home to seize the landlords' property; by so doing he would start the proletarian revolution which would spread also to Ludendorff's country. Hiding in Finland and preparing for his revolution, Lenin foresaw the necessity of qualifying Engels's formulae for the "withering away" of the State and for the "democratic republic" to be the specific form for the dictatorship of the proletariat. In his *State and Revolution* written at this time he insisted that "the question of lengths of time or the concrete forms of withering away must be left quite open"; as to the democratic republic, it must take the form of a *soviet* or council republic, a pyramid of committees appointed by the party with a small Politburo at the top. In August 1917, still secretly, he convoked in Petrograd what was called the 6th Congress of the R.S.D.R.P. which was now renamed the Russian Communist Party (of the bolsheviks)—*Russkaya Kommunisticheskaya Partia (bolshevikov)*. The first Politburo

was formed and its members were Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Sokolnikov and Bubnov. On November 7, 1917, a party comprising 23,600 members succeeded in its *coup d'état* in Petrograd and gradually extended its power over the former Czarist empire. It pretended that it alone had the right to speak and to act in the name of the workers and peasants.

Stalin proclaimed that the *soviet* system was Lenin's "great scientific discovery" which saved Marxism and ensured the triumph of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia. Of the dictatorship—yes; of the proletariat—emphatically not. Lenin, however, insisted that freedom of discussion should be respected within the party. He prescribed that the Party Control Commission should be independent of the executive bodies, that is, the Politburo, the Orgburo and the Secretariat. He also recommended that a party congress should be convoked every year. Accordingly, the 7th Congress was held in Petrograd (March 1918) and the six following congresses met in Moscow.

After the death of Lenin Stalin embarked on his struggle for absolute power within the party. At the 14th Congress (December 1925) the name of the party was changed into the All-Union Communist Party (of the bolsheviks) or *Vsesoyuznaya Kommunisticheskaya Partia (bolshevikov)*; it was also decided that, for the future, one congress every two years would suffice. The 15th Congress duly assembled in Moscow in December 1927, but the 16th was convoked after a delay of six months (in June 1930) and the 17th was a year and a half late (in January 1934). From 1929 the Politburo and the central committee were free of Trotskyist and Bukharinist "wreckers"*. The 17th Congress subordinated the Party Control Commission to the Politburo and it stipulated that thenceforth the party congress would assemble every three years. Nevertheless, there was a two-years' delay before the 18th met in March 1939. Stalin needed time for the great purge of 1935-1938.

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The 19th Congress assembled after a ten-years' delay. It is easily understood that no congress could be convoked during the second war, but why not immediately after? No explanation has been forthcoming and the answer can only be guessed at. Within the Politburo a growing rivalry between Andrey Zhdanov and Mr. Malenkov, manoeuvring for

* From October 1917, when the first Politburo was constituted, 31 Communist leaders at one time or another were full members. Of these six died naturally (date of death in brackets): V. I. Ulyanov-Lenin (1924), Y. M. Nakhmkes-Sverdlov (1924), V. V. Kuibyshev (1935), G. K. Ordzhonikidze (1937), M. I. Kalinin (1946) and A. A. Zhdanov (1948); two were assassinated: S. M. Kirov (1934) and L. D. Bronstein-Trotsky (1940); seven were shot for opposing Stalin: G. Y. Apfebaum-Zinoviev (1936), L. B. Rosenfeld-Kamenev (1936), M. Tomskey (1936), N. I. Bukharin (1938), A. I. Rykov (1938), S. V. Kossior (1939) and V. Y. Chubar (1939); G. Y. Sokolnikov was sentenced in 1937 to 10 years' imprisonment; the fates of A. S. Bubnov, of Y. E. Rudzutak (served from 1926-34) and of N. A. Voznesensky (served from 1947-49) were unknown.

position in view of a probable succession to the ageing leader, ended happily for Mr. Malenkov when Zhdanov died on August 31, 1948. Another reason for the postponement of the 19th Congress was the necessity of a preliminary purge of the party whose membership had swollen extraordinarily during and after the "great patriotic war". Already in 1939 Stalin was complaining that the party ranks were being invaded by "chance elements and careerists" and membership in consequence was reduced from 1,874,488 in 1934 to 1,588,852 in 1939 (excluding the 888,814 "candidates"). In October 1947 there were, according to *Partiynaya Zhizn*, 6,300,000 full members. Two years later the membership was believed to have reached 8,000,000; but Mr. Malenkov revealed in his report that on October 1, 1952, the party comprised 6,013,259 members and 868,886 candidates*. He did not allude to any purge, but complained that the post-war increase of membership had resulted in some lessening of political consciousness and in the future, therefore, remembering Lenin's favourite maxim that quality was more important than quantity, the party would not urge on recruitment.

It appears, however, that the principal reason for the exceptional postponement of the 19th Congress is to be found in the Kremlin's grand strategy. Had the congress assembled after the 1945 victory, when the Soviet peoples were friendly to their western Allies, the party rank and file could have embarrassed their rulers with awkward questions concerning the continuous discrepancy between dogma and reality. What of the "withering away", if not of the Soviet State, then at least of the Soviet police State? What of the transition from the socialist to the communist phase, from a system in which, according to the official thesis, the distribution of goods and services was according to "everybody's productivity", to one in which apportionment would be according to "everybody's needs"? These questions of theory are politically important, since Soviet totalitarianism cannot risk repudiating the Marxist doctrine of which it pretends to be the embodiment. The rulers of the Soviet State must maintain that Lenin was the faithful follower of Marx and Engels and that Marshal Stalin is an ideologically orthodox Marxist-Leninist. On this depends the prestige of the Soviet ruling class at home and even more so abroad. After all, the Thorez, Togliatti and Pollitts of this world no doubt would gladly die for Marx, but perhaps not for Marshal Stalin and decidedly not for Mr. Malenkov.

In March 1939, then, at the 19th Congress, Stalin explained that

* From the report to the Congress by Mr. N. M. Pegov, *rapporteur* of the Mandate Commission, on October 7, it can be learned that although the Russians constitute slightly over 51% of the total population of the U.S.S.R. their strength within the Communist Party is 70%. The Ukraine represents 20% of the total population of the Union, but its Communist Party has only 765,000 members (12.7% of the total). Byelorussia represents 4.7% of the population but its Communist participation in the party total is only 2.3%. In the Russian federation the strongest regional organization is that of Moscow with 646,000 members.

neither the passage from the socialist to the communist phase, nor the "withering away" of the State were possible before the "capitalist encirclement" was broken. In 1939 that was a plausible enough argument, but had not the Soviet victory in the 1939-1945 war brought about any change in the situation? By round-about method, Marshal Stalin, in his essay *About Marxism in Linguistics* (Moscow, 1950), replied to that pertinent question by a negative. He attacked the "Talmudic" interpretation of Marxism by "some comrades" and maintained that "capitalist encirclement" continued and, therefore, in order not to be "crushed", the Socialist fatherland "was compelled not to weaken, but to strengthen the organs of State power, the organs of military intelligence and the armed forces." No liberalization of the régime and no relaxation of the rearmament policy were possible. The newly strained international situation, entirely determined by the acts of the Soviet Government, gave an appearance of reason to this statement. The stage was set for the 19th Congress. As, however, even in a totalitarian State there is a public opinion, albeit mute, the Kremlin rulers decided to make to it two terminological concessions: the hated Politburo, symbol of the few ruling over so many, will be now called the Presidium*; the adjective *bolshevik* disappears from the title of the party which is renamed for the third time and is now called the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (*Kommunisticheskaya Partia Sovetskogo Soyuza*).

The rules adopted by the 18th Congress of 1939, with Zhdanov as *rapporteur*, described the party as "a section of the Third International, a shock detachment of the working class of the U.S.S.R." The new rules define the party as "a voluntary militant union of like-minded communists consisting of people from the working class, the working peasants and working intelligentsia." Its principal tasks now consist in "building a Communist society by means of gradual transition from Socialism to Communism" and also in "strengthening to the utmost active defence of the Soviet fatherland against the aggressive actions of its enemies." The Orgburo disappears altogether, being absorbed by the new Presidium, and the Party Control Committee is appointed by the Central Committee.

* Typical of the terminological concessions are the successive changes of the official name of the Soviet political police. On December 20, 1917, the Council of People's Commissars created the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for Repression of the Counter-Revolution and Sabotage, or *Vserossiyskaya Chrezvychaynaya Kommissia po Borbe s Kontr-Revoliutsiei i Sabotazhom* (in short "Cheka"). On February 6, 1922, the "Cheka" became United State Political Administration or *Obyedinennoye Glavnoye Politicheskoye Upravleniye* (O.G.P.U.). On July 10, 1934, the O.G.P.U. was transformed into the People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs or *Narodny Kommissariat Vnutrennikh Del* (N.K.V.D.), but on October 8, 1935, the old O.G.P.U. recovered its autonomy as a state security department within the N.K.V.D. On January 31, 1941, the latter was divided into two separate bodies, the N.K.V.D. proper dealing with ordinary police duties and the People's Commissariat of State Security, or *Narodny Kommissariat Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti* (N.K.G.B.), becoming the central agency for military, economic and political intelligence abroad and for general security, counter-intelligence and compulsory labour camps in the Soviet Union. In March 1946 the description "people's commissariat" was dropped and that of ministry (*ministerstvo*) restored. The initials, therefore, of the two ministries became M.V.D. and M.G.B.

The Leninist decentralization at the top is now a thing of the past. The revised rules are calculated to strengthen the inner discipline of the party and to legalize the privileged position of the bureaucratic caste. In future the congresses would convene "not less than once in four years." The duties of a party member, which were previously defined in 17 words, are now enumerated in over 600, the most characteristic duty being to denounce "shortcomings in work to the leading party organs" and to keep party and State secrets. Only 90 words are judged enough to describe the member's rights, of which the most important is that he can criticize any party functionary at party meetings.

On October 14, the last day of the Congress, Marshal Stalin briefly thanked the representatives of the 44 foreign Communist parties for their greetings and good wishes. He asked all to help the Soviet Union as good internationalists, that is, always putting the interests of the "Socialist fatherland" above those of their respective countries.

On the closing day a new central committee of 125 full members and 110 candidates was elected. Such an unwieldy body could hardly be of any importance. Two days later the Central Committee elected the new Presidium of 25 members and 11 candidates, as well as a new Secretariat of ten. Of the 19 persons who between them constituted the old Politburo, Orgburo and Secretariat, 17 are members of the new Presidium.* The new members of the Presidium are either the most prominent party leaders in the respective federal republics or the planners and managers who, as deputies premier, were already at the top of the Soviet Government. The Presidium seems too big to succeed the Politburo as the real high command of both the Soviet and the Communist party. Apparently the new Secretariat is now the policy-making body†.

* * * *

The most notable concomitant of the 19th Congress in fact preceded it by three days. Possibly because advised by his doctors to abstain from an oration lasting many hours, Marshal Stalin published in *Bolshevik* 50 pages of disjointed remarks entitled "The Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R." in which, among others, he formulated three conditions essential to the passage from the socialist to the communist phase:

* Mr. A. A. Andreyev, hitherto a member of the Politburo, and Mr. N. N. Shatalin, a member of the Orgburo, were relegated to membership of the Central Committee. Mr. A. N. Kosyghin is a member of the new Presidium but only as a candidate. Mr. Andreyev's demotion is probably explained by his opposition to the proletarianization of the peasantry, that of Mr. Kosyghin, the youngest member of the Politburo, by the fact that he was a protégé of Zhdanov. For the full list of members of the Politburo, Orgburo and Secretariat as they were before the 19th Congress see article "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in the *Britannica Book of the Year 1952*.

† Its members are: J. V. Stalin, G. M. Malenkov, N. S. Khrushchev, P. K. Ponomarenko, M. A. Suslov, N. A. Mikhailov, A. B. Aristov, L. I. Brezhnev, N. G. Ignatov, N. M. Pegov. The first seven, including M. F. Shkiriakov, appointed chairman of the Party Control Commission, appear to be the most powerful men in the U.S.S.R. The three last-named members of the new Secretariat belong to the new Malenkov-trained generation of party bureaucrats.

first, production must increase considerably, with the emphasis on heavy industry; secondly, the collective farm system must be reformed by restoring State-ownership of the land and abolishing the commercial basis of all transactions between town and countryside, that is, between the industrial and agricultural sectors of society; thirdly, the general culture of society must be lifted to such a level that it would be possible to reduce the working day to six and even to five hours and at the same time improve housing conditions and raise real wages to double the prevailing amounts, if not more. Mr. Malenkov quoted these conditions and commented that the Soviet peoples should be happy to live at "an epoch in which the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin so magnificently illuminate for all humanity the coming development of world civilization." For the time being, however, the road must continue to be rough and hard; the second condition alone heralded a fresh blow to the peasantry whose passive resistance to collectivization for long baffled the Kremlin.

In his series of jottings Marshal Stalin also seemed to predict war between capitalist States:

Some comrades maintain . . . that the United States had reduced other capitalist states to a subservience in which they could be forbidden to war among themselves and weaken each other; that the leaders of capitalism had learnt enough during the two world wars, which had brought serious losses to the capitalist world, . . . and therefore that wars between capitalist states had ceased to be inevitable. These comrades are mistaken. They only see the exterior phenomena glittering on the surface but not those profound forces which, although for the time being invisible, would nevertheless determine the march of events . . . Some say that the contradictions between capitalism and socialism are stronger than the contradictions between the capitalist states. In theory, this is, of course, true . . . It was also true before World War II . . . Nevertheless, World War II began not by a war against the U.S.S.R. but by a war between the capitalist states.

By suggesting that the "capitalist encirclement" of the Socialist fatherland could be broken by a war among capitalist "wolves" Marshal Stalin probably is trying to reassure Soviet public opinion which must be disturbed by the fact that the so-called "peace movement" obviously failed in effect. Secondly, by stating that the U.S.S.R. would not itself attack the capitalist countries, he clearly hopes that the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization would be stupid enough to quarrel among themselves, to fight even, in face of the most formidable military power on earth whose leader proclaims that "in order to eliminate the inevitability of wars imperialism must be destroyed." In fact all this is neither sensational, nor new. Marshal Stalin will not start a third world war whose issue, to say the least, from the Soviet point of view would be doubtful. It is unthinkable that the free world would start it. Therefore the "cold war" will continue, which, after all, is a form of "co-existence".

THE REUNION OF THE CHURCHES

BY OLIVER TOMKINS

WHAT good is a soldier if he is not allowed to fight, a sheep-dog if he may not bark, and a theologian if he may not debate? Better spend money to support old women who can knit than theologians who cannot discuss." So wrote Duke George the Bearded of Saxony before sponsoring the debate between Luther and Eck at Leipzig in 1519. He need not have worried. Neither then nor at any other time have theologians shown any disinclination to argue. A more common perplexity is to wonder whether they ever achieve anything more. "When theologians talk, nothing happens" wrote a widely-circulated American paper describing the Lund Conference. The purpose of this article is to indicate briefly what the theologians recently talked about and to estimate whether anything happened.

The occasion was a conference held in the university and cathedral city of Lund, in the south of Sweden, from August 15 to 18 last, under the auspices of the World Council of Churches, which associates all the principal non-Roman Catholic Churches in a variety of common endeavour including the pursuit of closer unity between Christians. This, the "Third World Conference on Faith and Order", was part of an international Christian movement which owed its inspiration in 1910 largely to an American bishop, Charles Brent (then of the Philippines, later of Western New York). The first world conference was convened, after years of careful preparation and delay due to war, at Lausanne in 1927. It was a new phenomenon in Christian history; over 400 delegates appointed by 120 Churches, Anglican, Protestant and Eastern Orthodox, met to state their distinctive positions and to seek a deeper mutual understanding. They were astonished to discover how deep was their unity as Christians, despite their disagreements. A Continuation Committee was appointed to supervise plans upon which they might meet again. Theological commissions were appointed to study outstanding points of divergence, notably the doctrines of Grace and of the Ministry and Sacraments. The late A. C. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester, was chairman of both groups, which produced volumes of theological essays to become *pabulum* for the second world conference, held at Edinburgh in 1937. Again the double rhythm; the agreement is strikingly recorded in the Edinburgh Conference "Affirmation of Union in Allegiance to Our Lord Jesus Christ", and the disagreement

acknowledged by the setting up of further theological commissions to work upon the theme which had become evident as the central cause of division, the doctrine of the Church. William Temple was the dominant figure in the movement, as chairman after the death of Charles Brent, as president of the Edinburgh Conference, and as chairman of the Continuation Committee which followed it. He it was who moved at Edinburgh the resolution to merge "Faith and Order" with a parallel international Christian organization known as "Life and Work", to form the World Council of Churches. War delayed the carrying out of that decision, and William Temple did not live to see the inauguration of the World Council at Amsterdam in 1948, with "Faith and Order" as an integral part of it.

Thus the third world conference met this year as that element of the whole Council which has the particular tasks, to quote from its recently revised constitution:

- I. to proclaim the essential oneness of the Church of Christ and to keep prominently before the World Council and the Churches the obligation to manifest that unity and its urgency for the work of evangelism;
- II. to study questions of faith, order and worship, with the relevant social, cultural, political, racial and other factors in their bearing upon the unity of the Church.

As with the previous conferences, preparatory material had been provided for the delegates by the protracted studies of small but representative commissions of theologians. Already in 1938, Principal Newton Flew of the Methodist theological college in Cambridge had been invited to preside over a group to study the doctrine of the Church. A later subject was that of worship in its diverse manifestations in Christendom and, arising from that and the subject of a separate inquiry, the problem of the divisions of Christians at the central point of worship, the Lord's Supper, Holy Communion or Mass. Each group produced a short report, which was sent to all delegates, and three volumes of learned essays entitled respectively *The Church*, *Ways of Worship*, and *Intercommunion*.* A fourth subject emerged during the years of preparation, not as a separate topic but as a problem to be remembered in discussing all the others, the bearing upon all Christian divisions of such "non-theological factors" as social, racial, economic, political, and other cleavages. This subject too was epitomized in a brief report sent to all delegates as part of their home-work.

And so there came to Lund over 220 delegates appointed by 100 Churches to write their own report upon the subjects which had been presented to their attention. Their report has now been published† and affords opportunity for this brief review of the issues involved in any contemporary discussion of the reunion of the Churches.

The first point to be remembered has already been mentioned in pass-

* Both the short reports and the larger volumes were published in Britain by the Student Christian Movement Press.

† Also published by the S.C.M. Press. 3s. 6d.

ing. The Church of Rome stands in a unique relationship to this discussion. Her position is simple: she makes a complete identity between the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church professed in the Creed and the papal obedience; since the Church of Rome is the true Church, there is "no problem of reunion"; the only possible course is for all dissident Christians, Eastern or Western, to return to her fold. Consequently, she has, from its beginning, refused to participate in the modern "ecumenical movement", since participation might be taken in infer that the form of the true Church is a matter on which there can be any doubt and consequently any discussion. The leaders of the ecumenical movement have learnt, in the last 40 years, to accept and respect her position, but have not considered that it need deter them from such association as was possible between the remainder of Christians. In the same period Rome has come to recognize that the movement towards closer fellowship between other Christians has become something deserving careful attention; whereas at Edinburgh the four Roman Catholic observers were individuals who had obtained permission to attend because they were personally interested, at Lund they were officially nominated as "observers" by the Vicar Apostolic for Scandinavia on the authorization of the Holy Office. While there is no prospect of change in fundamental attitude, the change in Roman Catholic procedure is a tribute to the significance of this movement for Christian unity.

The Eastern Orthodox Churches are, in principle, participants in the movement. In practice, their participation is severely limited. In the first place, a large part of the Orthodox world is under Communist domination and free access to a largely "western" movement is not to be expected. For it is not only the Orthodox who suffer such restriction. Lund was the first big ecumenical conference at which there were no representatives from China. But the Orthodox are the principal sufferers, and the once-great Church of Russia has never known this fellowship which, in pre-war years, was welcomed by the Orthodox in Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Poland and Rumania. Secondly, most of the remainder of the Eastern Church has until quite recent times lived under the older, but often no less stern, dominion of Islam. One consequence is that nowhere have Orthodox institutions of learning had the prosperity and peace enjoyed by those of the west, though the Academy at Halki and the Universities of Athens and Salonika have given some notable leaders to the movement. Russians in exile, such as Fr. Bulgakov yesterday and Fr. Florovsky to-day, have uniquely contributed a combination of eastern and western culture. Thirdly, the dogmatic attitude of Orthodoxy to other Christians (including Romans) is, in theory, no less exclusive than that of Rome itself. Yet the Orthodox dislike of carrying everything to logical conclusions has meant in practice that 'sobornost' (the Russian near-equivalent to 'catholicity') has expressed itself in close fellowship

with other Christians, so that a Russian Orthodox writer has recently described the ecumenical movement as the paradox of "love for heretics". There has always been a conservative element in the Orthodox Churches which has felt uneasy about this paradox, and their delegates at such conferences have been careful to point out that they are not there to engage in "disputation" but simply to bear witness to the sufficiency of the Orthodox tradition. It was for fortuitous reasons, and not from any invincible principle, that the Orthodox delegation at Lund was seriously reduced by the inability of the delegates, who had been appointed, to come from Greece, Alexandria, and Serbia.

The remaining Christians, all in some sense heirs of the Reformation, present a spectrum of belief ranging from the violet of the Old Catholic and Anglo-Catholic views, through Lutheranism, Calvinism and Methodism to the revolutionary and independent red of Congregationalists and Baptists. By what alchemy could these broken rays be focussed into the white light of eternity?

Frankly, the central problem of the Faith and Order movement is that its members do not agree upon the form which a united church would take. Their conviction is that God wills a true unity of the Church upon earth in some form and that, if He wills it, it is possible. The first stage in "the obligation to manifest that unity" has consisted in a patient mutual explanation regarding the content of the existing separated traditions. This educational phase is not yet superseded for there are always new masses to be introduced into the mutual knowledge which has been gained by the few. Indeed, one of the main services rendered by such a conference as the one at Lund is precisely to perform that introduction by the swiftest and deepest means available, that of close and prayerful personal contact.

Yet the second chapter of the Lund Report, entitled "Christ and His Church", represents a new phase. There the task is seen as no longer primarily comparison but common work. It is a fact, though perhaps a strange one, that the only existing theological definitions of the Church are those produced since division with the intention of self-justification on the part of each separate strand. Has the time not come for Christians to think together about the nature of the Church in relation to the fundamental and common doctrines of the work of Christ and the doctrine of the Holy Spirit? May it not be that, just as the doctrine of the Trinity and the Chalcedonian Christology were hammered out in response to false views about deity and humanity, in our age the pretensions of totalitarianism, with its threat to the very being of man, are obliging Christians to the task of thinking out the nature of true community?

In the post-Marxian, post-Freudian age, Christians are unlikely to suppose that such a task is one for idealist philosophy. More compelling, the Biblical apprehension of history is intensely realistic, seeing the revelation

of God in events rather than in ideas. That insight justifies the seriousness of the attention now to be given, in Faith and Order discussion, to the relevance of those acts of disobedience, or of obedience, in which immersion in history has affected the form of the Church; economic, social, cultural, racial and other factors are, not so much influences upon the Church, but the media through which at every stage there finds expression the life of a community which yet remains mysteriously unaccountable simply in their terms.

A third new emphasis emerging from the Lund Conference was the place of worship as doctrine realized existentially. All over Christendom "liturgical movements" of various kinds have been gathering momentum and, in them, the existing differences between Christians are not so much dissolved as apprehended at deeper levels, which often show another pattern of differences from the traditional denominational allegiances. Here is an area for mutual discovery and interpretation in which serious work has really only begun and must be continued.

Finally, that fruit of missionary activity often known as the "younger Churches" has always tended to be the *enfant terrible* of the Faith and Order movement. But, after the manner of such a child, they are beginning to convince their parents that what sounded like wild extravagances may be statements of sober truth after all. It is natural that an area like South India should be free from the emotional attachments to past traditions which, by no desire of their own, the European Churches brought to them with the Gospel. But although some heads may wag over the way in which the Church of South India achieved its unity, the Churches in the west see more clearly than they did that a Christian minority will not be an effective converter of an hostile majority unless its small forces are united. And this is no mere prudential merger. It is a truth inherent in the metaphysical reality of the Church itself, as the Lord revealed in the Gethsemane prayer that His disciples might be one, that the world might believe. (St. John xvii-21).

The discussions of theologians must always be a jest to those who believe that their subject-matter is an illusion. Even in the household of faith, their pretensions are treated with a salutary scepticism. But the report of the Lund Conference on Faith and Order is worth the serious attention of any who look for a revived Christian tradition as offering, at least, a healing force in our disintegrated culture. A big part might be played in things to come by men who are seeking a fresh and unprecedented integration in obedience to a power which, they are convinced, reaches out to grasp them in history, even though from beyond it.

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revivalism, is a much more natural background for an Ancurin Bevan than for a Clement Attlee.

If the picture of the parties in this book—and this applies equally, though less forcibly to the Conservative Party—is rather more lifelike than that given by Mr. Butler's predecessors, it is due in part to an attempt to follow the campaign from the point of view of the constituencies as well as from that of the party headquarters. The omission to do so last time was pointed out in fact, in the review of Mr. Nicholas' book in *THE FORTNIGHTLY**; though it would be presumptuous to claim the credit for the present innovation in the absence of any acknowledgment of such a debt by Mr. Butler. What he has done is to have five constituencies, not named but not difficult to identify, specially studied by local observers. The five in question were respectively in Durham, London, the Midlands, Scotland and South Wales thus giving a good variety of geographical and social setting. But the generalizations that can be drawn as to electoral behaviour and party tactics are recognizably similar. All the contributors have done well with difficult assignments. Mr. E. W. Hughes' little study of a Durham mining constituency is perhaps the most interesting. In the same section of the book, there is a short but fascinating account of the election in Northern Ireland by Desmond G. Neill which reveals a state of affairs which may come as a surprise to many people who believe that similar electoral laws will produce similar electoral behaviour. The use with the connivance of the medical profession of the postal vote as an alternative to the motor-car, was something hardly foreseen by the gentleman in Whitehall who drafted an Act with the phrase "physical incapacity" in it and left the phrase to be interpreted by the doctors of mid-Ulster. There are also some glorious stories of personation in Belfast. When Mr. Neill after the close result in West Belfast was announced exclaimed: "Wouldn't it have been exciting to be one of the twenty-five?" (Mr. Beattie's actual majority) a colleague replied: "Ah! but how much more exciting to have been all of the twenty-five."

To return to more serious topics, Mr. Butler's account makes it clear that once again neither main party made any serious attempt to explain to the electorate the real nature of the economic position in which this country finds itself: "Both parties" he says, "can certainly be convicted of not going out of their way to stress the hardships which would necessarily continue, and perhaps increase, as the rearmament policy was pursued, and Labour was perhaps especially guilty. There seems to have been an impression that to utter a few generalities about the difficult times ahead was to thrust the stark economic realities before the nation's eyes."

Mr. Butler suggests that some excuse is to be found in the fact that no-one has yet proved that "complete candour and integrity are an

* "Election History," by Max Beloff. February 1951.

electoral asset" and that one should perhaps be grateful that "the parties show as much circumspection as they do in their allegations and their promises." Yet this perhaps is to avoid the issue. I suspect that Mr. Butler like others of the modern realistic school of political scientists has not faced the possibility that the modern electorate, access to which now knows no barriers of property, education or sex, is simply unable for lack of the necessary intellectual equipment to judge or even to apprehend the economic issues with which Governments have to deal.

This comes out in the very interesting chapter which Mr. Butler, himself something of a television star, devotes to the rôle of broadcasting. With his general conclusion that the parties showed an unnecessary clumsiness and conservatism in their handling of this medium, and that the B.B.C. accepted a most weak and undignified position, in imposing a total silence on news and views with even remote political implications (apart from the scheduled party talks), there can be no quarrel. One can only hope that a new board of governors and a new director-general will enable the B.B.C. to play a more positive rôle in future, and find a way once and for all of resisting the steady blackmail (not confined to election times) of Transport House and Abbey House. But in the course of this chapter Mr. Butler goes into some detail on the controversy that developed as the result of Mr. Christopher Mayhew's attempt in his television appearance to cast discredit on a cost-of-living graph used as Tory propaganda, and similar to the one used by Mr. Eden in his television appearance. To a statistician of Mr. Butler's eminence, graphs and their axes are all in the day's work: but how many of Mr. Eden's and Mr. Mayhew's audience were in fact attuned to so mathematical an appeal to their sympathies?

Earlier in the book Mr. Butler himself writes how absurd it is

to paint a picture of elections as quasi-judicial trials the outcome of which depends on the quality of the arguments used in court: for the case being heard is one that is already familiar to the jurymen, and almost all of them, having long since decided their verdict are impervious to evidence or pleading.

But the fact is that the verdict is given in this way and on the basis of loyalties that have little or nothing to do with the activities of politicians. The question the political philosopher might ask, is how a trial by jury-men who are "impervious to evidence and pleading", a trial which no voter would accept as just if forced to undergo it in his personal capacity, somehow becomes respectable if it is the fate of the whole community that is being decided.

Mr. Butler's thorough and able analysis of the results of 1951 election strengthens one's feeling of disquiet. For he shows how fortuitous was the fact that the votes were for the second time running divided in such a way as to produce a very small majority. A slightly larger swing either way and the large majority may return. A large majority after two small ones might well be taken by the victorious party as a full endorse-

ment of its policies by the electorate. Yet it would clearly be nothing of the kind. As Mr. Butler points out, "many people take part in an election, but it is only a small fraction of them who experience those changes of heart which determine the upshot." It seems reasonable to believe that this small fraction of "floating voters" are untypical persons—possibly more open-minded than the rest, perhaps simply more unstable, restless or even frivolous. What logic gives them the right to govern the destinies of the vast and anchored majority?

These are unusual and unpopular questions. The principle of one man—one vote (and almost everywhere of one woman—one vote) is the only political principle to which everyone in the twentieth century pays lip-service at least—Mr. Stalin as much as Hitler, the impersonators of West Belfast as much as the most high-minded of Gladstone's spiritual descendants. It was easier to question the divine right of kings in the seventeenth century than it is to question the divine right of numerical majorities in the twentieth. It is impossible to read these successive studies of general elections in the most mature of parliamentary democracies without wondering whether one is not as much of a superstition as the other.

At any rate, 'psephology' will not get us much further. Unless there is a radical change in the political scene, it would hardly seem worth while for Nuffield College to sponsor yet another election study when 1953, 1954 or 1955 come around. Mr. Butler and his predecessors have made it clear that what dictates party allegiance, and its different strength in different localities, is what happens between elections not during them. In the Midland borough studied on Mr. Butler's behalf by Mr. Henry Maddick, a voter remarked: "I would vote for a pig if the party put one up!" The next task for political science is to ask why, and having found the answer to discover how such remarkable capacities for loyalty can be harnessed to the common weal.

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"HOW OUGHT A NOVELIST . . . ?"

BY MARGARET KENNEDY

JANE AUSTEN'S reputation seems to be singularly secure. Many people do not care for her books, but there is no recognized formula of disparagement, no anti-Austen school. This is remarkable since she wrote the kind of novel which has quite gone out of fashion. She told good stories with happy endings. A good story is not nowadays regarded as a very high form of art and happy endings are suspect. She had, indeed, very few of the qualities for which prizes are given in 1952, and it is almost impossible to detect in her work any trace of anger and uncertainty, although she lived in a period which offered plentiful grounds for both. On the contrary, she seems to have been contented with her age and inclined to commend it.

There has existed, for the past 30 years, a wide-spread assumption that no true artist has ever been contented with the social order of his period. All the arts have been, to some extent, affected by this assumption, but its influence is felt most strongly in the field of literature, and it is now possible for a reputable critic to open a review with the question: "How ought a novelist to write about war?"

This sort of question is not so likely to be asked about painting. There may be differences of opinion as to the best way of painting a tree, but it is still allowed that Claude, Corot, Constable and Cézanne might each have his own way, because each had his own particular comment to make upon trees. How an artist says anything must depend upon what he has to say. Stendhal and Thackeray had very different things to say about the battle of Waterloo, and each had his own technique. To suggest that there can be but one way in which a novelist "ought" to write of war is to imply a restriction upon comment, to limit what a novelist may say about war.

Some such restriction, some threat to the freedom of art, is bound to follow upon any categorical assumption as to the psychology of *all* artists. It would follow equally should a belief prevail that all artists have been happy, childlike, irresponsible people, unlikely to lose an hour's sleep over the social order of their day. An influential body of opinion will grow up which scrutinizes the work of any artist, whatever his period, for evidence of a certain attitude of mind, and which assesses his aesthetic value in the light of that evidence. Those who cannot survive this screening are listed for dislodgement or for some extenuating application of

whitewash. Screening nowadays endorses Cowper's complaint that:

Misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's face.

Scott and Kipling, impenitently men of their age, have long been out. There is little hope of Scott's return, but there is some indication of whitewash on the way for Kipling. A correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, September 21, 1952, suggests that "he had the artistic daring, the courage to drag important features from the twilight whereinto they had been hurled by an afraid society," and, if this can be established, much will be forgiven to him. The Victorian poets are coming in; though not unanimously in a rage with their age, they were all of them, according to Messrs. Auden and Pearson, "haunted men". In Lear and Carroll an unsuspected mine of *angst* has been discovered; they are now acquitted of frivolity and re-interpreted as crypto-spokesmen for their generation, saying what Tennyson and Browning dared not say. It is true that we have yet to learn what exactly haunted Chaucer, nor is it certain whether Virgil's *lacrimae rerum* atones for his explicit admiration for the Augustan age, but the reasons for this delay are obvious, and priority on the list is naturally given to those authors who stand in most danger of being read.

That Miss Austen should have survived this purge is a little surprising, since she is widely read and her attitude of mind is exposed in plain English. It does not seem to have been the correct attitude. Yet her title as an artist remains unchallenged. Even Charlotte Brontë, who complained that she ought to have concerned herself with "the unseen seat of life, the sentient target of death," was obliged to admit that she did her business "curiously well".

It is only when we come to consider how that business was done, only when we scrutinize her technique, that some explanation for this uncommon security begins to appear. She offers very little foothold for attack. The reader who sets out to catch her off her guard will find that she was seldom on it. She writes as though she believed in her characters, in her stories, so implicitly as to be rarely troubled by any fear of our disbelief. And it is in moments of doubt and hesitation that a novelist lays himself open to assault. This confidence, this faith, is manifested by the fact that she made very little use of those devices and contrivances upon which most novelists have depended for an atmosphere of validity; she makes no bones about offering fictitious assertion as though it was fact. For boldness of direct statement she is almost unique.

A novelist must sustain the double functions of creation and narrative. He must first invent characters and then he must tell us about them. During his narrative we need to forget that he, and he alone, is responsible for these people and these events. Our enjoyment is not complete unless we can treat his fiction as fact; we must feel that his characters have some

larger warrant than his mere assertion, some source of life outside his sole imagination. The spell is broken if we are too violently reminded that he is making it all up. During the narrative the author-creator must take what cover he can; should he obtrude he can only embarrass the author-narrator, who has an instinct to disclaim all connection with the fellow and to suggest that he has got his material from elsewhere.

No novelist likes to admit that he has made up a very sad story about a young woman whom he chooses to call Matilda. He would rather suggest that his grandfather told him about Matilda, or that he ran across Matilda in the Malay States, and got her story out of a garrulous planter, or that the singular circumstances concerning the fate of the unfortunate Matilda have been related to him by a fellow passenger on a coach. By so doing he can evade that first formidable assertion that Matilda lived; he can thrust the responsibility for it upon his grandfather, or the planter, or the fellow passenger, and devote himself to the task of telling Matilda's story well. For how can he tell his story well if he is tormented by a vision of readers asking why he supposes that Matilda ever existed? How can he command pathos when they complain that they do not see why she had to die? "If you think this story so sad," he hears them muttering, "why do you kill her? It's all your doing. You might just as easily have let her live happily ever after." The fear of this devastating mutter, the need to silence it, has haunted all novelists, from Hardy to Cervantes, from Scott to Proust. Most of them have resorted to some form of device, in the hope of avoiding it. Scott surrounds his text with prefaces and foot-notes, as evidence of how little he has really made up. If he writes of a girl who walked from Edinburgh to London in order to win a pardon for her sister, he is not happy until he can assure us that such a girl really did exist, and offer proof of it. With Proust it is a case of how much he merely remembered. Hardy boldly disclaims all responsibility; it is the President of the Immortals who insists upon the death of his heroines. As for Cervantes—he could never bear to admit that he had invented Don Quixote. He flinches from saying so, even in his rebuke to plagiarists: "He and I were born for one another—he to act and I to relate his doings."

The whole history of the novel is bound up with the development of these contrivances, whereby the narrator has sought to rid himself of entire responsibility for his characters, to make it appear that they existed in some mind other than his own. There are many of them and they have been combined in countless ways, but at the end of the eighteenth century, when Jane Austen began to write, there were only three in use, and one or another of the three was employed by everybody. A beginner could take his choice between Defoe, Richardson and Fielding.

Defoe's contrivance was the simplest and it is still popular. In the autobiographical novel the creator takes cover behind his hero or heroine.

This is very effective, since the narrator cannot be accused of having invented himself, and he can constantly be suggesting that:

The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

Jane Austen never sought this kind of cover in any of her published work. Nor did she ever experiment with that variant of it—the Fictitious Narrator, the character introduced solely for the purpose of telling the story. Henry James, Kipling and Somerset Maugham have all been fond of this contrivance. Its value, in separating narrative from creation, is obvious. This imaginary onlooker is responsible for nothing and can tell the story with an air of ingenuous astonishment, can protest that he himself has never quite got to the bottom of it and that the reader's guess is as good as his own. It is a device which came in with the romantic movement, and the vogue for mysterious, complicated characters. Plain autobiography does very well if the hero-narrator is a normal, recognizable type of person; it is valuable where belief has to be secured for events rather than for psychology, and it has been a standby in adventure stories for 250 years. Wells turns to it when he sends men to the moon or brings Martians to earth. But when the characters themselves challenge normal experience, when they are totally unlike anybody whom we may expect to meet, they cannot safely be left to introduce themselves. The interposition of some more commonplace character is necessary both as a shock absorber and commentator. Emily Brontë, with Heathcliff and Catherine on her hands, provides herself with a double protection. She avoids any direct statement. A certain Mr. Lockwood introduces himself and vouches not only for the existence of Heathcliff but for that of Ellen Dean, upon whom most of the narrative, and all statements concerning Catherine, are to devolve. *Wuthering Heights* furnishes a highly complicated example of this device, but Conrad runs Emily Brontë pretty close, for his Captain Marlowe frequently tells a story which has previously been told to him by somebody else, so that we only see the hero at two removes.

It is scarcely surprising that Miss Austen needed no fictitious narrators. She was pre-romantic, the last of the eighteenth century novelists. "Fun and nature", as John Thorpe puts it, were the qualities most admired in that period, and a technique for telling a story which depended upon neither was not yet felt to be necessary. But it is remarkable that she made so little use of the third autobiographical variant—the whole novel of letters or diaries, in the style of Richardson and Burney.

This device has advantages over plain autobiography in that it allows for greater tension and suspense. The narrators themselves do not know what the end is going to be. Each letter comes as a fresh bulletin on a desperate situation. Moll Flanders may be condemned to the gallows, but we know that she will get off, else she would not be telling the story.

We cannot feel so comfortable over the predicaments of Pamela and Clarissa. As a form it was immensely popular and it is easy to see why Miss Austen attempted it in her first two novels. But it was quickly discarded. *Lady Susan* she set aside, as unworthy of publication. *Elinor and Marianne* was rewritten in the direct narrative which suited her so much better.

Although a whole novel in letter or diary form is now rare, a partial use of this device is not uncommon. It still plays its part in relieving the narrator from the risks of direct assertion. In *Howard's End*, for instance, Mr. E. M. Forster suggests the existence of the Schlegels and the Wilcoxes in a series of letters, before he begins to tell us about them in person. And Miss Elizabeth Bowen uses a queer kind of journal to put over a difficult character in her story, *The Disinherited*. By deftly slipping into an autobiographical device, she lessens the risk of a mutter from the reader that she made this queer man up.

Such a partial use might be found in Miss Austen's work. There is Darcy's great letter, which does more than inform us, and Elizabeth Bennet, of facts which we did not know; it sets before us a whole character, the new Darcy, the true Darcy, and the peripeteia of *Pride and Prejudice* cannot be effected unless we accept this new character, at once and without question.

All the four major novels have this turning point, at which the story rounds a sort of Tattenham Corner and romps home in a direction delightfully opposite to that in which it set out. And all four turning points are connected with some temporary change of scene—the visit to Hunsford, the expedition to Lyme Regis, the picnic to Box Hill, and that tiny little jaunt, only half-a-mile to dine with three people, which was so great a novelty to Fanny Price, since it was her first formal dinner-party and the first time that a carriage had ever been ordered on her account. We set out upon these trips and everything is turned upside down before we get back. Somebody's eyes are opened. Wentworth learns to know his own heart. Emma, crying in the carriage all the way home, can never again be quite the same girl. Henry Crawford, stung by the first rebuff he has ever received, decides to make a small hole in Fanny Price's heart. But the sharpest, the most sudden, corner is that turned at Hunsford; it brings the greatest measure of surprise to the reader. There are, of course, obvious and natural reasons why a letter should be used to whisk us round it, why Darcy should here take up the tale in person; the fact that he does so helps to convince us.

Fielding's device outlasted Richardson's and became a standby to very many authors in the nineteenth century. It is the device of the Author-Onlooker, the suggestion that the writer in person was somehow among those present, an observer, a being of like substance with his characters and by no means omniscient where they are concerned. "I never could

discover," he says, "that Parson Adams earned more than £50 per annum," just as Trollope, a century later, declares that he never could bear to shake hands with Mr. Slope. This author-onlooker hovers upon the outskirts of many Victorian novels, an obscure citizen of Barchester or Middlemarch, a guest at Lord Steyne's parties, a customer at the Old Curiosity Shop. He button-holes his Gentle Readers and takes them aside for a chat about it all. He exudes a faint nostalgia and is fond of referring to his boyhood, spent amidst these scenes, and asks wistfully why the cherries never taste so sweet now, and so on.

It was not until Realism took the field that the author-onlooker went out for a time, and a skilful employment of authentic detail took his place. Matilda's existence, by this formula, was to be guaranteed by the undoubted veracity of her surroundings, from the smell of cooking in the hall to the umbrella which she kept under her bed. That she had to die must be obvious, should she exhibit accurately recorded symptoms, which any qualified doctor would allow to be fatal. Realism offered a technical creed which appealed to many novelists as providing a businesslike and conscientious approach to the problems of validity. It was more professional than anything which had been hit upon before. Arnold Bennett was its warmest exponent in this country. But it proved to possess no intrinsic magic for bringing characters to life. In the hands of a good novelist it is effective, but so is any formula. In inferior hands it can be singularly dreary, a mere accumulation of irrelevant, and often squalid, detail.

Proust, upon the heels of this disappointment, revived Fielding's device, and explored its possibilities afresh. He fused personal reminiscence with fictitious assertion to such a degree that there is no telling one from the other. Novelists, still in search of an answer to that muttering reader, took fresh hope. It appeared that private sensibility, individual perceptiveness, might have a higher validity content than any smell of cooking or anything to be found under the bed. Proust founded a new school, but in effect he only does what Fielding did first, though he does it with far more subtlety; he groups the creator with his creatures in such a manner as to suggest that both spring from some common and extraneous source of life.

Miss Austen does occasionally drop into Fielding's idiom. In *Mansfield Park*, for instance, she says:

Although there doubtless are such unconquerable young ladies of eighteen (or one should not read about them) as are never to be persuaded into love against their judgment . . . I have no inclination to believe Fanny one of them.

Why does she here balk at bolder asserting that Fanny was not one of them? Such hesitation is, in her, very unusual. Is it because she is here comparing Fanny with the young ladies *one reads about*? For a moment, perhaps, she sees Fanny lined up with other heroines, thinks of herself as a novelist, and falls unconsciously into the language of her con-

temporaries. It is always when she remembers other novelists that her tone alters a little, and she substitutes an "inclination to believe" for a direct assertion. This happens oftenest in *Northanger Abbey*, with its opening cadenza on the subject of heroines, its pseudo apologies for Catherine's shortcomings in that line, its tribute to "the capital pen of a sister novelist" and its claim that the love sequence is "all my own".

But these hesitations are extremely rare. As a general rule she never betrays the least uneasiness. She tells her stories with the calm authority of a mother relating to her children the history of the three bears. Direct assertion has few terrors for her. She can almost make one forget what a terrifying business it can be.

'Once upon a time there lived, near Meryton in Hertfordshire, a charming girl.' The novelist who can make this statement successfully has won his Waterloo. But how is he to make it? Shall he let her tell her own story? Shall he bring on people to talk about her, and build up an expectation of charm before she appears, as Tolstoy does with his Anna Karenin? What entrance line shall he give her?

Jane Austen tumbles her out onto the stage in the first chapter, with no spotlight and nothing to say, indistinguishable amongst the five daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet. In the second chapter she gets two words: "Tomorrow fortnight", in answer to a question from her father, and scarcely to be heard amid all the chatter which is going on. In the third chapter we get our first hint of something unusual; she is slighted by Mr. Darcy and has spirit enough to make a tale of it among her friends. But we get no real taste of her quality until her conversation with Jane in chapter four—three weeks after the opening of the story. Here she has four speeches which have won for her the attention, the credence, the regard, of countless readers for 139 years. How many other heroines have been allowed to stroll into the limelight so casually? Such an entry is proof of the unshakable confidence of her creator.

Miss Bates does not appear in person until the second volume of *Emma*, though we have heard of her earlier, briefly, as a member of Highbury society. Here again we have no hint of what is in store for us until we happen to call upon her, and she gives us the whole substance of a two-page letter in over 2,500 words.

It is this leisurely neglect of important characters, until it is time for them to come forward and say something, which confers such astonishing authority upon Miss Austen's statements about them. We never feel that we are being nudged or coaxed into thinking of them as we ought. There is an illuminating comparison to be made, in this connection, between her treatment of Fanny Price and George Eliot's treatment of Dorothea Casaubon. These two girls have strong affinities; both are much beloved by their creators, both have first-rate intellects, both are solitary creatures, much in need of human companionship and driven to

depend too much upon books in their search for contact with other minds. George Eliot is obviously upon the defensive lest we should think Dorothea a prig and a bluestocking; she is frequently at the elbow of the reader to remind him of the handicaps and limitations with which the poor girl has to contend. Miss Austen, on the other hand, allows Fanny to use the stilted language of contemporary books on the picturesque without comment, and without reminding us that such books were Fanny's only guides when she wished to express a very genuine enjoyment of natural beauty. When Fanny declares that she loves to look at "verdure", it is left to the reader to remember that she probably does not know what else to call it, that she lives among people who seldom call it anything and never look at it. Edmund, though he can be an intellectual companion, has very little aesthetic sense; he can explain to her why the night wind of heaven should not be blowing banners about in the Chapel at Sotherton, but he cannot share her dissatisfaction in the general tastelessness of the place, because he has himself no idea of how such a chapel ought to be designed.

Some readers do call Fanny a prig. Some readers can never forgive Emma for her lapse of manners on Box Hill. But Miss Austen gains far more than she loses by this grand casualness which leaves so much to the reader, whether she is writing of Elizabeth Bennet, whom she expects to capture every heart, or of Emma Woodhouse, whom she expects nobody to like much save herself. For this casualness springs from a supreme confidence which took her at one bound over a fence from which nearly all other novelists, even the greatest, have been obliged to turn aside. No serious critic has denied her ability to take that fence, nor have her warmest admirers been able to explain it. To friends and foes alike she has always been a mystery, "curious" to Charlotte Brontë, "most wonderful" to Scott.

She exemplifies a truth which has never perhaps been fully accepted by any single generation, but which is recurrently endorsed by time. In art there is but one law: what you can do you may do. That so scandalously inequitable a principle should provoke rebellion is only natural; there have been many revolts, many attempts to abrogate it and shackle the artist with some kind of "ought". But so long as the "ought" of one century becomes nonsense to the next, this law holds good.

(Miss Kennedy has based her article on the address she gave to the Jane Austen Society at Chawton, Hampshire, on July 19, 1952.)

MEN AND BIRDS

Reeling and seeling on the tossing tide
All day among the Hebrides, our yawl
Has borne us bravely, till, at evenfall,
With the wind dropping, quietly we glide
Up the ben-sheltered firth, to lie
Anchored throughout the night;
And, having furled the sails,
On the still deck we rest and gaze into the sky,
While, overhead, with pinions gilded bright
And flashing in the afterglow's clear light,
The homing herons come in flight on flight
Across the kyle,
To roost in the dark fir-trees of the isle,
Whither each evening they return
From highland glens and dales,
After long day-hours, spent
In patient and intent
Fishing of mere and burn.

So now, at last
Another day has passed
For us, and for the birds, who, year on year,
Live out a life, which never yields a clear
Solution of the mystery
Of our existence, nor reveals
Why men, or birds, should be
The victims of mortality,
Nor, what may prove the ultimate destiny
The shadow of impending death reveals.

Yet, maybe, it were best,
If, like the birds, unquestioning, each day
We fare through life; and then feel no dismay
When we must sink at last to final rest.

WILFRID GIBSON

THE EXISTENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY JOSHUA C. GREGORY

A SITTING ROOM in Mrs. Hudson's house, No. 221B, Baker Street, is just as Mr. Sherlock Holmes left it—his Persian slipper to hold tobacco, his Inverness cape, the portrait of Gordon, and the gasogene are all there. The top hat and a stethoscope belonged to Dr. Watson. Yet there never was such a house, or a Watson to wear a hat, or even a Sherlock Holmes to work the gasogene. Conan Doyle has stamped the personality of his imaginary detective deeply into the public mind. Even more deeply, it might seem, than the personalities of Hamlet, Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick, and others have been stamped, for the belongings of Sherlock Holmes are actually on view, but theirs are not.

The host of imaginary beings at least vies in number with that of real people. Man has inveterately peopled the earth, and even the skies, with a variety of spirits. Zeus, Cerberus, Giant Despair, the angel hosts of *Paradise Lost* and many favourites of fable are in the inventory; dramatists and novelists swell it continuously.

Myth has its golden apples; chemistry has its phlogiston. Alchemy searched for elixirs, as gods hunted nymphs. The tale of such supposititious entities is too long to tell. Science has presumed them freely: the four elements, the succession of aethers, many presumed emanations, and numerous primary matters lightly sample a long array of now imaginary existents. The modern "particles", such as the electron, are probably due for the Valhalla of the phlogistons. History discloses a host of discarded entities to include in the great list of imaginary beings that have preoccupied human minds.

Sherlock Holmes has entertained philosophers; he and his kind, imaginary beings, have perplexed them. The perplexity began early. No one can know what is not: so urged Parmenides, nearly two and a half millennia ago. Anything that can be spoken or thought, he added, *is*. Sherlock Holmes, or phlogiston, apparently would seem perplexingly to him both to be and not to be, to be real because either can be discussed, and to be unreal because neither of them exists or did exist. Locke drops a hint in 1690: an idea of anything in the mind does not prove that thing's existence. This suggests the existence of either phlogiston or Sherlock Holmes as an idea. Prichard, in the present century, sweeps away this refuge from perplexity, for, according to him, "we have no idea of a

centaur." This drastic demolition apparently destroys the list of imaginary beings, since they cannot be inventoried without ideas of them. Prichard has his own substitute for the idea of a centaur: a belief that the physiological arrangement of such a creature cannot exist. This is one instance of the pickles into which philosophers have got themselves by endeavouring to explain, in effect, how a non-existent Sherlock Holmes can be inventoried among imaginary objects, as the Kohinoor is a catalogued diamond. Their pickle may be as imaginary as the centaur itself. Other philosophers, at any rate, have explained to them how they got into a pickle, and how to get out of it.

The thief regards the policeman as an object to avoid. Sherlock Holmes, though his admirers think of him as an object, seems not to be one, for he never could have actually worked a gasogene. The admirers have one eminent supporter. J. S. Mill by implication thinks Sherlock Holmes was, and is, an object; a hobgoblin, he insists, is not only an idea, but is also an object though non-existent. Thus Sherlock Holmes, because both he and the hobgoblin are "imaginary objects", exists as a non-existent object, and, apparently both does and does not exist. The shade of Parmenides would shake its head over this. Philosophers have tussled with this problem of the object that seems, very convincingly, to be, and yet not to be.

Some attempts to resolve the apparent contradiction try to depose the imaginary being from the status of object. You can hunt a lion, runs one effort, you can only think of a unicorn. Since "being thought of" is not a property of objects as "being hunted" is, the unicorn is duly deposed. Sherlock Holmes is analogously deposed: being thought of is not a property of him; being fed would be, but no landlady could feed him. If a unicorn, or Sherlock Holmes, is thus non-existent, and yet still said in some sense to *be*, the consequent reduction to a non-existent individual is condemned as absurd.

Statements by Dickens, another analysis runs, are not about Mr. Pickwick, but only pretend to be. Such presumed imaginary objects it has also been said, have no world to exist in. One writer illustrates by Mrs. Harris—an imaginary being contemplated by an imaginary Mrs. Gamp. The apparent name, he affirms, is not a name of anything. He seems to get into his pickle when he adds that the name is meaningless, for it seems absurd to deny any meaning to the verbal sign "Mrs. Harris", the arrangement of printed letters, when it occurs in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The writer tries to wriggle out of the absurdity: Betsy Prig knew there would be a Mrs. Harris if what was simulated by the sentences she heard did exist. The name is often used as a logical missile to demolish the imaginary object.

As Mr. Pickwick cannot be written about, so he cannot be named. To call Hamlet Prince of Denmark, Bertrand Russell remarks, is false, for

Shakespeare only pretended that "Hamlet" is the name of such a Prince. He tries to circumvent such difficulties as "the golden mountain does not exist" which seems to attribute some sort of existence to it, by using descriptions. "There is no entity *c* such that '*x* is golden and mountainous' is true when *x* is *c*, but not otherwise." Though this avoids words like "exist", it seems to fall into Charybdis by avoiding Scylla. According to the theory, Bertrand Russell himself says, only descriptions can have "existence". He himself exposes the absurdity of this in his comparison of "the author of *Waverley* exists" with "Scott exists". The former is permissible because it contains a description; the latter is "bad grammar, or rather bad syntax" because it merely asserts the existence of a name. Since "Scott" means, among other things, "the author of *Waverley*", another writer seems to have got into his own kind of pickle by logical manoeuvring. A tiger called Thomas, according to this, could not, with logical propriety, be said to exist unless he was described as a large Asiatic striped feline quadruped.

Opposing philosophers try to fit a nature to imaginary objects. These must, it has been said, have a logical kind of being. They have been called, somewhat grandiloquently, "epistemological objects", and said, more simply, to be "psychologically" objective. One heroic attempt bestows objective possibility on Pecksniff: such a man might have lived. Such objective possibility, perhaps rather freely interpreted, might apply to Sherlock Holmes, but would have to be stretched to cover a centaur, and violently stretched to cover the triple chimera—part goat, part snake, part lion. It could not conceivably apply to a round square, which seems to be an absolutely imaginary object.

Since laws are made against witches, Chief Justice Hale is said to have urged witches must exist. A step further, and Sherlock must exist, or at least have existed, because he is much discussed. Then, however, he must be a different kind of object from Conan Doyle, who actually lived. Interpretation then suggests a different mode of existence. This notion has to contend against a pre-occupation with the puzzle of the existent yet non-existent imaginary being. It is false to call the chimera non-existent, says William of Ockham, since though there are no chimeras, there is nothing to call non-existent. "The chimera is non-existent" is apparently presumed to ascribe existence to the chimera by naming it, and then to deny that it exists. This need not be so if the chimera exists as a concept, and only as a concept, without involving the "erroneous metaphysical doctrine" of "existent and non-existent being" that has stirred one modern writer to protest. The denial that the chimera exists would not then be equivalent to affirming the existence of a non-existent chimera—an equivalence repudiated by another writer.

Sir Edmund Whittaker pits Russell's descriptions against different modes of being, or ways of existence. He accuses muddled philosophers of con-

fusing the "being" of "The bishop of Asquith", an imaginary bishop, with the "existence" of the "bishop of Oxford", who is an actual prelate. "Russell's powerful logical analysis," Sir Edmund asserts, "shattered such nonsense for ever." The "being" of the imaginary bishop, if understood to mean existence only as a concept, distinguishes him from the actual bishop whose existence is not confined to conception. The imaginary bishop only exists by being thought of; the actual bishop is thought of because he is there for his flock to think about.

One of Dr. Gregory's patients dreamed, repetitively, that a skeleton clutched him by the throat. This spectral skeleton was existent, and real, as an experience. It did not exist, and was not real, as an actual skeleton in Dr. Gregory's cupboard would be existent and real. Two distinct modes of experience, and of reality, are evident in the dream and cupboard skeletons. The clutching skeleton is imaginary, as a mermaid is. As the skeleton existed, and was real, in the experience of the dreamer, so the mermaid is mentally existent and real when thought of. The concept of a mermaid is existent and real as a concept, though mermaids do not exist outside thought, as fish and maidens do. So Sherlock Holmes exists as a concept, though not outside thought, as actual detectives do. He is real in his own conceptual way—being an imaginary existent. He is also real in another manner.

The dream-skeleton was real as an experience because it existed as such. It was also real in an intensive sense because it was terrifying. 'Real' often means, not merely existent, but something intensive, impressive, and, it may be, highly valued. The sitting-room has been constructed because Sherlock Holmes, as conceived by Doyle, is a highly valued experience. A Sherlock Holmes so intensively real, argument may run, deludes his admirers into making him into an object by deeming him more real than he is. This intense reality of Sherlock Holmes has established a veritable cult, and the participators will not relish the logicians' cold-blooded attempts to deprive them of an object.

They may not be able to. Alexander the Great is only known to living men in exactly the same way as Sherlock Holmes is known—through records. Each of the two exists for men now only in conception. If Sherlock Holmes is not an object, then Alexander is not. The concept of Sherlock Holmes has not been derived from an actual man, the concept of Alexander has, but both the conqueror and the detective exist now as concepts, and only as concepts.

Marshal Stalin, who lives still, also exists as a concept, and, for most people, only as a concept. If he is an object because he is alive, Alexander, who is dead, is one no longer. This does not transform him into an imaginary being, for the concept of him is still derived from an actual man, but it makes him more like the imaginary being who is said to be no object. The conclusion seems to be that an imaginary being, though only

of a single theme. Even Stubbs' theme—the constitutional history of medieval England—represents no more than a single thread in the huge cloth. While Gibbon, to whom both scholarship and literary mastery were accorded in most unusual measure—did not lack the assistance of a distinct, if narrow, point of view and a sometimes appalling narrowness of vision. Previté-Orton's narrative has all the comprehensiveness of the original. There is usually sufficient material in it for the construction of a rounded picture of each age. But he saw history as a story and it would not be unfair to assume that he approached his task in the same spirit as that in which he wrote a much earlier and shorter outline of medieval history: "In the choice of events to narrate I have been guided by their far off results, rather than by their *éclat* in their own time, and have tried to indicate how in the Middle Ages were accomplished the growth of modern man and the life and attitude to life of modern times."*

The story of "the period of European history which by an arbitrary but convenient usage is named the Middle Ages" begins with the simultaneous degeneration of both the Roman system and the societies of its barbarian invaders. Regeneration arose from the 'amalgamation' of both and, more important, from the survival of the Christian Church and all that it carried with it of the ancient civilization. Neither the short-lived Carolingian empire, nor feudalism, by the generation of which Europe survived the second period of invasion, represented a complete new order. But the Carolingian renaissance "effected the salvage of the remains of Latin literature, theological and pagan, and thereby preserved it to form both the food and the mould of thought for future generations." After the achievements of the Reform movements, "ecclesiastical unity under the Pope was in the way to become a living

* Preface. *Outlines of Medieval History*. Cambridge University Press. 1916.

fact" in the eleventh century, and "the twelfth century was indeed the age of the resurgence of civilization." Professor Previté-Orton was an interpreter of the Middle Ages without being apparently at all subject to the not unfamiliar temptation to become their apologist. The book is the work of a mind as much modern as the academic study of medieval history itself—although his views are sometimes less than fashionable. "Taken as a whole" he writes, "the history of the Middle Ages after the ruin in the West of the ancient civilization is one of progress, progress in society, government, order and organization, laws, the development of human faculties, of national thought, of knowledge and experience, of art and culture."

Equally marked—and likely to be refreshing to most readers—is the expression of opinion in lesser matters and on personalities. The rise of the Inquisition is set out and explained with understanding, but its basic weakness, dependence upon informers, is castigated and its effects deplored: "*Diffamatio* in short was an easy pitfall." Many of the character studies, necessarily succinct, are admirable. John of England was able, even brilliant but "a thoroughly bad, if gifted man." "The personal dislike which clung to him wherever he went upset his adroitest plans and was a strain on the most loyal servants of his house." Of Simon de Montfort, he writes: "Personal ambition and resentment were among his motives, but a sincere desire to bring about reforms and a sympathy with the English fabric of self-administration and with the best practical thoughts of the day . . . took first place in his mind." William the Conqueror is praised for his virtues as a ruler but blamed for his natural ruthlessness after judgment in the light of the most just of historical standards, the best practice of his own age. "That his ferocity was not aimless may be set down to his intellect. The age, it is true, was hardhearted and fierce, but there were exceptions, not all ecclesiastics, which condemn him."

THE WORLD IN MARCH 1939.

Edited by Arnold Toynbee and Frank T. Ashton-Gwatkin. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press*. 45s.

The writing of contemporary history is now—or should be—an accepted form of literary art; neither chronicle nor commentary, yet partaking of both *genres*, it must at the same time be distinguished from the higher journalism, which is itself literature in its own right. In this country Chatham House, with its Surveys of International Affairs under the editorship of Professor Toynbee, has secured a patent, so to speak, for this process, and no one will dispute that the handling of the material is masterly. Each volume is the work of several hands; a unifying tone and mood is guaranteed, however, so long as 'Toynbee's at the tiller.' The present study, unique in its focussing on a specific point in history, otherwise runs true to form and supplies all we need to know about those pre-war years when the witches' brew was preparing.

Part I provides the Political Survey proper, charting the course of the several world powers over the years leading up to Hitler's discarding of the mask and falling on Benes' Czechoslovakia, the chosen prey. While the major portion consists of a lively and stimulating discussion of attitudes and policies of the principals, we are also shown the impact of those Leviathans on the other States that do not measure up to great power status. Part II, which is from the pen of Mr. H. C. Hillmann (now a Lecturer in Economics at Leeds University), furnishes the necessary background of solid economic fact; it is a first-class piece of work. And the pattern of the whole is rounded off by a brilliant essay on "The Balance of Power" by Martin Wight, who contributes also major portions of the Political Survey of Part I. The entire volume would indeed appear to be as much a child of this chosen disciple

of Professor Toynbee as of the latter himself, whose contributions on the Western Hemisphere, the British Commonwealth, China and Japan are, in the opinion of the present reviewer, somewhat below his customary high standard. Which is not to say that these pages are not good reading, for they afford a feast of pith and metaphor. The weakest section perhaps is the first, on America; the most rewarding that on the British Commonwealth, with a penetrating analysis of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's policy. In this connection Mr. Wight, writing on Germany, supplies the most significant comment when he observes that:

It was an irony of the policy of appeasement that it was inaugurated after Hitler had abandoned hope of an alliance with Britain and had transferred her to his list of potential objects of war.

(True enough of Mr. Chamberlain, who only began to take command in 1937; but surely the policy of 'appeasement' dates from earlier?) This was the "complete mistake about a crucial matter of fact" on the part of Mr. Chamberlain, which as Dr. Toynbee says, was combined with this very English Englishman's "widely shared and laudable moral judgment." In his horror of war as an appalling moral and material evil in itself Mr. Chamberlain was nothing less than the conscience of humanity. But the error of fact was fatal. It is also a perfect illustration of that time-lag in politics on which Bernard Shaw used to expatiate.

Mr. Wight's sections under the heading "Germany and her field of aggression"—on Eastern Europe and Germany—are most able and lively contributions, and Miss Katharine Duff on Italy is not far behind: the latter does well to remind us of a constant in Italian policy and behaviour, that "political cynicism rife in Italy not only during the Fascist reign but since the age of the Renaissance" which was not created but exploited by Mussolini.

One word of criticism may perhaps be allowed: the readability of the Survey

is gravely impaired by its being pitted with small-print footnotes on almost every page, which serves only to exhibit a superfluous apparatus of scholarship. Chatham House should appreciate by now that for such a monument as this there is no need of a display of scaffolding.

W. HORSEFALL CARTER

FANNY BRAWNE: A Biography, by Joanna Richardson. *Thames & Hudson*. 15s.

We live, in some respects, in an enlightened age. The Victorian literary critics, who were inclined to be fiercely partizan over their Romantic poets, condemned Fanny Brawne (and led the public with them), for having contributed to Keats' tragic end by her levity and in-consequence. The story arose from his own letters, scolding her for pursuing a round of gaiety, and positively wishing her to be unhappy for ever as the only proof that she loved him. Miss Joanna Richardson, Fanny's first biographer, has not needed to campaign aggressively against this verdict. It has long since been seen that there were two sides to the question, and that neither was entirely wrong or right. But the Victorians were more interested in morality than psychology. And besides, they loved scandal. When Keats' egregious love letters to Fanny were made public they were greeted, as Miss Richardson recalls here, with shocked protests. Only later was it recognized that these were the letters of a very sick man in body and spirit, full of morbid fancies. If Keats could have returned to health and vigour he must have repudiated them.

Fanny Brawne has been saved from the literary gallows by the arrival of psychology as a factor in criticism; by the commonsense attitude that does not demand to see a lively young woman immolated on the altar of the dying, and finally by her own letters written during Keats' illness to his schoolgirl sister, full of the blended sorrow and gaiety of an essentially normal spirit liv-

ing in shadow. Miss Richardson might with advantage have quoted more extensively from these letters. Continuing on an easier note in the years after Keats' death, they reveal all aspects of her nature and are still not widely known. It was unavoidable, at this central point of Fanny's biography, to quote Keats' own outpourings. Unavoidable, but unfortunate, for the one-faceted effect they make. They need countering, not only by Fanny on her own behalf, but by the earlier, robust Keats on *his*. He might with advantage have been admitted more freely and fully into this account, which owes its existence to him.

Of Fanny Brawne herself Miss Richardson has extended the picture considerably, from information given by descendants. It is something of a triumph to have included genealogical trees of both the Brawnes and Lindons—the family of Portuguese Jews into which Fanny at last married, after mourning Keats till 1833. She took a risk then, for Louis Lindon was a brilliant and adventurous youth of twenty when he courted a woman who, we are now assured, had been living in as full an aura of widowhood as though she had been really married to John Keats. She was not without wiles in the matter (Miss Richardson calls it strength of character); for Louis only found out eight years after the marriage, and then by chance, that his maturer wife had loved before. Fanny herself wrote that she then told him, though imperfectly, and “to prevent a... and mistakes in future.”

It is a shifty little episode with its implications of an eight-year silence on a matter that was supposed to have torn her, soul and body. Think what we may, it brings to mind the unfortunate phrase so chewed over by the Victorian critics, in her answer to Charles Brown's request to publish some intimacies: “I feel the kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which unhappy circumstances have condemned him.” In her silence to Louis Lindon there seems more than a hint of this policy. If she did want desperately, by that time, to

achieve marriage without a possible obstacle, there is no real call to blame her. Yet why, when nothing had been done by law or against the law, consider it an obstacle? Miss Richardson might well have taken up this and other puzzles of character, and fought them out a little. At times her portrait, like the silhouette of Fanny that she reproduces, remains expressive in outline, but featureless in surface. As a plain tale of the facts, however, the biography is attractive to the general reader, and for the student of Keats it is an addition to the reference shelf.

SYLVA NORMAN

VOYAGE TO WINDWARD: The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by J. C. Furnas. *Faber*. 25s.

Robert Louis Stevenson is among the writers who inspire a cult; he possesses, like Lamb, Jane Austen, Keats or the two Brontës, a personal fascination. One need only recall a little of Stevenson's bibliography: he has been described in his setting in Edinburgh, Davos, Samoa and Hawaii; he has been caught in the act of flitting through Hampstead; he has been shown too in California, as consumptive, lover and husband; he is recorded as the friend of Henley and the Colvins, and every facet of his work has been turned towards the light. And yet, like those other writers of earlier generations, his life presents a strange contrast of documentation and mystery. It offers not only an invitation but a challenge to the biographer; one might also remark that it presents a snare. Mr. J. C. Furnas, an American journalist, Stevenson's latest biographer, has accepted an adventurous and exciting task.

He is, however, peculiarly well qualified; he is an expert on the South Seas, enabled to tell more fully the tale of Stevenson's last years. He has fully used the extensive unpublished material on the Beineck Collection at Yale, and he has been able to study and quote the letters to Mrs. Sitwell (Lady

Colvin) from which the embargo was only recently lifted. His book fulfils the ambition of 15 years, and records the research which carried him 30,000 miles.

The result is the most complete study of Stevenson that we are likely to see; the familiar episodes are described with abundant detail, and some of the roughest places are at last made plain. Mr. Furnas reveals Stevenson's relationship with the brilliant, beneficent Mrs. Sitwell, its progress from chivalrous, almost feudal adoration to an abiding, uneasy kind of filial love: “I think it is what one *ought* to feel for a mother . . . That's a lie,” he confessed to her: “Nobody loves a mere mother as much as I love you, madonna.” The full discussion of this actual muse enables Mr. Furnas to prove the unreality of “Claire” whose name, pencilled on the manuscript of “Swallows travel to and fro . . .” has led so many Stevensonians astray. Colvin himself, the remaining figure in the remarkable Stevenson-Sitwell-Colvin trio, is completely and pleasantly, if sometimes cynically, portrayed. The intimate friendship and famous quarrel with Henley are recorded with sympathy and additional material. Fanny Stevenson emerges from *Voyage to Windward* as a vital, capable woman, though too much an egoist to be endearing, and we must still wonder how fortunate Stevenson's marriage proved. The years in the South Seas are thoughtfully described, and the genesis and merit of major and minor writing are well appreciated.

Mr. Furnas' biography, if we judge it by quantity or quality of facts, the sympathy of approach, will justify the claim to be the standard life of Stevenson. One can only regret the style in which it is written. Mr. Furnas, in the unfortunate manner of popular journalists, makes distracting use of metaphor and concentrated expression; he frequently needs to be re-read, and he imposes his style between the reader and the subject. One often wishes, in reading modern biographies, for the grand manner of Colvin. But uneven writing remains the one

evident fault of Mr. Furnas' biography, and it will not deter the Stevensonian; nor should it prevent any lover of nineteenth-century literature from obtaining this pungent book.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

ASPECTS OF PROVENCE, by James Pope-Hennessy. *Longmans*. 18s.

ALASKAN ODYSSEY, by Bernard R. Hubbard. *Robert Hale*. 18s.

"Provence", says Mr. Pope-Hennessy, "is a taste or more correctly a passion which once contracted cannot be cured." We can be glad that Mr. Pope-Hennessy makes no effort to cure himself; in fact his book is likely to infect many persons with the same reverence for that part of France which is felt, so enthusiastically, by him. Not that he wants to be our sole guide to those ancient towns, those lovely landscapes, for any writer who has dealt with Provence is sure to be quoted in this book. Mistral, of course, comes in for close examination and admiration. Van Gogh has many sympathetic pages, for Mr. Pope-Hennessy regards him, though he was a Dutchman, as the supreme, the pre-eminent interpreter of the landscape and people, the spirit and the atmosphere of Provence—but he adds "in northern terms."

Mr. Pope-Hennessy's own descriptions of buildings are somewhat marred by his insistence that so many of them are "biscuit-coloured". Presumably he finds them all alike in this colouring, which would, I presume, startle Mr. Huntley and Mr. Palmer who provide us, I have heard, with about 500 different species of biscuit.

However Mr. Pope-Hennessy guides us to many places that only a great lover of Provence is aware of—the lavender-fields near Valensole, Barjols and its saw-mills in mid-January for the ceremony of the roasted ox, the topmost tower of the *château* at Vaison on the cart-track that winds through dull-grey olive groves to Buisles-Baronnies. And,

in his numerous footnotes, he allows others to act as guides or scarecrows. He does well to quote that intelligent English lady of the last century, Madame James Darmesteter, who in the *Contemporary Review* in the year 1892 describes the outlying streets of Saint-Remy as "avenues of great zebra-trunked, century-old plane trees, garlanded in April with quaint hanging balls, or else of wych-elms, gay with pinkish-buff blossoms, and yet so gnarled and hollow that they might almost be those famous elms which Sully planted about the towns of France. We fell in love," she writes, "with Saint-Remy."

Mr. Pope-Hennessy is honest enough not to fall in love with the people as a whole. On the evening he arrived in Avignon, Shakespeare's *Richard II* was being performed in the courtyard of the Palace of the Popes. Stripped of its English verse the story of the play was crude, yet it excited minute, enthusiastic attention. "I suspect", he says, "that this tale of medieval violence, murder and intrigue precisely suited the spectators."

The people whom we meet in Father Hubbard's book are built on a heroic scale; they have to be if they are to endure life in the wild spaces of Alaska. Father Hubbard appears to think nothing of a sixteen-hundred mile tour behind a dog team to visit his remote parishioners. He has found time to take many photographs which add to our wonder and enjoyment. He tells us how he replied to a questioner who asked him how the dogs know which way to go. "You go up to your dog leader," he says, "and whisper in his ear where you want to go. He starts off on a gallop, and the other dogs chase the leader all day to find out where they are going, and meanwhile you get there."

Father Hubbard must have wanted all his humour when the volcano of Katmai erupted. This did not rank with Pelée or Krakatoa in the number of lives lost, because it was a desolate region, but in the destruction of plant

and animal life it had no parallel. Father Hubbard and his companions hired a cannery tender to take them to Katmai Bay. A trip of six hours landed them in the pumice-choked harbour of Katmai, where "a driving rain, a heavy surf and the darkness of midnight started us off with a taste of roughing it almost too early." It seems that Father Hubbard is known as the Glacier Priest, but there is nothing glacial, one can see, in his composition, nor is there any in this thrilling book.

HENRY BAERLEIN

THE BURLESQUE TRADITION in the English Theatre after 1660, by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. *Methuen*. 18s.

This entertaining and instructive book begins with a discussion of the nature of burlesque, which the author describes as "laughter for laughter's sake." He distinguishes it from satire, which "actuated by a burning desire to rebuke and reform," laughs at things it hates. When in *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens laughed at Squeers and Dotheboys Hall, he hated them and wished to destroy them, but he laughed at Crummles and his actors in an entirely different spirit. "He loved the theatre, and he laughed at its absurdities not because he wanted to destroy them but because he knew that they were funny."

Mr. Clinton-Baddeley does not trace the history of burlesque before 1660, but he points out that Chaucer's skit on the romance of chivalry "is the earliest example of true English burlesque." The first burlesque to appear as a complete undertaking on the English stage was Davenant's *The Play-house to Lett*, produced in 1663. It was followed in 1671 by one of the most successful plays ever performed in this country—*The Rehearsal* by the Duke of Buckingham, which however, in its attacks on Dryden and other contemporary writers, contained a strong satirical element. In it

may be found numerous jokes, which, more or less modified, appeared in many later plays, jokes based chiefly upon bad logic, cultured obtruseness and the solemn use of the *non-sequitur*. Other outstanding examples of English burlesque are Fielding's *Tom-Thumb* (1730), Sheridan's *The Critic* (1779), and *The Rovers* (1798), in which George Canning and Hookham Frere collaborated to make fun of the sentimental German drama popular at the end of the eighteenth century.

The vogue of melodrama in the nineteenth century stimulated the production of burlesque. W. S. Gilbert was prolific in this form of dramatic art before he began to work with Sullivan. And the element of burlesque is prominent in some of the Savoy operas, especially in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, where what Mr. Clinton-Baddeley calls "the jolly jack tar joke" is developed with brilliant effect. In the present century Elizabethan blank verse has been burlesqued by Bernard Shaw in *The Admirable Bashville* and by Sir Alan Herbert in *The Two Gentlemen of Soho*. In the stories of Stephen Leacock are many examples of successful burlesque, especially of the sensational novel, the problem play, and melodrama. He made no attempt to parody particular writers but devoted his attention to styles of writing, and developed "the joke of straightforward nonsense" as in this example: "Lord Ronald . . . flung himself from the room, flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions." Leacock wrote no burlesque for the stage, but Mr. Clinton-Baddeley, who regards him as "the first man since Gilbert to add anything new to the tradition of English burlesque" has dramatized several of his stories.

This book is not only full of entertainment for the fireside and the bedside; it embodies much painstaking research and is a substantial contribution to the history of the British drama.

G. F. MCCLEARY

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Forty-six shopping days to Christmas, as the advertisements so balefully say, and time to be saving for a present to geographically-minded friends. For *Old Decorative Maps and Charts* by the late A. L. Humphreys, published in 1926, has now been enlarged under the title of *DECORATIVE PRINTED MAPS* (*Staples*, 73s. 6d.). R. A. Skelton, superintendent of the Map Room in the British Museum and honorary secretary of the Hakluyt Society, has provided a completely new text and added 22 illustrations to the original 64—all but four of the 86 being full page. His long Introduction, his "General Bibliography" and his eight chapters—ranging from Ptolemy's Greek manual of A.D. 160 to eighteenth-century French and English cartography—should answer all the questions that students, browsers or idle dreamers alike could possibly put: on the history, printing and engraving of maps, their symbols, lettering, decoration and colouring, and the tools employed in their making. The pleasure to be had from turning over the pages of this sumptuous volume is worth a donor's money and the liveliest gratitude of a recipient. For who would not see the world spread out thus clearly as in the chart of 1545, or the Paris of 1550, or coloured Arran in the "Fyrth of Clyd" of 1654 with an attendant Ailsa Craig ("Ailza") very green and pointed, or the port, buildings and mountains of Barcelona as they were about 1697?

The unacknowledged master

To one who set forth from that *rambla*-adorned city less than eight weeks ago to travel La Mancha country, where a Sancho Panza was hopefully discerned in every rare peasant jogging over distant hillock or lonely road, the congenial recollection of J. M. Cohen's 1950 translation of *Don Quixote* became almost a tangible companion.

It was a double greeting back to England, therefore, to find Mr. Cohen's ROBERT BROWNING (*Longmans, Green*, 10s. 6d.) on the table. Those who are never tired of contemplating the Browning miracle of partnership and poetry may have confirmed in this scrutiny—whose express purpose "is to guide readers back to one of the greatest of English poets"—how authentically it was based. Because the life story has been told so often, the author chooses for discussion 'book' rather than 'man', but happily makes discoveries in the poems which help to throw new light as well on the man and on his marriage of true minds with Elizabeth Barrett. The progress from the "half-hearted rebel" and "rough ore" to the Browning Society's conception of the philosopher and "the most seriously underrated of the great Victorians" is unravelled; the texture of the re-estimate is firm and harmonious and, being constructive, promises to endure.

Spanish poets

Two books with a more direct relation to a Spanish holiday are UNAMUNO by Arturo Barea and Roy Campbell's LORCA (*Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge*, 6s. each). Besides his trilogy of autobiography beginning with *The Forge*, Señor Barea's study (which appeared, if memory is correct, in *Horizon*) of Mr. Campbell's present subject is especially recalled. It is hardly surprising that the Basque Unamuno should compete with the Granadan Lorca for the Castilian Barea's critical interest, for there is a certain similarity in many aspects of their lives. Politics had a more decisive influence perhaps on Unamuno who was twice relieved of his rectorship of Salamanca University, in 1901 and in 1936 when he had come to believe that Franco's rebels were "the enemies of all that stands for the spirit in this world." Fortunately he died of a stroke

at the end of that year. But the concern now is with his long life's work as teacher, poet, novelist, playwright and journalist, and the substantiation of the author's claim that "there is no thinking Spaniard who has not, wittingly or unwittingly, felt the influence of Miguel de Unamuno's goading, stimulating, irritating and humbling thought."

Mr. Campbell claims that Federico García Lorca "had no political tub to thump" and that his murder in July 1936 was due to a private grudge, "perpetrated under the cover of the general epidemic of killings." A regional poet, Lorca's appeal is universal and, paradoxically, never more so than when he is writing of Andalusia. "The cities of Granada, Córdoba and Sevilla," says Mr. Campbell, "always recur in that order in the poems." To one who has so recently experienced the hauntings, the melancholy, the sense of pain, the echoes in music and mime, the listening to far-off things, the iridescent decay of these towns magically outliving their splendours, the author's conveying of their atmosphere as background to Lorca's songs is both clarification and interpretation. The poetry is the theme of the book and the author's numerous and graceful translations make us smell the orange groves, see again the bright cruelty, beauty, and audacity of the bullring

And remember a sad wind among the olive trees.

A good laugh

In the same series of *Bowes & Bowes Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought* and at the same price is L. S. Salzberger's *HOLDERLIN*. Conscientiously it is mentioned, but with apologies, because it has not yet been tackled beyond the Introduction which affirms that the concrete yet ethereal quality of the poet's mature work is "unique in the history of German literature." The extracts lavishly scattered throughout the text are concrete enough; one must turn to the end of the book to find their English translations—an ex-

ercise procrastinated until the mood is more in tune. (Sometimes one is almost persuaded that there is something praiseworthy in being able to review a book without reading it.) But Miss Salzberger, a former lecturer in German in the University of Cambridge, is entitled to the consideration and concentration of all who speak or admire the language.

Meanwhile, the attention has giddily wandered to *THE HUMOUR OF DICKENS*, chosen by R. J. Cruikshank with illustrations by Searle, Lancaster, Joss, Illingworth, Low, Giles, Cummings, Vicky, Horner and Ardizzone (*Nevs Chronicle*, 3s. 6d.). The Foreword states that the publication is a labour of love to all who have had a hand in it: "Its profits go to help the Dickens Fellowship, on the occasion of its Jubilee, to complete the Dickens House Endowment Fund, the income from which will be devoted to the upkeep of the Dickens House." Yet the book is a rich entertainment in its own right and would have justified a much higher purchase price. Here are the Veneerings, Mrs. Wilfer, the Micawbers, Pecksniff, Mrs. Nickleby, Major Bagstock, Wopsle playing Hamlet, Dick Swiveller, Mrs. Jarley, Chadband, Mr. Skimpole, and the rest. Many readers of course will mourn omissions but this should only add to the interest aroused, and Dickens himself could not have been better served with drawings.

"of other days"

The news that GEORGE BERNARD Shaw's house needs an endowment fund and that the Memorial Appeal has been abandoned gives added poignancy to the reading of *SHAW'S CORNER* by his friend and neighbour Stephen Winsten (*Hutchinson*, 18s.). Of itself, the autumn touch is chilling, for G.B.S. is near to death and his conversation is cut up into the flashbacks of an old man. But it still crackles and has sparkle; after the cottager rushed at the two men as they walked, to tell them Gandhi was dead, Shaw said: "It is dangerous to be good. His life has not been cut short but extended indefinitely." And we

who honoured and admired the dramatist feel, with all his unsaintly vanities and pernickiness, that of him this too might well be said.

The American product

One who seems to be growing in stagecraft all the while is Tennessee Williams whose *SUMMER AND SMOKE* (John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.) was so fitting a vehicle a year ago for that wistfulness of Miss Margaret Johnston's. Read during a sixpenny bus ride, his *Glorious Hill* in Mississippi blotted out the Edgware Road and Oxford Street, with a blue sky (like Italy's "represented in the religious paintings of the Renaissance"), its night-lit Orion, Great Bear and Pleiades—the last obviously easier to see there than in London's overhead—and its fountain background to Alma, who swallowed air, the "little trick that hysterical women get into" when they laugh self-consciously, and who exclaims: "Why, it . . . hurts my eyes!" as she admires the other girl's engagement ring.

The golden days

As we have too often been reminded, there was none of the delicacy and elegance, the airiness, the exaggeration of gesture and mannerism of a Southern belle in the make-up of King Charles II's best known mistress. John H. Wilson in *NELL GWYN* (Muller. 18s.) tells the story of this "tiger lily" with all the expected emphasis, growing out of the "dungheap of a bawdyhouse, a debtors' prison at Oxford, the Old Bridewell of London, the narrow dark streets and evil slums of Covent Garden." As he gets into his stride he loses the tendency to leer at lechery and the book is thereupon vastly improved. Of the politics, the intrigues of Charles' fantastic court, of the whole gaudy-coloured pattern of Restoration England, the author has much to impart, and dovetails the pieces and paints in the background expertly and entertainingly.

We put his book down with our own familiar long-drawn sigh that one of the shrewdest, wittiest and most attractive kings who ever sat on the English throne should so have been at the mercy of passions which frittered his sagacity to useless bits.

Anecdotes galore

Another Charles, the Xth of France, figures briefly in the next book in a reminiscence about George IV who said petulantly: "I don't want to see him." Shane Leslie truly said that *The Story of My Life* by Augustus Hare was the best of bedside books, full as it was of pictures of the social life of England and Europe between 1834 and 1900. Its six volumes, too massive for to-day's taste, have been pruned (so far with no apparent damage to the structure) to fit two, the first of which is now presented as *THE YEARS WITH MOTHER* (Allen & Unwin. 25s.) and covering the period up to 1870. Malcolm Barnes has accomplished the stupendous task with every appearance of neatness and subtlety and has edited the whole with Notes and an Introduction. Scandalized critics have already sufficiently stressed the unmaternal feelings of Hare's own parent, who gladly gave her baby to her sister-in-law.* So here, singled out for delighted mention are the stays in Italy and particularly in and around Rome. As for the "stately homes of England" their doors were all open to Hare, their owners being intimate friends or tied to him by blood or marriage. Sufficient it is to conclude by saying that if the publishers fail to send the promised second volume, *In My Solitary Life* (up to 1900), it must and will be bought.

GRACE BANYARD

* On second thoughts, the relevant letter is too good not to enshrine here also: "My dear Maria, how very kind of you! Yes, certainly the baby shall be sent as soon as it is weaned; and, if any one else would like one, would you kindly recollect that we have others."

THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1952

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

A POPULAR vote of record dimensions has carried into power a party which controls only narrowly, though probably effectively, the two Houses of Congress. The question arises as to whether this demonstration, that the Republicans' victory was due in such large measure to the personal appeal of their candidate, is likely to be a factor in determining the policy which Mr. Eisenhower will follow when he assumes office. It is not the first time that a candidate of a successful party has been equivocal in his approach to some of the main problems of the period. It could indeed be argued that the Republican campaign of 1920 was united only in its antipathy to Wilson and all his works, and that the decision on a return to isolation was by no means clear in the speeches of the campaigners. It would be manifestly unjust to compare the President-elect Eisenhower with President Warren G. Harding, but the European observer would be happier if he were more certain that the balance of forces in the Republican Party had shifted to a greater extent between 1920 and 1952. Such problems of interpretation are not, of course, confined to Republican victories. We need look no further back than the election of 1932 to see the return of a candidate pledged to a reduction in national expenditure, and of a party which had largely abandoned by then the internationalist outlook of the Wilsonian episode. Prophecy in 1952 may look as foolish in a short time as prophecy in 1932 looked, first when the New Deal got going, and then when President Roosevelt emerged as a leading figure in a world-wide military alliance.

The appointment of Senator Lodge as the President-elect's representative with the State and Defence Departments is a hopeful sign that the instruments chosen will be appropriate to the policies desired. On the other hand, the American presidential system has often given greater scope to personal advisers of the President than to those holding the major official positions. The difficulty that confronts the relatively politically inexperienced President-elect is that the success of his campaign has revealed something about what the country feels but little as to what it thinks. Some of the proclaimed objectives of the campaign, the renewal of the federal administration and the purging of the elements in it rightly or wrongly accused of lax public morality, and of those wrongly suspected of Communist sympathies, can be achieved in a great measure without much greater loss to the country than that of some useful public servants, and of some confidence abroad in the character of American democracy. It is indeed possible to argue that the only way in which McCarthyism can be held in bounds is by a period of Re-

publican administration, and that the action that will undoubtedly be taken against certain individuals may be sufficient to close this unsavoury chapter in recent American history. On the other hand, when we get to such feelings as the general desire for a reduction in national expenditure and, still more, the uncertainties about foreign policy that General Eisenhower so dramatically capitalized in his offer to fly to Korea, we enter a realm in which the translation of feeling into policy becomes much more difficult and dangerous. How far is it generally expected that government intervention in the American economy on the recent scale has come to stay and may have to be increased if a success for Republican foreign policy produces a slackening in the demand for armaments? But although an American recession, not to say depression, would have disastrous consequences for the rest of the free world, we have at least the consoling reflection that direct American self-interest demands that this be avoided and that here the narrowness of the gap between the two parties, as opposed to that between the two Presidents, may make the bulk of the Republican Party unwilling to risk becoming identified again with pure *laissez-faire*.

The foreign aspect is much more immediate and much more difficult. The Republicans, as a party, have committed themselves in the last year to the view that America's difficulties in Europe and Asia are largely, if not wholly, due to errors in Democratic policy. They have propagated a version of world history since the Yalta Conference destined to give support to this view but bearing little, if any, relation to the facts. They have aroused hopes that a change of administration could, for instance, bring an end to the Korean war without the sacrifice of major principles, but have not made it clear that there is no very good reason for imagining that Moscow and Peking are dying to present General Eisenhower with a great diplomatic victory to celebrate his coming into office. It is conceivable that from promising Far-Eastern peace General Eisenhower might be forced into a situation in which he would have no option but to align himself with that hitherto frustrated section of the Party which has wanted to extend, not limit, the conflict. In Europe we know General Eisenhower as a protagonist of unity within the framework of the North Atlantic Treaty. But although this point of view has its supporters among Republicans there are others who have argued that Europe can be left to look after itself, and could be coerced into adopting policies which have hitherto met with opposition by the simple process of cutting off American aid. For us the most important thing is to realize that these options are still open and that, to some extent, the choice will be determined by the nature of Europe's reaction to the changes in America. It would be wise to withhold comment until the picture is clearer and above all, to refrain from using the American elections as a weapon in party politics at home.

FOOD AND POPULATION

BY HUGH PAUL

THERE are in the world 2,410 million persons, more than four times times the population of 300 years ago. Although man has been an inhabitant of this globe for a million years, it is only within the relatively brief period of three centuries that this huge increase has taken place, of which over 800 million have been added within the past 50 years. Up to the beginning of the present century, the populations of the various countries were kept reasonably low because of the constant presence in the world of war, disease or pestilence, and famine. The 1914-1918 war was the first conflict in history where the weapons of the enemy were responsible for a larger number of deaths than was infectious disease. It is true that nature, possibly in a fit of remorse, altered this in the two years after the end of the war by the pandemic of influenza which affected 700 millions of the population of the world and carried away 22 millions—an effort which showed the feebleness and frailty of man's puny efforts at self-destruction. In the Boer War of 1898-1900 the death rate from enteric fever alone was greater than the deaths which the armies were enabled to inflict on one another by musket and cannon. Earlier wars showed the unequal nature of the struggle much more clearly; it was infectious disease which destroyed the armed forces wandering throughout the civilized world. The early Crusades were characterized, not so much by losses in the field as by casualties from typhus, plague, cholera and other epidemic scourges and, indeed, only a small proportion of the company which left Europe in each Crusade ever reached the Holy Land.

But even in times of peace, however uneasy, the conquest of epidemic scourges now continues, and throughout most of Europe and America, through Australia and Indonesia, through parts of Africa and of Asia, epidemic disease is losing its grip. Smallpox is kept under tight and efficient control, and its contribution to the death roll in Europe and America is negligible. Cholera has disappeared, typhus has been overwhelmed by modern insecticides, and enteric fever in its mass manifestations is no longer with us. The picture is not so rosy in India and the Far East where these and other diseases carry on their work efficiently and silently. In India and Pakistan half a million persons die every year from tuberculosis and 50,000 from smallpox. In Bengal alone one hundred thousand persons died from cholera and dysentery in 1941. There are 300 million persons in the world suffering from malaria of

whom three million die each year, most of them in Asia. In addition there are such diseases as schistosomiasis, yaws, yellow fever, bilharziasis and so forth. It has been estimated in a United Nations report in 1949 that in the Middle East alone, between 20 and 30 million persons, that is, 90 per cent. of the rural population, are affected by these diseases.

It is not only, however, the death rate from these disabling diseases which is the important factor, but the low standard of health and physique which infection imposes on the unhappy victims. The sufferer from malaria seldom dies—the death rate appears to be only one per cent.—but each summer in many parts of Asia, four-fifths of the total population is incapacitated by its attacks. In Southern Rhodesia the loss of man power due to this disease amounts to between five and ten per cent. of the total labour force of the country and in addition the greatest degree of sickness absenteeism from malaria occurs at the peak period of agricultural production. It has been calculated that due to it India loses the country's economy £80,000,000 per year. Bilharziasis in Egypt costs £20,000,000 per annum and decreases the productivity of the country by 33 per cent.

These huge figures of death and disease in Asia point to the need for public health measures, and during the past generation much has been done especially in the sub-continent of India to deal with epidemic problems. But it is pertinent to point out that one of the main results of public health measures in these countries has been to reduce the infant mortality and save the child under one year of age so that he may starve to death at the age of five or six. The food production of India and possibly even more so of China is not sufficient to allow their millions to live adequately nourished. The problem therefore is insoluble by public health measures alone unless, at the same time, steps can be taken either to slow down the increase in population or to improve enormously the food supply.

It is difficult to give accurately the total amount of food produced in any country, and it is impossible to reach a correct figure for the whole world. Nevertheless, research has tried to obtain a reasonably true picture of the world situation. It is obvious that the more developed countries such as the United States, Canada, Western Europe, Australia and New Zealand can and do produce much more per worker and per acre than the more backward areas such as Africa and Southern and Eastern Asia, where the methods of agriculture are crude and mechanization scanty. In a pamphlet published by the U.S. Department of State, the world is divided into three sections, (a) developed areas which contain about one-fifth of the world population, (b) underdeveloped areas, which comprise two-thirds of the world population and (c) intermediate areas which account for the rest of the world. It is estimated that in the developed areas the amount of food available is sufficient to supply each citizen

with 3,040 calories, whereas in the underdeveloped areas there are only 2,150 calories.

Sherman in 1946 showed that the food requirements of an 11-stone man doing eight hours' work of moderate severity (for example, a carpenter) are:

8 hours' sleep at 65 calories per hour	520	calories
2 hours' light exercise at 170 calories per hour	340	"
8 hours' work at 240 calories per hour	1,920	"
6 hours' rest at 100 calories	600	"
Total daily requirements	3,380	"

Completely sedentary work would call for less food and heavy manual work would raise the total to nearly 5,000 calories; women and children would require less than men. To see however that a substantial proportion of the population consumes much more than the calorific requirements, one has only to spend a week in a South Coast residential hotel. It would therefore be safe to claim that the 3,040 calories available in the developed areas, taking men, women and children and allowing for greed and waste, is just about right. But the food supply for the underdeveloped areas (2,150 calories) is obviously insufficient and cannot provide enough for the requirements of the manual worker. If we take Sherman's figures and, instead of allowing for eight hours' work at 240 calories, we assume that our 11-stone man passes these eight hours in idleness (100 calories per hour) we find that he needs 2,260 calories. It would appear then that the 2,150 available calories, allowing for women and children, would do little more than maintain the population in health and idleness or in work and malnutrition. In fact, as they must work to live there is widespread malnutrition.

Winslow shows the close correlation between the amount of food consumed by the worker and his output of work. A number of miners were given 2,800 calories each and produced seven tons of coal per day. The rations were then increased to 3,200 calories and they produced 9.6 tons each per day, but lost weight. A dietary of 3,600 calories resulted in ten tons per man per day, and a return of their weight to normal. In the Ruhr during the war when the diet of the miners fell below 2,800 calories per day, production fell.

Taking the United States Department of State figures of 3,040 available calories per man in the developed areas, 2,760 in the intermediate areas and 2,150 in the underdeveloped areas, we find that throughout the entire world the average amount of food available is about 2,400 calories per person. This is insufficient for working efficiency, and the deficiency will increase year by year as the world population increases (by over 60,000 per day) unless the world production of food is heavily increased.

But it is wrong to assume that if the world production of food is suffi-

and, even if the insecticides were satisfactory and the drugs did all that is claimed for them, one would still have to persuade the tribes to co-operate. After all, Central Africa has belonged to the natives for thousands of years, and it would scarcely appeal to them to be told that the clearing of the bush of tsetse flies would result in a much superior protein diet for millions of Englishmen, Europeans, Indians and Chinese. The village pond in the African village provides all the year round breeding conditions for mosquito and tsetse flies, and should therefore be abolished, but the natives like it because it provides green plants which when reduced to ash are essential as a source of salt. In other areas these ponds contain fish which are sacred, representing to the natives the transmitted lives of particular villagers or housing the souls of their ancestors. Even if the natives could be persuaded to be broad-minded in the interests of their own health and that of the Europeans, it must be remembered that the soil of which parts of Africa is composed is very poor indeed and will not support a high cattle population and it might be necessary to replace thousands of square miles of elephant grass by more nutritious pasture and introduce modern methods of soil preservation together with the introduction of a suitable water supply.

Other virus diseases such as rinderpest and swine fever are common too in Central Africa and, although much good work has been done to reduce their incidence, animals or carcasses would not be accepted in international trade unless the absence of these virus diseases could be assured because of the danger of introducing them to other countries. Apart altogether from the question of disease, the growing of groundnuts and sunflower seed in Tanganyika has recently given costly and bitter experience of the difficulties of large scale food production in backward countries. The average yield of sunflower seed in England is about 17cwt. per acre and this contrasts with the yields of one to four cwt. per acre reported by the Overseas Food Corporation in Tanganyika where sunflowers are being grown as an alternative crop to groundnuts. And then, before production on a large scale could assist the nutritional requirements of other countries, it would be necessary to have a much more elaborate railway system and road system, larger and better equipped ports, and large cold storage establishments and refrigerated transport, both on the trains and at the ports.

In India very many millions of the population suffer from malaria and because of ill health their standard of food production is low. It is unlikely that it can be greatly improved without first preventing and curing malaria but the cure of malaria and the prevention of death from this disease would result in an enormous increase in the population and more mouths to fill. A symposium entitled *Freedom from Want*, edited for the American Association for the Advancement of Science by E. E. DeTurk in 1948 showed that the

American agriculturists were satisfied that food production in the world could be doubled in 1960. If this increase were to be effected there would be a generous supply for all of its inhabitants, and the spectre of starvation would not stand behind the delegates at an International Congress on World Government.

This vast increase in food, to be effective, would need to be accompanied by a solution of the problems of distribution as well as those of production. The enormous wastage and destruction of food would have to be stopped; steps would have to be taken to prevent soil erosion which is such a menace to so many countries of the world, and finally, vast improvements in technique would be called for.

Yudkin estimates that pests and disease destroy about one-fifth of the total grain produced each year, enough to feed 300,000,000 people. In the United States alone two and a half million acres of land are being lost each year by erosion in addition to some three hundred million acres already lost. Of the whole cultivated surface of the earth, we are losing soil at the rate of ten to 20 million acres per year, good rich soil, one inch of which may take five hundred years to form. He recommends the vesting in some authority of power to take action for the wider interests of the community against the immediate interests of individual farmers, timber merchants, and the like. He notes the measures in this connection in Israel and the U.S.S.R.

Irrigation has brought under production immense new areas of land. In places where rainfall is extremely low and where irrigation is not possible, such as Utah, deep rooted crops like lucerne and maize can be made to grow with only six inches of rain-fall per year. Modern methods of storage of green fodder, including ensilage and electric drying, help to obtain more nourishment from the same amount of food without loss through putrefaction. A great increase in available fertilizers has been obtained by the production of synthetic nitrogen products from the air, and the use of these allows rotation of crops in a single year. Increase in productivity has also resulted from the scientific introduction of such metallic constituents as calcium, phosphorus and iron. The use of sea sand has converted barren heath land in Cornwall into rich grazing land, and the addition of iodine to the soil in Montana enabled previous vast losses of animal stock to be overcome. Winter egg production has been increased by exposure to electric light, and controlled temperature has enabled more efficient breeding of pigs to be undertaken. Heated greenhouses have helped to improve the production of certain types of food. The study of genetics has shown that improvements may be secured by selective breeding of cattle both for meat and milk, and similarly useful results have followed the introduction of strains of wheat which can be grown within the Arctic Circle. The yield of fish may be enhanced by balanced schemes of preservation and fertilization in enclosed seas, and

there are great possibilities of increased production from the growth of food used on media derived from wood or from useless plant products.

The discovery of D.D.T. has done much to control the various pests which consume so much food. New types of insecticides are yearly being produced, but much can be done by the introduction of one parasite to feed on another, or to destroy harmful growth. Ragwort in New Zealand is ubiquitous and its consumption leads to hepatic cirrhosis in cattle and horses; the cinnabar moth feeds on ragwort, and another type of moth has been introduced into Australia to destroy acres of prickly pear. Ladybirds live by the consumption of insect pests and their breeding has helped to kill these pests in orange and lemon groves. Our knowledge of genetics enables us to grow rustless wheat, and also apples resistant to American blight. Sugar cane in Java has been quadrupled in output by crossing a high yielding variety with a more resistant wild type, and a quick maturing marquis wheat has been produced in 103 days from sowing by crossing two strains. This has greatly improved Canada's wheat-growing capacity.

If the world is to be well-fed, happy and contented it is abundantly clear that the total population must not be greater than can be fed. This premise does not hold at present; in the absence of a huge increase in food production, and—taking the long view—even in the presence of such an increase, the rise in world population would need to be reduced to nil. A "controlled population policy" has been advocated by many scientists and philosophers as the only humane and reasonable solution of the problem. Birth control, however, is restricted in the main to the countries where the standard of living is high and has never been widely practised in communities where starvation is the rule rather than the exception. The advocates of birth control say that these backward people must choose between it and dying of starvation. The answer is that they do choose: they choose to die. It is really rather difficult to accept the view that in the foreseeable future it will be possible to induce the Indian untouchable or the Chinese peasant to seek salvation through birth control. Whether it would be wise to try and persuade them to do so is a controversial matter to be decided by each individual on emotional rather than on reasonable grounds. The opponents of birth control claim that once the standard of living and nutrition of a community is raised the birth rate steadily declines, and that the problem is therefore one of improving the standard of living of the backward races; the reduced birth rate will follow. In the meanwhile, the starvation method is proving very successful.

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THE SOCIAL CONTRADICTIONS OF STALINISM

BY HUGH SETON-WATSON

THE Statute adopted last month by the 19th Congress of the re-named "Communist Party of the Soviet Union" declared the party to be composed of persons from "the working class, the working peasants and working *intelligentsia*."* Much has been written, both in and outside the Soviet Union, of the fate of the workers and the peasants, but the problems of the third category are much less known.

The word *intelligentsia* is of Russian origin and originally denoted what in the west is usually called "the professional class." In Russian conditions this meant especially teachers, lawyers and doctors. But in the course of time the word acquired a special significance. Educated Russians in Imperial Russia suffered from a double frustration, both ideal and personal. Their education brought them into the nineteenth or twentieth century; they lived the life, and thought the thoughts, of their professional colleagues in Paris or Berlin. But the overwhelming majority of the Russian people, from which they themselves sprang, lived in conditions which had hardly changed since the Middle Ages. The educated Russian was well aware that he was separated from the Russian people by a gap of centuries. The contrast tormented him. He became obsessed by problems of social justice and social revolution. He was easily accessible to any revolutionary ideas that were current, first to political liberalism then to socialism—imported in prefabricated form from the west and then remoulded into the special shapes of Russian Populism and Russian Marxism. His social conscience was reinforced by his personal difficulties—by the small number of jobs available for persons of his education, and by the contempt shown to him by the ignorant, slothful and reactionary bureaucrats who managed the Czar's empire. If he was a Jew, or a member of a non-Russian nationality, he suffered from additional forms of discrimination.

So widespread was this double frustration that almost all educated Russians were enemies of the Imperial régime. The word *intelligentsia* included in its meaning the notion of opposition. An educated Russian who supported the Czar—there were of course such people—was not a member of the *intelligentsia*. From its ranks were recruited the sects of professional revolutionaries who provided the leaders of the conspira-

* See THE FORTNIGHTLY, November 1952, "Nothing new from Moscow" by K. M. Smogorzewski.

torial Populist and Marxist parties. Most educated Russians had nothing to do with revolutionary conspiracy. But in the last resort they preferred the revolutionaries to the government. They would not lift a finger to help the Czar and his bureaucrats. They were profoundly disloyal to the whole existing régime. Their loyalty went to an abstraction called "the people" (*narod*). Even literature and literary criticism were distorted by the preoccupation with social issues.

The triumph of Bolshevism was the triumph of one section of the revolutionary *intelligentsia* over the others. But both during and after the civil war the Bolsheviks received much valuable help from members of the *intelligentsia* who rejected Marxist ideology and Bolshevik policies, yet preferred Lenin to the Whites, since the Whites embodied for them the old régime which they had despised and hated all their lives. During the first 20 years of Soviet rule these people played an important part. From time to time individuals or groups were victimized. The first years of the First Five Year Plan were marked by numerous scapegoat "trials" of pre-revolutionary *intelligentsia*. But neither Lenin nor Stalin could rule Russia without the old *intelligentsia*. They were indispensable as economists, doctors, scientists, teachers and even civil administrators. Above all they were needed to give professional and technical training to the new generation of post-revolutionary experts. Not until 1937, when the new generation was already there, was the old *intelligentsia* destroyed. The Yezhov purge of 1937-1938 massacred the pre-revolutionary intellectuals, including those who were old Bolsheviks, those who had started their careers in other parties and later joined the Communist Party, and those who had kept out of politics altogether.

To-day the *intelligentsia*, in Soviet terminology, covers all who are not workers or peasants. Here a small but significant qualification must be made. A certain number of persons holding administrative posts, especially within the party machine and within the trade union hierarchy, describe themselves as "workers" because they once performed a manual job, or were born of a working class family. In general, this use of the word "worker" may be compared to the insertion of *de* or *von* before a French or German family name.

With this exception, the phrase "toiling *intelligentsia*", now in current use in the Soviet Union, denotes all non-manual workers. It includes the *intelligentsia* in the old sense, and it includes the Soviet ruling class, but it is larger than either. It consists of managers, bureaucrats, army officers, police officials, doctors, teachers, scientists, engineers and a great host of miscellaneous accountants and clerks. Unfortunately its numbers cannot be easily ascertained. The only comparatively detailed figures that have been published date from 1937—before the Yezhov purge. They show 9,600,000 persons in the "toiling *intelligentsia*", in a total population of nearly 170 million. Of these 1,750,000 were man-

agers, both great and small; 1,500,000 were army officers and miscellaneous bureaucrats; 2,660,000 belonged to the equivalent of the western professional class, and 3,630,000 were clerks of various kinds.*

The Yezhov purge, the annexation of new territories, the war and the occupation of western and southern Russia have certainly transformed both the numbers and the composition of the Soviet *intelligentsia*. Its numbers are to-day somewhere between ten and 20 million in a population of some 200 million. As for the numbers of its component groups, even a skilled statistician, possessing all information available outside the Soviet Union, would have great difficulty in estimating them. But it is still possible to make some observations on their rôle in society.

Those who stand at the top of their professions enjoy a great measure of power, or wealth, or both. The ruling group are the senior officers of the Communist Party, the senior bureaucrats, the generals of the armed forces and the police, the managers of factories or groups of factories. As long as they possess the confidence of the autocrat they wield immense power, and their material standard of living is at least comfortable. Comfort without power belongs to what one may call the decorative aristocracy—actors, ballerinas, approved writers and artists. To these may be added scientists, whose function is more than decorative but who hold no power, except perhaps over the persons of their fellow-scientists.

The position of the medium and lower levels of the "toiling *intelligentsia*" is less brilliant. Nevertheless, they are privileged in comparison with the masses of the people. Apart from the rulers and the aristocracy, mentioned above, the only persons who fare better than the medium *intelligentsia* are the Stahanovite workers, who earn enormous wages as long as they can keep up the pace. That a position even in the lowest levels of the *intelligentsia* is much coveted, is shown by the constant complaints in the Soviet press of the excessive number of clerical and administrative personnel in all parts of the national economy. A clerical job is just that much better paid, in cash or in perquisites, than a manual job, to make it a desirable target for any non-Stahanovite worker or peasant.

There are three main social ladders by which a Soviet citizen may rise to power and wealth—the party, the army and the educational system. Since the late 1930's access to higher education has been considerably restricted. Between 1933 and 1938 the proportion of children of workers among students of higher educational establishments fell from 50 per cent. to 34 per cent.—and this at a time when, in consequence of the rapid industrialization, the proportion of industrial workers in the total population was increasing. In 1938 42 per cent. of students were

* The managers included 450,000 "heads of administrative institutions," 350,000 "directors and managers of state industrial enterprises, workshops and departments, and their deputies" and 580,000 chairmen of *kolkhozes* and their deputies. The professional class included 132,000 doctors, 969,000 teachers and 550,000 university students. The clerks included 1,600,000 book-keepers and accountants.

children of "employees and specialists"—that is, of the various categories of the "toiling *intelligentsia*". In 1940 fees were introduced for pupils of the top three classes of secondary schools and for university and other higher studies. These fees were high enough to exclude children of workers and peasants who did not win scholarships. At the same time the number of scholarships was reduced. Even more important was the decree of 1940 on Labour Reserves, which empowered the authorities to mobilize boys for compulsory training as skilled or "semi-skilled" workers. The training period was followed by four years of employment in a place to which they would be directed, and then by two years of military service. The effect was to deprive of any chance of higher education something between one-third and one-half of all Soviet male children, and a smaller proportion of girls*. In practice the Labour Reserves decree was applied most of all to children of peasants and of poor workers, and least of all to children of the "toiling *intelligentsia*" whose parents were also more able to pay the fees for higher education. These changes in education policy greatly reinforced the tendency of the "toiling *intelligentsia*" to become a hereditary class. It should be emphasized that it is still only a tendency. The Soviet social hierarchy is not yet rigid. Recruitment from below is still possible. It is however much less easy than it was 15 years ago, and the difference in material conditions between the upper strata and the masses is very great.

Within Soviet society two types of social tension may be expected to exist. One is between the privileged and the masses, the other is within the ranks of the privileged. The poor and exploited envy the material well-being of the bosses. The new *élite*, who have gained much in the last 15 years, know enough to want more. Historical experience of other countries shows that the discontent of a rising class which wishes to rise still further, is often as dangerous to the supreme ruler as the discontent of the masses who have nothing at all. But it is the combination of the two types of discontent that is deadly.

The privileged caste of the Soviet Union, the top levels of the "toiling *intelligentsia*", administrators and aristocrats alike, have reason to be content with their material position; what they lack is personal security, for themselves and their families. Their needs are not economic but political; what they wish is to be freed from the constant interference of the politicians, the wearisome indoctrination by the propagandists, the detailed instructions not only as to what they shall not do, but as to what they shall do and say and think.

The insecurity and the tyranny affect all sections of the "toiling

* Boys of 14-15 were trained for two years, boys of 16-17 for six months. Then came four years compulsory labour under direction, then two years in the army. At 22, without secondary education or the means to pay a fee, there could be little hope of higher education. In the first years of the scheme some 800,000 boys were called up from an average yearly age-group of about 1,500,000. Later the scheme was also extended to girls, but it is probable that the proportion of girls among the total numbers called up is not very high. Accurate figures on the numbers at present mobilized are impossible to obtain.

intelligentsia". The factory manager has to achieve a target arbitrarily fixed by the politicians, but is given neither the raw materials nor the manpower he needs. He can only survive if he exploits some of his workers, cajoles others, cooks his accounts, makes false returns of stocks, bribes the bureaucrats, buys and sells in the black market, gangs up with another factory against a third, in short breaks many laws in the Soviet criminal code. At the same time he must attend endless political meetings, make the right speeches, send the right telegrams of Byzantine self-abasement to the right boss at the right moment. He must know how to pick his closest colleagues, when and how to support them, when and how and to whom to betray them. Those who stand the strain are remarkable men indeed. But there must be times when they see how much more they could achieve, for themselves and their families and their factories and their country, if the inhuman pressure imposed from above were removed. And the same holds for the party official. It must not be imagined that his lot is a happy one. He knows that, if the industry of his province or his town fails to achieve the target, he will be disgraced, no less surely and no less severely than the manager. He too must cheat and lie and bribe and bully. He too must form cliques with those who can be useful to him, and push the blame on to a colleague. He too is kept perpetually on the run. He too must be aware of the mad wastage, of men and women and materials, that the system involves.

The social and political conflicts that lie below the surface of Soviet life are not between the *intelligentsia* and the party, but between the *intelligentsia* and the régime. The party is no longer the supreme factor in the Soviet political system. It is one—perhaps still the most important but still only one—of the instruments of Marshal Stalin's autocracy. The others are the civil administration, the economic administration, the armed forces and the security forces. The party still plays a vital part as the means of recruitment to high office, and as the sole mouth-piece of propaganda. The top ranks of the other hierarchies are filled with members of the party, but they function not as members but as bureaucrats, managers, officers or policemen. Their loyalty is less to the party than, through their hierarchical superiors, to the supreme autocrat who controls the party and all else besides. Managers and officials and officers, and even writers and scientists, may be members of the party, but this does not release them from the personal and general frustrations inherent in the régime. This applies even to some who are not only members of the party but officials in the party hierarchy. The conflict between the *intelligentsia* and the régime is in many cases a conflict within the minds of men and women who execute the will of the autocracy which is the source of their sufferings.

The parallel with the pre-1917 *intelligentsia* seems obvious, but is misleading. Available evidence suggests that the outlook of the new

intelligentsia is very different from that of the old. The old was pre-occupied with its obligation to serve the suffering masses; the new seems concerned only with its own needs. It has perhaps more in common with the rising French *bourgeoisie* of the eighteenth century. Like its French predecessors, it is proud of its achievements, aware of the fact that the strength of its country is due to its efforts, impatient of the parasitic stranglehold of the régime—the Old Man of the Sea that it must bear on its shoulders. It has wealth and it exercises power; it lacks social status, security and the right to influence the decision of policy.*

The Soviet "toiling *intelligentsia*" also has specific points of similarity with the early capitalist class of Britain, and perhaps still more of America. Its *ethos* is the rugged individualism of the Wild West, distorted by co-existence with totalitarianism in the political and cultural fields. The aesthetic tastes of the Soviet rising class are those of the Victorian *bourgeoisie*. The monumental vulgarity of the neo-classical palaces of the Soviet bureaucracy is the equivalent of St. Pancras Station and North Oxford. The hatred of the Soviet rulers for any originality in arts or letters has its precedents in the Europe and America of the first stages of industrial capitalism. It is a specifically *bourgeois* kind of philistinism. No doubt the whims of the autocrat have much to do with it. A recent work by a Russian author has stressed the effects of Marshal Stalin's preference for folk-songs and dislike of orchestral music.† But the degradation of Soviet composers was not solely due to the wishes of the genial teacher of progressive humanity. Zhdanov's insistence on nice jolly tunes reflected the tastes of the rising Soviet *bourgeoisie*. A Victorian flavour can also be found in the new condescension towards the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union. The arguments with which Soviet historians explain to Caucasians and Kirgiz how good it was for them to be conquered by the generals of the Czars, though couched in the terminology of dialectical materialism, have a familiar ring. They are the Marxist-Leninist equivalent of Kipling. They have his arrogance, but lack his literary distinction.

That these social tensions exist is a reasonable hypothesis, which fits the scraps of evidence that reach the world beyond the Soviet borders. But even if the hypothesis is true, it does not follow that the Soviet régime will soon be overthrown or collapse. A palace revolution is of course always a possibility, though not a likely one. But a mass revolution is improbable for two reasons. One is that the security police is not only ruthless and efficient, but controls both public and private life on a scale unparalleled in other societies—including the Spain of Philip II and the

* This comparison with eighteenth century France is made in a thoughtful work by a recent émigré from the Soviet Union, G. Achminow, *Die Macht im Hintergrund*, Ulm 1951.

† Y. Yelagin, *Ukroshchenie iskussty* (The Taming of the Arts), New York 1952. The author is a violinist who played in various theatrical and other orchestras in Moscow in the mid-1930's. His book gives a charming and convincing picture of the theatrical and musical worlds of the Soviet Union in the years before and during the Yezhov purge.

Germany of Adolf Hitler. The second is that the two types of discontent—of the rising class and of the oppressed masses—are isolated from each other. Nevertheless the pressure of social forces is and will continue to be felt. The nepotism and cliques and corruption that are so frequently denounced in the Soviet press, and bulked large in the debates of the 19th Congress last month, are a result of the régime, an inevitable form of self-defence by the rising class against inhuman and impossible demands. The autocrat is determined to keep society fluid, to prevent the stabilization of new social groups. The most drastic attempt to this end was the Yezhov purge. It nearly destroyed the Soviet State. Marshal Stalin learned his lesson; experiments on this catastrophic scale cannot be risked again. But within the limits imposed by national security the task is increasingly difficult.

It is a reasonable hypothesis that within the next decade the development of new social forces will modify the nature of the Soviet régime. It is also a reasonable hypothesis that social changes will affect Soviet foreign policy. There is little reason to suppose that most members of the rising Soviet *bourgeoisie* are "pro-western", or yearn for "the American way of life." They are truculent chauvinists and imperialists, and will probably long retain the uneasy arrogance of the self-made, reinforced by a generation of Bolshevik persecution-mania. Even so, they should be easier to live with than fanatical doctrinaires. Neither as individuals nor as a class have they any interest in the revolution-mongering that has hitherto underlain Soviet foreign policy—no less in the age of Stalin than in that of Lenin. Perpetual international tension is no less necessary to the maintenance of Marshal Stalin's autocracy than perpetual international social tension. The essence of the barely conscious aspirations of the rising class is the removal of the unceasing totalitarian pressure, which hinders the fulfilment of its professional tasks and deprives it of its place in society. Social stability and freedom of thought are more compatible with peaceful foreign relations than are purges and indoctrination, hate campaigns and incitement to revolution.

Already in the 1930's some observers predicted the *embourgeoisement* of the Soviet régime. Their prophecies were premature, and some of their details were unconvincing. But recent development has rather supported than disproved the general trend. Neither parliamentary government nor private enterprise of the West European or American type are likely to appear in Soviet Russia. But the social forms that can emerge from the impact of industrialization on a non-western society are far more various than the ideologists either of capitalism or of Marxism have imagined.

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STABLE GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE?

BY PHILIP M. WILLIAMS

FRENCH governments have lived dangerously since 1947. In that spring, the Communist party went out of office, and took most of the organized workers into open opposition to the Government and to the régime. Almost at the same moment, General de Gaulle summoned all Frenchmen, and attracted millions of them (especially Conservatives) to join his Rally of the French People. Between the rival advocates of strong and dynamic government, the moderate groups waged a dogged and persistent struggle for survival. But they survived the difficult years, and when in 1949 relative economic stability was achieved, public support began gradually to swing back from the extreme to the middle parties. A general election confronted the centre groups with a new problem. It was still possible, despite their recovery, that the two oppositions would outnumber the moderates in the new Assembly. So the outgoing majority revised the electoral law, allowing allied parties to pool their votes. The Communists were unable to take advantage of this provision (since no-one would work with them) and the Gaullists were unwilling to do so. The whole benefit therefore accrued to the middle groups, which won only a bare majority of votes, but obtained two-thirds of the seats.

The election showed the country to be almost evenly divided about each of the three great cleavages in French life. Catholics and anti-clericals, parliamentary democrats and authoritarians, *bourgeois* and working-class parties, confronted each other in almost equal numbers. The permutations of these differences divide Frenchmen into six main party combinations, and these six too were equal, each having about a hundred seats. An alliance between three of them would have no safe majority—especially as the three which were nearest to agreement, clerical Conservatives, Radicals (anticlerical conservatives) and MRP (Catholic progressives) happened to be the smallest three of the six. To add a fourth group would produce a safe majority on paper, but one so internally divided that it could hardly survive for long. Only a split in one of the other parties, the Socialists or the Gaullists, could solve the problem in parliamentary arithmetic which the French electorate had set.

For a little while the old majority remained precariously in being. The Socialists would not join M. Pleven's Government, but they continued to support it. But RPF skilfully used the clerical issue to divide

the former partners. MRP, as a Catholic party, had to support the demand for subsidies to Church schools, and the Socialists had to oppose it; not to do so might, in either case, have meant political suicide. When M. Barangé's bill passed into law in September 1951, the old majority was broken. The RPF, as the largest of the six groups, believed that the game was at last in their hands, and that they would soon be able to make their own terms for entering and dominating the Government.

For a few weeks longer the Pleven ministry survived by avoiding firm commitments on controversial issues, as it had done on the clerical question. But over the budget this became impossible. To avoid tax increases which would alienate Conservative support, the Government proposed an economy programme, notably on the nationalized railways and in the social services. The Socialists, fearing to lose their few remaining working-class supporters to the Communists, voted with the opposition and turned the ministry out. The next Prime Minister, M. Edgar Faure, regained Socialist support by concessions, proposing to balance the budget by introducing new taxation instead of economies. The other wing of "what for want of a better term was still called the majority" now revolted in its turn. Many Radical and Conservative members had pledged themselves at the election to oppose higher taxes, and at the end of February their defection overthrew M. Faure.

Expenditure, voted two months before, was already running at the next year's rates; revenue was still being collected at those of the previous year. The budget deficit mounted, and the problem grew more acute daily, but the Assembly appeared incapable of resolving the deadlock.

At the beginning of March, M. Antoine Pinay was invited to form a government. Though he had for two years been Minister of Transport, he was hardly known at all to the general public. Neither MRP nor the Radicals had any great enthusiasm for him, but both hoped for Conservative support when their own chance at the premiership came round. Since he was sure to be defeated, they would lose nothing, and gain some goodwill, by giving him their support as a friendly gesture. But when the crucial day arrived, the prophets were dumbfounded. Twenty-seven Gaullist deputies recognized in M. Pinay's speech the accents that they (or at any rate their electors) wanted to hear, and defied party discipline to vote for him. The parliamentary deadlock was broken, and a new majority was born.

The new Prime Minister followed up his popular pledge to impose no new taxes by cancelling the decision, already announced, to increase the price of electricity. With this double defiance of the trend of recent years, he acquired at a stroke an unshakable hold on public opinion. Repeatedly in the coming months he was to show the same shrewdness. Strong measures against the Communists, for example, proved a useful means of consolidating his majority. And in October, when he was

faced with a dangerous right-wing attack on his Foreign Minister, the Americans came to his rescue by handing him an allegedly humiliating "note"; by refusing to accept it he won nation-wide approval, and completely took the wind out of his opponents' sails.

This flair for judging public opinion is indeed the key to M. Pinay's success. He is not a clever parliamentarian, as he demonstrated over the "Dorey amendment" in April. He has never enjoyed any special favour among the deputies. But he has established a strong Government by a method which no-one has been able to employ since Poincaré a quarter of a century ago; he has enlisted the force of public opinion as a means of pressure on the Assembly. Usually the demands of constituents lead members to vote against the ministry. Under M. Pinay they have been its mainstay. His political success was striking. The Gaullist split which put him in power deepened and widened. At the end of June, a strong RPF candidate in a Paris by-election held only a third of the votes given to his predecessor a year before—and the defection was greater in the *bourgeois* than in the working-class quarters. In the Assembly, the RPF parliamentary group, which had prided itself on its discipline, began to split on crucial divisions, like the old individualist parties, into three factions—pro-Government, anti-Government, and abstainers. When the leaders tried to counter this by imposing stricter discipline, they found themselves faced by a crisis. Thirty of their members, who had in March preferred the leadership of M. Pinay to that of General de Gaulle, in July confirmed that decision by seceding from the RPF. The largest of the six parliamentary groups became, overnight, the smallest. For the first time for 20 years, there was a parliamentary majority of the Right, under a leader who appealed to the country as an avowed Conservative.

The consolidation of a Conservative majority was bound to shatter the cohesion of the RPF. Less spectacular, but more surprising, was the success of M. Pinay in weakening the other extreme movement. The Communist party admitted that the workers' illusions about the real character of the Pinay Government were enfeebling their militancy, and had led to the failure of the abortive demonstrations in the spring, for which MM. Marty and Tillon were made the principal scapegoats. Though it would be absurd to hold M. Pinay mainly responsible for the rift in the Communist party, his success in holding down prices and in stabilizing the Government certainly had an indirect effect, by sapping Communist strength and thus provoking dissension in their ranks.

This remarkable political success has somewhat obscured the more disquieting features of his régime. These have aroused little attention abroad, where the survival of a French government is its own justification. Yet they are not unimportant. Politically, the Pinay ministry represents an important stage in the recovery of the forces which supported Marshal

Pétain and opposed the Resistance movement. Economically, its partial successes have been won largely by piling up difficulties for its successors. Abroad, colonial matters and the broad lines of French foreign policy have come under serious attack.

In domestic politics, the Pinay ministry has gone far to liquidate the revolution of 1944-1946. Effective power has passed to the groups which were then in opposition, the Radicals and Conservatives. MRP indeed remains uneasily in the Government coalition (though no one would think so from reading its press). But the other groups which made a real contribution to the Resistance movement, whether of the Right or of the Left, are all in opposition. Meanwhile the political revival of the Vichyites continues. M. Pinay himself voted for Pétain in 1940, and accepted membership of his National Council (which never met). One of his close advisers is M. Flandin, Prime Minister before the war and Foreign Minister under Vichy, to-day best remembered for his telegram congratulating Hitler over Munich. The Marshal's former *chef de cabinet* and defence counsel both sit on the Government benches.

The economic policy of the Government is also open to severe criticism. The budget was balanced, on paper, without new taxation; but this was a parliamentary rather than a fiscal triumph. It represented the abandonment of the attempt, courageously pursued by Finance Ministers since the liberation, to pay their way without borrowing and inflation. Much of the political instability of the last few years can be explained by the resistance of the public to the steady increase in the percentage of the national income taken by the State. This increase was due in part to higher expenditure, but mainly to the effort to fill by taxation a budgetary deficit previously met by inflation. The stability of the Pinay Government was achieved by a more popular policy.

M. Pinay repudiated the advice of his officials and the example of his predecessors. He reverted to the habits of the Third Republic, when politicians like his mentor M. Flandin had prejudiced the country's industrial future in the sacred cause of low taxes. He reduced expenditure by drastic cuts in the housing programme, so sorely needed to tackle the most appalling of France's social problems, and in industrial investment, indispensable if French industry was to recover from the alarming backwardness in which the war had found it.* His estimates of revenue were optimistically high, those of expenditure equally optimistically low. All other considerations were subordinated to the dominant point of his policy—the need to tempt hoarded capital from its hiding-place. To achieve "confidence", a loan was offered at exorbitantly favourable terms, and M. Pinay forced through a reluctant Parliament an amnesty

* M. Pinay's axe was, however, selective. It did not fall upon the huge subsidy paid to the politically powerful beetroot growers to encourage them, to the detriment alike of the health of the citizen and of the equilibrium of the budget, to produce quantities of alcohol for which no normal commercial market can be found.

to those whose past defrauding of the revenue had imposed so heavy a burden on the fixed-income and wage-earning classes, who cannot evade taxation.

If "confidence" could be restored, M. Pinay believed that all the country's economic problems could easily be solved. But the loan, for which so many sacrifices had been made, produced far less new money than had been hoped for. Industrial production declined, and the balance of payments position worsened steadily. In price policy, indeed, M. Pinay had better success. He checked the rise in the cost of living, though he did not reverse it. But this important victory was largely due to the sliding scale bill. The automatic increase of the minimum wage, when the cost of living reached a certain point, imposed both upon the Treasury and upon the *patronat* a new incentive to check the rise in prices. Commentators have described the bill as "M. Pinay's master-stroke." But little credit for it is due to a Government which opposed and delayed the bill as long as they dared, but were finally compelled by the opposition reluctantly to swallow it in a mutilated form.

The Prime Minister has not been well served by the interests behind him. Himself an enlightened businessman, he has preached unceasingly the need for economic liberalism to justify itself if it is to survive: to introduce real competition into the cartellised world of French industry, if necessary by opening the home market to foreign competition; to squeeze profit margins, especially in distribution; to reform the fiscal system. He has found that high-principled exhortation is not enough. The leader whose rule was to represent the return of economic freedom was soon driven to resort to the despised techniques of *dirigisme*—after the apparatus of economic control had been dismantled so completely that it could no longer be effectively used. The man who, last spring, was universally acclaimed by peasants and businessmen, found by the autumn that the shopkeepers were denouncing his fiscal proposals, the peasants were in revolt against his price policy, and the political quarters most closely connected with French industry were launching a dangerous attack on his most vulnerable point, foreign policy.

It sounds odd to describe external affairs as the Government's weak point. For French foreign policy has shown remarkable continuity. MM. Bidault and Schuman, both of MRP, have between them occupied the Quai d'Orsay ever since the war, and their policy appeared to command general acceptance. Yet early in 1952 M. Schuman (like other Foreign Ministers in French history who had seemed stable and secure while their colleagues changed around them) discovered that his domestic political position had been dangerously undermined.

The old coalition was less united on external policy than it appeared. Its left wing, Socialists and a growing section of MRP, were keen supporters of the economic integration of Europe, but were disturbed by the

Government's colonial policy. Radicals and Conservatives, more responsive to the views of industry at home and of settlers abroad, upheld the official policy in the empire, but had little desire to allow effective European competition in the protected home market. And at the end of 1951 both imperial and European policy became explosive issues.

The Tunisian crisis greatly increased the alarm of the Left over colonial developments, and it occurred in an area for which the Foreign ministry was directly responsible. German rearmament was far less acceptable to public opinion than the Schuman plan, and brought the European policy under simultaneous fire from the nationalist Right and from the Socialist Left. Consequently, when the Pinay ministry was formed, M. Schuman had already become a parliamentary liability, and he was reappointed only because MRP refused to take office without him. From within the coalition attacks have recently been launched against him by the dissident Gaullists (who had put M. Pinay into power) and by leading Radicals, M. Herriot even hinting that the sympathy of the Prime Minister was with the critics rather than with their victim. With little support outside his own party, M. Schuman's position has become dangerously insecure. Yet, if external affairs constitute the main weakness of the existing combination, they form an even more serious obstacle to the formation of a new one.

It is not easy to find an alternative majority to M. Pinay's. Many MRP members, disliking their position of left-wing hostages in a right-wing Government, would like to return to the old alliance; but they have little hope of success, for neither Conservatives nor Socialists would make any concessions to achieve this end.

The only other possibility is to bring the "orthodox" Gaullists into the majority. In theory this could happen in three ways: by their association with the moderate Left bloc (MRP and Socialists), with the *bourgeois* bloc (Conservatives and Radicals), or with the pro-clerical elements in each (MRP and Conservatives). The last possibility can probably be discarded—support for Church schools is an insufficient foundation for co-operation in government. Between the other two, a difficult obstacle arises; for the RPF shares the outlook of the Conservatives on external policy, and that of the Left on domestic issues.

In splitting the Gaullist movement, M. Pinay has profoundly modified its character. The departure of many of its Conservative deputies and most of its Conservative electors has shifted its centre of gravity. The Gaullist leaders were never orthodox Conservatives. They want a reformed and regenerated France, and care little what sacrifices may have to be imposed on particular groups in order to attain their objectives. They are regarded with suspicion by the leaders of French business, have no special tenderness for its interests, and are anxious to retain their popular following. They entered politics by way of the Resistance,

resent the growing arrogance of the reviving Vichyites, and have reacted by a new firmness in dealing with such elements in their own ranks.*

At the same time the reduction of the Gaullist numbers in Parliament to 80, instead of the 200 for which they had hoped, has made the movement less dangerous in the eyes of its potential allies, as well as less aggressive in its own attitude. The shift to the Left provides a possible basis for co-operation with those Socialists who want to return to office (mostly the right-wing, "managerial" element), with the section of MRP which is most dissatisfied with M. Pinay (generally the left-wing of the party), and perhaps also with the likeliest architect of a new economic policy, M. Mendès-France. But formidable obstacles stand in the way. Personalities are not the least of them—above all that of General de Gaulle. Past propaganda is another; each of the groups concerned has taught its followers for five years to believe the worst of the others. This distrust can more easily and quickly be overcome among the leaders, who nearly all share a common Resistance background and training and memories, than among the rank and file who often lack this common experience. In addition, the Gaullist attitude on foreign and imperial affairs, especially on the crucial problem of Indo-China, is sharply opposed to that of their potential partners.

The *regroupement* of RPF, MRP and Socialists is thus difficult, perhaps impossible to achieve. Yet it is hard to see any other practical alternative to the coalition forged by M. Pinay. In this difficulty lies one source of his parliamentary strength. But the continuation of a given majority in the Assembly is, as previous Prime Ministers know only too well, entirely compatible with frequent changes of government. From this point of view, however, M. Pinay enjoys a much stronger position than his predecessors, because of that exceptional popularity in the country which has been so important in holding his coalition together.

M. Pinay thus presides over the strongest Government of the Fourth Republic. He has revolutionized the parliamentary situation by creating a new majority, for the most part based on a genuine community of outlook, yet still including a reluctant MRP, which remains because it can see no available alternative. He has established a personal hold on public opinion which ensures that, so long as the Conservative majority continues in being and holds the reins of power, M. Pinay himself will remain a political asset it can ill afford to discard. These are striking achievements for a politician whose name was almost unknown, even in France, only a year ago.

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* One prominent Gaullist went so far as to offer asylum to a well-known Communist, with whom he had worked in the Resistance, in case the latter should be pursued by M. Pinay's police. The incident was hardly typical, but it shows the deep difference between the attitude of the authentic Gaullist and that of the ex-Vichyite Conservative.

SOUTH AFRICA'S REAL DILEMMA

By C. W. M. GELL

FOR more than eighteen months South Africa has been in political turmoil because the Nationalist Government believed that the Statute of Westminster had unintentionally nullified the entrenched provisions of the South Africa Act of 1909, which is the South African-drafted constitution of the Union. When the Appeal Court contradicted that belief in March 1952, the Government created a High Court of Parliament superior to the Appeal Court in order to revalidate the disfranchisement of the Cape Coloured voters by the same simple parliamentary majority which could not legally enact it. This the High Court duly did in August. But within a month the Cape Division of the Supreme Court declared the Act creating the High Court to be itself "invalid, null and void and of no legal effect and force."

Dr. Malan, the Nationalist Prime Minister, has committed himself to the dangerous doctrine that "with all the implications of the matter we, as a Government, cannot allow ourselves to lose." Earlier in the year, when the Nationalists' chances in the 1953 election seemed to depend on disfranchising the Coloureds so as to obtain a swing of between ten and 20 Cape constituencies, the likelihood of the Government immediately defying an adverse decision in the courts had appeared so strong that the leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. G. N. Strauss, pledged the 55 per cent. majority of the electorate which supported the Opposition to resist illegal measures by every legal means and to meet force with force. However, now that an organized agitation has broken out among the non-European peoples, Nationalist strategists have taken heart about their electoral chances. The party will probably temporarily accept an adverse Appellate judgment and ask the country in May 1953 for a mandate to defend "white civilization" and establish "the supremacy of Parliament over a Court of five paid officials." Since the Nationalists are extremely unlikely to get a two-thirds majority, their victory by a bare majority would not solve the legal issues and the assault on the courts, the constitution and the rule of law would, therefore, be renewed with consequences which it is difficult to foresee. For the Opposition parties dare not compromise with a party whose desire to rig the vote has been so palpable that few doubts remain of its intention to establish, in fact if not in form, a one-party, one-language republic.

Grave as these issues are, they do not go to the heart of the South

African crisis. For the argument is whether democracy shall be confined to the Nationalist one-tenth or the European one-fifth of the total population. And the remaining four-fifths are now beginning to knock at the door of equal treatment and opportunity which all the European parties are determined to keep closed. The Nationalists, representing two-thirds of the Afrikaners and less than 45 per cent. of the white electorate, take their stand on *apartheid* which, as they use the word, denotes the preservation of the *baasskap* (white supremacy) and of a cheap labour supply for the immediate interests and convenience of the Europeans. When he has finished his work in European-controlled industries and mines, the African labourer will return home at night to compounds or Native townships (locations) segregated from European residential areas. He will pass through different entrances to the railway stations, stand in different queues, travel in separate carriages and buses and put up with very inferior amenities and social services. At all times he must carry a series of documents (passes), he may not be out late at night without a special pass and he may not own freehold land in locations or anywhere else except in his isolated and overcrowded rural Reserves. He will have no political rights at all, will be confined to unskilled employment, but may be allowed a small say in location affairs and, perhaps, a rather larger say in the management of his Reserves. His children will have a special sort of education "in keeping with their national characteristics" and their future rôle in a European-dominated society. Government policy will be to keep the "permanent" African urban population as small as possible by relying extensively on migratory labourers, who leave their families in the Reserves for months or years together.

To its credit the United Party, thanks to the Report of its Fagan Commission in 1948, realizes that migratory labour is both economically inefficient and morally indefensible. The party is prepared to mitigate the application of several of the discriminatory laws and regulations, which the Nationalists enforce with arrogance and insensitivity. But it stands firmly by perpetual white political leadership, the industrial colour bar, the laws against sexual intimacy between the races, social and residential segregation. And some of its members, conspicuously from Natal where Europeans are fearful of Indian competition, have abstained from opposing such notorious Nationalist measures as the Group Areas Act or the Native Laws Amendment Act (with its penal clauses for Africans breaking labour contracts or being rude or disobedient to their white employers), or have even voted with the Government.

The difference between the Nationalist and their political opponents on racial issues is thus narrowed to one of degree and application. And the former are verbally committed to trying to reverse the permanent migration of non-European labourers and their families from the rural areas and the Reserves to the towns, which the United Party is prepared

to accept in the economic interests of the country, provided it can be controlled for the convenience and comfort of the Europeans. It is, therefore, one of the more paradoxical aspects of South African politics that, when so little apparently divides the two European factions on this basic issue—the preservation of "white civilization"—it should be the chief factor in the present tension between them. Some say that the Nationalists are neo-Nazis, anxious for power for power's sake; others that they seek to pay off old scores against both British and Bantu. There is some justification for these allegations, as applied to some Nationalists. A patriarchal social ethic and sense of historical grievance are ingredients in Afrikaner Nationalism. But the primary motive driving Dr. Malan and the moderate majority of his party is "the maintenance of the European dominance over the overwhelming majority of non-Europeans," which only their own party can be trusted to preserve. Nationalists fear that the *baasskap* of the Opposition parties, being based only upon self-interest, racial prejudice and past history, may one day prove fallible and the gates might then be opened for a flood-tide of "Cape-British liberalism". The Nationalists fortify these sentiments with their own brand of Calvinist fundamentalism and a belief, which they interpret Scripture as sanctioning, that the differences between Europeans and Africans, both biological and in regard to innate ability, "are permanent and not man-made." The safeguarding of the temporal future of God's predestined elect demands the retention of a Nationalist parliamentary majority until it has irreversibly stamped upon the country "the pattern of inequality which God Himself has created." To this end, it may be necessary for the Nationalists to obviate the constitutional possibility of the return to power of those who differ so slightly from them on practical racial issues.

But there is evidence accumulating to-day to support the warning of the old Cape liberals and the late J. H. Hofmeyr that the way of fear and permanent differentiation leads only to disaster. There have been occasional moments in South African history when it looked as if the non-European peoples might combine for political action. But indifferent leadership provided by a minute educated intelligentsia proved unable to sustain enthusiasm among an illiterate and scattered population with diverse origins and strongly fissiparous tendencies. When the Nationalists came into power in 1948, an African leader said that it was the best thing that could have happened, since the explicit denial of human equality and the increased discrimination, which he foresaw, would provide the focus of a common hatred to unite the non-Europeans. The last few months have seemed to justify this prophecy. Some visiting journalists, comparing the infant beginning of the present Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign with the full flood of India's *satyagraha* have concluded that this new movement, too, will soon fade out—a view which

the majority of white South Africa shares. But this verdict may well be premature. Not only has the non-European urban population enormously increased in the last 20 years, thus providing a fairly compact community with very real grievances about the appalling conditions in which they live and work, but the intelligentsia is now more numerous and made much more effective by alliance with the Indians. Already over 7,000 passive resisters have gone to prison and the only people so far to lose their heads* have been the police and Government, who have arrested and proscribed most of the movement's leaders under the far too comprehensive Suppression of Communism Act (which allows the accused no redress in the courts) and are threatening to enact legislation enabling resisters to be flogged. The first measure will probably hamper the movement temporarily; but the background of the Nationalists' *herrenvolk* mentality, their often crude and truculent administration of discriminatory regulations and the threat to use physical violence against non-violent demonstrators provide just that stimulus of persecution and oppression which may make the movement a success by sustaining the courage and endurance of its spear-head.

Now it should be obvious that, if this situation is allowed to deteriorate (as it very easily could) into one of uncompromising white nationalism confronting implacable coloured nationalism, no peaceful solution is likely to emerge. And, while the Europeans' monopoly of modern weapons might temporarily maintain their power, it will be physically impossible, economically catastrophic and morally indefensible for one-fifth of the population to attempt to hold down indefinitely the other, hostile four-fifths, once they have learnt the technique of mass action.

It is, therefore, probably not fortuitous that at this critical juncture in South African history the two constructive objectives of total separation and full integration of the races should have been put before the European public more explicitly than ever before.

The South African Bureau of Racial Affairs is a body of Afrikaans intellectuals. It has now pointed out that by 2000 A.D. the population of the Union will consist of, perhaps, six million Europeans (this, it admits is an optimum figure) and some 20-25 million non-Europeans. Whether, as the Opposition suggests, the latter have been integrated into the 'European' economy or, as the Nationalists prefer, have been locally segregated and held at rather lower economic and educational levels, their numerical preponderance and economic indispensability will make their inevitable demand for increased political and other rights almost irresistible. Since SABRA assumes that the racial fears and prejudices of the Europeans are ineradicable, it foresees an endless and immoral struggle for power, with the white man refusing ever to allow

* The riot at Port Elizabeth on October 18, in which four Europeans were murdered and seven Africans killed by the police, did not arise out of the Defiance Campaign, though the existing racial tension was obviously a contributory factor.

power to pass voluntarily to a black majority. On this assumption, the only moral and practical alternative is complete separation of Europeans and non-Europeans, each living in their own territorial areas.

SABRA realizes that this will eventually mean the virtual elimination of African labour from the European economy and believes that white South Africa would be prepared to face the sacrifice and the cost of partition if the end is the assurance of its survival. But SABRA is not quite honest about the territorial implications of the policy. It manages to convince itself that the present Native Reserves (13 per cent. of the Union's area) plus the High Commission Territories will, if intensively developed, provide a viable *Bantustan*, having 45 per cent. of the area of the Union and the High Commission Territories. But in the first place, there is no reasonable prospect that the indigenous inhabitants and the British Parliament will agree to South Africa's incorporation of the Protectorates in the future; Dr. Malan's policies have seen to that. Secondly, the figure of 45 per cent. is reached by adding to the Union's 60,000 sq. miles reserved for Natives, Bechuanaland's 275,000 sq. miles which are mostly desert, Basutoland's 12,000 which are largely mountain and Swaziland's mere 7,000—and all these three areas are already overcrowded, though capable of some further development. Thirdly, SABRA envisages an African "territory" of some six or more divided units, in none of which minerals have been discovered and which cannot be served by railways and harbours under African control. Since these units (excluding the Protectorates) are quite unable to maintain their present population of some three-and-a-half-million Africans, it is inconceivable that industries could be established there on such a scale (financial difficulties apart) as would enable them to carry a population of 12 or 15 million people in 50 years' time. If the policy of total separation is to be carried out, it requires a land settlement which would appear to be just and equitable as between equals, especially since SABRA allows that the cultural discrepancies between Europeans and Africans are neither permanent nor God-given. If it is to be honest with itself, SABRA has, therefore, to think in terms of the ultimate evacuation by the Europeans of, say, the Transvaal and Natal and, since co-operation in a central or federal government will raise again all the political difficulties which total separation is designed to avoid, to face the possibility of the eventual secession of a sovereign, autonomous African State. If it can contemplate a sacrifice of this magnitude, SABRA's position is at least as morally tenable as that of the thorough-going liberal.

The latter's point of view has been stated by the South African Institute of Race Relations. The Institute takes its stand on the fundamental Christian principle of the intrinsic value of the individual personality and on the liberal conception of democratic rights for all, as an

ultimate objective. It predicts that, if the European community continues to regard its survival as being only possible at the expense of other races, it will destroy itself and western civilization in South Africa. It can only be true to itself if it is true to its Christian ideals and moral principles, applying them to others as it would have them applied to itself. White South Africa needs to go forward in the faith that men will learn to live, work and vote as men, and not as units of racial blocs. Thus, while European leadership and responsibility must continue for the present, the Institute looks to the progressive assumption by non-Europeans of the standards of western civilization and of the duties implicit in the acquisition of fundamental rights. The objective is a common citizenship, equal franchise, equality of economic opportunity, and the survival of civilized values.

The Institute's statement is not very precise about what steps should be taken immediately towards these objectives. All reasonable men would concede that progress must be gradual; but some immediate action is essential, both as an earnest act of good faith and in order to recapture the loyalty and imagination of the non-Europeans after so many broken pledges recently and so many hard words. Further, the Institute is a little equivocal on the two very emotional issues of residential segregation and miscegenation. The retort to the perennial question of the Negrophobe: "Do you want your sister to marry a black man?" is quite certainly: "Does my sister want to marry a black man?" But phrases such as "group identity" and "group purity", which the Institute proceeds to discuss, obscure the essentially personal implication of the second question and are capable of misconstruction by that large section of the white South African population which too readily accepts an authoritarian ethic. Since less than one-third of one per cent. of the Union's marriages were mixed before the Mixed Marriages Act prohibited such partnerships, the matter might reasonably be left to solve itself on the basis of individual inclination. Again, since over three-quarters of the country's land and property is owned and occupied by Europeans, it is dangerous to suggest that "group solidarity" should have a part in determining the Europeans' attitude towards coloured people claiming equal opportunities in regard to property in an integrated society without very carefully defining its limits. Since an illiberal racial outlook is deeply ingrained in the character of nine out of ten white South Africans, those who propound the liberal solution must avoid giving the public any temptation to compromise with expediency where principles are at stake. No one should be compelled to mix socially or marry who does not wish to do so; but there must be no legal discrimination and no group taboos against those who do.

The Institute's and SABRA's statements were published in July. It would be misleading to pretend that they have yet made a significant

impact on the public mind, though Mr. Oswald Pirow has partially emerged from political retirement as a champion of total partition and 22 prominent intellectuals and religious leaders have published a liberal manifesto. With a general election impending, the political parties are sticking to traditional attitudes. In 1950 Dr. Malan frankly rejected a proposal from the Dutch Reformed Churches somewhat on the lines of SABRA's as quite impracticable and not the policy of the Nationalist Party. This position has been reaffirmed in response to Mr. Pirow. Opposition leaders and Opposition press continually clear themselves of any traffic with equality whether political or economic, immediate or eventual. "At no stage," wrote Johannesburg's premier daily recently, "can there be any question of the European abdicating from his position of leadership." Each political party fears that, if it moves towards either of the extreme alternatives posed by SABRA or the Institute, it will lose immediate electoral support. That is almost certainly true. But the usual arguments in favour of moderation and compromise do not apply without qualification, when there is an unrepresented third party at whose expense alone compromise might be possible. And no solution will be acceptable to the non-Europeans unless they have been consulted and given their consent. This, of course, implies substantial concessions to their point of view which in themselves would constitute a revolution in white political thinking, such as no party politician yet contemplates. It is true that Mr. Strauss has promised to consult non-Europeans; but he has also offered them a 4-point colour programme which even moderate non-European leaders could not reasonably be expected to accept. This is, of course, the measure of his fear of losing European votes in an almost all-white election. As a corollary, the leaders of the Defiance Campaign have decided to continue passive resistance, whichever party wins the election. The number of white South Africans who are thinking of emigrating for their children's sake is the clearest indication of a growing awareness that the country is heading for moral and material bankruptcy on this fundamental issue.

The real ultimate choice for South Africa, if it would avoid the disaster for which it is heading, is either total separation which demands tremendous material sacrifices* or full integration which requires the sacrifice of deep-rooted racial fears and prejudices. The present crisis and its tensions reflect a divided mind which will not yet face the risks and sacrifices involved in either decision and is playing for time. But time is on the side of disaster.

(The author writes from South Africa.)

* Apart from surrendering land and resources, nine-tenths of S.A. mine labour, three-quarters of agricultural labour and two-thirds of industrial labour are non-European.

TROUBLE IN KENYA

BY A CORRESPONDENT IN NAIROBI

THE point of view of the British and Kenya Governments has been publicized often enough, and the position of the European and Asian settlers is now, perhaps for the first time, being appreciated by people in other countries who have not hitherto had experience of the peculiar adjustments required in a multi-racial community. The educated (and very small) element of the African population, which understands that the present economic, political and social progress in Kenya cannot exist without the presence of white settlers, has made its voice heard in support of the Government, and other Africans with more extreme views have also not lacked mouthpieces both in Kenya and elsewhere. In my opinion, what we have failed so far to do is to find out what are the feelings of the Kenya African in general, and of the Kikuyu in particular. Therefore I make no further apology for the undoubted bias of what follows.

First there is Kimani, an office boy who is typical of thousands of other Kikuyus who have come to Nairobi from the African Reserves to find work. Kimani is illiterate; he thinks he is about 25 years old; he has a wife and four children in the Reserve at his father's home which is in the Fort Hall district about 50 miles north of Nairobi. His wages are now, after three or four years with the same firm, about £1 a week, out of which he has to find housing, food and clothes for himself, and he tries also to send a regular amount each month to his wife. He told me that the other day at five in the morning four policemen (two European and two African) came to the house where he shares a room with another man. They asked him for his papers, beat him on the arms and head with sticks, and took him to the police station. In the afternoon he was released, without having been charged. According to his story he does not know why any of this took place. He does not love his employers, he dislikes Europeans in general and he fears and loathes the police.

Why did he ever leave his home district in the first place? His family lives on a plot of a few acres; there are many brothers, several married, and there is not enough food for all of them. What about improved farming methods, or family control? Kimani is shocked. Besides, when he first left home he was following a traditional pattern. In Kimani's father's day, it was the custom for youths to go off on a sort of military service. Their job was mostly to defend the tribal area

against attacks by nomadic tribes, particularly Masai, and they sent back the spoils of victory to their homes. In due course, their elders gave them land of their own, and they were allowed to marry and set up a home. The Masai, disease and occasional famine ensured that the land was never overcrowded. Nowadays, the Kikuyus, who number about a fifth of the total population of Kenya, have land amounting to about one-hundredth of the territory, and the density of their population, over 400 per square mile, is greater than that of Nairobi itself.

When Kimani and some of his older brothers first came into Nairobi to find work, the situation was not as it is now. Housing regulations were less strict and they lived in slum conditions at negligible cost. Jobs were not hard to get and, if they did not find employment in town, then they went off to work on a European farm. In either case, they went home fairly often and for quite long periods. When they were in town, food was sent to them from home, while they sent in return goods and money which were needed there. Now, there is less food at home and the cost of living has gone up and up, and so this two-way traffic is almost at a standstill. Kimani is not a townsman; his heart and his family are in the Fort Hall district, in country which cannot support him.

A few weeks ago, when news reached us that the senior chiefs of the districts on either side of Fort Hall had been murdered by members of the Mau Mau I asked Kimani what he thought of the situation. He told me that the chiefs had been killed by Europeans, and when I said that was not so, he replied: "Then it was the police." I tried to tell him that he was wrong about this, but he remained entirely unconvinced. Why, he asked, should Kikuyus murder Kikuyus? It was unthinkable; of course the Europeans were behind it. The chiefs must have annoyed them in some way.

Kimani is typical of thousands. He is not susceptible to opportunities of further training. For example, his employers have offered him advancement if he will become literate and learn a little English, and they have offered to pay for night classes for him, but he is not interested. At heart he is a peasant, and he does not want to become anything else. I do not know whether Kimani has taken the Mau Mau oaths; I do not think he would volunteer to do so, but if he were pressed by others, I think he would. And having taken the oaths he would be quite certain that failure to keep them could result in his death, even if it meant that he had to assist in the murder of a European, the maiming of animals or the desecration of churches. I say "assist in" because he would probably prefer death to undertaking any of these things by himself or with only one or two others.

Definitely I do not know that any Africans with whom I have talked have taken the Mau Mau oaths. They would not dream of telling me if they had done so, even under duress. Joseph, for instance, is typical of

another very large group of Kikuyus who have had little education. Joseph had about five years of schooling at a mission school, and then he left and in due course joined the army. Joseph is exceptional in that he did well in the army and became an N.C.O. and underwent technical training; so he is now holding a fairly good artisan job and earning about £2 10s. 0d. a week. Like Kimani, his family is in the Kikuyu Reserve, and similarly he hopes to go and live there when he has saved some money and when his father dies. Joseph is worried by the present situation but patient. He wants a modicum of comfort for the present, and, in the future, land.

I asked him why, since he is on piece work, he did not work harder, earn more, and then buy some land. But, no, he finds competition from Indian artisans too keen, and he feels that, even if he were to work to all hours, he would never succeed in that way; he prefers to bide his time, and I think that he has, in the back of his mind, the impression that soon the Europeans and Asians will be gone, and that, once again, there will be plenty of land for everyone. This is the basic wish, with Joseph as with so many others, that they may have land and food and peace. They forget, or else they do not know, that they have never known an age of peace and plenty, but their longing is like that of the Israelites for the Promised Land.

Joseph was exceptional in his army career, in that he did well and received technical training. Obviously this is not true of most of the ex-soldiers, many of whom, like Joseph, have had the beginnings of an elementary education. In the army they were well trained in its special arts, they were well disciplined and well cared for. When they left the service, however, things went differently and they had to fend for themselves. The land problem remained, and so they could not go and live at home, and their previous background made them quite unwilling to accept the menial tasks and small wages that were offered to them. Some of them went on re-settlement courses, but even so, their lack of education combined with their army background made many of them virtually unemployable. They were uneconomic. In my opinion, it is these men, and others like them who are now coming out in hundreds from primary and intermediate schools with no hope, and often no aptitude for further education, who are the raw material for Mau Mau. Joseph says that Mau Mau is not bad. He says that he, personally, has nothing to do with it, and that it is only people who try to interfere with it who get into trouble.

At this point, the views of John, who is a sergeant in the Kenya police reserve, should be recorded. By day, he is a clerk in a small office, and in his spare time (which at present means at least nine hours out of every 24) he is wireless operator in a police patrol car. John is a Jaluo, from Nyanza Province in Western Kenya; he was, until recently, a warrant

officer in the regular army. He joined the police reserve, he said, because he was convinced of the necessity for law and order and because he thought that the Kikuyus were getting out of hand. The Kikuyus were in any case far too interested in politics, were too sharp in trade, and in general too domineering among Africans for his taste, and he felt it a public duty to help to keep them in order, just as, in the army, he had looked after his platoon.

John has no particular love for Europeans either. He feels that the general southwards expansion of his Jaluo tribe from down the Nile was stopped by Europeans and that if this had not happened, the Jaluo would by now have occupied a far bigger and better place. But he does believe, on the other hand, that the European is necessary to the country as it is at present; necessary for trade, and roads and railways, schools, health services, law and order—particularly law and order.

He dislikes Mau Mau because it is in his view anti-social. He thinks there were always a lot of thieves and robbers among the Kikuyus, that, in fact, it was commonly agreed among them that to rob a non-Kikuyu was meritorious. He recalls that for many years there have been secret or semi-secret political societies among the Kikuyus, the avowed objects of which have been the removal of Europeans and of the Christian missions. He recalls also that, as soon as one such society has been proscribed or "reformed", another has arisen to take its place. And he considers that Mau Mau is just another step in this, as it were, ascending ladder of Kikuyu uppishness. For several years now, the situation in the Kikuyu Reserve has been allowed to deteriorate. During this year particularly, intimidation of the ordinary citizen has been growing, so that on the whole, the natives are more frightened of the Mau Mau than they are of the police; whereas there is some sympathy with Mau Mau, there is little for the police.

John considers that hooligans have taken charge. They use intimidation to gain adherents, and they do not stop short of murder, arson and torture. As an additional appeal, they use the land-hunger and low standards of living in the Kikuyu districts. John's view, which is more or less that of the Government, is that law and order must first be restored, even by drastic measures, before any steps are taken to remedy the causes of the trouble.

I have talked this over with a number of highly intelligent educated Africans, among them several Kikuyus. One of them told me: "Look, I live in Nyeri district. To come to Nairobi I have to pass through a large Kikuyu area which is so thickly populated that it can't support another person. Then I go through part of the European area where I see miles of rich coffee and sisal farms with scarcely a soul to be seen. Can you wonder that Mau Mau has a hold on our people?" Another one said: "Look at the size of the Kikuyu population and then look at the

area they live in. I find it hard to agree with the Colonial Secretary when he says that the present problem is not primarily economic." And again: "The young men can't get good jobs, so they steal. Mau Mau is an excellent cover for them, and ensures that no African gives them away. Why can't they get jobs? Mainly because their heart is set not on a career but in the land, but also because they are not trained and many of them could not be trained even if they wanted it."

Those are the views of some actual and 'composite' Africans on the present trouble in Kenya. I have not tried to co-ordinate them or to present the other side of the picture, or even to cover more than a very small part of the ground. A Royal Commission is to come here shortly to do that; there have been several royal commissions here in the past, but none could, I think, have had a more complex task than the present one, and their findings could not have been more eagerly awaited.

SEASIDE IN WINTER

The long, lean shore, the sands, corrupt with stones,
Shagged with gravel, tangled with rack and jetsam,
Are lonely now, only the fisherman
Drags up his boat, like a husk, to drain and dry.
Through the grey shards of tamarisk, the wind
Shrills, and shells are cold and blue as slate.
White as the frost that creeps like silver lichen
Over the pebbles and the sandy ridges,
Gulls lean on the wind, their cries drowned by the sea.

Now no-one can remember the barefoot days, the brown
Warm sand as firm as resilient feet that pressed it
In languor and delight, the gulls that rocked
On the dark-blue, taffeta sea that swathed the shore,
Even as age recalls the grey days only,
Believing to others alone freshness returns
With love and the green spring rinsing the sky with rain.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

SCOTT AND BENTHAM

BY RUSSELL KIRK

CROSSING the Mound in Edinburgh, after a debate of the Faculty of Advocates on Scottish juridical reform in 1806, Walter Scott was bantered by the arch-Whig, Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*, and another of his reforming friends. "But his feelings had been moved to an extent far beyond their apprehension," says Lockhart; "he exclaimed: 'No, no—'tis no laughing matter; little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain.'" And he turned his face to the wall of the Mound to hide his tears. Like Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, Scott perceived in the 'utilitarian' ideas the enemy of variety in life, the executioner of the past; the great Romantics realized that the arid materialism of Bentham was as hostile to beauty and veneration as was Jacobin fury. Burke had known Rousseau for his natural adversary; the Romantics (Burke's disciples politically, yet tinged somewhat with Rousseauism) struggled against Bentham as the high priest of the intolerant new industrial secularism.

Despite his own avowed contempt for Rousseau's sentimentality, Bentham did more to establish equalitarianism in Britain than Paine, Priestley, Price and Godwin accomplished altogether; he detested Rousseau for his emotionalism, not with the high religious indignation of Burke. Bentham's ideas subjected modern thought to an overpowering series of radical changes. "The father of English innovation," John Stuart Mill wrote in the next generation, "both in doctrine and in institutions, is Bentham; he is the great subversive." Bentham's analytical method, "breaking into pieces every question before attempting to solve it," was the culmination of Bacon's, Hobbes' and Locke's methodology, contemptuous of delicate essences, certain that a whole is no more than the sum of its parts; it is the foundation for every true modern radical's philosophy. As J. M. Keynes once remarked, it is the progenitor of Marxism.

Bentham's test of merit, 'utility' (determined in each case by a judicious weighing of pains and pleasures) appealed powerfully to the aggressive industrialists of the new age, who disliked phrases like "right reason", "natural justice", and "good taste" as much as did Bentham himself. Totally deficient in the higher imagination, unable to grasp the nature of either love or hate, Bentham ignored spiritual aspiration in

man, and, as if to balance the scale, he never spoke of sin. National character, the immense variety of human motives, the power of passion in human affairs—these he omitted from his system; he radiated an absolute confidence in human reason. Taking his own personality for the incarnation of humanity, he presumed that men have only to be shown how to solve pleasure-and-pain equations, and they will be good; their interests will lead them to co-operation and diligence and peace. He was the narrowest of moralists; and he was the most complacent of political theorists. Politics, like human nature, held no mysteries for him: the solution of all political difficulties lay simply in letting the majority decide every question. This absolute democracy was Rousseau's 'general will' stripped of its cloudy spirituality.

The object of society is the greatest good of the greatest number: Burke had said as much, yet Burke had meant something very different. The founder of conservatism had understood the complexity of human interests and the subtlety of 'good'. The greatest good of most men is not likely to reside in their political equality, Burke declared, or in their liberation from prejudice and prescription, or in obsession with economic objects. Their greatest good, in Burke's opinion, emanates from their conformity to the providential order of the universe: in piety, in resignation, in humility. But Bentham swept Burke's world of spirit and imagination contemptuously aside. Bentham never spoke of an Author of our being; religion, to him, was simply a framework for morals. In politics, the greatest good of the greatest number was to be achieved by an equalitarian reconstruction of society upon strictly reasonable lines, a social checker-board. Universal manhood suffrage, parliamentary reform, a powerful executive, popular education—these, and his projected revolution in the theory and procedure of law, were specifics (soon to become the dogmas of Liberalism) which would guarantee universal liberty and progress. He admitted no need for separation of powers, saw no point in established constitutions; nothing must impede the power of majorities to decide their interests unhampered by the dead hand of the past or the petty objections of reactionaries. Enthroning the majority as sovereign, "he exhausted all the resources of ingenuity in devising means for rivetting the yoke of public opinion closer and closer round the necks of all public functionaries," wrote the younger Mill, "and excluding every possibility of the exercise of the slightest or most temporary influence either by a minority, or by the functionary's own notions of right." Our time knows to its frightful cost the tyranny of virulent mediocrity over minorities; but Bentham, sure that reason cannot be overthrown when once established by statute, was resolved to wipe out the very idea of minorities.

But though it is safe enough to-day to criticize the poverty of Bentham's moral and political system, his legal reforms still are widely

praised. The younger Mill declared that by expelling mysticism from legal philosophy, clearing up the confusion attached to the idea of law in general, demonstrating the necessity for codification, applying the test of utility to material interests, and purging judicial procedure, Bentham conferred an enormous benefit upon society. Men should make and unmake their laws, Bentham thought, upon the principle of utility: law ought to be treated like mathematics or physics, made a tool of convenience; the old illusions that law had a supernatural sanction, an origin superior to man, the Ciceronian and Scholastic notion that it was a human groping after divine enactment, should be dismissed in the interest of efficiency in an industrial age. Twentieth-century political and juridical "realism" and pragmatism, triumphant now in the Supreme Court of the United States and throughout nearly all the world, are derived from Bentham. Possibly, however, the legal philosophy of Bentham (as distinguished from the immediate administrative reform of legal procedure which was accomplished in consequence of his writings) may come to be considered as impregnated with social decay as some thinkers now believe his moral ideas were. Natural-law doctrines, at least in the historical and expedient sense understood by Burke, appear to be undergoing a bold revival.

It was upon this question of legal reform that Walter Scott took immediate issue with the pupils of Bentham, and in that he showed his sensitive comprehension of Burke's conservative philosophy. There are two foundations of law, Burke had said: equity and utility. Equity is derived from original justice; utility, properly understood, is a high view of general and permanent interests, and should not be invoked to justify a suppression of private or minority rights. The majority of the people "have no right to make a law prejudicial to the whole community, even though the delinquents in making such an act should themselves be the chief sufferers by it," Burke wrote in his *Notes on the Popery Laws*; "because it would be made against the principle of a superior law, which it is not in the power of any community, or of the whole race of men, to alter—I mean the will of Him who gave us our nature, and in giving impressed an invariable law upon it." Scott, believing with Burke that a ponderous consolidation of government and law on utilitarian principles would be murderous to all old liberties and customs, employed his astonishing talents as novelist and poet and pamphleteer to impede this movement.

In the crisis of 1792, Scott said: "Burke appeared, and all the gibberish about the superior legislation of the French dissolved like an enchanted castle when the destined knight blows his horn before it." As Leslie Stephen remarks, Sir Walter succeeded in popularizing the proud and subtle doctrines of Burke. The *Reflections* sold by tens of thousands of copies, during the 1790's, but the *Waverley* novels carried

Burke's ideas to a multitude which never could have been reached by pamphlets. Scott makes of Burke's conservatism a living and a tender thing—in Edie Ochiltree, showing how the benefits and dignity of hierarchical society extend even to the beggar; in Balfour of Burley, illustrating the destructive spirit of reforming fanaticism; in Montrose among the clans, "the unbought grace of life"; in Monkbarns or the Baron of Bradwardine, the hamely goodness of the old-fashioned laird. Scott seems to say in all his romances that the foundations of a civilized moral order are reverence for our forefathers and compliance with our prescriptive duties; history is the source of all worldly wisdom, and contentment lies in piety. Delighting in variety like all the Romantics, repelled by the coarsening pleasure-and-pain principle of conduct, Scott clearly saw in Utilitarianism a system which would efface nationality, individuality, and all the beauty of the past. Utilitarianism was the surly apology for a hideous and rapacious industrialism. Unlike the other Romantic poets, he never felt any impulse toward revolutionary belief; he knew the welfare of castle and cottage were inseparable, that if we are faithful to tradition "we are all safe together." Therefore the principles upon which the utilitarians proposed to reform the law and the courts were detestable to Scott. In his "Essay on Judicial Reform" he makes as cogent a case for juridical prescription as one can find anywhere:

An established system is not to be tried by those tests which may with perfect correctness be applied to a new theory. A civilized nation, long in possession of a code of law, under which, with all its inconveniences, they have found means to flourish, is not to be regarded as an infant colony, on which experiments in legislation may, without much danger of presumption, be hazarded. A philosopher is not entitled to investigate such a system by those ideas which he has fixed in his own mind as the standard of possible excellence. The only unerring test of every old establishment is the *effect* it has actually produced; for that must be held to be good, from whence good is derived. The people have, by degrees, moulded their habits to the law they are compelled to obey; for some of its imperfections, remedies have been found, to other they have reconciled themselves; till, at last, they have, from various causes, attained the object which the most sanguine visionary could promise to himself from his own perfect *unembodied* system.

In style and sentiment, the inspiration of this is Burke. Such is the judgment of men of the world like Burke and Scott upon the abstractions of a recluse like Bentham, who thinks of life as a mathematical problem. Law is not manufactured—it grows; society cures its own maladies, or effects its own adjustments, by a process at once natural and providential; the impertinent doctrinaire reformer almost certainly will obstruct this process without providing any passable arbitrary substitute. To Scott, there is something majestic and lovely about this gigantic self-healing action of society; there is something horrid about the chopping and hacking of laws to satisfy a temporary and specious utility. Even

the nominally conservative government of 1826, he saw, was infected with this passion for uniformity and utility, "gradually destroying what remains of nationality, and making the country *tabula rasa* for doctrines of bold innovation. Their loosening and grinding down all those peculiarities which distinguished us as Scotsmen, will throw the country into a state in which it will be universally turned to democracy, and instead of canny Saunders, they will have a very dangerous North-British neighbourhood." Assimilate the laws of Scotland to the laws of England, and you destroy the character of a people, for law is the expression of their social being; you sow dragon's teeth. This policy is the utility of a simpleton, or of a closet-philosopher. Scott knew his countrymen, and anyone familiar with modern Glasgow or the mining districts of the Lothians and Ayrshire and Fife understands what Scott prophesied when he wrote of "a very dangerous North-British neighbourhood."

In the view of men like Burke and Scott, the slowness and clumsiness of old-fashioned law must be tolerated (at least until gradual adjustment may be arranged) for the sake of the safeguards to liberty and property that wither away in any legal system which accords pride of place to speed and neatness. Laws and courts do indeed require constant careful scrutiny and cautious renovation or improvement; but though they may sometimes even require wholesale reformation, still, when that reformation comes, it ought to be conducted after the fashion of Burke's 'economical reform'—with tenderness toward ancient prerogatives, with every precaution to make sure that no person or class suffers a particular injustice in the name of some seeming general benefit. Bentham and his school were fiercely impatient of this solicitude for old ways and private rights. Utilitarian disregard for security against State and majority is sufficiently illustrated by Bentham's anxiety to establish administrative law and administrative tribunals, unchecked by customary rules of justice. Even the eulogists of Bentham's legal reformation must hesitate at this, for the most alarming problem of modern English and American law is the mushroom growth of administrative law, before which the citizen stands almost without recourse; a phrase which occurs with dreadful monotony in Soviet penal legislation runs "upon the sentence of a court of law or an administrative body." Perhaps in ignoring the menace latent in administrative tribunals, Bentham winked at a potential evil more significant than all the juridical anachronisms he succeeded in extirpating.

In the preceding remarks upon law, only one facet of Bentham's system has been considered, and only one aspect of the Romantic writers' abhorrence. Yet Bentham's juristic utilitarianism and Scott's resultant indignation are representative of the whole struggle between philosophic radicalism and romantic conservatism. What the Romantics dreaded in a world subjected to utilitarian domination was an indiscriminate des-

truction of variety, loveliness, and ancient rights in the name of a devouring industrialism and a Philistine materialism. They hated Bentham and James Mill and their associates because Utilitarianism stood for the age of the machine, the hell-hole city, and the barrenness of liberal morality. The Benthamites applauded the transformation of the modern world into a densely-populated industrial community, its aspiration the gratifying of the senses, its standard a gross mediocrity. "The state of society now leads to such accumulations of humanity, that we cannot wonder if it ferment and reek like a compost dunghill," Scott wrote in his diary in 1828. The false equalitarianism of these new reformers, he thought, was in fact surrender to the most vicious inequality—spiritual inequality. To Maria Edgeworth he wrote with intense feeling: "The state of high civilization to which we have arrived, is perhaps scarcely a national blessing, since, while the *few* are improved to the highest point, the *many* are in proportion tantalized and degraded, and the same nation displays at the same time the very highest and the very lowest state in which the human race can exist in point of intellect. . . . As our numbers grew, our wants multiplied—and here we are, contending with increasing difficulties by force of repeated inventions. Whether we shall at last eat each other, as of yore, or whether the earth will get a flap with a comet's tail first, who but the reverend Mr. Irving will venture to pronounce?"

Near the end of his life, a radical mob of artisans, in the county of which he was sheriff, tried to overturn his carriage and do him harm. This shocked Scott more terribly than anything that had occurred in all his career before; the levelling savagery of the future, skulking behind the fantasies of humanitarians like Bentham, had Lucifer-like started up. "And these unwashed artificers are from henceforth to select our legislators," he had written a little earlier. "What can be expected from them except such a thick-headed plebeian as will be 'a hare-brained Hotspur, guided by a whim'?" Scott was a man who loved the people, and he contended against a school of reformers who, he cried, were intent upon abolishing the people and substituting efficient human material for the coming utilitarian age. With his passionate sensibilities, Scott could hardly have borne the fatal impulses of his time, had he not been endowed with a wry Scottish stoicism. "Patience, cousin," he would say, "and shuffle the cards."

The utilitarians and new whigs, Scott had said more than once, despite all their professions of worldly wisdom have no notion of the problems they have conjured up nor of how to govern the industrial masses of emancipated individualism which they praise. In November 1825, Jeffrey wrote an address to the mechanics warning them against the injurious economic effect of combinations in restraint of trade. That is all very well said, Scott observed, but it will do small good. "It takes only the

hand of a Lilliputian to light a fire, but would require the diuretic powers of Gulliver to extinguish it. The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches, and that if you can sufficiently demonstrate that a line of conduct is most consistent with men's interest, you have therefore and thereby demonstrated that they will at length, after a few speeches on the subject, adopt it at once. In this case we should have no need of laws or churches."

Scott's influence as novelist and poet, and to a lesser extent as pamphleteer, was incalculably heartening to the Tory party and the conservative impulse throughout the English-speaking world. Scott answered Utilitarianism from the heart, Coleridge from the mind, Canning with the weapons of wit and political ingenuity. Disraeli, in the succeeding period, said that the world is ruled by imagination, and so it was that Walter Scott influenced the course of British society in ways far too subtle to trace, but which helped to preserve the customary and religious spirit in law, and the prescriptive element in political constitutions, in defiance of Benthamite logic. "It has fallen easily, the old Constitution," Scott entered in his journal in 1832; "no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken toy. Well, *transeat*, the good sense of the people is much trusted to; we shall see what it will do for us. The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass. *Sed transeat*. It is vain to mourn what cannot be mended." The Benthamite reform of 1832, however, did not efface all that great body of traditions and liberties that Scott loved; that legacy is not exhausted yet and, in its perpetuation, Scott has had his part.

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FRATERNITY: DEMOCRACY'S NEGLECTED IDEAL

By A. C. Fox

LIBERTY, equality, and fraternity, considered to be the three ideals of democracy, are usually given in that order. The placing of fraternity last may be accidental; on the other hand, it may accurately express what has come to be the attitude of democrats towards it, in both theory and practice. One has only to look at almost any book on political philosophy or on the principles of democracy in particular, to find prominent treatment of liberty and equality, but little or nothing on fraternity. The concept of class warfare cannot bear all the weight that Marxists place upon it; but it has a good deal of truth and sting as descriptive of any modern 'democracy' with its increasing subjection to the cross purposes of pressure groups, and with (as much the same thing) the domination within it of economics over politics.

It may be thought, nevertheless, that neglect of fraternity is more apparent than real: that it is so essential to democracy (and perhaps to any community) that it has become an unnoticed tuning for our minds which we take for granted; that it is so fundamental to human nature and to any social organization that it is always effectively at work, and is not susceptible of cultivation. This way of thinking, however, is false, and dangerously so. There is ample justification for the conviction that the generally admitted weakness of democracy is more due to the neglect of fraternity than to any other cause.

Fraternity springs from the co-operation of heart and head, of instinctive feeling and reasoned thought. This means—if we accept a common view which makes the heart more 'natural' than the head—that fraternity is certainly natural; instinctive, it is rooted in that wider 'nature' which man shares with many of the animals—those that are gregarious. Gregariousness is not only, and negatively, an uneasiness in separation from one's kind, for it is also a positive pleasure in their company. There is genuine altruism latent in it, and when allied with reason it becomes a desire to contribute to the common benefit. But we should note that, apart from this alliance with rationality, gregariousness may as well be shown in the Gadarene swine's concerted and headlong plunge to destruction, as in any other way. Like power, it is neutral as between the good and bad uses to which it may be put.

'Love' is sometimes used as an alternative for 'fraternity': "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"; and if a modern inquirer, with Freud

in mind, were looking for an instinctive source, he might be tempted to favour this name through a supposed connection of love with the sexual impulse. But it is questionable if communal fraternalism has much to do with sex. What is undoubted, however, is that fraternity in the guise of love has suffered in esteem through its suggested kinship with romantic feeling. This kinship would mean that it is impossible to try to 'love' all and sundry, that is, one's neighbours. Romantic affection tends to fervour and exuberance; Shakespeare likened its passionateness to that of a madman. So, when men hear the democratic call to love and brotherliness, they are all too likely to take it as a call to fervent gushing over all and sundry, as an indiscriminating sentimentality, and by this they feel repelled. "It is bad enough that I should be asked to love my neighbours, but God forbid that my neighbours should start to love me." There is little doubt that this misconception of fraternity and love has had much to do with bringing them into neglect and disfavour as social forces.

For a misconception it undoubtedly is. Fraternity has to be loosened from a close connection with romantic affection and given a broader and more sober basis in general social friendliness. Its quality is less that of an intense emotion of purely instinctive origin, and to be cherished as a luxury of personal feeling, than of a sober disposition more readily expressed in action than in feeling. Its eyes are naturally directed on to other persons and away from oneself, whereas romantic affection has a large dose of self-regard. The emotional element is usually subdued, and becomes evident only when there is a rupture of normal sociality, as when people were evacuated from aerial bombardment, and thus separated from fraternal relations with kinsfolk and friends. But though subdued it is still there, as the indispensable bond holding people together in the give and take of day-by-day social intercourse. It takes an extraordinary dislocation to extinguish it; even the fierce blitz endured by London slum-dwellers only served to enhance their friendliness to one another.

But if fraternity is thus inherent in our make-up, we become all the more concerned to know the complete cause of its neglect, particularly as an ingredient in democracy. Its naturalness does not prevent other tendencies from being natural also, and some of these are unfavourable to it or to its extension. The so-called 'first law of nature' is of this kind, though its effect is to limit rather than to off-set fraternity. Biologists think of the struggle for existence as occurring between species rather than between individuals. In early human life the individual is nothing in himself, but finds his effective reality in the close solidarity of horde, clan and tribe. So self-preservation is the preservation of the group, within which there is a high degree of solidarity and mutual dependence; but for safety it closes its ranks against the rest of the world, so that there is constant suspicion and frequent hostility between groups. Fraternity is present, but within strict limits: 'thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate

thy enemy' and it is the stranger who is assumed to be the enemy. There is said to be a tribe in Brazil whose word for 'ourselves' also means 'good', and whose word for 'others' also means 'bad'.

But we need not go to primitives for examples of this same attitude, since obstacles to a wide-spread fraternity are obvious in the self-satisfied exclusiveness of most civilized peoples. Nationalism, which is but extended tribalism and is very deep-seated in our nature, gains its strength, be it noted not through unrelieved egotism, but through its real if limited fraternalism. It does satisfy the social spirit, but in ways that call out little more than instinctive reactions that make small demand on imaginative and rational effort. The nationalistic type of sociality has not been sufficient to generate a world-wide brotherliness. In fact, it would look as if the intensity of fraternalism within a national group is in direct proportion to, perhaps is productive of, the extent of disharmony between such groups. The Germans under the Nazis exhibited the group sense most markedly, and yet they made full use of physical force to give themselves dominance over other groups. They were moved by frankly acknowledged instinct (blood and soil) to extremes of ferocity, which we were told at the time had aroused 'undying hatred' in those nations which suffered from it. We learn from this German case how fraternity is perverted when it is limited; it is so limited when it is predominantly instinctive and emotional. For its proper exercise it needs the balance of rationality, just as rationality in turn needs to operate in its full character of wise insight as well as of intelligent skill. But when reason adds warmth to its light, we have the combination of heart and head.

It is because men are both emotional and rational that they have it in them to be fraternal, and from this two-fold source comes the imaginative power by which the wide range and reference of fraternity can be seen. Fraternity is compounded of objectivity and concern. We are objective when we judge things as they are in themselves and on their own merits, free from the distortion of our prejudices and wishes. It is as rational beings that we do this, for reason is impartial. It is the putting of oneself in another person's place, so as to see from his point of view. It is to count him as of no less value than is one's self; so it calls for a negative repressive attitude towards emotional partiality for oneself and one's own interests.

While this is a necessity for fraternity, it is not sufficient, and must be supplemented by an active concern to promote the good of others. When reason sees what is another's due, concern is the urge to secure it for him. Reason will say: 'He is as good as I am,' while fraternity, as moved by concern, will add: 'if there has to be a choice, I must give way to him.' Whereas reason prevents the distortion of judgment by care for one's own interest, concern is a definite solicitude for the other person's interest. It is the element of concern in fraternity which leads

someone standing in a queue (an eminently reasonable arrangement) to feel compassion with someone behind and to change places with him. It is this kind of thing which Jesus had in mind when he said: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain."

We may now be in a position to see that there can be no effective liberty or equality without fraternity, and how this last-named is related to and needed by those its fellow ideals. It may not be taking a too cynical view of democrats, to say that they have been concerned to establish liberty and equality, because these seem easier of accomplishment than fraternity, and they seem easier because they are more self-regarding. Whether or not democrats have actually felt this, it is true that we can strive for liberty and equality in a thoroughly selfish spirit, though whether we shall get them effectively in this spirit is another matter.

To want liberty may be no more than a desire to have our own way, with the minimum of interference from others. Freedom may readily be made the objective of a section of the community which cares nothing about who else goes without it, just as business men often give the impression that they believe in freely competitive enterprise for everyone but themselves. If freedom is made an objective for all sections, this can only be through the expansive influence of fraternity. If sectional freedom is desired, there is likely to be bitter conflict, and men have often fought for liberty. But you cannot fight for fraternity (Marxists please note), and 'be my brother or I'll shoot you' is manifestly a caricature. Equality may be even more self-regarding than liberty. It can simply mean—and in plain fact often does mean—'I am as good as the next man, and probably better.' This does not rise to the demands of objectivity, which would rather require: 'He is as good as I am' and still less to the demands of concern: 'He is probably better than I am—or more needy.' This at least can be said: we will not give adequate consideration to the claims of others unless we entertain the possibility that they are at least equal to ourselves, and with solicitude. Unless the claim for equality is qualified by fraternity, it is likely to be no more than a thinly-veiled egotism.

When we see what fraternity involves, we realize that it certainly lies within the compass of our nature, but that just as certainly it is hard to achieve. This is but another instance of the perpetual paradox, that it is hard for man to be natural in the full human sense. It must not therefore surprise us if democrats have found it difficult to practise fraternity, and much easier to forget about it. For fraternity is something which we must work at. It calls for effort if its twin demands, of objectivity and concern, are to be met, and the effort is one of imaginative insight into the lives and needs of other people. It is easy for an Australian (I write as one) to think himself into the position of a fellow Australian, but somewhat harder for him to do this with an Englishman or an American; it

is much harder to do it with the position of a Chinese or an Indian, as the White Australia policy testifies. It is easy to exclaim 'fellow Australians!', but more difficult to cry 'fellow Chinese!'. Yet fraternity means the one as well as the other.

So, to meet this difficulty, and to make the imaginative effort to put ourselves in the other fellow's shoes, we also need to inform our minds as fully as possible about the other fellow, to give ourselves a real chance of seeing him as a human being. But we cannot solve the problem unless we pass from what we are to do, to how we are to do it, or perhaps to why. Even if we inform ourselves about the mentality and mode of life of others, the effect may be to make us the very opposite of fraternal. 'With the best will in the world,' we may say to ourselves, 'I cannot love that kind of person as myself.' But this, of course, is just what Christianity asks us to do; it goes further, in telling us how we can do it, and why. Negatively, it tells us that love or fraternity is not 'love' in the romantic or sentimentalized form. But positively, it tells us to look at the other person, not in comparison with ourselves but from the point of view of God. This is its open secret of how we can love others, of how we can make the difficult became easy. It is to call in the aid of super-nature to help our nature to realize its capacity for fraternity.

This invoking of super-nature is not as 'unnatural' or as unusual as may appear. It happens whenever we (or nature) use the processes of one stage of evolution to deal with a previous one. The behaviour of living things is an advance upon purely physico-chemical motion, yet without infringing the laws of physics and chemistry. Yet it is supernatural, in so far as it is 'super' in respect of physico-chemical motion. When we humans exert our mental capacity to change the otherwise natural 'go' of material or living things, we are doing something supernatural from the point of view of those things. At the same time we have to respect their natural 'go', and can do nothing to make the things act in contradiction to it. It is only by obeying nature that we can govern her. But such governance of the lower parts of nature by the higher can transform them almost miraculously. This is what a musician does with sound, which in itself is a purely physical affair; he governs and transforms sounds by something that he finds beyond them, in the realm of the spiritual. Thus he evokes from them something that is in their nature to give, though this of its own unassisted self would never yield them, or if at all, only by chance.

The case is similar in kind with fraternity. It is essentially a spiritual principal, and has its home in the realm of the spirit. If then the material of human living is to express it to a degree that it will not do if left to itself, or will do so only by chance, this can come about only as human beings govern this material by looking to the spiritual source of fraternity. In this way they invoke super-nature to bring out what already lies in their human nature. This is the final 'how' of the operation of fraternity

against its impediments. It is what Christianity puts otherwise when it speaks of God's love as the inspiration to human brotherliness, and of God's grace as the power to achieve this. If it is not far-fetched to claim that democracy is an expression of Christianity in the socio-political field, then the way to supply the dynamic of fraternalism is by democrats holding firmly to the Christian faith, or to that of any other religion (if there be one) which places similar emphasis on men's love for one another in and through the love of God.

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AS TREES WALKING

The rough light rasps my eyes.
These that were soft as plums for my fingertips to touch,
Fleshing in pupil-pulp the hard stones of their blindness,
Now have the skin scraped off them. If this is sight,
This jangle and tangle and jumble and jerk,
What's the gain to the seeing?—Only to be
A rat at a rubbish dump with a cartload of rubble
Tipped on your back, an avalanche of ashes
With neither shape nor sense. They give me an orange:
I feel its roundness, the aromatic
Half-sticky rumples of the rind, the rosette of dry fibre
Where the fruit was snapped from the stalk—the light
Has the even sting of acid. They put a scarf in my hands—
A red scarf as they call it: I feel its animal
Hairiness, kittening and knotting—and the light
Is hot and steady as a gas fire. They hold out a mirror,
Saying: 'Look at yourself, man, look!'—and now
The light's not there at all.

When voices speak

They come from nowhere and from no-one.
There's nothing in the world I can put a name to;
There's neither here nor there. I cannot recognize
The very hands I feel with—they merge and disappear
In the unintelligible other-ness of light.
I have to shut my eyes to know where I am,
To find the divide between not-me and me;
I have to be blind again to learn to see.

The boiling slowly dies;

The light lies still.
 My fingers teach my eyes.
 Day by month by year
 I learn the near and far,
 The three-point and the four-point
 Of triangle and square.
 I grope to grip the line
 That loops in like a string
 The substance of a thing,
 The There from the Not-There
 The edge, the rim of the glass
 In where the glimmering light
 Drips and sets and stands;
 The round green glass of apple,
 The bulbous brown of pear,
 I lift them to my sight
 And the colour spills on my hands.

My eye-holes now grow fingers,
 My lids stick out their tongues.
 Round and smooth is red,
 Rough and pointed, green.
 And my tongue strokes the pointed,
 My fingers chew the smooth,
 And seen, seen, seen,
 In a new sense of a new sense,
 Are damson-leaf and damson,
 Water and butter and bread,
 Table and chair and bed,
 Hearth and home and head,
 Seen, seen, seen,
 With a new touch of a new tongue,
 As if music had a scent,
 Or the taste of peppermint
 Were a tinkle in the ear.
 And all of it early as dew
 To my not-mine, not-paid-for,
 Experimental view;
 For all wives are virgin,
 And all eggs fresh-laid,
 And every finch a pheasant,
 And every pin, new.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THE USE OF IMAGERY IN SCIENCE

BY K. G. DENBIGH

"METAPHOR," says C. Day Lewis, "was the beginning of wisdom, the earliest scientific method." He is referring to the way in which the mind is able to connect one thing with another by the process of analogy, the discovery of a relationship between things which seem quite different. In the matter of imagery and symbolism there is clearly much common ground between science and the arts. The use of metaphor by the poet is closely similar to the use of a hypothesis or "model" by the scientist. I shall try to describe some of the difficulties which have arisen in the search for exact images in science, leading on to some discussion of the interesting new principle of complementarity of Niels Bohr. This shows, in a novel way, the limitations on the possibility of describing a situation in terms of any single image or concept; images such as the wave or particle in physics, or the categories of reason and emotion in psychology.

* * * *

At an early stage of science, its use of imagery was much more closely related to the poetic metaphor than it is at the present day. Farrington, for example, has drawn attention to the way in which Aeschylus gave the first explanation of the flight of birds. Using the existing knowledge that air, like water, is a resistant medium, Aeschylus noted the similarity between the wing beats of birds and the strokes of an oarsman on water. In the *Agamemnon* the birds are said to be rowing on the air, "with a wheel and whirr as of winged oars beating the waves of the wind."

At later stages in their history there was an increasing differentiation between the kinds of image put forward by poetry and by science. This may be understood as an increasing distinction between the subjective and objective aspects of experience. The image of the poet is an expression of his personal feeling and it stands or falls by the truth of his own emotion. Thus when Vaughan says the "soul by night is like a clouded starre," it was a statement of what he felt. But when the nineteenth century scientist asserted that "radiation is a motion of waves" he was saying something which he believed had been demonstrated by experiment. More recently we should prefer to rephrase it and say, after the style of Vaughan, "radiation is *like* the motion of waves." Science has returned rather strongly to the view that such statements are mental

images, which are always incomplete and imperfect. Their value is heuristic, leading on to discovery, rather than as an expression of truth in themselves.

The lack of a complete correspondence between the model and the reality is shown in great clearness by the examples of waves and particles—the two most fundamental of the images used in science. Both are an analogy from direct experience. Thus the wave theory of light is based on the fact that certain kinds of wave are known to exist, for example on the surface of water, and their behaviour resembles some, but not all, of the phenomena of radiation. The “waves” of light are never directly evident, but the value of the model is that it suggests to the scientist an application of the same mathematics of waves as he would apply to the real waves on water. This in its turn leads on to new experiment. Similar remarks may be made with regard to the hypothesis that matter consists of particles, such as molecules, atoms and electrons. This image is again based on the facts of everyday life where we are familiar with various distinguishable objects, of visible size, such as Brown, Jones and Robinson. The value of a similar idea as applied to the fine structure of matter—namely that it is built up from discrete entities—is that it allows us to use the concept of number. It thus provides a mathematical foundation for the theory of matter, closely analogous to the statistics of a population.

The present century has seen a great curtailment in the power of both of these models to provide an adequate interpretation of phenomena. The peculiarity which has been encountered is that, in certain types of experiment, these images seem to be the wrong way round. Thus radiation sometimes behaves like a stream of particles, and matter like a wave. For example, if a beam of light strikes a suitable kind of surface an effect takes place which is as if the surface had been hit by bullets. Electrons are emitted from various points on the surface and they have an energy which is the same however far away is the source of the light; the energy of the electrons is not affected by the weakening of the radiation. In this experiment, therefore, the radiation has behaved more like a stream of fast moving particles (‘photons’) which strike the surface and cause dislodgment of electrons at the points of impact. Thus, to account for the phenomena, we do not need to create an entirely new image, but merely to effect a rather peculiar transposition of one which is already in use.

A similar duality of interpretation is needed in the study of matter. In most of its phenomena it behaves undoubtedly like a collection of particles. However in certain types of experiment (for example when a gas stream passes through very narrow slits) it behaves more like a wave and shows the same characteristic phenomena of diffraction and interference which, at one time, were regarded as an unambiguous proof of the wave

nature of radiation.

These difficulties have become apparent only as a result of studying phenomena which are on a very minute scale, remote from the circumstances of everyday life. The analogy of waves and particles was taken, in the first place, from the range of direct human experience where things can be seen with the eye if they are larger than about a thousandth part of an inch. The mathematics based on these images gives very satisfactory results in the same range. It is only when it is applied to the very fine grained phenomena of the atom that the unique correspondence between light and wave, or between matter and particle, ceases to hold good.

Judging by this example it would seem that images may retain their value, or at least their clarity, only when they are applied over certain ranges of proximity. The function of the image is to connect, by analogy, a thing which is understood with another thing which is not, and it appears, perhaps, that this recognition of similarity can only be achieved in stages of limited size. To this situation in science there seem to be several analogues in the practice of the arts, where the symbols and images must not be too far removed from the ordinary experience of the reader or spectator.

The ambiguity of wave and particle, as applied to atomic phenomena, has raised the question whether images or models are really necessary in science. Newton’s objection to the use of hypothesis is well known and it may be, as Shelley says, “the deep truth is imageless.” There has certainly been a strong movement in science towards transcending the use of imagery by means of a purely mathematical formalism.

The matter is illustrated rather clearly by the methods of quantum mechanics. This is now the generally accepted theory of all fine-scale phenomena and was developed very largely in the effort to overcome the difficulties in the concepts of wave and particle, as mentioned above. In its present form it is a theory which is based quite simply on a set of three or four postulates. These are of a rather abstract character but their purpose, roughly speaking, is to tell us what are the observable properties of a system and by what operations they may be calculated. On the basis of the postulates, it is possible to establish a certain equation, named after Schrödinger. Its numerical solution, in appropriate circumstances, gives values for observable properties, such as energy, momentum, etc. Or rather it gives the probability of finding the system with particular values of the observable properties. The predictions of modern science are always statistical—they refer to the average behaviour of a large number of systems or to the average result of a large number of experiments on a single system. It is never possible to calculate the precise behaviour of a single system at a particular moment.

In a development of this kind the function of the “image” has largely disappeared and with it the pictorial quality of all models of be-

haviour, such as the particle and the wave. The purpose of the theory is to predict numbers, to be compared with the results of experiment over a very wide range of phenomena. The theory is thus descriptive, but is not explanatory in the accepted sense, since it does not connect up with familiar experience.

There is thus a tendency in science for the sensuous analogy to play a diminishing rôle. This development was not consciously desired by the scientists but was the result of the logic of discovery; the smaller the scale of the phenomena the more do the images of everyday life seem to fail. This breakdown of the image has caused a loss of one of the creative methods of science—the method which consists in comparing one tangible object with another and finding the connection. The kind of imagery which must now be used, if imagery is an appropriate word, is essentially mathematical—the method in modern theory is to find the set of equations whose structure shows a correspondence to the pattern of the physical operations of measurement. The correspondence which is sought is between a formal mathematics and a set of operations, not between a model and an assumed existing entity.

Heisenberg has written: "Almost every scientific advance is bought at the cost of renunciation, almost every gain in knowledge sacrifices important viewpoints and established modes of thought. As facts and knowledge accumulate, the claim of the scientist to an *understanding* of the world in a certain sense diminishes." The development of a simple scheme of mathematical law is bought at the price "of renouncing the aim of bringing the phenomena of nature to our thinking in an immediate and living way." It has, of course, often been said that the function of science is to answer how things occur, rather than why they occur. The distinction is perhaps not very precise, but I think that what is meant by a why-question is one which requires an answer expressed in terms of familiar experience and, more especially, purposive behaviour. The more teleological is the answer the more nearly do we succeed in explaining why, rather than how. But thereby the answer also becomes anthropocentric, since the only purposes which are intelligible to us are those which are active in ourselves.

The distinction between how and why-questions is closely related to the objective and subjective aspects of experience and thereby to reason and feeling as two different and complementary avenues of truth and insight. Those scientists who have worked at the deepest level of the science of their time have never underrated the value of intuitive modes of thought, for it is evident that the fundamental postulates of a theory are themselves not based on reason. For example Max Planck, one of the originators of quantum mechanics, has written: "The man who handles a bulk of results obtained from an experimental process must have an imaginative picture of the law that he is pursuing. He must embody this

in an imaginary hypothesis. The reasoning faculties alone will not help him forward a step, for no order can emerge from that chaos of elements unless there is the constructive quality of mind which builds up the order by a process of elimination and choice."

* * * *

As we have seen, the function of physics, as at present conceived is to attain an exact mathematical formalism, rather than the "imaginative picture" which is spoken of by Max Planck. It remains to be seen whether our present inability to form a complete mental picture of certain of the phenomena of nature is to become a permanent feature of science. The situation has not been accepted unreservedly by all scientists and in particular not by Albert Einstein, who has always recognized the need for the clear image: "Human nature always has tried to form for itself a simple and synoptic image of the surrounding world. In doing this it tries to construct a picture which will give some sort of tangible expression to what the human mind sees in nature. That is what the poet does, and the painter, and speculative philosopher, and the natural philosopher, each in his own way." The use of analogy, such as we see in metaphor and imagery, is not easily dispensed with as a means of thought. J. Middleton Murry has expressed this very clearly: "Metaphor appears as the instinctive and necessary act of the mind exploring reality and ordering experience."

Niels Bohr, in a philosophical approach to the problems of science entirely different from that of Dr. Einstein, has accepted what he believes to be the basic imperfection of any image or model of reality, but has shown in an important way how the possibility of an understanding of nature by the use of images may be greatly advanced by the use of a principle of complementarity. In this he draws attention to the existence of certain situations or experiments which occur in pairs, such that the kind of knowledge which is obtainable from one member of the pair (and the image which interprets that knowledge) is connected in a mutually exclusive and complementary manner with that which may be obtained from the other. The meaning of the principle may be illustrated by means of some examples.

For the first of these we may take the complementarity of wave and particle, although it is difficult to discuss this in a sufficiently precise manner within the scope of the present article. It may be remarked that these images may still be applied quite fruitfully, as a mental aid, provided that this application is carried out in a peculiarly circumscribed manner, in accordance with the type of experimental operation which is under discussion. For example, it is found that the sort of experiment on light which will give a certain kind of precise information which might be interpreted as wavelike, will not give any exact information which might be interpreted as corpuscular. For the latter purpose an entirely

different experiment would be required and this, in its turn, would yield no exact information on the wave character. In brief, the attainment of one kind of knowledge precludes the attainment of another kind, in the same experiment. The wave image is appropriate for the interpretation of one situation, and the particle image for another, but they cannot both be applied together. De Broglie has remarked that the idea of complementarity implies "*que deux conceptions en apparence incompatibles peuvent représenter chacune un aspect de la vérité et qu'elles puissent servir tour à tour à représenter les faits sans entrer jamais en conflit direct.*"

For the present purposes it is perhaps easier to convey the meaning of Niels Bohr's principle by the use of another of his examples. Here he refers to the use in biology of the terms "mechanism" and "vitalism", which are clearly of the nature of images. These words, he says, always refer to complementary situations. Thus the dissection of an animal for the purpose of studying its "mechanism" implies its death, and thus precludes any study of its characteristics as a living creature. Conversely, the investigation of its vital functions, while alive, is incompatible with any simultaneous and complete determination of its internal structure. The two images, mechanical and vital, are thus appropriate to quite different circumstances. At the same time a complete understanding of the organism requires the use of both of them, turn by turn. Max Born has expressed the matter very clearly: "... even in restricted fields a description of the whole of a system in one picture is impossible; there are complementary images which do not apply simultaneously but are nevertheless not contradictory and exhaust the whole only together."

It seems therefore that in many fields of thought there may be complementary kinds of knowledge and complementary kinds of image. Each represents a part of the truth. As Gonsseth has said, at one level of reality an opposition may seem to be polar, but by penetrating to a deeper level it is found to be complementary. Niels Bohr himself has remarked that there is a relationship of this sort between two categories which we use in the interpretation of our mental processes, the faculties of reason and emotion. He writes: "Recognition of complementary relationship is not least required in psychology, where the conditions for analysis and synthesis of experience exhibit striking analogy with the situation in atomic physics. In fact, the use of words like 'thoughts' and 'sentiments', equally indispensable to illustrate the diversity of psychical experience, pertain to mutually exclusive situations characterized by a different drawing of the line of separation between subject and object."* The point of these remarks, I think, is that the application of rational thought to a given situation precludes, to a large extent, the possibility of

* A discussion on complementarity by Bohr, Gonsseth and others is contained in Volume 2 of *Dialectica*, Neuchâtel, 1948.

simultaneous emotion, and *vice versa*. This view has clearly an important bearing on the relationship of science and the arts, which are seen to present different aspects of truth applicable to quite different ways of looking at the world. The subject matter of science is that of common experience, those phenomena which can be observed by everyone, and we analyse this experience by methods which are predominantly (but not entirely) rational. For this purpose we step aside from direct contact with the object, separating ourselves from it as if by a demarcation line. We do this in order to see it clearly—we are thus able to analyse it, but not to feel for it.

The arts, on the other hand, are concerned with individual experience and include as an essential part the emotions of the artist. In the act of feeling we unite ourselves with the object—we feel for a thing and become a part of it. As C. Day Lewis remarks, "the poet's re-creation includes both the object and the sensations connecting him with the object, both the facts and the tone of an experience" These observations do not imply, of course, that rational thought plays no part in the arts, nor feeling in science. In the latter, for example, the incentive to research is partly emotional and there is also the strong intuitive element at the basis of scientific theory. What is important, I think, is that in science we tend to separate ourselves from the object of our thought, whereas in the arts (and in religious feeling) we seek to unite ourselves to it. As I have suggested, we cannot both think and feel about a thing at the same time. It is difficult to do this even at different times, because predominantly rational or emotional ways of thought become habits which it is difficult to break. The scientist trains himself to look for a kind of highest common denominator—the reproducible part of experience—and this requires that his analysis shall be independent of personal mood. To a much greater degree the artist allows himself to be "open" to his surroundings, in order to respond to them—"I hear a cry of spirits faint and blind."

Between science, art, reason and emotion there is thus a kind of four-cornered and complementary relationship. The truth of reason and the truth of feeling are applicable in different situations, according to whether we separate ourselves from the object of attention, or unite ourselves to it. Both are equally necessary; as Niels Bohr says: "In the search for a harmonious attitude towards life, it must never be forgotten that we ourselves are both actors and spectators in the drama of existence."

For the same reasons, science and the arts differ extremely in the nature of the images which they create. Thus if I say that light is like a wave I have in mind a relationship into which my own personality, as distinct from that of other scientists, does not enter. But when Campion says "there is a garden in her face" he expresses his individual feeling. The kind of truth which is expressed in the arts is that of our own emotions, a

statement of ourselves, and the world, as seen by the artist, undergoes a partial transformation, which is one aspect of its meaning:

Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:

From a slightly different aspect, the artist, because he does not separate himself at all sharply from the object, is concerned with that which is individual—the particular instance or the unique person to which he responds. The scientist makes this separation and thus deals with that which is general. He does not study the single entity and his interpretation, whether it is in physics or in sociology, gives an aspect of truth which is essentially statistical. After every generalization of science the individual has still escaped us.

In one way of life we enter in imagination into the existence of everything that surrounds us—we ask ourselves what it is to be that man or that tree, what are its needs and the essence of its being. In the state of love the distinction of subject and object almost disappears. In another way of life we see the world as consisting of distinct entities which can be considered dispassionately and separately from the observer. In spite of Goethe, it is difficult to conceive of an effective science which is not analytical. On the other hand science has certainly become increasingly concerned with its assumptions concerning the mysterious relation between subject and object, with the extent to which the observer can be regarded as separate from that which he observes.

(Dr. Denbigh is University Lecturer in the Department of Chemical Engineering at Cambridge.)

CORRESPONDENCE

VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY,
Sir,

With the approval and support of the Haldane family I am collecting material for a book dealing with the life and times of Viscount Haldane of Cloan (1856-1928) and I should be grateful to your readers for the loan of letters and for personal reminiscences of Lord Haldane or of matters in which he was concerned.

Yours faithfully,

DUDLEY SOMMER.

Spring Pond,
Wispers, Nr. Midhurst, Sussex.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

DYLAN THOMAS

By B. EVAN OWEN

The critical storm that raged about the person and poetry of Dylan Thomas after the impact of his early publications has long abated. When comment on his work ranged from violent abuse to sycophantic adulation it was impossible to consider the poetry with the detachment necessary for a valid assessment and very few critics made the attempt. The collection into one volume of all his poetry to date* offers opportunities for objective and detailed appreciation of the work of the established poet. The young Welsh "dog among the fairies"; the curly Cupid of Augustus John's portrait; the "modern Chatterton"; these were a few of the components of the myth that surrounded Dylan Thomas in the years immediately preceding the last war. Now, with the poet approaching his forties and his former friends and enemies striving to forget their past excesses, we have a total of 90 poems on which to base our new judgment.

All the poems included have appeared in print previously and, with the exception of the last six poems in the book and one other, all have been taken without significant alteration from the four volumes with which readers of poetry are familiar. *Eighteen Poems* was published in 1934 and the last volume, *Deaths and Entrances* in 1946. The chronological sequence is preserved in the present collection, on the evidence of which Mr. Thomas has only produced six poems over the past six years. The obvious reason for this new volume at this time is the fact that the earlier poetry has been out of print for some time. Of even greater importance, however, is the revelation through this collection of the unity of the poet's work and the logic of his development. In the context of this approach the half dozen new poems at the end of the book

are little more than an appendix: interesting footnotes that are only expanded reiterations of his earlier work.

To read the poetry from cover to cover is to progress steadily from the swaggering self-assurance of adolescence hiding a complexity of uncertainties, through a quest for the ideal of a happiness that vanished with childhood, towards a new understanding of the true meaning of existence. The poet's imagery derives from his Celtic inheritance, the Bible and Christian literature and from the psycho-analytical writings of C. G. Jung. From an early preoccupation with the physical and spiritual implications of birth he has reached a position where death is not just the other side of the same obscene coin but is the logical termination of man's earthly endeavours and the gateway to peace. A study of the poet's birthday poems reveals the reality of his development. At 24 years he is still haunted by the mystery, the pain and the death-in-life of the process of human birth. (It is important to note in this connection that the poet is not primarily concerned with the fact of his own birth; his early poetry is not just an extravaganza on the theme of Dylan Thomas, as some of his critics have asserted. This theme is not the condition of one man but the condition of all men. He has remained true to the last line of one of his early poems in which he wrote, "... Man be my metaphor.") At 30 the past has belatedly fallen into place and the present is the brighter for the recollections of the glories of a childhood that cannot be repeated.

... And the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun.
It was my thirtieth
Year to heaven stood there then in the
summer noon
Though the town below lay leaved with

* *Collected Poems 1934-1952*. By Dylan Thomas. Dent. 12s. 6d.

October blood
In "Poem on his Birthday," first published in a shorter version in October 1951, the keynote is man's journey towards death; a pilgrimage shared with all living creatures. But death is not to be feared when ". . . love unbolts the dark / And freely he goes lost / In the unknown, famous light of great / And fabulous, dear God." Of all his blessings the most cherished is,

That the closer I move
To death, one man through his sundered
hulks,
The louder the sun blooms
And the tusked, ramshackling sea exults;
And every wave of the way
And gale I tackle the whole world then
With more triumphant faith
Than ever was since the world was
said

In Mr. Thomas's later poetry the compound words that were used so lavishly in the earlier works, though remaining one of his more important technical devices, do not obtrude so violently from the pattern of the poems. Puns are no longer used merely as intellectual boosts for emotional cataracts and there is a gentle subtlety about the rhyming that is as delightful as it is unexpected. In the impressive poem "In Country Sleep" Mr. Thomas makes effective use of the exclamation mark in the manner of Gerard Manley Hopkins in his poem, "The Starlight Night." Both poets use this device to indicate spiritual exultation and although the resemblances between the two poets have been stressed before, they are the more clearly seen now that we have the whole of Mr. Thomas's work in one volume. It is not only in technicalities that their work is alike; both poets are distinguished by their single-minded pursuit of an explanation in spiritual terms of the moral and physical dichotomy that bedevils the universe. Again, both poets work on two distinct levels and when they leave their main pre-occupations are immediately involved in the conditions of their fellow-men. Thus, it is ". . . for the lovers, their arms / Round the griefs of the ages" that Mr. Thomas writes and makes apparent his concern

in such poems as "After the Funeral", "The Hunchback in the Park", "Paper and Sticks" and "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night." The latter poem, first printed in 1951, is one of the simplest and least ambitious pieces in the whole collection; it is also one of the most haunting.

In 1934 Dylan Thomas wrote: "My poetry is the record of my individual struggle from darkness towards some measure of light," a definition that might as well have been written by Hopkins. If, as his last poems would suggest, Mr. Thomas has attained his purpose, if his struggle is over, we are left with a number of questions to which there can be no immediate answers. It is possible that there will be no significant additions to the present volume; Mr. Thomas may already have reached the peak of his achievement in the poems first printed in the volume, *Deaths and Entrances*.

Quality is a not altogether irrelevant factor in the assessment of a poet's place among his contemporaries and 90 poems is no great number on which to base a reputation as the most important poet of his generation but it is a position to which this collection entitles him. It is perhaps of interest to remember that Hopkins' reputation is based on half that number of poems; in retrospect we may find that the Welsh poet's influence upon his followers is as great as that exercised by his nineteenth-century predecessor upon the young poets of the nineteen-thirties.

LIVY. Vol. XVIII (Books XLIII-XLV). Translated by Alfred C. Schlesinger.

DIODORUS SICULUS. Vol. VII (Books XV 20-XVI 65). Translated by Charles L. Sherman.

ARISTOTLE: *Meteorologica*. Translated by H. D. P. Lee.

PLINY: *Natural History*, Vol. IX (Books XXXIII-XXXV). Translated by H. Rackham. *Loeb Classical Library*, William Heinemann. 15s. each. Nothing bridges the gap between an-

tiquity and the present day more readily than history. This is not altogether due to its subject, although that must be the foundation of the study of the beginnings of western civilization. Politics itself is a Greek word and so is most of its vocabulary. Western languages after more than 2,000 years have found no word of their own to replace monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, oligarchy and the rest. But how are we to write history? Classical writers have nearly as many methods as our own. It would be difficult to think of any kind of writing more difficult in style and content than Herodotus and Thucydides. A score of contrasting examples could be given.

An accident of publication brings before us a Latin and a Greek historian who were nearly contemporary. They have only one other thing in common; neither was too accurate about material facts. Diodorus copied dates from his authorities without attempting to adjust them, and it never seems to have occurred to him that different nations had different calendars. Livy, an Italian, did not think it necessary to visit the Italian scenes he described. He confuses Thermopylae with Thermon, the capital of Aetolia on the opposite side of Greece.

Nevertheless, we forgive Livy much more easily than Diodorus. Livy himself virtually admits that facts are rather a nuisance; he preferred to write about events where the authorities were vague enough to allow him to construct his own narrative. We, therefore, still read Livy (and blush no more for the "therefore" than his own contemporaries did) with the delight that belongs to a writer of genius.

Diodorus was an industrious bore. He spent over 40 years travelling and compiling the materials for his 40 books, covering a period of 1,138 years. It is among the minor mercies of literature that many of these books are lost. Nevertheless, these erudite and endless volumes—called by the author *The Library of History*, beginning with the siege of Troy and ending with the estab-

lishment of the Roman dominion in the Mediterranean—contained material not to be found elsewhere. Moreover, Diodorus, uninspired as he was, and careless as he could be, wrote plain straightforward Greek.

The new volume completes the Loeb library of Livy with a half-finished sentence. Mommsen guessed at the conclusion from faint traces on the parchment. The translation by Professor Alfred C. Schlesinger is based on a text which collates the most recent work, and the maps are an inducement to follow the narrative, if one is required. Professor Charles L. Sherman's translation of Diodorus is so good as to conceal the laborious scratchings of the author's pen; but it does him no more than justice in the plain good sense of its language.

Aristotle's *Meteorologica* can hardly be read for its scientific conclusions; it is still of interest for its scientific method. Aristotle had grasped and he insisted upon the objective study of natural phenomena uninfluenced by traditional, theoretical or any other extraneous influences. He observed accurately, within limits, but he stopped short of the practical experiments which modern science demands. The Headmaster of Clifton has added a stimulating introduction to a translation begun before the war and now happily completed.

Pliny's *Natural History* is by no means in the same category. We can read his account of mining and of the history of painting without being reminded too often that this is a work of antiquity. The translation of books XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, was completed by Mr. H. Rackham before his death. The Latin text has been prepared by Professor E. H. Warmington with footnotes and some revision of Mr. Rackham's work.

The four volumes noticed are a valuable addition to classical studies and—what perhaps matters more—an incitement to the general reader to learn through translation. He can follow such a subject as philosophy through its manifestations in Stoicism, Epicurean-

ism and Scepticism to the end of the Academy; or history and geography to the Graeco-Judaic literature; or the Alexandrian poets to the *Anthologies* and the age of the Greeks in Rome. Augustus and Cicero, like other aristocratic Romans of their time, learnt and wrote Greek as naturally and as necessarily as educated Englishmen did Latin until the close of the nineteenth century and beyond. The end of Hellenism melts into the beginning of Christian literature. Plotinus and Neoplatonism seem to belong almost as much to the Renaissance as to the third century. Slender links indeed and few! No man can mark the moment when Hellas died, nor even if she only slumbered until the fifteenth century. Yet that form of intellectual and moral culture which we recognize to-day as Greek is embalmed in Greek literature. We must seek it, whenever we can, at its source.

W. THOMSON HILL

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR SCHOOL, by J. F. Wolfenden. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

There must be some epistolary fervour in the air of the Senior Common Room at Magdalen College, Oxford. First, Mr. C. S. Lewis unleashes the correspondence of his saints and sinners, and now Mr. Wolfenden, a former Fellow of the College, creates for us a sort of educational Screwtape.

This book is written as a guide to ordinary parents who may well feel themselves out of their depth among the changes which have resulted from the 1944 Act. In the letters which form the main part of the book a young mother appeals to her sister for advice, and their schoolmaster brother tries to explain the aims and objects of different types of schools. He considers selection methods, the status of the Secondary Modern School, the gains and losses of the Grammar School under the recent Act, and many other aspects. There is also a provocative discussion of the contrast between the life of the day-boy

and that of his companion in an independent boarding school. In these letters the patient brother is considerably frustrated by an obdurate brother-in-law who will not face the implications of the new Act, maintaining that it has been framed to prevent him from giving his children the best possible chance in the world. In a commentary at the end Mr. Wolfenden sums up the arguments brought forward by his characters, and delves rather more deeply into the whole content and purpose of education.

The schoolmaster who is the central figure must not necessarily be assumed to be Mr. Wolfenden himself. He shows himself a firm believer in the many virtues of the Grammar School, of which first-rate teaching is unquestionably one. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether he is quite fair to the independent schools, apart from admiring the achievement of the top dozen. It is difficult to credit that the lesser ones are such bogus purveyors of second-rate character and intellectual training as this mythical schoolmaster would have us believe. He certainly forgets that many of the features which the State schools have developed so successfully originated in those schools which have had the freedom and courage to experiment in the past.

Apart from this, the book gives a useful commentary on a subject which puzzles the professional as much as the layman. How indeed are we to select a school for a child of any age? Only the widest possible latitude for transfer could achieve success in every case, and State systems, well conceived and careful though they may be, are not renowned for flexibility. Even the independent schools, to which children go by free choice on both sides, have their proportion of misfits. The State system is far less likely to be entirely free from wrongly allocated pupils; but these would be much less numerous if parents would take the trouble to employ some sensible guide, such as this book offers, through the maze.

RUPERT MARTIN

THE GALLIC LAND: Country Life in France, by Len Ortzen. Phoenix House. 15s.

DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE: The Third and Fourth Republics, by David Thomson. Oxford University Press. 16s.

Readers of Mr. Ortzen's paper "The French Peasant and His World" in the November issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY will have had the only aperitif they need to prepare them for the enjoyment of his book. Few authors have distinctive styles which fit perfectly their themes, but in *The Gallic Land* Mr. Ortzen is to be counted among them.

For, with a sentence or two, he lifts his reader deftly and completely out of his present environment, be it railway compartment, armchair or bed, and drops him with all his senses alert into one of those high French carts jolting "slowly along narrow, pot-holed lanes" to market. Once in he is captured, moving in a new world, as a stranger certainly, but as vividly as if every experience had been his own.

Within a few pages he knows the routine of the day, the shrewdness of the buyers, the hopes of the sellers. Soon he will have shared the anxieties of M. le Maire about his budget and his pleasures in *la bonne fête* and *le petit train*; he will have visited Monsieur and Madame Bresson and understood the significance to the village of their *café*; he will have travelled across country by bus, visited the schoolmaster who is also *le secrétaire de mairie*, called on the *curé*.

Then, too, the importance of the First Communion and the family gathering it assembles will have been made known to him; he will have learnt to appreciate, if he did not appreciate before, the ritual accompanying good food, he will have met *le bon facteur* bicycling his long round, noted the farmers' cautious appraisal of change and, with a laugh, their resistance to taxes, admired the perpetuation of thrift.

Here, perhaps, is the real France, or is Paris just as real though less sound?

It is an admirable series of pictures that Mr. Ortzen paints, linked skilfully by the common scene of countryside and by adroit mentions of characters who have previously appeared. He is helped too by the 33 photographs of John Saunders, so appropriate that they seem to remark: "Yes, here it is, just as Mr. Ortzen says."

Most of Mr. Ortzen's *paysans* would confirm no doubt Dr. Thomson's dictum that "the French Revolution of 1789 asserted . . . that the essence of the democratic ideal is the 'sovereignty of the people'." A second edition of this excellent book on the Third and Fourth Republics is most welcome: it is no less comprehensive and well documented than when THE FORTNIGHTLY reviewed it earlier and Dr. Thomson's re-written chapter on the Fourth Republic is a valuable replacement.

JOHN ARMITAGE

THE JOURNEY OUTWARD, by Maurice Collis. Faber. 21s.

In this, the first volume of Mr. Collis's autobiography, ending at his service with the Burmese Regiment in Egypt in the 1914-1918 war, he describes his life as a man of action before his inner promptings turned him into a man of letters. The analysis of the various causes which eventually brought about this change is perhaps more interesting to Mr. Collis than it may be to his readers. But they will have no cause to complain of lack of interest, especially in the descriptions of Burmese life and archaeology, in which Mr. Collis is at his best.

Born of an affluent Anglo-Irish family which had settled in Ireland in the days of Cromwell, Mr. Collis distinguished himself at Rugby and Corpus Christi, Oxford, as an all-round athlete and scholar. The amusing description of the bump-down from the eminence gained in his private school to utter insignificance at Rugby is probably as true now of every public school in England as it was 50 years ago. At Oxford Mr. Collis was a contemporary of Rupert Brooke,

Arthur Waley, Philip Guedalla of whom he gives a lively sketch, and his own publisher. He took an exceptionally good first in history, went very near to a Fellowship at All Souls, and in 12 months mastered enough extra learning to pass into the I.C.S. and was sent out to Burma in 1912.

It is hardly surprising that there Mr. Collis found himself out of sympathy with his countrymen. The business class seemed to him intent only on "shutting out Burma" and making money. Of the Government, he thought that its principal aim was to facilitate the money-making: "to prevent anything happening, the whole duty of its servants (the I.C.S.) was to administer a formula, their daily task the repetition of a repetition." These and other criticisms are scarcely fair. Burma suffered from the fact that down to 1935 it was only a province of India, little understood in Calcutta and Simla. But the introduction of self-government in 1937 (after Mr. Collis had resigned from the I.C.S.) the treatment of their employees by the big British companies, the law and order introduced, stand in evidence that the *pax Britannica* had little need to be ashamed of itself.

As soon as he had mastered the rudiments of his duties, Mr. Collis got himself transferred to remote posts (one of them involved a 12-day journey from Mandalay) where, far from European society, he could enter into the life of the pleasant, friendly Burmese as far as the aloofness required of a district officer permitted. These Burmese scenes are indeed lovely. The festival of the April full moon when the King of Heaven descends to earth for the day; Burmese dancing and theatrical; the weird *nat* music to propitiate local deities; Burmese legends and art; all these are depicted with an easy realism which makes the reader feel that he himself is partaking in the merriment.

The book ends on a sad note. The Burmese Regiment never had any proper training and on arrival in Egypt could only be put on Allenby's lines of com-

munication where three men committed suicide out of sheer misery. As the regiment had been formed at the urgent request of the Burmese themselves, they deserved a better fate.

O. M. GREEN

SAINTS FOR NOW, edited by Claire Boothe Luce. *Sheed & Ward*. 16s.

In a most able survey of our age of Revolution, the Archbishop of York has defied the normal inertia of the septuagenarian to portray for us the better and worse of decades which have changed our values and our prospects and which, while bringing radiator and refrigerator have drugged many with the intoxication of speed and greed. The Archbishop is not alone in diagnosing the maladies of the time or in proposing a prescription. For Miss Claire Boothe (wedded to Mr. Henry Luce of *Time*) looks at it, not from a Yorkshire palace, but from a coign of vantage among the cutest in *New York*, and she invites 20 of her friends—some in the United States, some in the British Isles to collaborate with her in an alternative treatment which is no other than sketches, some in pencil but mostly in writing of lives not merely heroically unselfish, but with that addition which comes from the deliberate search for absolute perfection and unchanging reality in the spirit of heavenly love.

These portraits range through history from "the disciple whom Jesus loved" to the threshold of this century, and so present a series of significant figures in Christian history. They are chosen, however not by co-ordinated plan, but the taste of Mrs. Luce's friends. So it comes that there is no word about St. Paul who is by far the most constantly influential writer in history, and among the historic monks there is but a page on St. Bernard and nothing on Spain's great St. Teresa, a woman admired by all who know of her, while there are portraits of such remote figures as St. Radegonde and St. Simon Sty-

lites—yes, as saints for to-day. And there is great inequality in the writing. No one could guess from Mr. Watkins' portrait of St. Radegonde that he had done his fine work on culture, philosophy and mysticism, while Miss Barbara Ward on St. Thomas More writes with such business-like competence that one realizes she best displays her brilliance in the pages of *The Economist*; but Miss Kate O'Brien in her 25 pages on St. Francis Xavier gives us a much completer idea of this romantic career than when she wrote a whole book on St. Teresa and we have certainly words for need and mood of the time in Miss Rebecca West on St. Augustine and Mr. Bruce Marshall on the *Curé d'Ars*.

The writers of this book are well aware that we are living in a perilous world: its aeroplanes, its various types of bomb and artillery, its lack of taste and of leisure, its contraceptives and its cigarettes, its selfishness and its combination of conveniences with restlessness all go with a phenomenal fall in Church attendance in England and material for Kinsey reports in America.

In the United States this book is sure of success, for there when all is said the Churches are crowded. And here too it provides not only windows for the procession of Church history, but many bracing and shining ideas about men and women who knew that to be holy one must take up Christ's cross. Among these authors is one who writes, with the finish and the serenity, the quietness and the delicacy of an earlier age, the first essay in the book on a saint who also was a most accomplished writer. It is Mr. Alfred Noyes on St. John the Evangelist; Mr. Noyes is fresher in his age than others in their maturity, as the Evangelist himself kept to his own old age the ardour and intensity of youth. ROBERT SENCOURT

THE ANGLO-IRISH: Cork, Ormonde, Swift, by Brian FitzGerald. *Staples*. 25s.

Mr. Brian FitzGerald, having in his previous enchanting books *The Gerald-*

ines and others, taken us into the time and company of his fascinating ancestors, now turns his romantic historian's gift to the Anglo-Irish—with original approach. The reader, expecting a general study of that remarkable race, finds instead three outstanding figures, recreated as representatives, in successive historical chapters. First, Richard Boyle, the Elizabethan adventurer who became "the great Earl of Cork," built towns and factories on his enormous estates and fostered the growth of an English-descended Protestant ascendancy; then the torch is handed to James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, aristocrat, landlord, King's Deputy, strong Protestant, with religious and aristocratic code of honour, unwavering loyalty to his wavering Stuart kings, and a sense of justice rare in his period; from Ormonde it passes to Jonathan Swift—English on both sides—shown here "in his capacity as an Anglo-Irishman" and founder of Irish Nationalism.

This is a fascinating and provocative book, especially to those who, like the present reviewer, combine in themselves the mixed and conflicting blood of Anglo-Irish and Gael. Mr. FitzGerald seems to 'borrow' the Norman Ormonde for his Anglo-Irish thesis, yet a comparison between this and *The Geraldines* proves the abiding racial differences—a more magic and gentler atmosphere in *The Geraldines* despite the violent background, a harsher note here. Of the rival great Norman-Irish families, the Butlers remained King's men, never intermarrying with the Gaels, while the FitzGerald, marrying Irish princesses, adopting Irish music and customs, became Gaelicized. Mr. FitzGerald rides joyously through tangled Irish history, carrying his reader with him. He makes these men and women living, clothes them with vivid description of velvet and silk and jewels, recreates their social life, houses, architecture and their lovely setting of Irish country, water and sky. Swift walks under the elms of St. Patrick's or by

the river at Laracor with Stella.

The author's novelist's gift of intense personal identification with characters sympathetic to him has unescaped perils, increased by the difficult transition of one twentieth century mind to the seventeenth. His own frank, strong prejudices expressed in frequent interposed personal comments—with sometimes reckless generalizations—and uncomplimentary adjectives prefacing disliked names (Henrietta Maria hardly appears without one) banish historical detachment and mar the otherwise distinguished writing. A prejudice against the Roman Church shows here to a degree that unbalances both historical and human record. The author, denouncing fiercely the human frailties and abuses of ecclesiastical power, simply ignores the facts of religion through the ages. He imagines high motives for Cromwell, but appears incapable of recognizing a faith he does not share, or of putting himself in the position of the Irish Catholics. Thus he misses the objectiveness of the study of another Anglo-Irish historian, Dr. Nicholas Mansergh, of the causes and political consequences of the Irish Catholic-Continental alliances, and the significance of Spenser's unbiased testimony to the priests who came from abroad to peril of death in Ireland. That very persecution strengthened, as always, the persecuted religion, and created the later Irish clerical power.

The Anglo-Irish, a great race, were the makers of modern Ireland and her culture. The author stresses correctly the indifference of the native aristocracy to the suffering masses, for whom concern came then, as later, from English arrivals. But he writes here markedly from within the Anglo-Irish enclosure and the natives have no life, except as mass background figures of misery who aroused Swift's lacerating indignation for their championship, or appearing in a mass revolt of savagery. Even that great figure, Owen Roe O'Neill, cannot attract Mr. FitzGerald's vivid pen to

an attempt to share his dream.

PAMELA HINKSON

THE BURIED LIFE: A Study of the Relation between Thackeray's Fiction and his Personal History, by Gordon Ray. *Oxford University Press for the Royal Society of Literature.* 12s. 6d.

With a view to eventually writing a very detailed biography of Thackeray, Dr. Gordon Ray has made such a minute and careful study of all the episodes in his life and the people with whom he came into contact that it is not surprising that he has been able to discover the originals of many of the best known characters portrayed in the great Victorian writer's novels. This volume is the enlarged edition of the Lowell lectures which Dr. Ray delivered in 1950, in which he reminds his hearers that "Thackeray followed a fixed pattern in portraying characters from life. Each is presented initially in a comprehensive sketch which includes a good many details from the personality and career of his model." This fixed pattern, coupled with the fact that Dr. Ray has had access to many family private papers—amongst other sources of information—has enabled him to support his conclusions with authentic evidence.

The book opens with a delightful daguerreotype, which is the only illustration, of Thackeray's mother and step-father, Major and Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth in 1855. It is natural that we should be told of the part played by these two individuals in providing her son with the originals for some of his delightful pictures from life, and the influence which Mrs. Brookfield, his great friend, played in the scenes he left.

These themes are not new, and probably the most interesting figure in the book is Thackeray's uncle-by-marriage Lt.-Colonel Merrick Shawe, who for the first time is identified as the original of Major Pendennis. The Shawe family have in the past only been coupled with Thackeray to show up the unpleasant relations that existed between Thackeray

and his mother-in-law. Now Dr. Ray discovers the happy relations that existed between the novelist and his wife's uncle. With his usual capacity for minute detail he devotes a very long chapter to this remarkable relative, who was the aide to the Marquis Wellesley, and traces his whole career. The pedigree of Mrs. Thackeray adds another interesting feature to the volume, for this has so far never been published, as a part of Thackeray's papers.

Not only does this volume merit the attention of Thackeray students and those interested in discovering the origin of well known characters in fiction, but it has the attraction of being of interest to the historians of the Marquis Wellesley and his brother. We have in the past heard of the positions held by the novelist's father and step-father and other relations in trying to assist in building up British prestige in India; now for the first time we discover that some of his wife's relations were engaged in the same task and that Merrick Shawe, through the confidential position he held with his chief, was perhaps the most influential of all of them.

J. A. WALEY COHEN

EMILY DICKINSON, by Richard Chase. *American Men of Letters Series.* *Methuen.* 16s.

"What place ought to be assigned in literature to what is so remarkable yet so elusive to criticism?" This question framed by a contemporary of Emily Dickinson's is answered boldly by Richard Chase in his first chapter. He affirms that she is the greatest of women poets. Having thus stated his belief he rejoices in his liberty to assess, to reject, to criticize and to interpret her poetry in a book remarkable for its astringency, its economy of praise and its sensitive writing.

To discuss Emily Dickinson to-day entails the study of three themes: the myth, the poet and the poems. The myth is brushed aside to reveal a small figure that, far from being the victim of circumstance and unfulfilled womanhood, is a fiery creature writing from a Puritan core

with a fine intellectual integrity. The account of her home, of the father "pure and terrible" and of the negative mother is hesitant compared with the deeply etched picture of her schooldays. The brilliant, humorous, irreverent daughter of small-town New England steps from the pages. We even share her attitude to the Christianity recommended each day from 4.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. by her headmistress! Thence we follow the story of "Emilie" and of Charles Wadsworth whom Emily Dickinson undoubtedly loved, to the last phase when the poet became a recluse and the recluse a poet capable of the profundity of Blake.

Richard Chase shows that the poetry is closely related to the crisis of the period, the end of the domination of New England and hence the passing of the Puritan drama. What a blank day it was—when "the Heaven died!" she wrote, and reports that she "felt a cleavage" in her mind. Out of that tension emerged the greatness of Hawthorne and the quality of Emily Dickinson.

In three chapters on her poetry Richard Chase shows his grasp of her thought. Of the 1,500 poems under review he would grant to some dozen-or-two alone the epithet great, but these he would place in the forefront of lyric poetry. In them he finds her major theme, her "one incandescent core of meaning," which is the achievement of "status" through crucial experience that takes "the form of sudden illumination, an appalling pause in the motion of things, a seizure of an unspeakable power, an ecstatic influx." Such moments of vision she recorded in her abrupt verse. Hence the challenge of so many of her poems, "The soul should always stand ajar," she wrote: "Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn" and, "like the distance on the look of death" or, "Death is a dialogue between The spirit and the dust."

We find here the most frequent single theme: "the principle of death." Discussing it Richard Chase notes that it is impossible to discern any systematic theology in the poetry, and that the claim

to mysticism is false. This cutting away of the legends that have accrued about Emily Dickinson's work leaves it not diminished but rather more firmly established in its own right as a poetry "wry, realistic, unsentimental", conditioned by the frosts of New England, yet written by a woman who said that "Gethsemane and Cana are still a travelled route."

GRACE A. WOOD

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL.

Translated by C. Day Lewis.
Hogarth Press. 21s.

When the B.B.C. commissioned Professor Day Lewis to make this translation of the *Aeneid* for broadcasting, they probably had in mind the excellent contention that such a classical masterpiece should be newly translated for every age, and that if it were rendered into contemporary speech, it could probably interest a wide public. But the trouble is that the *Aeneid* is not the *Odyssey* and does not hold simply as a good story. It is a work of the study clearly written to order, with a high degree of finish; it is, besides, a courtly narrative epic glorifying the origin and rise of the Roman State; also a great moral, philosophic, and prophetic poem. It demands a knowledge of factual, as well as literary, history for its real enjoyment and appreciation; but above all a connoisseur's relish in language. Virgil was, indeed, as Tennyson has said, a "lord of language",

Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

Unfortunately, contemporary English speech is a poor medium for such literary stateliness and splendour.

All this of course Mr. Day Lewis knows and admits in a disarmingly modest Foreword. But he has urged as his excuse, if not his justification, a concession to broadcasting, "the need to hold the listener's attention" for "introducing here and there a sharp bold colloquialism or a deliberate cliché which might stimulate by appearing in an unfamiliar context." He has overdone, I think, phrases like "into thin

air" and "fired by success"; while "she's so upset", "He is not easy on the eye", "on the *qui vive*" and "sent the stars packing" do jar. Book VI seems almost free, however, from this impoverishment.

On the credit side Mr. Day Lewis's translation is, when describing action, energetic, fresh and vivid. His medium, a sprung rhythm with six beats to a line, gives him the elasticity needed for a line-for-line translation. The scene when Troy burns and Priam is dragged "sliding in the pool of his son's blood" and slain is magnificently conveyed, as are some of the episodes with Camilla and Turnus. Also, to take a famous line, I prefer "Woman was ever a veering, weathercock creature" to Dryden's "Woman's a various and a changeful thing!" And as for the consummate *Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalit tangunt*, well: "Tears in the nature of things, hearts touched by human transience" is no bad approach. Mr. Day Lewis's vigorous rendering may certainly bring a form of the *Aeneid* to some who might otherwise have remained in ignorance, but should one try to popularize Virgil?

What a translation Flecker might have made, to judge by the little he did. On the subject of Cerberus, for example, compare these two passages. Flecker wrote:

Aeneas down the brute-unwardened path
Quick pace pursues. Behind him lies the
stream

Whose waves whisper no whisper of
return.

Mr. Day Lewis, I feel, has missed the sound. He translates:

Aeneas, passing its entrance, the watch-
dog neutralised,

Strode rapidly from the bank of that river
of no return.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK

THE NIGHTINGALE, by Richard Church. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

MEN LIKE SHADOWS, by Dorothy Charques. John Murray. 15s.

WHITE JACKET, by Herman Melville. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

Of all the ages of man that invite the

novelist's interest there is none more nostalgic, more fraught with the stuff of poetry, than that between his sixteenth and twentieth year. Mr. Richard Church is known as a poet, and one is therefore not surprised to find him turning, in his latest story, to this time of youth when the affections awake to the world. All things seem possible at such a time, and Mr. Church, aware of this, strives to impart an aspiring mood to his eighteen-year-old heroine, Milly Pandion. She is a creature of impulse, but one who has languished for want of the relationship that might bring her to life. Eventually it comes, not with one person but two: a girl of her own age and a man many years her senior. Terenius, the German merchant, has long ago divined Milly's talent as a singer, and he unites with her friend to persuade her that here her true course lies. By their aid, or rather through the events they set in motion, she breaks free from her sister's dominion; for this as much as anything has formed her. She finds, in her success, defeat and disillusion, but gains an understanding she would otherwise be denied.

There is promising material here; it has been used before, of course, but Mr. Church is a seasoned writer and can usually be looked to to make the most of what he is given. It might be thought too that some virtue must attach to any honest treatment of such a theme. But the curious thing about this novel is that its effect is one of drabness, not of the beauty and elation that are hinted at. Of the obstacles to one's sympathy, the biggest is Milly Pandion herself. We have, so to speak, only the author's word for it that she is remarkable; on all other accounts she strikes one as a very ordinary little girl. Her ordinariness does not unfit her to be the subject of a novel, but it does leave one with the feeling that Mr. Church is making too much of things. Nor is this feeling lessened by the many instances of over-writing. Here, in Kensington Gardens, Milly's friend seeks to define her

attraction:

"That's what I mean," she cried, "that's just it! You say nothing, but you give that little laugh deep down in your throat, and all the world is music."

Later, her devotion to Terenius takes a new form:

She felt the massive body grow rigid against her. "There is nothing to tell," he said bitterly. "My wife is dead." There was a long pause. During that pause Milly became a woman.

At such moments as these the author's poetic spirit comes close to being his evil genius.

Men Like Shadows, a tale of the Third Crusade, conforms with some success to the conventions of its kind, of which the chief is that its hero shall be personable, romantic, and with his way to make in the world. Through seige and shipwreck, combat and captivity, the esquire John of Oversley follows King Richard to the Holy Land. Mr. C. S. Forester has shown what can be made of the historical novel by an adult approach to its problems, and one could wish that the present author had taken the lesson to heart. For at her best, Mrs. Charques writes very persuasively indeed. She has an interest in motive, and wears her considerable scholarship lightly. Some of her finer passages might stand with those of Scott. But when she writes, for example, of the charms of the Lady Melisande, a malign other self seizes her pen. Like Mr. Church, she succumbs to the enchantments of a dream world at the edge of reality.

No one has yet done for the modern navy what *White Jacket* did for the American service of one hundred years ago. Under vastly different conditions, the tyranny of private relations remains a burden the seaman may have to bear. This new edition of Melville's classic carries a discerning preface by Mr. William Plomer. If it is not his best book, it is good enough to send the reader to *Moby Dick*.

JOHN EALES

with William E. Massee in 320 pages and ten delightful maps to bring us the inside story of "the last great artisans in the world." From the Loire, the Champagne country, from Lyons, the Rhône valley, from Provence, from Bordeaux itself and Burgundy, they pass in parade bearing each their "special wine to go with every change of scenery." The book is full of erudition yet written with the smoothness and sparkle of its subject; to turn these pages is to bask in captured sunshine, to sniff the odorous air and to feast on jewelled colours held against the light.

The recluse of Aix

"In strict colour harmony Cézanne was never at fault," said Roger Fry of Provence's secluded and almost neglected son. And in the second edition of the critic's *CEZANNE* (*Hogarth Press*, 15s.), first published in 1927, one could wish that the 54 illustrations were not black and white, to complement and amplify further a thesis that seems to have met the challenge of time with remarkable success. It is salutary to be reminded again of the debt our 'moderns' owe to this "child of the Romantic movement," to this example of "individual prowess against the herd," and to realize sharply how much Cézanne in turn was in debt to Pissarro, one of the ablest and most persuasive exponents of Impressionism.

More than journalism

The term cannot properly be borrowed from the language of painting to describe the method of J. W. Robertson Scott in *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A NEWSPAPER* (*Methuen*, 30s.). Yet the wide landscape is there, and, if the detail is the author's main preoccupation, so that the figures blurring the back-

ground are inclined to weary with their insistency, this is but a plea not to read the book at top speed. Its riches should be increased with rationing for, as the sub-title asserts, this is "An account of the Temperaments, Perturbations and Achievements of John Morley, W. T. Stead, E. T. Cook, Harry Cust, J. L. Garvin and three other Editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*"; a feat which is fortified by 32 columns of index, almost all of proper names. Furthermore, as evidence that the background has not really been neglected, there are ten pages devoted to *THE FORTNIGHTLY* and its "array of talent", whose editor for 15 years Morley was. With all this, and its numerous facsimile letters and autographs for poring over, here is a volume made for continuous dippings and forays; it is an encouragement and an example for all who care passionately about the continuation of high standards for the British press.

In town next year

In 1923 the *Pall Mall Gazette* was swallowed by the *Evening Standard*, although 'incorporated' was the word used. Fleet Street seems to be the only subject omitted from the contents page of *LONDON YEAR BOOK 1953* published by the *Evening News* (1s. 6d.). But its "10,000 facts" should satisfy most needs—from coronation queries to the names of London's Members of Parliament, from new arrivals at the Zoo to public services, from area, rates and population figures to the sporting year, religion, and the markets. A useful gadget this for effecting an entry upon a momentous year, and a handy enough fit for the pocket to hide the vulgarity of the back cover 'Pools' advertisement.

GRACE BANYARD

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