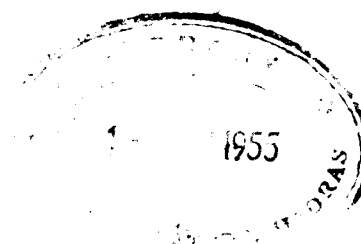


THE TWENTIETH
Century

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VOLUME CLIV
JULY-DECEMBER
1953



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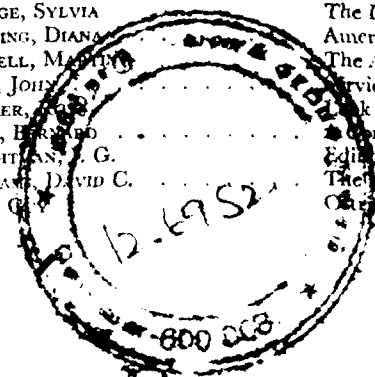
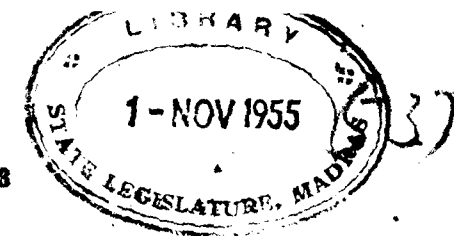
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EDITORIAL

IN the following pages the reader will find several articles on America. They deal with American liberalism, with McCarthy, with Hiss, and with European anti-Americanism respectively. These seem widely separate subjects, and it must be admitted that their choice was partly determined by the chance circumstance of book publications. Yet there seems to be some inner connection between the articles, and taken together they throw a surprising amount of light on the question why America and Europe have in recent months become problems to each other.

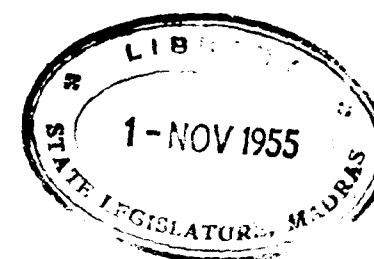
In this country, and so far as one can make out in Europe and in the Commonwealth, there is a tendency to put the blame for the present state of affairs almost exclusively on the Eisenhower Administration. Now it is undeniable that the new Administration has managed to destroy more international respect and goodwill for America in five months than its predecessor had built up in five years; that, by the sum of its public statements, it has given a most painful overall impression of unintelligent vehemence and truculent imprecision; and that the staunchest upholders of the American alliance in this country and elsewhere are nervous every time Mr Dulles opens his mouth. But it seems superficial to ascribe the decline in American influence exclusively to the shortcomings of a few individuals in exalted positions. After all, every new government can fairly claim a little indulgence during its period of apprenticeship. False starts, wild statements and psychological blunders are the price that has to be paid for the breaking-in of new and untutored Presidents and Secretaries. The Truman Administration, whose foreign political record in the main was probably the best of any American Administration in this century, started insecurely enough, and the amateurishness of Roosevelt's beginnings is notorious. One must also give the Eisenhower Administration credit for having belied appearances in the only major practical question which has matured for decision during its first five months of office: the Korean armistice. Again, there was some readiness to distrust American leadership before various unwise utterances were made in the recent past. It is the deeper reasons for this widespread state of mind on which our articles may throw some light.

Not all the fault lies on the American side. There exists in Europe and, in Britain a strong undercurrent of anti-Americanism which made itself felt even when American policy was at its most enlightened and beneficent, and which can only be explained in European and British, not in American, terms. It is a complex phenomenon, and it has hardly yet been completely diagnosed. Mrs Trilling in this issue analyses one particular aspect of it, which is perhaps more important in France than in Britain: the curious sickness of conscience which makes European intellectuals 'cling to the notion that to attack a Communist is somehow to attack their own better selves'. There are other aspects of European and British anti-Americanism for which Europe and Britain have to search their own consciences: the hurt pride which cannot get over the fact that Europe owes its liberation, and Europe and Britain their economic rehabilitation, to America: the secret resentment with which a parent watches a too successful offspring; the mental rigidity which refuses the necessary effort of adjustment to a change in the world balance of power. Few things are more embarrassing than the cheap snobbery with which Europeans, living under the protection of American armies, comfort themselves by sneering at an alleged or real American provincialism. But when all this has been said, and the fullest allowance made for it, there still remains something on the American side which raises legitimate and serious doubts whether America is, at this stage of her history, capable of providing the world leadership to which her material power seems to entitle her. This 'something' can perhaps be epitomized in the names of Hiss and McCarthy.

It may be said with some justice that both Hiss and McCarthy are extreme phenomena in American public life; that all countries have their traitors, their irresponsible extremists, and their demagogues. That Hiss and McCarthy are at worst caricatures of the American Left and Right, and that it is unfair to judge the America of Roosevelt by the former and the America of Eisenhower by the latter. This may be true as long as we regard Hiss and McCarthy as isolated persons. The trouble is that it is hardly possible so to regard them. The curious and disturbing fact is that it is difficult to find any substantial body of American opinion which is wholehearted or unambiguous in its condemnation of Hiss and McCarthy alike. The most respectable American Liberals do not somehow seem to find it in them to disown Hiss completely; the most respectable American Conservatives seem to lack the political instinct which would draw a clear line between themselves and McCarthy. Hiss and McCarthy each stand for an 'ism', although nobody has so far troubled to work out the exact

system of thought which is implied in their respective performances – and which seems, in America, to be powerful and attractive enough to secure either of them the support of one half of respectable opinion. One can perhaps put it at its simplest by saying that American Liberalism has not yet succeeded in entirely shutting out crypto-Communism, and American Conservatism in shutting out a special variety of neo-Fascism. Both the two great bodies of American political life seem somehow to lack the intellectual and emotional strength to preserve their integrity. Both seem curiously defenceless against a perversion of their aims and ideals which could turn either of them into a world danger.

Put in a different way, one gets the impression that in the machinery of American politics the brakes are too feeble in relation to the power of the motor. There is a tendency to overrun the danger signs – a tendency that can be noted even in the best American writing and thinking. When Mrs Trilling, in her article in this issue, gets carried away to the point of equating the Soviet Union with 'absolute evil', the non-American reader feels embarrassed. He feels that this is the same extravagance which makes it difficult for some American Liberals to turn their backs on Hiss, and which makes McCarthy a respected member of the Republican Party; which made American policy in 1943–45 go to unjustifiable extremes in trusting Russia, and now induces it to go to perhaps equally unreasonable extremes in distrusting her. There seems, underlying many admirable virtues, to be a curious quality in the American political character which exposes Americans more than others to the temptations of blind partisanship and exaggeration. This is a serious handicap to leadership.



THE PRESIDENT AND THE PROFESSORS

William J. Newman

Assistant professor of Government at Boston University, now lecturing at Rennes

Korea is a testing ground for more than American armies and American generals. With advice and threats shouted at him from all sides and all countries, President Eisenhower will be tested in the coming months by the most difficult of tasks. Making war is child's play compared to making peace, and it requires a decisive use of the power of the American Presidency and a willingness to speak in its name which up to now has not been very noticeable in the new President. If the recent Anglo-American fracas showed nothing else, it showed that President Eisenhower is so far a most reluctant Caesar. The groans of American liberals, and of the *New Statesman*, were loud last autumn over the disastrous potentialities of a military President: strong-arm measures at home and bulldozing tactics abroad would combine to bring the military to full power within the United States. Instead, we have had since January the usual confusion of Washington so well confounded that Mr Attlee felt it necessary to explain to the British public (albeit in the most sorrowful tones) that the American system of government is what it is, and that it is another of the heavy crosses which the Americans have hoisted on to the shoulders of Europe.

But President Eisenhower has sinned even more. Not only does he stand serene while McCarthy cavorts about him, he has also proclaimed a doctrine of the Presidency which has been unheard for so many years that most Americans had forgotten its existence. The man who was to provide the leadership which would compose the endemic quarrel between Congress and the White House has turned out to be so scrupulously correct that even his friends are beginning to wonder if he recognizes the issues involved. He seems to feel that arguments should be conducted at a gentlemanly level and resolved by methods of friendly persuasion. This has come as something of a shock to the men in Congress - not, one hastens to add, because they have doubts as to their own gentlemanly behaviour, but rather because they are left without a target to shoot at. The President has talked of Congress as a co-ordinate branch of the Government; he has talked of earnestly consulting its opinions, and of simply proposing while it disposes. He has even extended this doctrine to his subordinates, for he has stated that while he does not believe in a

complete blockade of China he would not impose his views on his Cabinet.

This is indeed one form of leadership. But since the days of the blustering speeches of Theodore Roosevelt and the cool eloquence of Wilson, Presidential leadership has meant something more dynamic, more purposeful, to the American people. So powerful has this tradition been that even the mild-looking haberdasher from Missouri was caught up in it and Mr Truman found himself glaring at his erstwhile colleagues in the Senate with the stern righteousness of a Roosevelt. All Presidents talk of co-operation; few achieve it. The pattern, for good or ill, has been one of increasing Presidential powers in the face of emergencies: war, depression, social problems, and the atomic bomb. Congress has lost prestige and power in the fifty years which have elapsed since Theodore Roosevelt mounted the platform to carry his message to the people. It is not quite in the position of the House of Commons, but it is no longer the power it was throughout much of the nineteenth century. President Eisenhower's attempt to reverse the trend is refreshing but not likely to last long in the face of the demands of Washington politics.

For the current of opinion is running persistently the other way: the strong President has become for many the guide to the promised land. Among those who look to the Presidency to secure the blessings of state control, if not liberty, the American professor of political science especially has turned the worship of Presidential powers into a cult. Mr Attlee may take consolation from the fact that he has many erudite friends - one had almost said comrades - with him when he deplores the tendency of the American political system towards cutting its own throat. The professors who study the machinery of government have a deep concern for orderly rule which springs from an equally deep concern for the beliefs and dogmas of American liberalism. The problem of legislative-executive relations strikes at the heart of the problem of American government, and when the programmes and ideals of liberalism are at stake (programmes and ideals which generally assume the need for a stronger centralized control as a technique of social progress) the question of the Presidency cannot be glossed over.

The correlation of American liberalism and strong Presidential leadership becomes obvious for the first time in the theories of Woodrow Wilson, who found himself in the enviable position of being able to practice what he had taught his students as professor of government at Princeton University. What he taught, and what he realized as President, was simply that a powerful executive was necessary to counter the dividing influences at work in Congress, so that the national welfare should take precedence over sectional aims. The President could and should represent the nation; progress without such representation was impossible.

What the professor-turned-politician started other professors were anxious to continue. After World War II the American Political Science Association established a committee to study the central aspect of orderly government in the United States, the problem of political parties and their role in government. In 1950 it issued a *Report* called *Toward a More Responsible Two-Party System* whose high-minded earnestness deserves praise, but which the untutored citizen and politician has mainly ignored. Yet it was in an attempt to avoid this fate that the professors eschewed utopian-mongering and revolutionary changes calling for Constitutional amendments, and instead brought forward piecemeal suggestions which would set the American party system on the road to unity and discipline: increasing popular participation in party activities and policy decisions; greater continuity of policy machinery; explicit programmes and platforms, making the platform a contract with the voters and binding on Congressmen; strengthening of policy committees, increasing control of local party organization by the national party organization; creation of a national party council to control the party by its control over candidates, and holding party conventions every two years, instead of every four.

These proposals would mean a revolution in fact, if not in theory, for they would turn the American political party into a tightly disciplined and centralized national organization which could coerce its adherents by majority decision. This is a far cry from the rather wayward party system the American people now live with, for whatever its virtues, discipline and centralized power are not among them. By increased participation of the citizen in the life of the party, the leadership would be given a means of bringing home to Congressmen their duty to the 'people', as distinct from their local constituents; for the people will have spoken through the channels of the national party which would, under this scheme, have tight control over the local party. Hence not only would party decision be more specific and more concrete in terms of promises, but the decision would be put into rapid effect in Washington. This is obviously a plan for a party of action; the party would become a pyramid instead of the sprawling coalition of local groups it now is. Decisions once made by majority vote would be enforced on the representatives of the party in Congress by the national leadership. Dr Ernest S. Griffith, a dissident from the conclusions of the report, in his *Congress: Its Contemporary Role*, points to the assumptions underlying this type of thinking:

Probably a majority of our intellectuals tend to think in terms of 'left' and 'right', 'radical' and 'reactionary', and probably a disproportionate number of the more articulate belong to the liberal Left. . . . When they speak of 'programme' in the sense of a party programme, they normally mean further government intervention on behalf of the 'common man'.

The Briton should feel flattered, for he is staring at an image of his own party system. What is aimed at by this committee of the American Political Science Association is to strengthen the hand of the President *vis-à-vis* Congress by giving him as the leader of the national party, the same instruments as the British Prime Minister: a disciplined party which will jump at the sign of the three-line whip. This despite the fact that the President is not the helpless martyr he appears – or likes to appear. By the growth of the administration in America's own version of the welfare-cum-military state his powers have become increasingly widespread over both the economy and Congress. For while the latter ferments and bubbles with complaint, attack and counter-attack against the executive, the initiative does in fact constantly lie in the hands of the President and his administrators. However that may be, the professors, in their desire to bring stability and power to the national government, seem to have taken an extraordinarily simple view of the British party system. Thus one advocate of these ideas blandly states that British parties face in opposite directions and present the voters with a choice of different policies that is meaningful. In view of some of the depressing studies recently published on the elections of 1950 and 1951, showing the irrelevance of British election programmes and campaigns, this remark must stand as a monument to the naive idealism of some American scholars and their limited understanding of British politics. They seem to take much more seriously than most British students of politics the politician's election talk of the 'mandate'. Sir Ivor Jennings, in *Parliament*, has effectively exposed this notion for what it is, yet the professors, in their *Report*, speak of a contract between the party and the voters. The British party system is indeed a system of disciplined parties, but one must conclude that those who look at it with such envious eyes have not examined carefully its real workings, and that they are more interested in using it as a stick with which to beat the American party system than in understanding how it functions in fact.

But the *Report* reveals more than the remarkable persistence of Anglo-Saxon cultural patterns. It discloses the worrying mind of the American liberal at work when confronted with 'stasis', which seems to be 'the failure of functional groups in the community to bridge their differences' and by so doing arrive at 'social equilibrium' through 'conscious collective action'. According to James Burns whose *Congress on Trial* (1949) has been one of the principal popularizations of the Committee's *Report*, this disease is in an advanced state in America.

So this is what is wrong with the United States: it has a severe case of stasis. Amusing though this may seem to the foreigner, it is not so amusing to the professors who have an acute consciousness of what America lacks.

It apparently lacks a will; or, more precisely, it lacks the means to express the will which the professors are sure exists in the great collective mind. And if the collective mind is not up to the awesome task imposed on it, the political parties should pull it out of its slough of apathy. Professor E. E. Schattschneider, who has been advocating tightly disciplined parties in America for many years, hits his nail on the head when he says that 'the source of difficulties is political, the failure to mobilize the power of the nation to govern itself. . . .' Pressure groups, sectional interests, and the McCarthys, would be subjected to the steam-roller of the disciplined political party, in order that national parties formulating national policies should be able to use the government effectively to carry out their mandate. This, we are reminded, is the atomic age and tomfoolery is not permissible. One may justly honour the intent. To get rid of McCarthy and his works would indeed be a boon to mankind. But one must also recognize the intent to make the Presidency, by means of a centralized party structure, the repository of the collective will. This has its obvious dangers; it has its equally obvious advantages. But more significant than either is the liberal's frustration when he faces what he considers to be the legislative chaos of Congress. That Congress is on trial may be considered to be the private myth of Professor Burns and his friends; but that they consider it to be on trial indicates the wide gap which separates the liberal from the actual political system in operation in Washington. This attitude underlies the difficulties of the liberal's political task. For he has to fight on two fronts at once: in terms of policy and also in terms of how policy is to be carried out. The political system is not in tune with what he hopes to accomplish and with his concepts of what is right and just – concepts hardly more than New Dealish in character, but whose positive collective nature have to run the gamut of Congressional fire. Programme is a word which American politics knows not. Frustration, unbelieving, incredulous, bitter frustration, becomes the lot of the liberal as he watches the political cynics at work. Leadership which is strong and possesses sanctions can alone cut through what the liberal sees (sometimes unjustly) as the undergrowth of special interests to reach the promised land of national interest. No wonder the professors look at the British party system with envy. For the American liberal has yet to find the tools with which to make his political fortune in a system whose elaborate attempts to secure the blessings of liberty have proved to be an excellent bulwark for the enemies of the American liberal.

It is this problem of means which has caused the American liberal to search long and desperately for an ally wielding executive powers. Especially during the New Deal's second phase the identification of Roosevelt and liberalism became almost absolute. It is still a moot point

as to whether Roosevelt captured the liberals or the liberals captured Roosevelt, but there is no doubt that before the war American liberalism found its chief outlet in the personality of the President and the work of the President's administration, in which so many leaders of American liberalism occupied the leading positions. America's third revolution – if that is the way the New Deal can be described – was carried out from the swivel chairs of Federal office buildings by social workers and liberals turned administrators. They did not, it should be noticed, turn politician. And here was the rub. For when the President decided to cease acting as the Great Reformer, and became instead the Great Commander, the liberals had perforce to move with him, or leave – a situation crudely but graphically portrayed by Dos Passos's disillusioned novel, *The Grand Design*, where the sterling and idealistic administrator from the Mid-West finds himself deserted by his President after 1940. The amusing naïveté of both Dos Passos and his hero in the face of the realities of life and politics indicates that the liberals had neglected one of the basic laws of politics, the need to build a political machine if a group of like-minded men are to obtain and hold power. Dependence upon the office of the President may lead to great rewards for the administrator. But once in opposition there was nothing to rest on or to attack with. Having lost the centre of power they had lost all; the fall was absolute. A few lonely liberals prowling around the halls of Congress as the elected representatives of the people of Illinois or Minnesota do not form a cohesive group which can make its will felt or at least heard. The liberals when in opposition and without administrative position must depend on the Man Who Would be President – not a very satisfactory solution since he too, if he is in the country at all, is in a state of suspended animation between national elections.

Opposition, then, reveals the weakness of the strategy which the liberals have used to capture political power. But it was more than Roosevelt's voice which bemused the liberals in their worship of Presidential power. With the exception of certain comparatively small areas of the country, liberalism has not had the widespread mass electoral support on which a political machine can be based. The trade unions, with the exception of a brief spurt of political energy in 1944, have traditionally been bored with politics, while the lower middle class, which once provided so much of the impetus for Joseph Chamberlain's caucus in late Victorian England, has shown little or no willingness to provide N C O's for the liberal army. The assumption that because many people voted for Roosevelt they were voting for liberalism was fatally easy to make, but was hardly justified. Whatever success the New Deal had, it did not create the mass-supported political machine which the liberals could have used as a means of electoral success. The path to glory for the liberal is

the same to-day as it was in the time of Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, except for the fact that the liberals of to-day are even further away from building a political machine than they were in those distant days.

But the panacea of a strong President is more than an attempt to short-cut the necessity for electoral organization. For electoral enthusiasm is hardly likely to be aroused by the ideology of American liberalism. Relativism – the belief that the thoughts and actions of men are the products of historical, temporary circumstances and hence have no absolute validity – is not a crusader's creed; it is rather the attitude of an intellectual aristocrat who prefers to hold aloof from what he sees as the simple-minded assumptions of the masses, and whose reserve immobilizes him as a politician. It is also an attitude which poses the believer on a knife-edge of despair, and which the more mundane men of the world find inadequate for the problems of daily living, let alone political thinking. It was all very well for the late Professor Charles Beard to inform the public in general, and the liberals in particular, that the Constitution was written by men of property, to suit their acquisitive instincts and therefore had no more moral validity than a bill of lading. But there is no passion in this bloodless demonstration of scholarship, and without passion, it may be suggested, there can be no political movement. Some individuals can perhaps combine both passion and relativism, although it is interesting that Beard himself in the end had to repudiate his own interpretation of the Constitution. But the effort to make men believe, when one has just demonstrated the insignificance of belief, is either ludicrous or requires a Lenin. So far America has not produced a Lenin. This is not to say that the puritan ethos which found expression in the British Labour Party has been absent from American liberalism. Mr Wallace is a more than sufficient example of Mid-Western puritanism at its ranting, romantic best. But it has had to do battle with the more corroding influence of sophisticated relativism, and the battle has drained American liberalism of the passionate energy needed to propel a mass movement. It is an old problem for those intellectuals who wish to become political leaders; American intellectuals have solved the problem by dodging the issue and acting simply as the President's Man Friday.

But playing Man Friday to a leader such as Mr Roosevelt, or even Mr Truman, creates its own set of neurotic symptoms: in this particular case a schizophrenic personality which turns on the ambiguous meaning of the word 'liberal', as it is currently used in America. An American liberal may be either an advocate of individual freedom in the classic style of John Stuart Mill, or an advocate of the welfare state as conceived by the Webbs. Usually he is both. The use of the word 'liberal' to cover Fabian schemes is not, however, hypocrisy; the American liberal is simply writhing under

the pressure of historical facts which caused a large section of British Liberalism to drift into the Labour Party in the 1920's. If the conflict of emphasis has caused tremors to appear within the Labour Party, it has also caused upheavals within American liberalism. When it is face to face with its own success in creating and exalting the Presidency as the saviour of society, it draws back fearful of the consequences. One doubt above all others continues to plague even the most ardent New Dealer: the doubt about the wisdom of centralized political power. This after all was what the American Revolution was fought about, and no liberal has yet repudiated that event. No matter how much he may lament a Constitution which blocks his way, he can never lose his belief in the need for a system of checks and balances to guarantee individual freedom. He, no more than any other American, cannot give unqualified assent to the increasing concentration of power, not merely in Washington but more simply in the hands of one man in Washington. Yet he has been to a great extent responsible for this development. Thus, the American liberal must balance within himself the contradictory drives of the older liberalism and the newer socialism; it is when he finds that his political method is a threat to one aspect of his dual allegiance that he begins to argue uneasily with his soul. The consequences are sometimes amusing and sometimes tragic; they are nearly always debilitating.

When Mr Stevenson comes back to America from looking down blow-pipes and riding camels in the Egyptian desert, he will have to face some of the issues which the Presidency creates for liberalism. He has already expressed his lively apprehension of centralized power under conditions in which the Government is dominated by a single group. But this is the usual cry of the party out of power. What is more important for the future of American liberalism is whether it can build its own base of support in the country or whether it will once again have to rely on the strong man to carry it into power. Whether or not, that is, liberals can or should become an independent political force or continue to play their role in American politics as part of the rag-bag of the Democratic Party. It is an issue as old as American liberalism itself, but American liberals will find in the next four years that it has lost none of its urgency.



MCCARTHY

John Beavan

Many of Mr Stevenson's supporters consoled themselves in his defeat with the belief that a Republican president of Mr Eisenhower's authority would find it easier to break the power of Senator McCarthy. That has not yet happened. In the six months after Mr Eisenhower's inauguration, McCarthy seems to have gone from strength to strength. His own poll in the Senatorial elections was a personal triumph; and since, not only has he sniped successfully at the staffs of the U.S. Information Services Overseas and the 'Voice of America': he has also gone for bigger game, in trying to direct U.S. foreign policy. By his allegations that Britain has been actively aiding the Chinese war effort, he has increased the strain on the Anglo-American Alliance. And, passing from abuse to action he has gone gaily behind the back of the State Department and concluded a treaty with the shipping owners of Greece to curtail trade with China.

Many Americans have thrown up their hands in orthodox horror at this extraordinary conduct. Yet it is just the kind of thing that has brought him his remarkable success. Here is the lone wolf McCarthy, irresponsible, impertinent, the rugged individualist dear to the American heart who appears to get things done and to hell with the bureaucrats! And Joe – how easily one slips into the familiar appellation! – has many other qualities that appeal strongly to a nation of self-made men who have erected a mystique around the pioneer.

*McCarthy: the Man, the Senator, the 'ism'** is written by two American journalists, violent opponents of McCarthyism (one of the Senator's most dangerous gifts is his ability to drive everybody to extremes) and it opens with a portrait of a model American boy, the fifth of a family of seven. His parents are poor honest folk slaving on their own 142 acres in the midst of an Irish settlement between Chicago and Milwaukee. The towering figure of Mom is the object of the boy's complete devotion. Joe leaves school early to help his father raise potatoes, corn and barley; then, wanting to show his independence with sixty-five dollars of savings he starts his own chicken farm. At sixteen, a boy doing a man's job, he has 12,000 birds. But he drives himself too hard, falls ill, has to rely on inefficient help, and when the

* By Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May. (Gollancz, 1955.)

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birds die Joe's endeavours die with them. One can almost see him at that moment as a peasant Hamlet crying: 'From this time forth my thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.' That, at least, is what happened.

Now Joe transferred his magnificent energy and courage from the chicken farm to books. He drove himself into education or rather to finding the right answers to examination questions. So quickly was the knowledge acquired that some examiners felt qualms about its superficiality. It was in dispelling this honest reluctance that Joe's blandishments were first tried out. They succeeded completely.

McCarthy's first successful political activity – and from it sprang all his later success – was to run as Republican candidate for a Wisconsin judgeship. It did not disturb him that until then he had called himself a Democrat; or that his candidature blighted the hopes of his first patron and helper. The campaign was a sample of the McCarthy that was to come; an outrageous effort to charm the voters and besmear his opponent. At the age of thirty he was easily elected judge. His opponents tried unsuccessfully to prove that he had been guilty of corrupt practice by spending too much on the election.

The pattern was to be repeated. At this stage, the English reader of the book cannot help it if his criticisms are not directed solely against McCarthy. The very idea of deciding by a political vote who is to dispense justice is repugnant to us (we forget, of course, that most of our magistrates are nominated by their political parties). Nevertheless again and again the English reader suspects that it is not only McCarthy who is to blame, but the American system as well. As a judge McCarthy was noted for speed. He became notorious in fact for what were known as 'quickie' divorces. Sometimes the proceedings lasted only five minutes and since his day the State of Wisconsin has enacted legislation to provide for more leisurely examination of such cases (in England an undefended suit may last five to ten minutes). But McCarthy's judgeship is better remembered by the Quaker Dairy case which is held up to young lawyers as a model of judicial misconduct.

Quaker Dairy, a milk distributing combine, had been violating state laws to protect small farmers from undercutting. The Agriculture Department filed a suit in McCarthy's court asking for an interim injunction against the company to prevent it from disobeying the law. This McCarthy granted. Then three days afterwards he revoked the injunction. When the Agriculture Department took the case to the Wisconsin Supreme Court the judge castigated McCarthy for 'abusing judicial power'. During the proceedings it was discovered that some of the record of the original hearing had disappeared and McCarthy was accused of improper conduct and misconception of his functions. The case had a distressing sequel. The

lawyer for the Agriculture Department was so hounded by scurrilous letters and telephone calls that he felt compelled to spend his savings on radio time to tell the true story which had been inadequately reported in the Press. His sense of persecution plus political pressure caused him eventually to lose his job, an injustice which seems never to have been righted. It is to be noted that McCarthy did not take the demagogic line of supporting the small farmers. Time after time in his career he has been on the side of vested interests.

When war came, McCarthy as a judge had no need to join up. He did so, however, some months later, and his military career was a respectable one, though less valorous than his campaign literature has implied. McCarthy joined the Marines on receiving a Commission as first lieutenant. He did not, as voters were led to believe, rise from the ranks. As an intelligence officer he served in the Pacific theatre and from time to time volunteered for combat missions.

Some people have been led to believe that he served on a large number of missions as a rear gunner and was severely wounded in the leg by Japanese shrapnel. The leg wound, these authors assert, was received in a shipboard prank during a crossing the line ceremony.

A year before the war ended, McCarthy resigned his commission to run for the Senatorial election. This, it appears, was in flagrant disobedience to the law, for McCarthy still held his judgeship. Here again the English reader pauses in bewilderment. Why did everybody apparently ignore the irregularity until it was too late to do anything about it? This was not McCarthy's only impertinence. His opponent for the Republican nomination was the nationally famous and respected Bob LaFollette. He and his father before him had served Wisconsin in the Senate for a total of forty years and Bob's brother had been a highly successful state governor. The family had a record of fighting for civil liberties, labour rights and almost all the liberally virtuous causes. But there was one exception. Young Bob, disgusted with European appeasement of Nazism had become Isolationist and characteristically it was the isolationism that McCarthy singled out for attack. He accused LaFollette of being a war profiteer and spoke in favour of 'Stalin's proposal for world disarmament' which he described as 'a great thing'. If by this he hoped to win the Communist vote, it was a shrewd move. The Communists may be pretty thin on the ground of Wisconsin, but the C I O locally was at that time under Communist leadership and they brought the union members pretty solidly behind McCarthy. It was a contributory factor at least in defeating LaFollette.

After that McCarthy's fight was easy. His Democratic opponent was a Liberal college professor. Exploiting an agricultural electorate's suspicion

of an intellectual and charging him with Communist sympathies were tactics that came naturally to McCarthy. Up to the time of his election to the Senate and even for some years afterwards, the Press gave him the benefit of the doubt. Young, hard working, dynamic, friendly, he was the sort of helluva guy the American newspapers are supposed to love. *Life* magazine featured him and the *New York Times* quoted his speeches at length. Nevertheless his first campaigns in the Senate were unlikely to have popular appeal. They were calculated to hurt both the housewife and the returning veteran and to help big business. He demanded the release of sugar, then scarce, which would have served very well the interests of the manufacturers who included, these authors say, the Pepsi-Cola company and their suppliers the Allied Molasses Company, the directors of these companies being what the American press called 'the great and good friends' of the Senator. It is alleged that he received in fact a cheque for 20,000 dollars from a Pepsi-Cola share owner.

Some business interests opposed to the Government's housing projects for war veterans were the next to receive his aid. One of the companies interested in the mass production of pre-fabricated houses, the Lustron Corporation, paid the Senator ten thousand dollars for a pamphlet he wrote on their behalf. This worked out at one dollar forty-three cents a word, and beat by half a dollar a word the previous world's highest literary payment - that made to Winston Churchill for his war memoirs.

A Wisconsin industrialist, Mr Harnischfeger, one of the businessmen whose interests McCarthy had served by his attitude on Government housing, appeared in a more sinister context in the Senator's next activity. This was the notorious and horrible case of the Malmedy massacre. In 1944 German S S men murdered 150 American prisoners. After the war forty-three of these S S men were sentenced to death, but as the date of execution approached, affidavits began to appear alleging that the American prosecutors had tortured the Germans to enforce confessions from them. So great was the furor in Germany that the U S Supreme Court undertook to review the case. It upheld the sentences. German indignation was however still high and the U S Senate appointed a committee of investigation. Though McCarthy was not appointed to the Committee, from the very beginning of the proceedings he took it on himself to dominate them. He maintained that he possessed evidence inculpatory the American prosecutors and though the investigating committee was satisfied that the sentences were just, McCarthy's evidence had been so strongly emphasized in the German press that the American authorities for the sake of American-German friendship decided to reprieve the S S men. What McCarthy's evidence actually was came out later. It had been got from a certain Rudolf Aschenauer of Frankfurt who, it transpired, was

a member of a Communist spy ring charged with fomenting anti-American feelings in Germany. Why did McCarthy take such an anti-American line? It seems that he was helped by a young lawyer called Korb, an employee of Harnischfeger, of Wisconsin. Harnischfeger in 1942 had been charged by the Fair Employment Practices Commission with refusing to employ Jewish or Negro labour. After the war he visited Germany frequently and appealed for clemency for war criminals and the return of German colonies.

After the Malmedy episode, McCarthy fell on bleak times. The story goes that he asked his friends to suggest promising lines of attack and he was advised to go for the Communists. This was not a new issue (Hiss had already been convicted). McCarthy's first announcement was that he had a list of 205 names of members of the Communist Party working in the State Department. Eventually it emerged that the figure was founded on a document dated 1946 by the then Secretary of State, Mr Byrnes, mentioning 205 persons who were undesirable to employ for various reasons, including drunkenness and incompetence. This was typical of the farrago of nonsense on which McCarthy based his charges and of the convincing manner in which he made them. 'I have here a list . . .'

The only success McCarthy can claim is a partial one, the wretched instance of Professor Lattimore. It is true that the Senate Investigating Committee under Senator Tydings had given Lattimore a clean bill of health, but with McCarran's help McCarthy did succeed in showing that Lattimore was not quite so ingenuous as he had pretended. Even some American liberals have been convinced that Lattimore has appeared to be something like a fellow traveller and a useful contact for Communist propagandists. McCarthy has of course boosted this minor triumph into a nationwide victory. He also used it as the starting point of his campaign to break Senator Tydings. One of the most repulsive features of this was McCarthy's alliance with the McCormick interests to fake a photograph of Senator Tydings talking amicably with Earl Browder, the American Communist leader. It was an acknowledged composite picture, but not everybody read the explanation or knew what a composite was. Circulated in the election campaign it did much to lose Tydings his seat in the Senate.

The story of how McCarthy's agent, the negro Charles Davis, attempted to frame the American minister to Switzerland with a faked telegram purporting to come from a leading Communist, is well known.

The Swiss court which gaoled Davis explicitly castigated McCarthy. Davis turned out to be a former member of the Communist Party.

This book is quite frankly propagandist but the American publishers

offered to correct any factual errors that might have crept in. No correction has been necessary. It is written in the high-powered style of American magazine journalism. One is deadened by the sledge-hammer blows and there are moments when one wishes that one of McCarthy's more intelligent supporters were by one's side to put the Senator's case. The chapter on McCarthy's record as a judge is not wholly convincing to those unfamiliar with the background.

English people of all shades of political opinion are dismayed that a man of McCarthy's character can achieve so much power and influence without being checked; they are even more dismayed that a nation whose law is rooted in our own should employ techniques of investigation which do not protect people from public accusations which cannot be supported by evidence.

But has McCarthy as much influence as we suppose or our American Liberal friends believe he has? Is there not something in the suggestion of the American magazine *Commentary* that McCarthy 'remains in the popular mind an unreliable, second string blowhard; his only support as a great national figure is from the fascinated fears of the intelligentsia'.

McCarthy's influence appears to be waning; though the impression may be misleading. His audacious attempt to wreck Mr Eisenhower's appointment of Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to Moscow was a failure; and now the American Society of Newspaper Editors has been asked to recognize 'a clear and present danger to the freedom of the Press' in the investigating tactics of McCarthy. The appeal springs from the testimony James Wechsler, Editor of the *New York Post*, gave before the Senator's investigation sub-committee.

English liberals find it difficult to get McCarthyism in perspective. It is hard to remember that Americans are much fonder than we are of washing their linen in public (our erring civil servants are examined in private and everybody has forgotten about the purge except the civil service unions). It is difficult to remember, too, that attacks and smears are less damaging in American society than they would be in ours. A book like this about an English politician would finish him overnight. But a book like this could never be written as long as our law of libel is drawn so tightly and administered so rigorously. Nor must it be forgotten that though many good Americans detest Senator McCarthy, they believe there are cases to be investigated, and publicly investigated. They must regard the Senator merely as a bad agent in a good cause. Finally, we must remember that America is much more highly charged than England is, that the atmosphere has been until recently not unlike that of this country in 1938 when some English liberals were calling people Fascist on pretty slender evidence.

LORD JOWITT AND THE HISS TRIALS

G. F. Hudson

It was in August 1948 that Whittaker Chambers gave his testimony before the Un-American Activities Committee of the United States House of Representatives and thus started the chain of events which has now led to the publication of a book by a former Lord Chancellor of the United Kingdom.* The Committee was engaged in investigating allegations of espionage by Communists in Government departments made by a certain Elizabeth Bentley, a self-confessed former courier for a Soviet spy ring. A journalist told the Committee that there was another ex-Communist named Whittaker Chambers, then senior editor of *Time* magazine, who might be able to provide some interesting information. Chambers was summoned to give evidence under a subpoena, and the evidence he gave was of an even more sensational character than that which had been given by Elizabeth Bentley. For among the individuals whom he named as having belonged to a group of secret Communists in 1938 – when Chambers said he had broken with the Communist party – was Alger Hiss, President of the Carnegie Endowment for Peace since 1946 and previously Director of the Office of Special Political Affairs in the State Department, adviser to President Roosevelt at Yalta and General Secretary of the San Francisco Conference for the founding of the United Nations.

Two days later Hiss himself appeared before the Committee and not only flatly denied that he had ever been a Communist, but also denied that he had ever been acquainted with Chambers; when shown a photograph of Chambers, he said that he had never before seen the person represented. The members of the Committee were perplexed at this clash of testimony; they were also in an uncomfortable position politically, for they were being violently attacked for 'smearing' distinguished public figures with unsubstantiated accusations. They decided, therefore, to interview both Chambers and Hiss separately in private session in order to find out whether the former had in fact been personally acquainted with the latter, as he claimed to have been. Chambers was called first and was questioned about Hiss's home life and circumstances in the

* The Earl Jowitt. *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*. 20s. Hodder & Stoughton.

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period when Chambers said he had known him. In the course of the hearing Chambers gave the following testimony:*

NIXON.† Did they [Hiss and his wife] have a car?

CHAMBERS. Yes, they did. When I first knew them they had a car. Again I am reasonably sure – I am almost certain – it was a Ford and it was a roadster. It was black and it was very dilapidated. There is no question about that. I remember very clearly that it had hand windshield wipers. I remember that because I drove it one rainy day and had to work those windshield wipers by hand.

NIXON. Do you recall any other car?

CHAMBERS. It seems to me in 1936 probably he got a new Plymouth.

MANDEL. What did he do with the old car?

CHAMBERS. The Communist Party had in Washington a service station – that is, the man in charge or owner of this station was a Communist – or it may have been a car lot.

NIXON. But the owner was a Communist?

CHAMBERS. The owner was a Communist. I never knew who this was or where it was. It was against all the rules of the underground organization for Hiss to do anything with his old car but trade it in, and I think this investigation has proved how right the Communists are in such matters, but Hiss insisted that he wanted the car turned over to the open Party so that it could be of use to some poor organizer in the West or somewhere. Much against my better judgment and much against Peters's better judgment, he finally got us to permit him to do this thing. Peters knew where this lot was and he either took Hiss there or he gave Hiss the address; and Hiss went there, and to the best of my recollection of his description of that happening, he left the car there and simply went away and the man in charge of the station took care of the rest of it for him. I think the records of that transfer would be traceable.

When Hiss a few days later appeared before the Committee in private session, he knew that Chambers had given testimony about him, but did not know what it had been. He now informed the Committee that he thought Chambers might be identical with a man he had formerly known under the name of George Crosley and to whom he had once sublet a flat with an unexpired lease. Questioned about Crosley, he testified as follows:

STRIPLING. What kind of automobile did that fellow have?

HISS. No kind of automobile. I sold him an automobile. I had an old Ford that I threw in with the apartment and had been trying to trade it

* The verbatim record of these hearings is given by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky in *Seeds of Treason*, published by Secker and Warburg in 1950.

† Now Vice-President of the United States. In a Congressional investigation questions are usually put to the witness by the Committee's counsel, but members of the Committee may put questions directly.

in and get rid of it. I had an old, old Ford we had kept for sentimental reasons. We got it just before we were married in 1929.

STRIPLING. Was it a model A or model T?

Hiss. Early A model.

STRIPLING. What colour?

Hiss. Dark blue. It wasn't very fancy, but it had a sassy little trunk on the back.

NIXON. You sold that car?

Hiss. I threw it in. He wanted to get around and I said, 'Fine. I want to get rid of it. I have another car and we kept it for sentimental reasons, not worth a damn.' I let him have it along with the rent.

STRIPLING. What kind of a bill of sale did you give Crosley?

Hiss. I think I just turned over - in the District you get a certificate of title, I think it is. I think I just simply turned it over to him.

STRIPLING. Handed it to him?

Hiss. Yes.

STRIPLING. No evidence of any transfer? Did he record the title?

Hiss. That I haven't any idea. . . .

Next day Chambers and Hiss were confronted, and after some hesitation Hiss identified Chambers as the man he said he had known under the name of Crosley. The former personal acquaintance of the two men was thus established, but Hiss continued to deny that their association had had anything to do with Communism, and their respective accounts of what had happened to the Hisses' old Ford car were flatly contradictory. Then on August 25th, at a public session of the Committee, Hiss was confronted with a notarized bill of transfer signed in his own handwriting, showing that Hiss in 1936 had transferred the car to the Cherner Motor Company which in turn had transferred it on the same day to a certain William Rosen. Called before the Committee and asked to explain the transaction, Rosen refused to testify on the ground of his constitutional right not to incriminate himself. Asked whether he was a member of the Communist party, Rosen again claimed his right not to incriminate himself. The manager of the Cherner Motor Company was then called to give evidence and testified that no record of the transaction could be found in the books of the company.

For the historian who is interested in the question whether or not Hiss was a Communist, quite apart from the further question whether or not he was guilty of espionage, the episode of the car transfer provides the strongest possible evidence that the accusation made by Chambers was true. Hiss clearly lied in stating that he had given the Ford to Chambers when he had in fact disposed of it otherwise, and if he was innocent, he had no conceivable motive for lying. There could not be anything discreditable in selling an old car to the Cherner Motor Company. But if Hiss

had, as Chambers alleged, handed over the car for use by the Communist Party and the motor company had served only as a dummy for the purpose of re-registering the title (with the consequence that there would be no record in the company's books), then he had every reason for trying to conceal the transaction. He was a trained lawyer as well as a diplomat, and would have been aware that the transfer to Rosen provided just that link with the Communist Party which was needed to corroborate Chambers's story. He would have remembered that Chambers had known of the transaction, and had therefore probably mentioned it to the Committee, but also that Chambers had not known the details, so there was a chance of getting away with a false story. The best possible story was that the car had been given to Chambers; he had been, after all, by his own confession a secret agent, and he would not be able to prove that he had never had the car. Unfortunately for Hiss, the Committee's counsel succeeding in tracing the car to the non-self-incriminating Rosen.

It was not, however, for membership of the Communist party that Alger Hiss was tried and convicted in a court of law. Secret membership of an organization devoted to the interests of the Soviet Union might be regarded in a high official of the State Department as politically undesirable and morally reprehensible, but it was not a criminal offence. The charge on which Hiss was subsequently tried and convicted was one of perjury, for having denied under oath that he had given State Department secret documents to Whittaker Chambers in the spring of 1938. It was, in other words, an accusation of espionage, but because a statute of limitations precluded a trial for espionage in 1949, the trial took the form of a prosecution for perjury. This criminal charge did not arise directly out of Chambers's testimony before the Un-American Activities Committee; on the contrary, Chambers in that testimony not only refrained from accusing Hiss of having committed acts of espionage, but specifically denied that he had done so. Hiss, however, when confronted with Chambers on August 17th, 1948, had challenged him to repeat his accusation of Communist membership outside the Committee where his statements would not be protected by privilege against a suit for libel. Chambers accepted the challenge and re-asserted what he had told the Committee in a broadcast interview with journalists. Hiss brought his threatened libel action, and at a pre-trial hearing of the case (held in accordance with American legal procedure for taking depositions) Chambers suddenly produced a packet of documents consisting of a number of typewritten copies of State Department secret papers dating from the spring of 1938, and of several handwritten summaries of similar papers, some in the handwriting of Hiss and others in that of Harry White

of the Treasury. The production of these documents automatically transformed the charge against Hiss into one of espionage (White had died in the meantime), and the libel action was superseded by a criminal investigation. After an F B I expert had testified that the typewritten copies had been made with the same individual typewriter as certain letters from Hiss and his wife dating from the same period, a grand jury indicted Hiss for perjury. He was tried twice; in the first trial the jury failed to agree, but in the re-trial it was unanimous for conviction. On January 15th, 1950, he was given a five years prison sentence.

Lord Jowitt's book is concerned with the question whether or not Hiss was really guilty of the charge on which he was tried – that is to say, in effect, of espionage. It belongs to the category of books which have been written by lawyers on famous trials. Such works are of two kinds. There are those in which the writer, without challenging the verdict, records and analyses the trial for its legally interesting or dramatic character; there are others in which the author reviews the evidence and expresses disagreement with the result of the judicial process. All courts of law are fallible, and it is entirely proper in the interests of justice that verdicts should be criticized even after all resorts of regular judicial review have been exhausted; when this is done by someone as eminent as Lord Jowitt, the criticism naturally calls for serious consideration. It is, on the other hand, no light matter to challenge a verdict which has been upheld by the highest court of appeal, especially when the courts are those of another country, and when the case is one which has a political angle, it should be quite certain that the challenge is based entirely on an impartial study of the evidence and does not arise in any way from an emotional unwillingness to accept the verdict. Lord Jowitt claims that he approached the Hiss trial with complete impartiality and that was no doubt his conscious intention, but he is a politician as well as a lawyer, and moves close to circles in which the innocence of Hiss has become an article of faith because of the political use which has been made of his conviction in America as a stick for beating the Democratic Party, the State Department and the memory of the New Deal. In reading Lord Jowitt's book it is difficult to avoid the impression that he has been unconsciously influenced by this prejudice, or rather hope that Hiss can somehow be cleared. The conclusion he reaches at any rate is that the case against Hiss was not proved, and he states his reasons for holding this opinion; they deserve careful attention as a plea by counsel for the defence, even if they lack the quality of utter detachment which might be expected of a judge dealing with a matter in which he had neither political interest nor previous knowledge.

Lord Jowitt repeatedly emphasizes that Hiss was not on trial for

membership of the Communist party and he claims that this allegation was quite irrelevant to the criminal charge. The same view was taken by the presiding judge at the first trial, Kaufman by name; he refused to allow the prosecution to call witnesses who could not testify in support of the accusation of espionage, but only (whether by direct testimony or refusal of self-incrimination) to the fact of Communist party membership: specifically, Hede Massing, former wife of the German Communist leader Gerhart Eisler and herself an ex-Communist, who was ready to testify that Alger Hiss had been a member of the Communist underground in 1935, and William Rosen, who was available to repeat his previous performance of refusing to incriminate himself about the sale of Hiss's second-hand Ford. The judge in the second trial, however, Henry W. Goddard, ruled that this evidence was admissible, and it may be that its presentation was the decisive factor in producing unanimity instead of division in the jury. Where the judges were themselves in disagreement, it is hardly for a layman to hazard an opinion on the law, but it certainly seems strange that the charge of Communism should be considered irrelevant when it was the only motive alleged for the supposed acts of espionage. If Communist party membership had been dragged in by the prosecution without bearing on the criminal charge and simply in order to create prejudice in the minds of the jury against the accused, it would clearly have been proper to rule out such a line of attack. But the charge was that Hiss had handed over secret documents for transmission to the Soviet Union simply and solely because of Communist political conviction, without any monetary inducement. Both Chambers and Bentley were emphatic that Government employees who supplied information to Soviet spy rings were never paid a single dollar for their services, but on the contrary themselves paid 'for the privilege of being Communists' by continuing to pay (often substantial) party dues. If this is the version of motive put forward by those who accused Hiss and others of espionage, it is surely relevant to ascertain whether or not in fact they held the convictions on which they were supposed to have acted. If in a murder trial a man is charged with having murdered his uncle in order to meet his debts by means of money due to him under his uncle's will, it would not be deemed irrelevant for the prosecution to show that he had in fact incurred such debts and that his uncle's will was in his favour, even though such evidence of motive would not of course be proof that he had committed the murder. Similarly, if a man is charged with spying and it is specifically denied that it was done as a mercenary act, evidence with regard to ideological beliefs which might lead him to do such a thing cannot be considered irrelevant.

The question naturally arises, however, why, if Chambers possessed

documentary evidence that Hiss was a spy, he refrained from using it in his testimony before the House Committee and even denied that Hiss had been involved in espionage. According to Chambers's own story, he had kept the documents as a 'life preserver' at the time of his break with the Communist spy organization, because he had been afraid that his former superiors would try to kill him and he wished to be able to threaten them with exposure if he were ever 'taken for a ride'. As a spy ring courier, he had received diplomatic documents from Hiss and White and had either had them microfilmed by a party member in Baltimore who was an expert photographer, or had had typewritten copies made, which were then microfilmed, so as to reduce risk of damage or delay in return of the originals; the microfilms were delivered to a certain Bykov in New York for transmission to Moscow. Sometimes also, according to Chambers, documents which for one reason or another could not conveniently be removed from the offices were represented by handwritten summaries which were included with the other material. Chambers states that he lost his faith in Communism during the year 1937 on account of the purges of the Old Bolsheviks in Russia and decided to quit the party; as a precaution he kept back the last consignments of documents he collected, and instead of delivering them to Bykov, handed them over to his nephew, Nathan Levine, with instructions that, if he disappeared, they were to be given to the police. Although he felt he could no longer carry on with espionage work, Chambers had still at this time (spring of 1938) no intention, according to his own account of the matter, of exposing his former comrades unless they forced him to it by attempts on his life. The espionage organizers, Peters and Bykov, would presumably have suspected that he was in possession of incriminating evidence, because a brief check-up would be sufficient to show that Chambers had received a number of papers which he had not given to Bykov. The sequel was an uneasy deadlock which lasted for a year and a half; the Communist leaders twice, according to Chambers, tried to negotiate with him and used threatening language, but did not actually make any attempt on his life, while he on his part refrained from any move to bring in the police. Then in August 1939 the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Pact increased Chambers's revulsion of feeling against Communism and convinced him that he ought to give some warning to the authorities against the infiltration of Communists in Government departments. He therefore got into touch with an anti-Communist magazine editor, who arranged for him to have an interview with Adolf Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State. In this interview, confirmed by written notes which Berle made at the time (September 2nd, 1939), Chambers mentioned Alger Hiss as an 'active' underground Communist, but did

not accuse him of espionage. No action was taken on his disclosures, and Chambers, feeling that he had done enough to satisfy his conscience, refrained from any further denunciation until summoned before the House of Representatives Committee in August 1948. He then repeated his allegation that Hiss had been a Communist, but again refrained from accusing him of espionage. It was only after Hiss had brought the libel action, and Chambers faced ruin both in his pocket and his career if he lost, that his anxiety over the outcome finally led him to unearth the packet of documents which had remained buried for ten years in a disused dumbwaiter shaft in his nephew's house. Asked subsequently at the trial why he had concealed this evidence until the last moment, Chambers declared: 'There are degrees of injury and I sought to keep him [Hiss] from the ultimate consequences of what he had done.' It is, of course, possible to reject Chambers's story as false from beginning to end, but it must be admitted that it is coherent and consistent; if Chambers had lost his faith in Communism while still retaining sentiments of personal attachment to those with whom he had worked, it was quite in keeping with his situation that he should twice - once confidentially to a high Government official and once in public - name certain persons as secret Communists without accusing them of the graver offence of espionage.

If, however, this was indeed Chambers's motive, it is possible that Hiss misunderstood it. Lord Jowitt considers the fact that Hiss brought the libel action a very strong point in his favour, and it may be agreed that if Hiss was both guilty and knew definitely that Chambers possessed documents which incriminated him, it was folly for him to sue Chambers for libel. But, as Chambers had named him before the House Committee without producing or claiming to have any documentary evidence, Hiss may have inferred that he had lost or destroyed any papers he had once had and was no longer able to support an accusation of espionage even if he wanted to bring it. Hiss could not know for certain what cards Chambers held in his hand, but the risk may well have seemed worth taking; for Hiss a successful libel action was the one sure way of vindicating himself and keeping his position as Carnegie Foundation President which was in danger as a result of the House Committee investigation. In this connection it may be noted that Hiss seems nevertheless to have hesitated over bringing the action; although the newspapers were waiting for it to follow immediately on the Chambers broadcast interview, which was the response to Hiss's previous challenge, the suit was not actually filed until a month later. After the exposure of his false testimony about the car sale, the libel action was certainly not without risk for Hiss, but he could rely on an imposing phalanx of character witnesses, and he was, after all, a highly respected public figure, whereas

Chambers was by his own confession an *ex-spy*, so that without documentary evidence he would have been in a very weak position.

It is at any rate a fact that Chambers did not produce the documents or accuse Hiss of espionage, as distinct from secret Communist membership, until he himself was faced with possible ruin through the libel action. This fact cannot be reconciled with the picture of Chambers as a man who for some reason hated Hiss so much that in 1938 he had made a collection of documents, including papers in Hiss's handwriting which he had somehow acquired and copies of stolen State Department papers which he somehow typed on Hiss's typewriter, for the purpose of making an entirely false accusation against him. If Chambers had never made any charge against Hiss except to name him as a Communist before the House Committee, it might be supposed that, without any particular malice, he had simply been dragging in well-known public figures in order to gain notoriety for himself or to magnify the danger of Communism. But to forge documents for 'framing' an innocent man implies an extreme degree of malice combined with the most cold-blooded calculation. Hiss himself was never able to suggest any reason why Chambers should hate him. But, assuming that for some unknown cause Chambers did have such malice towards Hiss and took so much trouble to fake evidence against him, why did he then bury the evidence for ten years and refrain from using it, even though on two occasions he gave testimony that Hiss was a Communist and incurred disbelief because he was apparently unable to support the charge? On the hypothesis of Hiss's innocence, indeed, Chambers's conduct is so incomprehensible in terms of rational motive that the defence has had to fall back on the theory that Chambers was 'psychopathic', and during the trial two psychiatrists were called to give their opinion, from observation of Chambers in court or analysis of his published writings, that he was mentally unbalanced. Lord Jowitt admits that such evidence would not be allowed in a British trial, but he is inclined to make the most of any symptoms of abnormality in Chambers and refers to his confession in his autobiography, published since the trial, that he attempted suicide before finally deciding to produce the fatal documents. But there is a vast difference between a temperament which will seek a way out by suicide under the strain of a great moral dilemma and the state of mind of a person who will deliberately fabricate a criminal charge against a man whom he knows to be innocent and who has never done him any harm.

For the American public the Hiss trial inevitably appeared as a duel between Hiss and Chambers; it was the clash of personalities which gave it its intensely dramatic quality. The defence of Hiss, whether in court or in public discussion, naturally took the form of a counter-attack on

Chambers, questioning his sanity and his credibility as a witness. Lord Jowitt's book largely follows this pattern, and although he will not allow that evidence as to Hiss's Communist party membership is relevant to the charge on which he was tried, he ranges over the whole field of Chambers's statements, in and out of court, in order to test his credibility. Thus he has a whole chapter to show discrepancies between Chambers's testimony on different occasions on the question how often he collected party dues from Hiss - though this is surely a matter on which there well might be confusion of memory after more than ten years. But it must be emphasized that there could have been a case against Hiss even if Chambers had been dead. Let us suppose that both Chambers and his nephew Levine had died between 1938 and 1948, and that a new tenant of Levine's house had found the hidden papers and handed them over to the police. If then there had been an F B I investigation, and the handwriting and typewriting had both been traced to Hiss, he would have had to explain their origin, and this would not have been any easier for him to do than it actually was at the trial, while he would have had no living human accuser against whom to direct a counter-attack.

It is indeed on the documents that the espionage case really rests. Different considerations apply to the handwritten and typewritten papers and they have to be considered separately. The handwritten summaries of secret documents are not conclusive against Hiss, in the absence of direct evidence that Hiss gave them to Chambers; they might have been, as the defence claimed, made for an innocent purpose within the State Department and stolen from a waste-paper basket after being thrown away. The typewritten copies, on the other hand, were made on the typewriter in the Hiss's home, and representatives of the State Department testified that it was absolutely against the security regulations for an official to take secret documents home and copy them. Chambers might perhaps have stolen the documents through someone other than Hiss in the State Department and then made some excuse to borrow Hiss's typewriter in order to copy them, but Hiss maintained that his acquaintance with Chambers came to an end in 1936 and the dispatches in question were dated from January to March 1938, so a voluntary loan of the machine is excluded. When Hiss was confronted before the grand jury with expert testimony (never challenged by the defence) that the copies had been made on his typewriter, he exclaimed: 'I am amazed, and until the day I die I shall wonder how Whittaker Chambers got into my house to use my typewriter.'

Hiss and his very able defence counsel in the two trials had plenty of opportunity to think out solutions for this problem, but they never advanced any convincing hypothesis, and all Lord Jowitt can say is

that Chambers 'in some way unrevealed at present' might have got access to the typewriter and typed out copies of photographed documents which he was thus able to plant on Hiss. As Chambers's method is still 'unrevealed' even to the eagle eye of Lord Jowitt, one can hardly blame the jury for not having perceived it. But Lord Jowitt thinks that jury might have been more disposed to believe in the possibility of some surreptitious access if they had had the advantage of reading Chambers's own account, subsequently published, of his plan at the time of his break with the Communist party to provide himself with a 'life preserver' in case an attempt was made to kidnap him. Lord Jowitt writes:

Let us consider this remarkable admission that he wanted a life preserver in the form of copies of official documents. What good would official documents be unless they could be brought home to some particular individual? . . . He might perhaps have exercised pressure on Hiss to induce him to use his authority to call off the Communist murder gang; indeed, if this was not the suggestion, I entirely fail to understand how 'official documents' could act as a life preserver.

Unfortunately Lord Jowitt entirely misses the point of the 'life preserver'. The men whom Chambers feared, as he makes quite clear, were the heads of the Communist underground organization, in which Hiss had no 'authority', but was, like Chambers himself, a subordinate. The underground leaders, on their side, had reason to fear that Chambers as a renegade would betray all the secrets he knew to the police. Chambers, however, according to his own story, was not at that time willing to act as an informer; he only wished to be in the position of being able to threaten to do so if the party molested him. For this purpose he obviously needed documents which would incriminate real members of the spy ring, not forged evidence against innocent persons. If Hiss and White were in fact spies, the heads of the organization could have been restrained by a threat to produce evidence against them, for, if arrested, they would not only have been lost to the cause, but might have implicated other persons who were known to them. But if they were innocent, if they were neither Communists nor spies, their fate would have been a matter of complete indifference to the Communist organizers; indeed, it might have been a positive gain, as diverting attention from the real culprits - whoever they were. Chambers could not have hoped to bring pressure to bear on Peters and Bykov by threatening to make false accusations against men who did not belong to the spy ring at all. Thus the whole idea of the 'life preserver' implies Hiss's guilt; otherwise there would be no point in it. If, on the other hand, Chambers's story that he wanted it as protection against Communist reprisals is rejected, and it is argued that he was simply faking evidence against an innocent Hiss out of pure malice, then

we come back to the question already raised: why, after taking so much trouble to fabricate the evidence, did he make no use of it for ten years?

One other argument advanced by Lord Jowitt may be briefly considered. He analyses the memoranda handwritten by Hiss, comparing them with the original documents, and concludes that they are more likely to have been made, as Hiss said they were, for the purpose of assisting him in the preparation of reports to his official superior in the Department than as reports for Bykov. But if he made such summaries of documents in rapid circulation in the course of his official duties, that would be no reason why he should not afterwards pass them on to Chambers as the best available substitute for documents which he had no chance to take home for copying. There is no need to assume that the memoranda were written in the first place as espionage reports - which in any case would be an excessively foolish thing to do during working hours in the office. Assistant Secretary Peurifoy, however, testified that the making of such handwritten summaries was 'a very unusual procedure', and it is certainly reasonable to suppose that Hiss would take some care in disposing of them after using them, for, as summaries of secret documents, they were no less secret than the documents themselves and were not covered by the safeguards of circulation lists and filing which applied to the originals. Yet, as the prosecution pointed out at the trial, they were ultimately produced, not crumpled or torn as if consigned to a wastepaper basket, but neatly folded, as if they had never been thrown away at all. Lord Jowitt finds this somewhat disconcerting, and suggests that Hiss may have 'put them in some outgoing tray', but he does not explain why an official should put in an outgoing tray summaries of secret documents which were not addressed to anybody, which were not intended for filing, and which it was 'a very unusual procedure' to make.

Further, Lord Jowitt argues:

. . . I feel bound to point out that it seems to me a most extraordinary thing that a man engaging in such infamous conduct as that attributed to Hiss should have been such a fool as to hand over documents in his own handwriting . . . to a spy on whose reliability he had no adequate ground for reposing much trust and confidence.

In this, as in many other passages of his book, Lord Jowitt shows that he is quite unable to understand what is implied in acts of treason committed for the sake of a revolutionary ideology. If Hiss, as a self-dedicated Communist, used his official position in the service of the capitalist United States to aid the Soviet Union, his conduct was not in his own eyes 'infamous' nor were his relations with men to whom he was bound by a common loyalty to the Communist cause similar to those of common criminals associated in a conspiracy for private gain. Whatever may be the

state of affairs after a Communist party has gained power, the word 'comrade' certainly means something in the days of the revolutionary struggle, as so many ex-Communists have testified. As in the Canadian spy trials or the cases of Nunn May and Fuchs, the whole point of the Hiss case is lost if it is assumed that he must have been either innocent or else an ordinary crook. It is a question of what men will do if they become intellectually convinced that they owe an allegiance higher than their loyalty to their own country; treason then becomes something quite different from any mercenary act and may involve persons who are otherwise of the highest moral character.

If Hiss was a spy for Russia, both he and Chambers acted in devotion to an ideal which at the time they set above everything else in the world. There may or may not be grounds for maintaining that the evidence against Hiss was inadequate for his conviction, but one thing is certain: that the case against him cannot be dismissed simply on the ground that he was morally too good a man to have committed treason. Hiss had perhaps the most imposing array of character witnesses any man has ever had in a criminal trial; they included two judges of the United States Supreme Court. Fuchs could have had all his Harwell colleagues to testify to his blameless character if he had defended himself on the charge of spying instead of confessing to it. Lord Jowitt claims that such testimony goes to show that a man 'belongs to a category of people who are not likely to commit dishonourable or discreditable acts'. But evidence of character which should rightly carry weight against an accusation of self-interested fraud or theft is not really applicable to acts committed in devotion to a cause. In the service of his country in time of war the kindest of men will burn children alive by raining fire-bombs on an enemy city; the most honest of men, parachuted behind the enemy lines as an intelligence agent, will use every kind of deceit to accomplish his task. Acts committed in the service of world revolution differ in not receiving a similar social approval, but for those who commit them from a sense of duty they have a similar quality of personal disinterestedness and necessity.

The most helpful character witness Hiss could have had would have been someone who described him as easy-going and pleasure-loving, a man who was always backing unprofitable horses and trying to borrow money from his friends. It would have been indeed unlikely that such a man would ever take the risk of engaging in espionage simply from political conviction. But all the witnesses were agreed that Hiss was earnest, high-minded, conscientious and almost ascetic in his private life. He was a man who would always do his duty. But what did he believe his duty to be? He would always be loyal. But to whom?

AMERICA THROUGH DARK SPECTACLES

Diana Trilling

In 1948 Simone de Beauvoir, well known as an associate of Sartre in the French existentialist movement, paid a four months' visit to the United States, travelling widely and lecturing in some of our leading colleges and universities. It was her first visit to America and it resulted in a journal,* published in France soon after her return but not translated for publication in England until four years later. Since this is a long time to wait for a translation, especially of a book with small claim to charm or literary distinction, the question naturally arises: why was Mme de Beauvoir's journal brought out in England at this particular time? And the answer, I am afraid, is all too obviously political. A singularly dull affair, *America Day by Day* does have one live emotion which can be supposed to recommend it to a present-day English audience: its hostility to America.

In a significant sense Mme de Beauvoir's American visit was a four months' psychological contest whose terms had been established well before Mme de Beauvoir set foot on our shores. A woman of unusual inclination to impose herself on her environment, Mme de Beauvoir would seem to have left France determined not to be defied by whatever complexity or unfamiliarity might challenge her, and in virtually the first entry in her diary she discloses the technique she will employ to assure this mastery. At the airport she is met by a young woman who drives her to New York City; they have trouble finding parking space and Mme de Beauvoir reports in her journal: 'We drove around without finding a place to park the car; some rite or other made it obligatory, and I accepted it with a beginner's curiosity.' This is to say, parking difficulties in New York are to be permitted no connection with parking difficulties in Paris. What would be a reality at home becomes 'some rite or other' abroad. An experience whose context is naturally and universally acknowledged Mme de Beauvoir will rob of its normal reference and contemplate with a 'beginner's curiosity'. This is disingenuousness of sovereign proportions, and it gives a quick and invaluable clue to the method by which Mme de Beauvoir will guarantee her ascendancy over

* *America Day by Day* by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Patrick Dudley. Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd. 21s. 296 pp.

a situation into which she pretends to hurl herself so entirely without protection or reservation. Surely alienation was never better contrived to serve the personal advantage, and we can therefore scarcely be surprised, though we admit ourselves a bit taken aback that such a practical strategy can show itself so crudely, when later in her volume Mme de Beauvoir at last encounters an articulate political opinion opposed to her own and, instead of engaging her opponents, suddenly announces herself overcome by the fatigue of conversing in a foreign language.

The reason why it is important, in reading Mme de Beauvoir's journal, to keep in mind this personal disposition of its author is that, despite the journal form, *America Day by Day* presents itself not at all as a personal story but as a wholly objective record. True, we visit only such scenes as the writer visits, hear only with Mme de Beauvoir's ears, see only with her eyes, receive impressions only as they are filtered through her sensibility or lack of it. But Mme de Beauvoir is at some pains to give her observations and comments the quality of absoluteness which is never possible where an author's subjectivity is a plain and open part of her enterprise. Like the copious photographs which illustrate *America Day by Day*, Mme de Beauvoir's diary is intended not as self-revelation, nor even as the history of a personal involvement, but as a document, in which the object exists without palpable association with the human being who made its selection. But Mme de Beauvoir is – shall we put it? – more than usually human. She is a peculiarly intrusive observer, uncommonly and markedly an arranger of the scene she photographs; and a judgment of her journal which failed to take her into fullest account as its author would be liable to undue emphasis. It would make what is undoubtedly in large measure a complex personal business into a mere bald, flat job of nasty political propaganda.

And yet, Mme de Beauvoir's subjectivity having been noted and even in this far defined, the object which is her performance remains, little mitigated in its unpleasantness. Mme de Beauvoir arrived in America firm in more than her impulse to self-assertion. She arrived fully formulated in a political position. The day would seem to be past when intellectuals regard it as their superiority to other sections of society that they are free of prejudice: Mme de Beauvoir did not have to step off her plane to know that America was a country sold to despair and reaction, so that when she says in the preface to *America Day by Day* that her journal is faithful testimony of what she saw, we must understand the circumscribed nature of this truth. Her journal is faithful testimony of what she saw because she saw only what she wished to see. She saw and heard only what conformed to the bias of a mind nourished by a political doctrine which may never announce, and often is unaware of, its Com-

unist source but which is none the less Communist-inspired and which finds its most fertile soil where liberalism is most self-conscious. It is noteworthy, for instance, that by her own admission Mme de Beauvoir never entered an American factory and that she made no attempt to acquaint herself with the American trade unions or with the American working class save for the negroes; or with the common man except on the lowest level of personal degradation, the sad derelicts of New York's Bowery or Chicago's West Side. The company she liked best was of two kinds – Americans who add to their native openness and generosity, and to their wish to be in happy accord with anyone they can persuade themselves is a friend, an uneasy liberalism which evidently can be best exercised in criticism of their own culture; and bohemians who, nowadays in America when artists and intellectuals have won a social and economic establishment which would have been unimaginable in the pre-Rooseveltian era, are likely to be people maimed by self-pity and its angers. With these as her chief guides and armoured against any other point of view, small wonder Mme de Beauvoir could keep intact her image of an America brutish in its strivings for power, loutish in its assaults upon the good, the innocent and the weak.

And yet we know – and here is the profound disheartenment – that as surely as Mme de Beauvoir found the America she sought, her journal will find the readers it seeks, and in England no less than in France; that in England as in France there are people who will be happy to have her biased report and who will read it as fact. Nor can correction, re-education, counter-propaganda, whatever we wish to call it, ever hope to reach its mark with anything like the speed and directness of prejudice. But truth must be assumed to triumph, however slow its course, and whoever recognizes the falseness of Mme de Beauvoir's picture of America must undertake the weary task of revealing at least a sufficient number of its inaccuracies and distortions to indicate the kind of authority *America Day by Day* represents. Perhaps it will be protested that some of the errors I am about to list are mere carelessness, too trivial for mention. But it should be kept in mind that I am citing not from the work of any ordinary tourist but from that of a trained scholar. Numerous as they are and taken together with her larger improvizations, even Mme de Beauvoir's mistakes of spelling indicate, it seems to me, nothing less trivial than the lack of respect in which she held the subject of her investigations, a lack of respect integral with her animus.

The Grand Central Station in New York Mme de Beauvoir calls the Central Station.* The Hispanic Museum she calls the Spanish library.

* I have checked the English edition of *America Day by Day* against the French. Although the translation is poor, it cannot be blamed for the errors I list.

The name of the architect Kiesler she gives as Kisler. The painter Max Ernst Mme de Beauvoir calls Marx Ernst. The name of Dashiell Hammett she gives as Dashiel Hammet. Randolph-Macon College is Macon College. The Queensborough Bridge is called the Queen's Bridge. The Triborough Bridge Mme de Beauvoir simply and unrecognizably refers to as Triborough. When she apparently means Los Alamos, Mme de Beauvoir speaks of Alcamo. When she means James Agee, author of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, she speaks of Algee. When she means John Dollard, author of *Caste and Class in a Southern Community*, she refers to Dollar. The American Civil War general, McClellan, Mme de Beauvoir miraculously transforms into Max Ellan! When she means Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* Mme de Beauvoir talks of Mark Twain's *Journey on the Mississippi*. When she means Madison Square Garden in New York she speaks of the Madison Gardens. The name of the playwright O'Neill is spelled O'Neil. The name of the Brevoort Hotel is spelled Brevort. A restaurant in the Village which I take to be Chumley's is called Chamby's. Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University and one of America's leading critics of Stalinism becomes Sydney Brock. (Professor Brock, have you met Mme de Beauvoir's French colleague, M. Garitain?)

But Mme de Beauvoir's errors of spelling and nomenclature are merely incidental to her larger errors of reporting and interpretation. Mme de Beauvoir caught cold in New York: she reports that the New Yorkers she met were scandalized and she adds, of a city where respiratory afflictions are perhaps our readiest subject of conversation: 'A good American is never ill, and it is not polite for a stranger in New York to catch cold.' Of the fine Spanish paintings in the *Hispanic Museum* Mme de Beauvoir writes, 'Some of them look of doubtful origin' and she continues, 'and certain canvases in the Metropolitan Museum also struck me as being copies'. This fraudulence which she has uncovered Mme de Beauvoir explains as follows: 'Americans, no doubt, are too avid for old masters to be over-particular.' Mme de Beauvoir visits Vassar college: she reports that its students are selected for their 'intellectual capacities, *their families and personal means*'. (Italics mine, to underscore flagrant untruth.) Of Arlington, the national cemetery in Washington, she tells us that it is reserved for the graves of officers; it is not. Of Alcatraz prison in California, she tells us that it is the 'prison where those condemned to death await the gas chamber'; actually it is a prison for long-term offenders and has no gas chamber. From Randolph-Macon College stems the phantasy that oaths play such a large part in American life that illicit couples have only to swear that they are married for hotels to give them a room. From Los Angeles, she reports a law

compelling parents to take a child, at 'heavy expenses', to a doctor every week during its first year of life; no such law exists or ever did exist. Lest we forget the giantism of the American aspiration, Mme de Beauvoir gives the length of the Triborough Bridge as fourteen miles; actually it is four. In a California bar, where her youthful-looking companion is questioned about her age before being served hard liquor, Mme de Beauvoir reports that her friend was asked to show, what is non-existent in America, her 'identity card'.

Underdone beef steak 'usually scares American puritanism', Mme de Beauvoir writes mistakenly. Equally mistakenly and with the clear purpose of indicating how small have been the gains of feminism in America, Mme de Beauvoir tells us that 'American women drive about in towns but seldom do they undertake a journey without male escort'. Of the open California countryside, she writes: 'The country here has escaped annexation: even though they have fixed camping sites, men travel the land like nomads' - obviously we are to have the impression of homeless hordes. Of a visit to a Los Angeles cemetery Mme de Beauvoir writes what is precisely as untrue of America as of every other country in the civilized world: 'We approached [the open grave] without fear, for no one had accompanied the dead man as far as the tomb - that is not done in this joyful country.' In a period when the enrolment in graduate English departments in American universities is so heavy that it threatens the creation of an intellectual proletariat in the English teaching profession, Mme de Beauvoir tells us that American college students feel that 'to specialize in literature is something suspect'. Of Chicago, with its many hundreds of kosher butcher shops, all plainly marked, Mme de Beauvoir warns us ~~that~~ were a building to display a Jewish inscription its windows would soon be broken. And continuing this line, Mme de Beauvoir informs us that in Massachusetts and Connecticut many of the beaches are 'reserved for Jews who have not the right to bathe with Aryans'; since such beaches do not exist, it is understandable that Mme de Beauvoir does not name them.

But lengthy as this sampling is, it neither adequately covers the range of Mme de Beauvoir's falsification, nor properly suggests the political atmosphere of *America Day by Day* which makes such distortions meaningful and inevitable. Mme de Beauvoir is convinced that American democracy is an illusion. When she reports anti-Semitism where it does not obtain, or non-existent laws compelling people to incur heavy and unnecessary medical expenses, or an educational situation in which college students are selected on the basis of wealth or social position, she is manipulating the truth with a clearly-discernible motive: to persuade her European readers of America's cultural and political depravity.

Similarly, she is no poor deluded foreigner when, having met Elisa Maxwell, come to fame as a professional party-giver and more recently a newspaper columnist, she first characterizes her as 'a famous journalist who writes sensible and enlightened paragraphs in the reactionary Press', and then goes on to quote her as saying that in America 'no one needs to read, for no one thinks' and *then*, because Miss Maxwell's tone is so clearly ironic, hastens to add that irony is commonly employed in America where 'one escapes criticism by the very irony one pretends to imply'. Nor is it a mere honest mistake to report, as Mme de Beauvoir does, from a tourist camp in Nevada that 'we were never asked for our papers in such places; no one knows when you come in, when you go out, or if you bring visitors. There are ways of escaping the rigours of America.' Mme de Beauvoir knows quite as well as any American does that she was never asked to show her papers except on entering or leaving the country. She knows that Americans have no papers, except their drivers' licences and social security cards. But it suits her book to create the impression that we are under the strictest surveillance, to present the American story as one of rigours and regimentation, fear, emptiness, indifference, cynicism, and desperate social and economic inequality.

Naturally enough, the final, the quintessential test Mme de Beauvoir applies to American democracy, to measure its unsoundness, is its attitude toward Communism. Like so many libertarians, she would seem to believe that a democracy, if it would be healthy, must refuse to regard Communists as a menace. Indeed, Mme de Beauvoir apparently believes that, far from being a threat to democracy, Communists are the guarantors of its continuance. This does not mean, what would make sense, that the strength of a democracy is to be measured by its ability to tolerate whatever dissident elements may appear in its midst. And of course it does not mean what I myself happen to believe, that when a democracy is as strong as that of America it can afford to go quietly about its business of curbing Communism without the dangerous exploitation of the threat which, since Mme de Beauvoir's visit, has come to characterize our anti-Communist programme. Mme de Beauvoir would not gauge the health of either America or France by its ability to tolerate Fascists; and it is not our anti-Communist method that she deplores but our anti-Communist conviction. For the point is that she is a victim of the prime liberal fallacy of our time: Mme. de Beauvoir sees no resemblance at all between Communism and Fascism. In her opinion, Communists are, in fact, not only no threat, they are not *real*; they exist only in the inflamed reactionary imagination; they are the witches of the witch-hunt. Thus, when Gerhardt Eisler (since escaped to Germany) is scheduled for trial, Mme. de Beauvoir writes in her diary:

'Communist leader number one accused of conspiring against the Government, despising Congress, tax evasion and falsifying his passport . . . the persecution of the Reds continued.' Or again, when the Party leader, Dennis, is brought to trial, Mme de Beauvoir makes the following notation: 'Another Communist leader, Dennis, was summoned before the courts for using false passports. Persecution becomes more and more systematic. . . ' We are to understand, in other words, that conspiracy against the Government, despising Congress (whatever that may be), tax evasion, falsifying a passport, are all in the democratic day's work; that people who break the laws of their country are guilty of no more than an innocent prank so long as they operate on the high motives imputable to servants of the Soviet Union. Further, whoever would aim to stop such acts, even by due process of the courts, is the instrument of tyranny, a persecutor.

It is an all-too-familiar attitude, and the fact that in Mme de Beauvoir's instance, as in every instance of a formulated anti-Americanism I have encountered, this refusal to face reality is the chief support of anti-American sentiment, is not the least of the reasons why anti-Americanism is a major danger in the present world crisis. We look for a name by which to call this blindness: sometimes we call it Stalinoidism; sometimes we call it Stalino-liberalism. But none of these labels is precise as applied to a phenomenon that shows itself so variously, and anyway, what to call it is less important than how to combat it. Why, we ask ourselves, should people who think of themselves as liberals prefer to throw their weight on the side of an established tyranny rather than on the side of an established democracy, however faulty? Why, despite the inescapable fact of Soviet totalitarianism, do people who think of themselves as nothing if not fact-facers persist in the illusion that Communists are more their allies than are anti-Communists? Why, and particularly in the learned professions throughout the democratic world, is it so steadily the part of conscience and enlightenment to see an absolute evil in America's every lapse from democratic perfection, while glossing over the absolute evil which is the Soviet Union? Why do supposed liberals cling to the notion that to attack a Communist is somehow to attack their own better selves?

The answer to these questions is not easy to find, although both in modern history and modern psychology, and especially in an investigation of the excessive idealism of this century, we could no doubt discover a useful hint as to where the answer lies. But we need not fully understand the genesis of an attitude in order to oppose it, and perhaps in our present grave situation the best effort to be made in bringing the intellectual to political clarity and responsibility is to stop looking for explanations of why he behaves as he does and concentrate, instead, on his

effect – on impressing him, that is, with what it is so supremely difficult for him to believe: that his words are not idle; that he counts for something in the world of affairs; that he has power, the kind of power which eventually decides whether people live or die. If Mme de Beauvoir actually understood that it is the essence of the modern spirit that power can no longer operate without ideas, and that ours is an ideological world in which armies follow where thinkers lead, is it conceivable that she would have been as careless of truth as she is in *America Day by Day*? I think not. But the trouble with intellectuals like her is that they cannot identify politics with mind. They leave their usual intellectual criteria at home when they step into the political arena because almost by definition politics means to them power without mind.

There is no intellectual worthy of the name who does not know that truth is the first safeguard of the life of the mind. If, therefore, he conceives of politics as a sphere where power operates without mind, he can be supposed to conceive of politics as a place where truth, as well, is not of the essence. But if he has this mistaken conception, he should leave politics strictly alone. Politics is not for him, partisanship is not for him, and certainly a partisanship served by lies is not for him. There is no reason for an intellectual to like the United States in itself. He can dislike the United States in itself, as he might dislike England or France. But it is one thing to dislike the United States in itself and quite another to dislike it *vis-à-vis* Russia, for Russia spells the end of everything that constitutes his life as a thinking person. The belief that a choice between America and the Soviet Union is a choice between anything except democracy and totalitarianism obviously does not disqualify the intellectual for political action. It merely disqualifies him as an intellectual.

OSTRICHES IN THE PACIFIC

Guy Wint

Article 60 of the armistice in Korea – which may or may not have been signed when this article appears – recommends that within ninety days of the armistice there should be a political conference at a high level between the opposing sides in the Korean dispute. The article is a ‘recommendation’ to their governments by the military negotiators at Panmunjon, and the Governments are not committed to accept it. But they will at once have to consider whether or not the conference would be useful, and to decide what should be discussed at it.

Article 60 says that the topics for the conference should be the future of Korea, the withdrawal of foreign troops, ‘et cetera’. What is contained in ‘et cetera’? The American negotiators, in agreeing to this article, made a statement saying that in their interpretation they were not agreeing to discuss any matters outside Korea. But the Communists never accepted the American interpretation. All that appears on paper is the term ‘et cetera’. The door is open to the discussion of the whole Far East panorama.

The making of the armistice will in any case lead all governments to a new examination of this panorama. The armistice brings to an end one phase of a complicated history. But it is the start of a new phase which may be even more complex, though perhaps rather less dangerous. All the Far East will now be brought into the diplomatic play. One thing is evident. Much more will once again depend on Japan as in the pre-war years. But in the West when Japan is considered there is an obstinate resolve to copy the ostrich.

Japan has always seemed to Moscow the highest prize which it could hope to gain in Asia. China is a second best. Japan would give Moscow great advantages – its geographical position and industry especially. Japan must seem to Marxist analysts a country ideally suited for revolution. It has a large disciplined industrial proletariat, an intense pressure of population, an impoverished middle class. Wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few. Economic problems are intractable. Pride and self-confidence have been deflated by defeat. If there are break-waters against revolution – the national morale, the Emperor system – they are not so strong that the Communists may not hope to wear them away by skilful persistent propaganda. Indeed the elements of a revolutionary situation in Japan must be more apparent to the Marxists of the Kremlin than were

the rather peculiar ingredients of the Chinese revolution. Revolution in Japan may be easier to handle and steer than in China.

There is evidence that Russia has never lost its interest in Japan even when it was preoccupied with the problems of the Chinese revolution and the Korean war. In particular it never allowed the direction of the Communist Party in Japan to pass into the hands of the Chinese Communists at Peking. It has retained the control.

The end of the Korean war may send up the Communist hopes that the revolutionary situation in Japan will quickly come to the boil because of Japan's economic troubles which must now increase. Japan is about to experience for the first time the economic consequences of its defeat in 1945. Hitherto it has been partly shielded from them. For the first years after the war, immense American subsidies – the by-product of the American occupation – compensated Japan for the destruction of its industry and the loss of its Empire from which it had obtained so much of its raw materials. When the subsidies tailed off, and when they ended with the end of the occupation, the economic demand by America for carrying on the Korean war supplied their place. For the U N forces in Korea, America spent in Japan about \$800 million a year. But now the prospects before Japan have become extremely bleak. It is true that the State Department has pledged that dollar spending in Japan will remain 'at a relatively high level' for two years after a Korean armistice. (This pledge was interpreted in Tokio as part of America's effort to see that the recent general election went right for Mr Yoshida.) But few Japanese expect the future spending to be anything like the \$800 million a year in the past. They fear that as America gets the taste for retrenching, its appetite will grow.

Japan's position is like our own, but in an exaggerated form. The Japanese are an island people, depending on their industrial exports for the purchase of some of their food and their raw materials to keep their industry turning. Unfortunately for Japan, its industry is now very much out of date. It is badly organized. There is a grave shortage of electrical power. Labour is no longer cheap. Even if it wished to do so, Japan can no longer solve its problems, as it did in the 'thirties, by a savage trade offensive against the rest of the world, by underselling, and by dumping. Its prospect is therefore of an ever-widening gap in its balance of payments. All the very evident signs of present prosperity – due to the American aid – do not keep the Japanese from understanding very clearly that the good times, or at least tolerable times, may be near their end.

To these circumstances must be added the population crisis. Japan's population has grown by more than 14,000,000 since the end of the war. It is increasing at the rate of 1,250,000 a year. The present population is 86,000,000, and it inhabits a set of islands much poorer than Great Britain.

(Though they are about one-third larger than the British Isles only 17 per cent. is cultivable.) The pressure of the peasantry on the soil is intense. While in 1930 there were 2,700 persons to every square mile of cultivable land, to-day there are 4,300. Thus there is a constant move towards the towns. About 1,000,000 boys and girls enter the urban market annually, and the increase of the city population each year is equivalent to one large-sized town. The result is hunger and unemployment. Recently the Prime Minister's office at Tokio estimated that 7,000,000 Japanese are now unemployed or inadequately employed.

2

Fortunately the Japanese, faced by prospects which might have reduced many people to appalled despair, have not given up hope. They discuss all kinds of possible remedies. Some hope that the demand for industry will be stimulated by rearmament. Some think that if the United Nations are serious in their promises to reconstruct Korea economically, Japanese industry can find work for many years in re-equipping that country. But what are the chances that the Communists will ever agree to a unified Korea? The bulk of the Korean industry is in the north. If the United Nations is limited to aiding the agricultural south, the orders flowing to Japan may not be very substantial.

A section of Japanese business men have always convinced themselves that, once the Korean war was over, they would be able to drive a brisk trade with the Communist country. The size of the trade they can hope for is one of the great uncertainties in the Far East situation. The estimates vary enormously, and depend on whether the Chinese are expected to make serious progress with their Five Year plan. But only the most optimistic guess that there would be a demand from Russia and China together of much above \$80,000,000 – which is only one-tenth of America's war-time spending.

The principal hope, and perhaps the most rational hope, of the Japanese is to be the industrial centre for the development of South Asia. The argument for regarding this with sympathy is impressive. It is generally agreed in the Western world that one of the worst breeding grounds for Communism will be the impoverished countries of South and South-east Asia. Hence the Colombo Plan and the allocations – though surprisingly and regrettably small – of funds by M S A for the development of the area. Why, say the Japanese, has their aid not been invited? Japanese industry cries out to be employed, otherwise the Japanese proletariat will go hungry and perhaps in the end turn Communist. The countries of South Asia cry out for the industrial equipment, fertilizers, electrical equipment and so on which Japan could supply. By letting the one

minister to the other, the welfare of both could be guaranteed, and the possibilities of revolution in either much reduced. Yet though these remedies are recognized in theory, nothing very much is done in practice to act upon them.

The general conception is expressed in Tokio by saying that here lies an opportunity for America to make each dollar it invested do the work of two – both of which would in turn be contributions to peace. If it allocated funds for the development of South Asia, but spent them for the purpose on the products of Japanese industry, it would stabilize by one single operation the political systems of Japan and of the south of the continent.

It cannot be said that the British have shown any more wish than the Americans to deal with the Japanese problem and to find remedies for it before it once again disturbs the world. For most people in Britain, Japan is simply of concern as a formidable, if still potential, economic competitor. Britain's own danger from a widening gap in its international balance of payments is so similar to Japan's that at first glance Britain might have been expected to understand Japan's problem with some sympathy. But instead the very likeness of the plight of the two countries estranges them, for it appears that the remedies which may be sought by the one will worsen the position of the other. Britain's own survival depends on an unrelaxing effort to extend its sales in every possible market. To abandon anything to competitors is to endanger national security.

Thus Britain sees with apprehension the particular interest which Japan is now showing in South Asia. It could not agree to Japan's admission to G A T T on the same footing as the original members. When it reads that every airplane which leaves Tokio carries with it business men prospecting for markets, it feels alarm. It sheds no tears at the news of the continuing backwardness of Japanese industry. Japan believes that it was the British who sabotaged the plans, once promising, for Japanese participation in building up the Indian steel industry. Britain grasps with relief at the idea that Japan might find alternative markets in the future in supplying Red China. But then it asks what will America say? And if ever Red China becomes a real market, will Britain also not want to compete there?

Britain remembers the trade war of the 'thirties very vividly, but the main conclusion which it draws is that if the war comes again it must fight it with greater efficiency than before.

Theoretically most British economists would agree that something should be done to prevent Japan from being driven to the wall economically. But if that something is at the expense of British exports, can we afford it? Perhaps that stage is being set again for another catastrophe brought on by Japan's economic desperation – for a new Pearl Harbour when the international scene gives Japan its opportunity.

A COMMENT FROM ROME

The Italian electoral system is in itself highly complicated, and on June 7th issues were made even more difficult to predict by the fact that (1) the electorate voted on two different systems for the Camera and the Senate and (2) by the electoral law passed this spring if a coalition of parties could obtain 50·1 per cent. of the votes they would receive a bonus and be given 65 per cent. of the seats in the Camera. The only coalition that stood a chance of benefiting by this law was of course that of the Government – i.e. of the Demo-Christian, Liberal, Demo-Socialist and Republican parties. Hence the fury of the Communists and Nenni Socialists on the Left and the Monarchists or Neo-Fascists on the Right. The law need not be discussed at greater length here, particularly as it failed to operate owing to the failure of the Government – by some 50,000 votes – to obtain its 50 per cent. It is only fair to remember, however, that unwise though it turned out to be, it represented not an effort by Signor De Gasperi to defend Right Wing or authoritarian policies, but to safeguard Republican institutions against a landslide towards the totalitarianisms of Left or Right. A further motive was to strengthen the Democratic coalition by removing pressure exercised on Signor De Gasperi by the Right Wing elements in the Demo-Christian party and the 'clericals' of Professor Gedda's Catholic Action.

The outcome of the election proves at least how deeply rooted totalitarian currents are in Italy, and how difficult it is to establish and preserve a democracy in a country whose traditions are not democratic. This point is emphasized by the veritable annihilation of the smaller democratic parties – the Liberals, the Republicans and the Demo-Socialists. The three forces that emerge are the Church – for it is only with ecclesiastical support that De Gasperi maintains his position as leader of the largest party in the country – the Communists (and fellow-travelling Socialists), and the extreme Right. No-one doubts Signor De Gasperi's loyalty to democratic principles, but the same cannot be said of all his supporters, many of whom voted for him because the priests or bishops told them to do so. Striking in the election results is the power of the Right Wing extremists. The Monarchists (led by the Neapolitan shipping millionaire Commandante Lauro, who combine with protestations of loyalty to the House of Savoy a desire on the part of big Southern landowners to put a brake on land-reform), and the Neo-Fascists now far outnumber De

Gasperi's supporters outside Christian Democracy, and they can be expected to exert great pressure on the Christian Democrats who now find themselves the sole remaining bulwark of Parliamentary institutions in the country. The greatest power in Italy to-day is in the hands of the Pope and if the Republic survives it is because the Pope wishes that it should do so.

B. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

DEAR SIR, - I trust you will find space to correct at least some of the inaccuracies in Mr. H. Swanzy's article on 'French North Africa'. Since so many of his premises (of fact) are wrong, it is impossible to accept his conclusions.

I shall point out only his errors of fact on Morocco, the country I know best of the three dealt with in the article.

1. H. S. claims (in support of his argument) that Allal el Fassi, leader of the Istiqlal Party, is 'European-educated'. Fassi is a product of the ancient Kairouane University in Fez; has learned French only within the last few years, and had not been to Europe until he reached his thirties. He *never* attended a European school.

2. Even official French propaganda never went so far as to claim that in 1951 the Sultan signed forty decrees because of the threat of Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh. Glaoui, in terms of leadership, is nothing except what his French backers make of him. Glaoui's direct influence in the crisis of 1951 was nil. The Sultan signed the decree because General Juin brought mountain tribes into the capital, and threatened that Rabat and Fez would be sacked if the Sultan did not sign.

3. People in Morocco, especially the Caid and Sheikhs who administer justice in the rural districts, will be surprised to learn from H. S. that 'the judiciary is separated from the executive'. If that were the case the Sultan would not be pressing so persistently for legal reforms, and leading French jurists would not be protesting so loudly against the travesty of justice in rural Morocco.

Yours faithfully,

ROM LANDAU,

Author of

Morocco.

Moroccan Journal.

Portrait of Tangier,

etc.

ROYAL AIR FORCE CLUB,

128 PICCADILLY, W.1.

May 5th, 1953

Mr Swanzy replies:

A general observer is accustomed to attacks from partisans of different views of the African future, though they are usually less sympathetic than Mr Landau, with his generous defence of a small, pre-industrial, theocratic society, overborne by the cruel processes of Western industrialism. On point (1) I must apologize for the use of the word 'all'. Of the three leaders I cited, Bourguiba worked in France, and married a Frenchwoman, while Ferhat Abbas was a chemist in Algiers, who fought in the 1939 war. It is true that, in the aristocratic Morocco, Allal el Fassi, had an Islamic education, at Kairouane, although he said of this (in conversation with Nina Epton) 'But they still keep an antiquated curriculum and they only teach orthodox subjects.' (2) This also concerns loose phrasing. The threat in 1951 did not come directly from El Glaoui, of whose position I am aware, but from the French, using him and the Berber tribes, as stated in the same sentence. (3) The separation of judiciary and executive is a modern movement, started, so far as I know, in the towns, and for civil cases, but not yet extended to the countryside. This may be due to a Machiavellian French policy; yet how many Arab countries to-day have achieved the reform? In short, I do not think that the mistakes cited are sufficient to warrant a complete rejection of the view I expressed, which is not really so very far from Mr Landau's own, albeit motivated by a continental African, and a European, view-point.

THE FUTURE OF TELEVISION

William Clark

It was the capture of the murderer Crippen that first made the public aware of the power of radio, even though experiments had been going on for many years. In a more pleasant way it has been the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth that has brought home to the British public the power of television, years after it has been in general use.

It is estimated that about one-third of the total population of the United Kingdom saw the Coronation Ceremony on television. For most of them it was their first real experience of this new medium, and their first realization that science had given them a new pair of eyes which could allow them a full participation in distant and dramatic events. It was also the first time that many educated and influential people saw the possibilities of television as a serious medium. For them television had always been a servants' hall activity in which comic characters brought Music Hall into the home in a most regrettable manner. Their shock at seeing a religious ceremony reverently performed on the screen was even greater than that of their elders twenty-one years ago when King George V first broadcast a Christmas message. I remember at the time that happened my father (aged eighty) shook his head in a grave way all that Christmas morning: 'It's like the King writing for the papers', he complained. He stood rigidly to attention through King George's speech, and when it ended said sharply to me, 'Have him through again'. The difference between gramophone and radio was always obscure to him, as he referred to them both as 'the Box'; but after that first Royal speech he allowed 'the Box' to be moved into the drawing-room.

Television has now been moved into the drawing-room. But when it was still a part of the kitchen furniture a number of vital decisions were casually made about its ownership and control. It is these decisions which are now coming up again as political problems.

The Conservative Party in its early days in office decided that they would ignore the findings of the Beveridge Committee and allow an element of competition in the Television Service. This was quite a natural decision for the Party of Free Enterprise to take, especially as it had not studied the problem at all carefully. The dangers of leaving a powerful instrument in the hands of a monopoly are very great; the merits of competition as a

stimulus to the growth of a young industry are also considerable. What was less carefully considered was what would be the effects of handing over this powerful instrument to a body over which the Government had no control at all.

Undoubtedly the Conservative leaders who studied the question at all based their arguments on the analogy of the Press. They felt that just as the Press had become part of Big-Business and therefore tended to be sympathetic to Conservatism, so television if made commercial would be in broad sympathy with Conservative ideals. This view is perfectly legitimate, and in no sense a wicked plot to capture the new medium for political ends; it is the proper function of political parties to try and direct the nation's activities in the direction they consider desirable.

But it was a considerable miscalculation, based on false analogies and ignorance of the medium. The Conservative Party is not just the party of Business and Commerce; it has always resisted the temptation which overwhelmed the Republican Party in America at the beginning of this century when it came under the influence of Mark Hanna and the Robber Barons of finance. Particularly to-day in the full flush of Butlerism the Conservative Party is anxious to broaden its foundations and to include intelligent and thoughtful people of all sorts. Between the wars the whole trend of 'intelligence' was to the left; Mr Butler believes that he can reverse (and indeed has already succeeded in reversing) that trend. The Conservatives are trying to become a progressive party, which at the same time is the traditional guardian of those parts of our national heritage of which we are proud.

This is not an easy role to play, and it could be made very much harder if it appeared that one of the major acts of the Party was to threaten an institution as prized as the B B C, and to vulgarize the nation's entertainment. It is the oldest and easiest cry of intellectuals that the Conservative Party is the stupid party; if indeed they do play the role of Philistines it will be a severe blow to their attempt to change the climate of intelligent opinion from Left to Right.

Yet there is a great danger that if the Party does force the Government to allow competitive commercial television, the floodgates will have been opened to a rapid decline in the standards of national entertainment, for which the Conservatives would be blamed as they are for the desecration of the English countryside by ribbon development. This dangerous possibility is not based on Conservative intentions, but on the likely result in view of the real nature of the situation, which was so little understood when the original decisions were taken.

To understand the real situation it is necessary to be clear what is the issue at stake. At present, broadcasting of all sorts is in the hands of a

public service corporation; the suggestion for the future is that television should be shared by a company which will be financed by the money of advertisers. That means, in brief, that television will be provided not only in the public interest but in the interest of selling goods.

It is not necessary to defend the whole of public service broadcasting in order to question the wisdom of changing the basis to sponsorship. The B B C is far from perfect. It is often too cautious, it is sometimes mean in its payment of talent, it is accused of being capricious in its selection of performers. None the less what it is aiming at is serving the public interest, which lies somewhere between giving the public just what it thinks it wants, and trying all the time to elevate the taste by mass education.

Sponsored television would undoubtedly begin by remedying some of the B B C's defects. It would be less cautious in some direction (though, in America, business has been terribly careful to offend no one), it would probably pay talent far better though it might pay its lesser stars rather worse, and it would be steadier in its choice of performers, letting the public have its favourites regularly and frequently.

But the object of the exercise would be to sell goods; the means to do this would be to attract the largest possible audience and to keep them happy. Is this the best that television can do?

The reply is usually made that the same conditions apply to newspapers; they too aim at seeking and holding as many readers as possible. This is true, but privately - outside the Press itself - do Conservatives, or anyone else, really feel that the popular Press is a good model to follow? Do we really wish to have all the media of enlightenment and entertainment run in the same way for the same lowest common denominator of taste? The popular Press, the cinema and television are shaping the minds of this generation far more than the education provided under the Butler Act; do we really wish to see all three dependent for success on satisfying 10 million people a day?

Of course, even if there is commercial television, the B B C will continue to televise, and it can be argued that this is all that is needed to stimulate intellectual, or at least intelligent, discussion of affairs. But the danger is that the B B C will have to accept the challenge of competition (as the Conservatives seem to intend) and so reach the same level as the Commercial T V.

Even if the B B C decides to maintain roughly its present standards, the situation may not be all that much improved. One of the great dangers this country faces is the revival of sharp class divisions based not on the level of income but the level of intelligence. In the B B C's own terms the danger is that Third and Light will not be on speaking terms.

This intellectual stratification is, of course, a fact which must be recognized in any society; the problem is how to keep on mixing up the classes, or at least bringing them together. In the sound services of the B B C this is done by putting Third Programme items into the Home Service, and using some of the best Home Service types of programme on the Light. In the single Television Programme it is done by putting Christopher Mayhew's or Peter Smith's admirably lucid but highly intelligent commentaries on foreign affairs into the same evening as a variety show.

Once there is a programme dedicated to keeping the largest possible audience for the largest possible time the danger is vastly increased that there will be a division between those struck on commercial T V and a smaller audience who shop around between the various programmes.

It is particularly disturbing to realize that the mass audience which, I believe, commercial T V will succeed in capturing, will be given nothing but entertainment. The Government White Paper has made it clear that no 'political and religious' television programmes will be permitted on the commercial network. This will mean that such wholesome correctives as the B B C news which was heard by Light and Television audiences in its unadulterated form will be lost. It will also mean that politically educational programmes such as 'In the News', 'Press Conference', 'International Commentary' will not be seen on the commercial network. Without praising those programmes unduly, it could at least be said that they kept the mass of viewers in touch with events of the day. If the choice is between a variety programme and an illustrated talk on foreign affairs, I do not doubt that the variety programme will win. It can be argued that it should be so, since the people should be free to choose what they want, but no honest Conservative can feel quite happy about that argument, however easy it is to put forward in public.

Granted that the projected alternative television programme will lose all educational content and become purely entertainment, can we hope for a considerably better entertainment? There is certainly plenty of room for improvement: B B C drama on television is adequate and sometimes brilliant, the variety and comic entertainment strikes me as well below the American high level though never as bad as the run-of-the-mill American T V shows. It also appears that the B B C tends to underpay its talent, both script writers and actors. Some well-known comedians maintain that appearance on T V is hardly worth their while, though very few refuse to appear when asked.

Commercial television could probably improve on B B C variety and even drama, at least for a time. They would pay more at least to the stars. But I doubt whether there is any vast untapped store of entertainment in

this country. It must be remembered that television's demand is almost insatiable. To be successful it demands at least 100 new variety shows a year, and 120 or so new plays. Who can imagine that these are to be had for the asking or even for the paying?

And the paying will be a serious question. The cost of hiring good talent will rise sharply with the introduction of competition, and to ask any one to write a show, rehearse it and produce it for a one-night stand (which is what T V offers) will involve very heavy payments. Yet the commercial stations will have invested a very large sum of money in the capital equipment necessary for transmission; a few good shows would not be sufficient to carry that capital outlay; the demand, as in America, will be for more and more shows at less and less cost.

There is only one reservoir of cheap entertainment on television; that lies in the millions of feet of 'telefilm' which is available and seeking a market in America. It is, of course, ready made for commercial use, with gaps left for sponsored announcements. In many cases the original 'commercials' could be left intact and used to advertise the American company's product for sale in England.

The final result would be that Britain was once more submerged under a second Hollywood deluge, this time channelled directly into the home rather than into the local cinema.

Of course, the advocates of competition in television do not wish for such an outcome, but it will follow once the plunge has been taken, and the blame will fall on the Conservative Party. But it would be foolish to imagine that the Labour Party would undo the harm. Commercial television would have to be very inept not to be popular; its abolition once it had started would involve destroying a large vested interest and appearing in the role of a killjoy.

The decision that is to be taken this year about whether or not to permit commercial television to operate is the final decision. There is no way back up the waterfall.

'THIS HAPPY EVENING': THE STORY OF ION

Betty Miller

No dramatic event of our time [wrote the *Court Circular* on May 28th, 1836] has excited so much interest or called for warmer congratulations to author and actor, than the production of Mr Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion*, performed for the first time on Thursday night for the Benefit of Mr Macready. . . . The occasion seemed to have called out all that is intellectually as well as fashionably brilliant in the metropolis. Nay, the country itself had poured forth from its 'valleys green' some of the choicest and rarest of its spirits. Mary Russell Mitford occupied a seat in a private box next to the author of the tragedy, and appeared to be as deeply interested in the performance as he was. But above all that was interesting in the audience part of the theatre, was the sight of the great patriarch of poetry, Wordsworth, seated in a public box in the dress circle. His head was bowed at intervals, to screen his eyes from the unaccustomed glare of light, but to our vision that head itself was the brightest object in the assemblage - fancy converted the grey hairs into a halo. Yet judging by the alternate stillness and rapturous applause of that vast audience, Wordsworth himself could scarcely have had a keener insight into the poetry, or have felt with a deeper and truer sensation the human sympathies which are linked with its abstractions, than the ungifted and undistinguished thousands who were present with him. . . . Seldom has more sensibility, more intelligence, or more enthusiasm been shown in a theatre.

So much for the front of the house on this auspicious occasion. But what of behind the scenes? Could the situation there be said to reflect the pervasive brilliance that reigned above the footlights? Just as in classical drama, certain long-drawn-out moans from behind the pillars indicate to the audience that, once again, all is not well within the house, so a low mutter of discontent, a swelling chorus of rumour and reminiscence, have combined to reveal the fact that the first night of Serjeant Talfourd's *Ion* was the focal point of such a concentration of animosity, jealousy, resentment, and mutual misunderstanding as can rarely have been inspired by the events of a single, and outwardly prosperous, occasion.

To begin with, the fact that *Ion* was put on at Covent Garden at all was the outcome of a highly unusual circumstance: Macready's reputed attempt, on the evening of April 29th, 1836, to assassinate Mr Alfred Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. For a number of years, there had been continual friction between Macready and Mr Bunn. 'What can

compensate me for being subject to the spite of such a reptile as this Bunn?" groaned Macready on April 28th. Twenty-four hours later he had found the answer: coming off the stage, where he had been taking the name part in *Richard III*, he burst into the room in which Mr Bunn sat making up his accounts, and exclaiming 'You damned scoundrel! How dare you use me in this manner?' dealt his enemy a resounding back-handed slap across the face. In the fight that followed, Macready - still in the doublet and hose of Richard - was accused of pulling out fistfuls of Mr Bunn's hair, of kicking him, jumping upon his prostrate body, and making repeated efforts to tear out his tongue. The consequence of what Mr Bunn affirmed was an earnest 'attempt to assassinate' him, was that Macready's engagement at Drury Lane was summarily cancelled, and orders given to the door-keepers not to admit him 'on any pretence whatever.' Sick at heart, poor Macready took his grievances, his talents, and his prospects across to Covent Garden, which thirteen years before, he had forsworn after a no less sulphurous altercation with the then reigning actor-manager, Charles Kemble. And thus it came about that instead of being presented at Drury Lane on May 24th, as originally intended, *Ion* was performed for the first time at Covent Garden two days later, where, in 'a house so brilliantly crowded as to call to mind the aristocratic days of the drama', as the *Athenæum* put it, the production 'was rewarded by such storms of applause as rarely trouble the stagnant atmosphere of an English theatre.'

Barely had the curtain descended, however, on the final words of the dying Ion -

Argos lives -
The offering is accepted - all is well!

before it became evident that this was, in a sense, too optimistic a conclusion; and that, insidiously, once more, disaffection was in the wind. Macready (unaware that in Miss Mitford's opinion he looked 'old and ugly')* felt that he had acted the part of the selfless Ion 'with more inspiration, more complete abandonment, more infusion of myself into another being than I have been able to attain in my performances for some time': he was loudly called for by the audience, and made a speech that increased the enthusiasm of the crowded house. The manner of this speech was highly displeasing to Talfourd and his friends, since it diverted to Macready an appreciation originally inclined as '*much towards the play and the author* (for the Actor's part was comparatively small) as no words can express'. † And Miss Mitford, who, at the conclusion of the play had

* Miss Mitford to Dr Mitford, May 26th, 1836. Omitted extract: MS letter: Reading Public Library.

† May 27th, 1836. Ibid.

'cried for half an hour from pure delight',* went on to denounce 'the conduct of Macready I mean from his speech after the play which instead of giving the merit and the honour where they were due to the Author claimed them all to his own share, the vain heartless coxcomb!'^{*} Talfourd went to Macready's dressing-room and sought permission to go on to the stage, in his turn, and acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd. 'On no account in the world', said Macready firmly. Self-love, however, will find a way, and it was from the front of his own box that, belatedly, the author received 'the enthusiastic tribute of the house's grateful delight.'

In a public box in the dress circle, all the while, there was one who remained conspicuously immune from the prevailing enthusiasm.

Ion came forth, the generous, brave, and wise,
And tears stood tingling in unwonted eyes.
The proud policeman strain'd each harden'd ball
Round as fishes, lest a drop should fall.
The exciseman from Gravesend, the steamer's clerk,
The usurer, the bencher, cried out 'Hark!'
Dundas had feared his brazen brow might melt,
Pitt almost fainted, Melbourne almost felt . . .
Amid the mighty storm that swell'd around,
Wordsworth was calm, and bravely stood his ground.

Thus Walter Savage Landor, a few months later. But this was not Wordsworth's first acquaintance with Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy. Although *Ion* was not performed until 1836, it had been privately printed the previous year ('not published', wrote the critic George Darley, 'but circulated underhand like a bawdy song'). Talfourd sent copies of both the first and second edition to Wordsworth; and with a palpable effort the poet managed to say of this mildly talented pastiche of classical tragedy that it was 'a distinguished contribution to English literature.' It was quite another matter, however, to have to applaud it openly, and Wordsworth's reluctance was at once apparent to the fellow poet with whom he shared a box on this notable occasion. Walter Savage Landor, a 'proud, irascible, trenchant, yet generous, veracious, and very dignified' sexagenarian, had lately returned to live in England after twenty years of exile in Italy. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the attitude of these two men to the younger generation of poets and writers. Landor's generosity to the young Robert Browning is a case in point; and not once or twice, but over and over again, writers of minor talent or reputation found themselves singled out in verse publicly addressed to them by the veteran poet. Landor had long been an admirer of Wordsworth's: but at their first

* May 27th, 1836. Ibid.

meeting, a few years earlier, he was startled by this undisguised indifference to the works of others: 'Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for modern or ancient' he wrote. Now, meeting him again, his impression was disagreeably reinforced by a story he had lately heard: that Wordsworth had remarked that he would not give five shillings the ream for the poetry of his old friend Southey. It was no great surprise, therefore, to find that Wordsworth did not join in the general acclaim of *Ion*: and although, at the end of the evening, the two poets – grey-headed survivors of an already legendary generation of poets – walked together from the theatre to Talfourd's house in Russell Square, there may well have been a certain constraint between them as they walked and talked. Henry Crabb Robinson, out of earshot, was walking some way behind them; and he later wondered if it was not at this juncture that some slighting reference of Wordsworth's to the tragedy they had just witnessed supplied the spark which ignited Landor's *Satire on Satirists and Admonition of Detractors* published a few months later: a satire in which, the amiable Robinson found to his distress, 'the detractor admonished is Wordsworth, who is represented as an envious and selfish poet.'

In Russell Square, when they reached it, the carriages were already drawing up outside the home of Serjeant Talfourd, where a large supper party had been arranged in honour of *Ion*. Number 56 Russell Square was a house noted for its informality; there, lawyers and literary men, children and cats, gathered indiscriminately about board and hearth; presided over by the gentle, amiable, talkative Talfourd, 'a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted', as Leigh Hunt called him, in one of the three sonnets he addressed, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, to the author of *Ion*.

(I could not come – to shed a man's rare tears
 With those who honour'd, and those who lov'd, thy play;
 My heart said 'yes', but my poor health said 'nay',
 Sharp-pained of side, and weak with household fears:
 Yet I was with thee – saw thine high compeers,
 Wordsworth and Landor – saw the pil'd array,
 The many visag'd heart, looking one way,
 Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.)

Laden with flowers from her garden at Three Mile Cross, and accompanied by Martha, her maid, Miss Mitford, one of Talfourd's oldest friends, had arrived the previous day to spend a week under his roof; and since she wrote home nearly every night to that 'jovial, stick-at-nothing, fox-hunting squire of the three-bottle class', Dr Mitford, her father, her letters, published and unpublished, faithfully reflect the variegated hues of this spectacular occasion. Thus it is we learn that the mistress of the

house, Rachel Talfourd, was 'very awkward, and so shabby and careless in her dress and appearance that it is grievous':* but that Miss Mitford herself had taken some care with her dress: and whereas, on a previous visit to town, she had appeared in a striped satin dress and large yellow turban from which she had inadvertently omitted to remove a label which said 'very chaste – only five and threepence', on this occasion she was 'just dressed like the fashionable people at the other end of the town, and really it is pleasant that it should be so.'

Sixty people, including 'all the poets and leading literati in town', sat down to supper in the long dining-room; a splendid supper, catered for by Gunter's, and 'very elegantly served'. The festivity was a dual one, May 26th being the date, not only of the first presentation of *Ion*, but of the forty-first birthday of its author; and at the conclusion of the meal, Macready rose to propose the health of the host. Serjeant Talfourd, M P, no less adept at public speaking than his guest, laid all the credit for his multiple achievements at the feet of his wife, and graciously proposed the health of Macready: Macready, in turn, responded; and thereafter the toasts, becoming general, ricocheted right and left along the crowded, dishevelled table. In the course of these ceremonies, one of the youngest amongst those present had the gratification of hearing his own name coupled with the toast, 'The Poets of England'. Two major biographies of Robert Browning, those of Mrs Orr and Professor Griffin, have separately stated that Wordsworth responded to this toast: Mrs Orr says: 'Mr Browning's health was proposed by Serjeant Talfourd as that of the youngest poet of England, and Wordsworth responded to the appeal with very kindly courtesy': Griffin has it that Wordsworth 'leaned across the table and remarked, "I am proud to drink to your health, Mr Browning!"' But Crabb Robinson, in his diary, mentions the fact that he 'left early to accompany Wordsworth who wanted someone to show him the way'; adding, specifically, 'I left Talfourd's after he had made a speech returning thanks for his health given by Macready, whose health he gave in return, but we could not wait for the speech of Macready's.' Since, according to Macready, it was only after this speech of his that the toasts included 'Miss E. Tree, Miss Mitford . . . Browning, and who else I do not know', it would seem that this story of Wordsworth's drinking Browning's health is apocryphal. Nevertheless, Browning's emotion in finding himself seated opposite William Wordsworth must have been a very mixed one: for, although his *Lost Leader* was not published until 1845, this poem, in which Wordsworth, forsaking his liberal principles, 'sinks to the rear and the

* May 27th, 1836. Ibid. On May 30th, when the Duke of Devonshire called upon Miss Mitford, Mrs Talfourd presided, 'dirty ragged and shabby', over her guests.

slaves', belongs, recognizably, to the early revolutionary phase of the young Robert Browning, and, as such, may well have been lying in his desk at Hanover Cottage at the very moment when, for the first time, he found himself facing the 'mild and magnificent eye' of the man who had inspired it.

Wordsworth's eye, however, was not the only one that was bent upon Robert Browning that evening. Miss Mitford, too, saw the young poet for the first time on the same occasion - less than twenty-four hours before she was also introduced to Elizabeth Barrett. It is well known that Miss Mitford took an immediate liking to Elizabeth, who, she said, 'is so sweet and gentle, and so pretty, that one looks at her as if she were some bright flower,' and that she was soon describing her as 'the most remarkable woman probably that ever lived.' Her reaction to Robert Browning was quite other. Fresh from the robust company of country squires, she saw in the author of *Paracelsus* an immature and effeminate young man, who, for some reason, aroused in her a strong and enduring antipathy. Although she did not see him again for fifteen years, throughout the long and voluminous correspondence with Elizabeth Barrett (it began a week after the *Ion* dinner) she was to refer again and again, and always in the most disobliging terms, to the poetry, the character and the appearance of Robert Browning; and to continue to do so, without for a moment suspecting the hidden anger and indignation that, from 1845 onwards, she was inspiring in one secretly in love, all the while, with the object of all this opprobrium.

Flushed, momentarily, with wine and self-importance, Macready leaned towards Miss Mitford and, 'in badinage', observed that the success of *Ion* should stimulate her to write a play. He repented of this imprudence when she instantly replied: 'Will you act it?' The ghost of *Rienzi* rose up between them; the tragedy that Macready had persuaded her to refashion for his purposes, and which he afterwards failed to put on at Drury Lane. Miss Mitford had naturally resented this treatment, which she described in detail to her friend William Harness. Harness thereupon contrived, with another friend, to address a letter to *Blackwood's Magazine*, attacking the 'arrogant pretensions' of 'soi-disant great actors' like Macready, who required a writer of distinction to alter a play solely in order to provide him with a better part. This letter, Macready later said, had reduced his income by at least one half, and 'nearly driven me to such extremities which it is dreadful to think of.' When the actor realized, therefore, that William Harness was one of the guests at the *Ion* supper, that he was sitting at the same table as the man 'who, I believe, has inflicted such a deep and assassin-like wound upon me', emotion got the better of sociability, and try as he would, he could not, he said, 'repress

the expression of indignant contempt which found its way to my face, and over-gloomed the happy feeling that had before been there.'

There were other respects in which *Ion* was to strain the bonds of goodwill between friends old and new. Henry Fothergill Chorley was eating what proved to be his first and last supper at 56 Russell Square. This touchy, red-haired young man had recently been introduced to Talfourd as an admirer of *Ion*, and as an *Athenæum* critic: not unnaturally, therefore, Talfourd looked forward to a favourable review from that journal. What was his surprise and indignation, two days after the *Ion* supper, to find in the *Athenæum* a scathing article in which the author affirmed his dislike of 'lawyer poetry', attacked Talfourd on the manner in which his play had been put before the public, and gave it out as his considered opinion that the drama in England was now extinct forever. 'It is a strange thing to say,' wrote Miss Mitford, 'but . . . I do believe that Talfourd has had more vexation than pleasure from this great success. None of the papers justified him, and now this *Athenæum* affair will be worse than death.'* The *Athenæum* review, as it happened, was not written by Chorley, but by George Darley, who Beddoes called the 'Ajax Flagellifer, the bloody John Lacy' of that journal. But it was everywhere attributed to the hapless Chorley. 'The damage done me by that article was inconceivable,' wrote Chorley in his memoirs. 'Not only did it cost me the good understanding of the poet himself, but, for years, I was set up as a mark to be decried by all the *coterie* round him.' The shadow of *Ion*, he felt, lay maleficently over his career till the end of his life.

The same shadow was to darken, unexpectedly, the relationship between the host and his most cherished guest. For more than twenty years, Talfourd had been the loyal friend, helper and admirer of Miss Mitford. Up to this point, her letters express nothing but praise, both for his talents, and for the gentleness and amiability of his character; and she was delighted to come to town to share 'with the fullest sympathy . . . his "agony of glory"'. When the *Athenæum* article appeared, Talfourd expected Miss Mitford to show her disapproval, by refusing to visit Mr Dilke, the editor. Miss Mitford, however, was reluctant to alienate the Dilkes, for, as she privately explained to her father, 'they are always kind to me, and it would be most unwise to quarrel with one's bread and butter'.* A coolness sprang up between Talfourd and his guest. The next day Miss Mitford needed a frank for a letter: 'but although I have written a request for one (I have not seen Mr Serjeant all day) I dare say it will be forgotten - nothing is thought of excepting *Ion*.'† And then out it all came.

* May 28th and 29th, 1836. Ibid.

† May 30th, 1836. Ibid.

Four days after the *Ion* supper, Miss Mitford was writing in the following terms of her friend and host:

By the way, that Athenæum article is *liked*, for you have no notion of our poor friend's tremendous inflation. He thinks no praise half enough. . . . It is specimen enough to say that he actually expressed to me great wonder that Lord Lansdowne did not put off a dinner which he is to have next Wednesday, and for which tickets have been out these six weeks, because 'Ion' is to be played a second time that night! Of me he is furiously jealous; so he is of Wordsworth; but more of me, because people come to his own house to see me, and walk up to me and crowd about me whilst he is in the room. . . .

Next day, more in the same vein:

Talfourd is so devoured by jealousy at my reception that he does not even speak to me, and to my certain knowledge concealed from Lord Holland (Miss Fox told me so) that I am in town, and from Lord Lansdowne where I am. . . . He is really so inflated with vanity, and so bitter with envy, that you would not know him. He told me (when I said that the papers had been very far more favourable to him than to my plays) that I forgot the difference! And if you had seen the scorn with which he said it! He said worse to Jerrold.

Very reprehensible, to be sure. There is, however, a reverse side to the medallion. On the second night of *Ion*, Macready dropped in to see the Talfourds in their private box. There was some conversation between them, in the course of which he learnt that 'they are much displeased with Miss Mitford, who seems to be showing herself *well up*. She was bad from the beginning. How strange with so much talent!' Crabb Robinson that temperate ex-lawyer, saw the matter in the same light. In characteristically cautious terms, he wrote of Serjeant Talfourd and Miss Mitford, that they were 'literary friends and cronies till a coolness arose between them, arising out of an imputed envy on her part of his literary fame on the success of *Ion*.'

Meanwhile, this brilliant and disastrous evening was drawing to a close. But there was time for yet one more train of emotional high explosive to be accurately laid. As he was leaving the house, Macready overtook Robert Browning, whose *Paracelsus* (so Browning said) 'had been as dead a failure as "*Ion*" a brilliant success.' With 'an affectionate gesture,' Macready said, 'Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America.' The reply was, 'Shall it be historical and English? What do you say to drama on Strafford?' The fuse had been ignited. For the next seven or eight years, Browning was to expend all his energies and talents in repeated, and unsuccessful, attempts to write for the stage a tragedy that would win the favour of the great public whose applause he coveted. And during the same period, the relationship between the poet and the actor

was to suffer a steady deterioration, in the course of which Macready, exasperated by the poet's 'sickly and fretful over-estimate of his work', after years of intermittent dissension, roundly dismissed him as 'a very disagreeable and offensively mannered person.' Ten years after the *Ion* supper, the two men met once more at Mrs Procter's Ball. Browning, said Macready, 'did not speak to me - the puppy!'

Happily unaware of what the future had in store for them, the two men parted: Robert Browning to nurse his growing ambitions beneath the parental roof in Camberwell, and Macready to relax amongst his children and his dogs at Elm Place, his country home in Elstree. Outside, in Russell Square, the carriages were waiting. The last congratulations were offered, the last farewells exchanged; and then Macready handed his wife, his sister, and his friend Fanny Haworth into the carriage. They set off at last, through the sleeping city. It was a beautiful summer night. 'We went home together,' Macready wrote, 'Catherine, Letitia, Miss Haworth, and myself in the carriage, talking of nothing but the evening's events - this happy evening. We reached home about two, and went to bed with the birds singing their morning song in our tired ears. Thank God!'

ON THE CHANSON DE ROLAND

Franz Borkenau

I

Of all the old French epics, the *Chanson de Roland* is by far the most vigorous, and therefore the one whose magic has endured into the modern age. It is also, as we shall attempt to prove, the earliest Western epic no longer confined to archaic tribal Germanic concepts. Much is therefore to be learnt from it about the roots of Western civilization.

But before entering upon an analysis of its content, the question of its date must first be resolved, since we have to know the historical context of its appearance so as to understand its meaning. Part of that question is fairly easily settled by reference to the various locations attributed in the text to the residence of Charlemagne. It is to-day generally acknowledged by students of the *Chanson* that the bulk of the text, as it has come down to us in the Oxford manuscript, falls roughly into two sections, one of which makes Charles reside in 'Ais' (Aix-la-Chapelle), whereas the other locates his residence in 'Louën' (Laon). That last-named section must roughly belong to the period when Laon actually was the capital of the French Carolingians, the years A.D. 936-997. Mireau, the latest student of the *Chanson*, has traced, in this section, allusions to the end of the Carolingian dynasty, brought about by the betrayal of the bishop of Laon. That conjecture seems entirely acceptable. It brings the Laon section of the *Chanson* down to the years immediately following the downfall of the last Carolingians, and therefore roughly to the year A.D. 1000.

But textual criticism, in these matters, is far in advance of interpretation of poetical meaning. The latter, in the case of the *Chanson de Roland*, has received scant attention, but deserves study. The 'Laon' sections of the *Chanson* are primarily those sections dealing with the mourning for the dead Roland. They are suffused with a sombre gloom not paralleled in any later medieval poetry. No wonder, if Mireau is right and if that section of the *Chanson* primarily reflects the gloom of the defeated Carolingian party! But the date in itself is also noteworthy. Modern research has added many qualifications to the statement of the chronicler Raoul Glaber, who reported that the West expected the end of the world in A.D. 1000. But Glaber's statement, even if historically incorrect, must yet

reflect the mood of his age; an inference confirmed by other contemporary documents ranging over a wide geographical area, from the Norse *Völuspa* through the last despairing Anglo-Saxon battle-songs and through the Laon section of the *Chanson de Roland* to the Cluniac theological writings. The end of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh century was a period of unparalleled gloom and mourning, and we should beware of simple explanations, such as references to the barbarian invasions of the age; when the height of gloom was reached, the worst of the invasions were already a thing of the past, the power of the Magyars had been broken, the Normans had adopted Christianity, the Sarazens were in retreat. The reasons for that gloom must lie deeper, and it is precisely an analysis of the *Chanson de Roland* which can throw some light upon them.

But let us first turn to the other, the 'Aix' section of the *Chanson*. One of its parts, the 'Baligant episode', can be left aside. Though it constitutes no less than a third of the whole poem, it is a later addition, full of allusions to the first crusade, and therefore presumably written a little after A.D. 1100. To this section we shall not return. What about the rest of the Aix section? It is not as obvious as it appears to most students that this part is altogether later than the Laon section, and that the correct location of Charles's capital was due to better historical knowledge. We should have to accept a very late date for this section to make such an argument acceptable, which, as we shall attempt to show, is incompatible with other data. We regard it as likely that the main outlines of the Aix document go back to a period relatively close to Charlemagne's own reign, though at that time the disaster of Roland in the valley of Roncevalles was probably not treated in an epic, but in short songs such as we know from contemporaneous Scandinavian literature. To determine the content of this oldest shape of the Roland tale is a matter of mere speculation. We may perhaps assume that, in a form similar to that of the Norse songs commemorating succinctly the death of a hero, it related how Count Roland, betrayed by a personal enemy, fell into a trap at Roncevalles and killed thousands of pagans before coming to an heroic end. Upon that brief nucleus the Laon section seems to have elaborated, turning Roland's end, in the style of its own period, into a symbol of the inevitable downfall of all that is great, admirable and lovable.

But we are only on the brink of our real problem. For most certainly the Laon section and presumably the Aix section have been reshaped at the hands of a great poet who introduces himself to his readers in the last line of the text as it has come down to us:

Ci falt la geste que Turoldus declinet

'Decliner', in the Norman dialect of the Oxford version, means 'transform', 'reshape'. The term thus attests expressly the existence of an older text (presumably indicated by the term 'la geste') which Tuoldus transformed. The transformation, presumably, concerned both the original parts of the Aix and the whole of the Laon section. But who was this Tuoldus? About him a great deal more than has so far been stated can be discovered.

His name, to begin with, is a Viking name, Thorold, derived from the Norse God Thor. I do not think that the whole of Norse literature has a single Thor name which does not belong to a member of the aristocracy. Thorold or Tuold, then, was a member of the Norman aristocracy. That disposes of the theory that the text, as it lies before us, got its last trimming in the Isle-de-France. The poem, as it lies under our eyes, is of Norman origin. But the query remains: Of Anglo-Norman or of Franco-Norman origin? To this, too, there is an unambiguous answer.

It is truly astonishing that some of the best scholars have described Tuoldus as 'unknown'. Three times already students of the *Chanson* discovered that a man called 'Tuold' appears in the famous Bayeux tapestry, generally dated A.D. 1077, depicting the Battle of Hastings and the events leading up to it. Three times, therefore, a connection was established between the Tapestry and the *Chanson*, but three times that find was forgotten by students of French medieval epic literature; in part, perhaps, because the whole significance of the find was not brought out by those who made it. It is necessary, at this point, to go into some detail.

It is not, unfortunately, entirely clear to which figure on the Tapestry the name Tuoldus belongs. It might belong either to a person on the left of the inscription, a nobleman taking part in an embassy sent by William the Conqueror to Brittany in 1064; or it could refer to another member of the embassy, a dwarf holding two horses. The inscription stands over the dwarf's head. Since he is a dwarf, he can hardly be a stable servant. But who is he then? The choice between the two figures must remain unsolved. Personally, I prefer the dwarf, on the assumption that a noble warrior, at that early date, would hardly have taken pride in poetry; the age of troubadours and trouvères was not yet. I find it attractive to think of Tuoldus as a member of a noble Norman family, cowed and despised owing to a grave physical deformity, and seeking consolation in poetry describing feats of superhuman prowess and at the same time the downfall of even the proudest warriors. But that must remain conjectural.

But that one of the two persons in question actually is the Tuoldus of the *Chanson* is not so conjectural. It is indicated, in the first place, by the astonishing fact that in the whole Tapestry Tuoldus is the only figure

appearing without an indication of who he was. He must, in consequence, have been a person extremely well-known, so well-known that the designer of the Tapestry assumed that every member of the Norman courts at Caen and at Westminster would at once know who he was. May he not have been known as the poet of the *Chanson*?

That might seem to attribute too much interest in literature to the warriors of the Conqueror. But at this point we can quote another indication, the validity of which has been unduly questioned. Two Anglo-Norman chroniclers, one and two generations after the Battle of Hastings, tell us that on the eve of that decisive battle the *Chanson de Roland* was 'sung'. 'Singing' does not seem a very adequate term, due perhaps to the fact that in the course of time the underlying event was obscured. The *Chanson* is not fit for community singing and it is too long to be recited in full in one evening. Probably somebody recited sections from it. That somebody is not difficult to detect. Does not the Tapestry indicate clearly enough that Tuoldus was directly connected with the battle? Since he was at the Norman court in 1064, since he appears in a work of art devoted to the Hastings battle, since his poem was recited there, what is more natural than to assume that he himself recited it?

In any case, we are now much closer to defining the historical context of the *Chanson* as we know it through the Oxford version. It is Franco-Norman in origin, its author belonged to the Norman aristocracy, it was written not very long before the year A.D. 1066. How long before? That cannot be said with the same assurance. I think, however, that the mention of the recital at Hastings provides a clue. Even two generations after the event, that recital was still remembered as something worthy to be reported. Why? Was it extraordinary to recite poetry on the eve of battle? Certainly not. Was it due to the fact that the author himself recited his poem? Certainly not, since that was then the normal procedure. Was it due to special interest in the personality of the author? Hardly, since apparently the new version of the *Chanson* was his only major achievement and interest in personal artistic performance was quite alien to the age. What was it then? I think, and I shall try to show in what follows, that the *Chanson* was at Hastings recited for the first time, that it must have been written quite shortly before the battle, and that its contents were so staggering as to remain unforgotten for ages. So let us now turn to those contents.

The reciting of the *Chanson* on the eve of that great battle which determined so much of Western history, and was known by the participants in advance to decide many key issues, is not such a matter of course as those who accept the report of it seem to think. The *Chanson* is primarily a gloomy story of defeat, of the hopeless fight of a handful of men

against treason and superior strength. Their physical force and their heroism are of no avail, nor is the call for help Roland sends out at the last moment. Charlemagne, it is true, takes his vengeance, the pagan king and all his host are killed, the traitor comes to an ignominious death. But Roland's betrothed dies of sorrow when she learns the news, Charlemagne finds himself bereft of his foremost paladins and in all his mourning finds no consolation. Was this a song fit to be recited to William's hosts, blessed by the Pope, led by a harsh realistic ruler not given to sentiment, with most of the odds in his favour? Was no better choice available? And if, owing to the chance presence of Tuoldus in William's camp, it was the Chanson and not something more suitable to the moment that was recited, would that have been worth remembering and recording? Or is there a hidden meaning in the Chanson, something obvious to the host at Hastings but not so obvious to moderns? That is what I think, and what, I believe, a closer analysis of the Chanson reveals. It is noteworthy that what constitutes the central moral issue of the Chanson in its Oxford version has been little stressed by most of its students.

II

The battle is about to start. In the dim light of the sombre pass of Roncevalles, Roland and his friends become aware of the innumerable hosts of the pagans, surrounding them on all sides. They have been betrayed (it is this betrayal that most commentators stress). There is no hope of victory. What are they going to do? At this moment Roland is approached by Oliver, his closest friend.

Dist Olliviers: 'Paiens unt grant esforz,
De noz Français m'i semblet aver mult poi.
Cumpainz Rollanz, kar sunez votre corn:
Si l'orrat Carles, si retournerat l'oz.'
Respunt Rollanz: 'Je fereie que fols;
En dulce France en pudereie mon los,
Sempres ferrai de Durendal granz colps. . . .'*

* The following translation, and those given subsequently, are taken, by kind permission of Messrs Chapman and Hall, from *The Song of Roland*, done into English in the original measure, by Charles Scott Moncrieff.

Says Oliver: 'Pagans in force abound,
While of us Franks but very few I count,
Comrade Rollanz, your horn I pray you sound!
If Charls hear, he'll turn his armies round.'
Answers Rollanz: 'A fool I should be found;
In France the Douce would perish my renown.
With Durendal I'll lay on thick and stout.'

With the brevity characteristic of Nordic poetry – and the Chanson de Roland with all its problems remains unintelligible without reference to Viking morality and values – the moral problem is put, exactly as a moral dilemma is at the bottom of every Norse saga. Faced with overwhelming odds, Oliver advises they should call for help. Roland regards it as a dishonorable proposition; he will only trust his good sword Durendal. And the debate, the utterly characteristic Viking debate, continues.

'Cumpainz Rollanz, l'olifant cor sunez.
Si l'orrat Carles, fera l'ost returner.
Sucurra nuz li reis od sun barnet.'
Respunt Rollanz: 'Ne placet Damne Deu
Que mi parent pur mei sient blamet,
Ne dulce France cheit en viltet,
Ains i ferrai de Durendal asez. . . .'*

The honour of the clan (mi parent) and of the tribe (dulce France) would be tainted by a call for help. A proud man must stand by himself alone. The 'olifant', the horn, may apparently be used for gathering the host under its commander, but not for a call to the king for succour. And the debate goes on.

'Cumpainz Rollanz, sunez votre olifant:
Si l'orrat Carles ki est a porz passant
Je vous plevis, ja retournerunt Franc.'

Thus Oliver; but Roland replies:

'Ne placet Deu, co li respunt Rollanz,
Que co seit dit de nul hune vivant
Ne pur paien que ja seie cornant.
Ja n'en avrunt reproce mi parent. . . .†

* 'Comrade Rollanz sound the olifant, I pray;
If Charls hear, the host he'll turn again;
Will succour us our King and baronage.'
Answers Rollanz: 'Never, by God, I say,
For my misdeed shall kinsmen hear the blame.
Nor France the Douce fall into evil fame!
Rather stout blows with Durendal I'll lay. . . .'

† 'Comrade Rollanz, once sound your olifant!
If Charls hear, where in the pass he stands,
I pledge you now, they'll turn again, the Franks.'
'Never, by God,' then answers him Rollanz,
'Shall it be said by any living man,
That for pagans I took my horn in hand.
Never by me shall men reproach my clan.'

The repetitive statement is a particularly impressive poetic device. Roland, indeed, has no more to say but that it is against his honour. Oliver, therefore, is compelled to contest the absolute validity of the *point d'honneur* and to oppose to it practical considerations.

Dist Ollivier: 'D'ico ne sai ja blasme.
Jo aie veut les Sarrazins d'Espagne:
Cuvert en sunt li val i les muntainges,
E li lariz et trestutes les plaines.
Granz sunt les oz de cele gent estrange;
Nus i avum mult petite campagne.'
Respunt Rollanz: 'Mis talenz en est graindre.
Ne placet Deu ne ses seintimes angles
Que ja pur mei perdet sa valur France!'
Mielz voeill murir que huntage m'atteignet
Pur bein ferir l'Emperere nus aimet.' *

The Emperor, Roland says, has no use for an army of cowards. And at this point, with admirable laconic precision, the poet steps in with his own balanced judgment.

Rollanz est pruz et Olliviers est sages.
Ambedui unt merveillus vasselage.†

Thorold takes pains to make us understand that, while Roland, as the course of the battle will show, has somewhat greater physical strength than Oliver, the latter is not one whit less valiant than his friend. But whereas Roland's only quality is 'prowess', the typical conduct of the savage, lone-fighting Viking hero, Oliver disposes of a new quality which has no place in the original Viking code: *Sagesse*, judgment.

The debate continues, in unchanged terms, down to the point where the battle starts, a battle where, by his deeds, Oliver proves that in the matter of valiance he is fully Roland's equal. But the poet, speaking through the terms of his description, and using with marvellous skill elements of the

- * Says Oliver: 'In this I see no blame;
I have beheld the Sarrazins of Spain;
Covered with them, the mountains and the vales,
The wastes I saw, and all the farthest plains.
A muster great they've made, these people strange;
We have of men a very little tale.'
Answers Rollanz: 'My anger is inflamed.
Never, please God His Angels and His Saints,
Never by me shall Frankish valour fail!
Rather I'll die than shame shall me attain.
Therefore strike on, the Emperour's love to gain.'
† Pride hath Rollanz, wisdom Olivier hath;
And both of them show marvellous courage.

first gloomy version for a new and different purpose, does not hide his own view, based not upon subjective but upon objective factors.

'Tant bons Français perdent leur juventé!
Ne reverront lur merces ne lur femmes,
Ne cels de France qui as porz les atendent.
Carles li Magnes en plurat, ni se dementet.
De ço ki colt? N'en avunt succurance.' *

The Emperor, as Roland says, has certainly no use for cowards. Yet is he not right in shedding tears over the loss of all those proud warriors who might have been saved so easily? But the battle goes on, and it takes the poet another thirty-six stanzas before Roland, convinced by disaster, changes his mind:

Co dist Rollanz: 'Cornerai l'olifant.
Si l'orrat Carles, ki est a porz passant:
Je vus plevis, ja retournerunt Franc.'
Dist Oliviers: 'Verguigne serait grant
Et reprover a trestuz vos parents.
Iceste hunte durreit l'ur vivant.
Quant je l'vus dist, n'en feistes nient.
Mais ne l'ferez par le mien loement.
Si vous cornez, n'iert mie hardiment.'†

And in the next stanza Oliver threatens to shame Roland before his betrothed Alde, Oliver's sister, so that she will never lie with him. The denouement now arrives:

Co dist Rollanz: 'Pur que me portez ire?'
E cil [Oliver] respunt: 'Cumpainz, vus le feistes;
Kar vasselage par sens n'en est folie;
Mielz valt mesure que ne fait estultie.
Francais sunt mort par votre legerie
Carles jamais de nus n'aurat service.
Si m'creissez, venuz i fut mis sire,
Ceste bataille oussum faite et prise,

- * 'So many Franks lose their young lustihead,
Who'll see no more their mothers nor their friends,
Nor hosts of France that in the pass attend.
Charlès the Great weeps therefore with regret.
What profits that? No succour shall they get.'
† Then says Rollanz: 'I'll wind this olifant,
If Charlès hear, where in the pass he stands,
I pledge you now they will return the Franks.'
Says Oliver: 'Great shame would come of that;
And a reproach on every one, your clan,
That shall endure while each lives on the land.
When I implored, you would not do this act,
Doing it now, no praise from me you'll have.'

O pris o morz i fust li reis Marsilies.
 Vostre proesse, Rollant, mar la veismes.
 Carles li magnes de nus n'aurat aie:
 N'ient mais tels hums desques a l'Deu juse.
Vus i murrez, et France, en nert hunie.
 Hai nus defait la leial cumpaignie:
 Einz le vespre ierst mult grief la departie.*

Then Roland, in rage and shame, sounds the horn until his temples burst, and thus he dies.

III

There are in the finest kind of poetry key passages entirely self-explanatory, where mere quotation is tantamount to interpretation. This is here the case. No shadow of doubt remains about the poet's meaning, about his conclusion. Knightly conduct does not imply folly, measure is better than proud stupidity, Roland has destroyed the army by his irresponsibility, thus bringing upon his head much greater shame than by the sounding of the horn. And it only adds to his shame – a fact Oliver brings out by threatening Roland that he will dishonour him in the eyes of his bride – that now, when it is patently too late, the violent fool, unable to accept frankly the consequences of his folly, sounds the horn – to no purpose.

The poetic beauty of Turolldus's epic, however, resides in the balance he establishes between this severe censure of Roland's actions and a deep understanding of his motives. The obvious didactic purpose of the poet does not blind him in the least to human tragedy. Not only does he take over and perhaps enhance all those stories of the unparalleled prowess of his hero which must, in part at least, go back to the earliest version of the Roland saga. Not only does he show full understanding of the need for such 'valiance' in knightly combat. Beyond all this, he also understands

* Then says Rollanz: 'Wherefore so wroth with me?'
 He answers him: 'Comrade, it was your deed:
 Vassalage comes by sense, and not folly;
 Prudence more worth is than stupidity.
 Here are Franks dead for all your trickery;
 No more service to Carlun may we yield.
 My lord was here now, had you trusted me,
 And fought and won this battle then had we,
 Taken or slain were the king Marsilie.
 In your prowess, Rollanz, no good we've seen!
 Charles the Great in vain your aid will seek –
 None such as he till God his Judgment speak –
 Here must you die, and France in shame be steeped;
 Here perishes our loyal company,
 Before this night great severance and grief.'

that a fire-eater such as Roland must act exactly as he does, that it is inconceivable for him to subordinate the impulse to fight alone to a thoughtful weighing of chances. As Roland is, thus he must be, thus he is adorable, much as the poet, in a wider wisdom ('sagesse') disapproves of his conduct as a principle of military action. By this profound human understanding he raises his poem to the level of stark tragedy.

This tragedy, like all great tragedy in world literature, immediately assumes a meaning far wider than the personal conflict which specifically embodies it. The tragedy is by no means Roland's own tragedy alone; it is the tragedy of the lone wolf enhanced by Scandinavian poetry. That poetry had expressed its deepest meaning in the figure of the great outlaw who, dragged into crime by the demands of a warrior's honour, stands up alone against the whole community for years, finally to perish in tragic heroism. Roland's action, his refusal to rely on the community to which he belongs, tends essentially to this type of personal fulfilment. But the day of the lone wolf is gone. To the tragedy of final defeat in the struggle against society, which is the essence of the early Scandinavian sagas and was also implicit in the Laon version of the Roland saga, there is now added the more profound tragedy of quixotic action out of social and historical context. In Turolldus's version, the *Chanson de Roland* is a precursor of Cervantes's great satire. As Cervantes proclaims the end of the age of the knights-errant, so Turolldus proclaims the end of the age of the lone Nordic warrior, the more admirable the more he stands alone.

The intimate merging of didactic purpose and sense of tragedy not only confers upon Turolldus's epic poetical beauty. It also enabled it to fulfil a definite socio-psychological function. For a century before Hastings, the Dukes of Normandy had striven successfully to bend the Viking warriors under their iron hand. The Norman knights must have been acutely aware of the length of the road they had travelled since their ancestors had roughly taken possession of the rich coastlands at the mouth of the Seine, and the process cannot have been much to their liking. The *Chanson*, therefore, must be reckoned among those literary products which are helpful in bringing about adaptation to bitter but inevitable realities. The poet is out to show that the ideal of a warrior's prowess is not one wit diminished by subordination to the collective purposes of the community at war. He helps his audience to integrate into their personalities the harsh demands of personal service to a master and of submission to his ends. He teaches them a sense of responsibility, he proclaims that prowess without such responsibility is shameful. Not all his listeners on that portentous eve-of-battle meeting will have agreed with him. But none of them, we may be sure, missed the point, so entirely missed by most modern commentators.

But the poet rendered his subtlest service not to his great master, the Conqueror, whose aims no doubt he profoundly understood and shared, but to his more humble listeners whom he led out of a psychological impasse. The new discipline was not simply an outside force breaking destructively into a well-integrated socio-psychological structure. For at least a century, the Nordic world had sunk into deeper and deeper gloom precisely owing to the incompatibility of the lone-wolf ideal with the higher level of social integration reached in the Western world from the middle of the tenth century onwards. By making his audience see all that is quixotic, irresponsible and simply stupid in that lone-wolf ideal he diminishes its prestige, and helps his listeners to discard what is antiquated and to transform what is still adaptable in that ideal. The new notion of knightly service to which, for the first time, he gives poetic beauty and thereby esthetic and ultimately moral sanction, represents not only a social necessity, but also a way out of the absolute despondency characteristic of the poetry and thought of the preceding age, and helps to open the way to that broad cultural movement known as the 'renaissance of the twelfth century', distinguished by its assertive optimism. A look at that glory, the *Abbaye des Hommes* in Caen, that structure shining in clarity, grandeur and light, whose construction followed the *Chanson* and the Battle of Hastings by only a decade, due to the joint efforts of the Conqueror, of his archbishop Lanfranc and of a great anonymous architect, shows that in the world from which the *Chanson* issued a new spirit was born.

Here a word is perhaps in order concerning the specific circumstances which gave birth to Turolus's version of the *Chanson*. It is somewhat surprising that of all the many heroic tales at their disposal, the Conqueror and his entourage chose precisely the chronologically and geographically distant Roncevalles epic as a medium to express their thoughts. Before Turolus, allusions to the Roland saga appear here and there in the sources, but few and far between; it is only after Hastings that the prestige of this saga suddenly reveals itself in numerous traces. Why then precisely Roncevalles? An obvious explanation offers itself. No more than two years before Hastings the Western world had witnessed the first proto-crusade, the attack of a Western host, largely consisting of Norman knights, upon the town of Barbastro in Aragon, then one of the richest towns of Europe. The Sarazens were driven from the town, which was sacked and subjected to every kind of outrage. Then, a few months' life with the refinements of Oriental civilization were enough to disintegrate the Western host completely. The Sarazens counter-attacked, retook the town, and destroyed the Christian army. Turolus, since he shows a total ignorance of Spanish geography, cannot have taken part in the campaign. But it is inconceivable

that a man living at William's court should not have known the Barbastro story in all its human detail. In the passage describing how the traitor Ganelon succumbs to the seduction of Moorish refinement he reveals an understanding of what had happened at Barbastro. But most of all it was probably Barbastro which attracted the attention of the Norman court to Spain and to the Roncevalles saga. That dates the birth of the Turolus version roughly to the year A.D. 1065, and also gives it an even more precise meaning. At Barbastro, the Norman knights had behaved without purpose and without discipline. The Conqueror and his entourage must have been well aware of the need to provide against a repetition of such events. The *Chanson de Roland* served to bring home the moral. The lesson was well learned; witness again the Bayeux tapestry, where we watch the Norman cavalry, riding behind their banners and attacking in serried ranks the valiant but disorderly host of Harold's *Huskarrlar*. Turolus's epic and the Bayeux tapestry convey the same lesson, the lesson which was the essence of the Conqueror's system, and more important to him in his victories than the use of cavalry against infantry and other technical devices.

IV

I hope thus to have shown that the *Chanson de Roland* corresponds to one of the most incisive moments in the history of Western civilization, to the final break with the aboriginal Germanic tradition of prowess. It would be easy to define this break in terms of the victory of 'sagesse', in other words, of rational conduct, over the Berserk furor of the typical Nordic warrior. But that, while not incorrect in itself, represents an inadmissible simplification. The full meaning of the great innovation which took place in Normandy at that epoch can only be brought out by comparison with parallel moments in the development of other civilizations, and, in the first place, with that of classical antiquity.

If we accept, as most modern scholars do, a fairly late date for the shaping of the *Iliad* and an even later one for the *Odyssey*, then an arguable parallel emerges between the role of the *Iliad* in Hellenic and of the *Chanson de Roland* in Western history. It need not unduly disturb us that the *Chanson*, regardless of its enormous prestige, never acquired quite that unchallenged authority which Homer enjoyed among the Hellenes; that was mainly due to the competition between knightly and ecclesiastical views, traditions and writings, for which there was no parallel in ancient Greece.

But even apart from this, what profound contrast between the one and the other! This contrast resides, in the first place, in the hidden dramatic character of the *Chanson*, so sharply opposed to the genuinely epic

character of the Iliad. In Homer a broad tale of interesting events, enjoyed in all their details; in Tuoldus a crisp drama, mounting to its tragic climax through a conflict within the soul of the two protagonists, Roland and Oliver, expressing itself in a tragic clash between them; corresponding to this, in Homer, expansive *prolix* type of speech, full of similes and thus sharply contrasting with the brevity which characterizes the debates of the Chanson no less than those of its Norse precursors. In contrast to the harmonious ideals of classical antiquity, an essential characteristic of Western civilization is here foreshadowed: the compulsion to choose between mutually exclusive principles of conduct.

Investigation of points of detail reveals some of the roots of this contrast. In what it regards as generally accepted values, the Iliad is presumably nearest to that oldest version of the Roland saga which is wholly lost to us. In both cases prowess seems to be the one and all. But already in this earliest version, the Roland story must have stressed struggle against overwhelming odds and a lonely end in a way totally unknown to Homer; already, loneliness seems to be a chief attribute of the Western hero, whereas the Hellenic warrior finds himself embedded in a texture of social contacts from which he never emerges into true solitude.

But the really decisive fact is that the Greek conception, at bottom, never transcends this starting point. Those Homeric heroes remained the poetical models of conduct down to the end of Greek civilization. It is as if the present models of our own civilization were still the Beowulf, the Edda, the early Icelandic sagas and the Laon version of the Chanson. In political life and in military techniques, the Hellenic and even more so the Roman world far outpaced the Homeric beginnings, but not in poetry, which is the ultimate sanction of values and reflects the integration of ideals into the typical personality structure of a given age. Here we directly touch upon the reasons for the collapse of classical civilization.

Where the Hellenes stopped, the West at once went forward to say it again. The late Edda, the early saga, the Laon version poetry embodies a lone-wolf ideal where mere personal prowess transforms itself into the starkest imaginable tragedy. The hero *must* perish, that is almost part of his definition, and therefore all life is infinitely sad. It is as if the fate of Achilles were proclaimed the common fate of all noble beings. But the lone-wolf ideal is not simply veneration of the man who (like Ibsen's 'enemy of the people' a thousand years later) 'stands all by himself'. The saga heroes, as well as the Roland of the Laon version, are dragged to their fate, not by a coarse desire to fight it out on every suitable or unsuitable occasion, but by their unwilling involvement in inescapable obligations dictated by society and embodied in the notion of honour. To this central Western notion there is no counterpart in classical antiquity, the

Greek term *timé* and the Latin term *honor* carrying entirely different connotations. A proof of the difference is that a sulking Achilles, a sly Odysseus, while they may have their counterpart in early Nordic and Western fiction, cannot even be conceived as the model heroes they are in Homer. There exists, in the Edda, the sagas and the early French epics, an inescapable punctilio of faultless conduct, inescapable because this punctilio is seen as being identical with the core of the nobleman's person itself, so that an infringement of the rules of conduct is tantamount to spiritual death. This is no more than a definition of the very notion of honour. The Greeks knew nothing of it. It is based on that very un-Hellenic notion, the value of a solitary soul – a notion which, as every study of early Western poetry reveals, anteceded Christianity and gave Western Christianity its specific moralistic tinge.

The most characteristic feature of this aboriginal Western concept of Man is its 'holism', its refusal to admit that man is a pluralistic being, its unquestioning assumption that in its every act a soul reveals itself as a whole. It is this 'holism', again preceding all higher developments of Western civilization, which from the beginning turned the Western mind towards a systematic approach in all matters, and in particular towards long-winded debates about ultimate moral principles which, beginning with the Edda, issue ultimately into the poetry of Shakespeare and Racine. It was this 'holism' which was incompatible with a merely practical adaptation to new necessities, such as Greek civilization achieved in its later stages. To Hellenes, military discipline and rational conduct in the service of the community were acceptable; but their submission to them was superficial – as that of Southern Europeans is even to-day. To the Germanic warrior, the Viking in particular, such submission was at first incompatible with his personal integrity, and, to become acceptable, had to be integrated into the very depths of personality structure.

Actually, of course, the two notions of personal honour and social discipline remained at war throughout the long feudal age. But it is also noteworthy that, where originally rejection of all subordination and practical rationality had been most complete – in the Viking world – submission to rigid discipline and to the purposes of the state was later also the most complete. It is from the Norman kingdoms that centralized administration and rational government permeated the rest of the Western world. We have hinted at the role which Tuoldus played in creating the ideology of that transformation. But more important than his immediate services is the fact that in doing so he anticipated history by centuries. The centralism of the Conqueror was a short-lived experiment, and the four rulers who followed him on the English throne wasted his

inheritance. The morality defended by Tuoldus, in final analysis, seems better suited to the Spanish infantry, the Swiss and Swabian *Landsknechte* of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and to the Spanish and French monarchy of the sixteenth and seventeenth, than to the Norman monarchy of the eleventh century. Yet it must not be forgotten that Henry II of England, Philipp Augustus of France, Frederick II, German Emperor and Norman King of Sicily, and last but not least the great Popes from Gregory VII onwards had striven after exactly such an ideal. At the very beginnings of civilized Western poetry Tuoldus implicitly proclaims the ideas which have guided the modern state in its history.

In all this, one essential question still remains unanswered: Which force was it that proved strong enough to carry the load of this incredible transformation of lone-wolf prowess into disciplined subordination? To this, the Chanson affords only a partial reply. At every point it invokes the duty towards the Emperor. And there actually is no doubt that this appeal, far from being merely reminiscent and poetic, carries a practical political meaning. The Norman dukes *did* attempt to appropriate for themselves the traditions of the Carolingian empire. At this point the basic meaning of the Laon and of the Tuoldus version intertwine. The author of the Laon version had shed tears over the downfall of the Carolingian dynasty and over the disappearance of the idea of centralized discipline which Charlemagne's heirs had, however ineffectually, defended. It is a mistake to imagine that the transition from Carolingian to Capetian rule meant nothing. It meant precisely the frank abandonment of the crown to the egoistic claims of feudalism. If Tuoldus takes up Carolingian ideals in the name of his master, we perceive how the Conqueror himself wished to achieve Carolingian aims by more efficient methods, in the more propitious Norman *milieu*.

Yet, however much Norman tradition may have furthered his plans, the decisive impulse, no doubt, did not come out of this *milieu*, but from an outside force. It was not the Norman knighthood, but the French Church, then shining in the glorious climax of the Cluniac monastic movement, which had transformed the self-assertive prowess of the warring nobleman into the self-denying prowess of the ascetic nobleman. The *Militia Domini* which the Conqueror attempted to enforce, would have been meaningless to his knights, had it not been preceded by the stark heroic reality of the *Militia Dei* as practised by the Cluniacs; a practice and a scale of values rooted, unlike the prowess of William's warriors, not in early Norse, but in early Irish traditions. But that is a different story.

BOOK NOTES

TITOISM AND THE COMINFORM. By Adam B. Ulam (Oxford University Press on behalf of Harvard University Press, 25s.) In contrast to the vast and learned mass of specialist research that has been done in recent years on the U S S R, there is still no first-class work of scholarship on Communist Yugoslavia, at least in English. The poverty of the field is shown by the bibliography of Mr Ulam's work. Of the dozen or so works in the English language that he quotes, only two deserve the description of first class, or even warrant criticism by academic standards at all. One is Professor Seton-Watson's *The Eastern European Revolution*, which is, however, not a specialist work on Yugoslavia; the other is Chatham House's *The Soviet-Yugoslav Dispute*, which is an assemblage of source-material. There is nothing remotely comparable with many recent works of scholarship on the U S S R, or even with a few on Communist China. It would be nice to be able to say that Mr Ulam's is the first such work to be published on Yugoslavia (with useful supplements on Poland and Bulgaria), since that is the plain intention of including it in the series of publications of the 'Russian Research Center', which was established in the U S A on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation in 1948. But unfortunately it would not be true, for several reasons, not all of which are Mr Ulam's fault.

The first, and most insuperable, reason is that it is almost impossible at present to keep pace with the kaleidoscopic changes in Eastern Europe since the war. Mr Ulam's book went to press last year (the preface is dated December 1951) before the downfall of Clementis and Slansky in Czechoslovakia; not to mention, of course, long before the so-called 'peace defensive' was launched by Malenkov in April this year, with its still unpredictable consequences for Soviet-Yugoslav relations. (The possibility of a Soviet-Yugoslav reconciliation was hinted in the April issue of *THE TWENTIETH CENTURY*; but no one would wish to assume too much credit for such a prediction, which may equally well be falsified again within five years, or even before these words are published). The point is simply that it is too early to write history, in the academic sense, of post-war events in Eastern Europe. Mr Ulam speaks modestly of the use of 'accumulated hindsight' to explain what seemed inexplicable at the time; but not nearly enough hindsight has yet been accumulated, simply because the events are not nearly far enough behind us. Take as an instance Churchill's war-time judgment of Tito. 'How far-seeing!' one might have said, as an intelligent student of the world in 1943. 'How short-sighted!' one might have amended, in 1946. 'How wise and statesmanlike!' again from 1948 to 1952. And what, in May 1953, when Tito returned from being feted in London to find himself apparently about

to be wooed all over again by Malenkov? And what, again, in 1960? Clearly the only answer is to wait until 2000. Mr Ulam's praiseworthy attempt is, from this point of view, at fault only in being premature.

The second failing of his book is sheer bad luck. He happened to write it before the publication of Dedijer's remarkable hotch-potch of reminiscence, documentation and biography under the title *Tito Speaks*. Although he had access to some of Dedijer's already published materials, he had not the benefit of studying what is, in effect, an authorized interim biography of Tito. That book alone reveals more about what has been going on behind the Iron Curtain since the war than all the other books and press reports and speculative articles on the subject put together; and its essential authenticity, behind the formal eulogium of its subject, is unmistakable. A study of *Tito Speaks* would surely have modified some of Mr Ulam's judgments, and not least the relatively low importance he assigns to the economic factor in the quarrel between Tito and Stalin. Dedijer leaves little doubt that the beginnings of the break lay in the gradual revelation of the Soviet intention to subordinate Yugoslavia's economy to Russia's, and in fact to frustrate the industrialization of the satellite in order to exploit it as a source of raw materials for Soviet industry. Although Mr Ulam attaches due weight to the fact that Stalin's two principal fifth-columnists in Belgrade, Hebrang and Zhujovich, were respectively chairman of the State Planning Commission and Minister of Finance, and therefore well placed to subvert the country's economy in Stalin's interests, he yet insists that the economic issue was 'throughout subordinate to the political one'. This is surely true only in the sense that the political issue is the dominant one in determining any political decision; and that in turn is only true in the sense that 'political' is the name given to whatever issue does so predominate, whether intrinsically it be economic, military, personal or whatnot. 'Politics' is, surely epiphenomenal; 'political' is surely an emergent character of situations; and does a purely political issue, drained of all other content, exist at all? *Tito Speaks* would surely have helped Mr Ulam to avoid such simplifications.

And the tendency to such simplifications is the third defect of *Titoism and the Cominform*, and the only defect that is not venial. It is disappointing to find, after the careful and accurate analysis of the establishment of the Cominform in Mr Ulam's second chapter, that he is still capable of writing, in his last chapter about satellite parties 'following to the letter every instruction of the Cominform', and of declaring that 'a fiat of the Cominform can remove . . . the most influential leader of a satellite country'. It surely cannot be that Mr Ulam shares Mr James Burnham's naive belief that the Cominform is simply the Comintern with a new address, especially after he has shown so effectively that it was not de-

signed to have any executive functions at all? Yet that is what such statements will suggest to the inexperienced reader, who unfortunately often wants to believe them anyway. It cannot therefore be too often stressed that the Cominform is not the Comintern in any shape or form, for the very good reasons that Mr Ulam has already given; and that its sole function is, as Dedijer has entertainingly shown in *Tito Speaks*, to disseminate a party-line decided far above its head (in fact, in Moscow) through the medium of the most boring periodical in the history of journalism.

It would have been preferable if Mr Ulam had confined himself to something between the Chatham House technique, as exemplified by *The Soviet-Yugoslav Dispute*, which is merely an assemblage of published material, and the larger synthesis attempted by Seton-Watson in *The Eastern European Revolution*, for which the time is still scarcely ripe. (Seton-Watson may well himself modify some of his judgments, as he has already modified some of the earlier judgments he made in *Eastern Europe 1918-41*; but he will have fewer to modify, because he is more cautious.) What is needed for many years to come is much more fundamental research into these problems: the careful assembly of documents, with such minimum of editorial comment as may be necessary to understand their significance at the present time, without committing hostages to fortune in the form of general deductions or magisterial judgments. Not that Mr Ulam is so absurdly hopeful as to think that the time has come for a Gibbon of the East European empire. But he does seek to draw 'conclusions'. And 'conclusion' is a very final and very fatal word.

C. M. W.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS. By Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). 'Mr Waugh seeks only to provide an hour's amusement for the still civilized', says the blurb on this book. Being 'still civilized' is now a kind of profession. 'I am the civilization that you are defending,' W. B. Yeats is supposed to have said to a soldier during the First World War. It is difficult to believe that Yeats ever made such a remark, but the phrase, amended to 'We are the civilization that the Welfare State is taxing out of existence,' could stand as the motto of that *émigration intérieure* which is prominent in modern English literature. Mr Waugh is its foremost figure (although he betrays a vicious dislike of some of his comrades in civilization) and his book is a little *conte philosophique* directed against the England of the social services.

We are to imagine our dreary island a few years hence. Prisons and orphanages are so palatial (being converted Bridesheads) that their inmates do not wish to leave. The rest of the country is filled with nissen huts, where the dispirited population eats State sausages fried in State grease. Life is so dull that the busiest social service is the Euthanasia

Department. The queue of would-be suicides only diminishes when some public catastrophe gives a little zest to existence. Religion is no more than an incomprehensible pageant, occasionally shown on television screens. All distinction between right and wrong has disappeared. To relieve the monotony, Mr Waugh's hero, a reformed incendiary, falls in love with a bearded girl, and when the affair comes to an end, relapses into incendiarism.

Far from being amusing, this is a sad little tale, as listless as Mr Waugh supposes the Welfare State itself to be. It is not bitter, like *Scott-King's Modern Europe* or savage, like *The Loved One*; it is wistful and faintly nasty, like *Men at Arms*. Apart from an occasional phrase (I've been in contraception five years; it's a blind alley), there are no signs of Mr Waugh's usual talent. To explain this enfeeblement, have we to suppose that he himself is already reduced to a nissen hut and State sausages? But the latter have improved slightly under our Tory Government and should inspire more impassioned works. Perhaps the explanation is that Mr Waugh can only believe in sin when it is practised by Mayfairites, picturesque Cockneys or foreigners. The denizens of the Welfare State just mill hopelessly around in a grey limbo. In a sense this is true enough and there is certainly room now for a first-class satire on the Welfare State; but Mr Waugh is apparently not the man to write it. He can satirize Mayfair, because that was his spiritual home. He can do nothing with the Welfare State, because he does not understand what it is about – a strange lack in a professed Catholic. In this Blimpish vein he merely satirizes himself.

CARLYLE: AN ANTHOLOGY. By G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. (Longmans Green & Co., 16s.) This is a work of piety. The Carlyle cult was still strong when Professor Trevelyan was a young man, but now Carlyle the writer (as distinct from the man or the husband) is comparatively neglected. Professor Trevelyan, who has been an enthusiastic and clear-sighted reader of Carlyle all his life, wishes to redress the balance and to introduce new readers to Carlyle by means of short extracts, preceded by an excellent introduction. His book cannot be an end in itself, because Carlyle's great rumbling monologue does not easily divide up into self-contained passages. But there is enough here to whet our appetites for *Sartor* or *The French Revolution* or the *Correspondence*. By now Carlyle, at his craggiest and most vociferous, sounds like a glorified local preacher, preaching for the most part the wrong doctrines. At his best, we see him not as a thinker, but as the poet of certain states of mind; a man oppressed by mystery, by the relationship between time and eternity, by the tragedy of personality – all of which he manages to express now and again in wonderful phrases.

J. G. W.

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contend with an excitable public and with a Congressional tradition which makes for the maximum of empty verbiage and platitudinous oratory whenever an event abroad comes to the attention of self-conscious legislators. But these are perhaps minor evils compared with the amateurishness characteristic of much British writing on Soviet affairs – to say nothing of the propaganda masquerading as impartial analysis which one encounters in the most unexpected places. If there is excessive conformism in the United States it is also true that in this country the formation of a commonly held intelligent viewpoint on Soviet affairs is inhibited by the absence of anything like an accepted manner of discussing the politics of totalitarianism. Otherwise it would not have been possible in recent months for numerous intelligent and well-meaning people, inside and outside the Labour Party, to talk of recent developments in Russia in terms appropriate to the discussion of affairs in some Western country. One still finds it assumed here and there that Soviet politics are either totally incomprehensible or else rather like politics anywhere else. Clearly this is far from being the case.

Even with our present inadequate knowledge of Kremlin interna it is possible to draw some general conclusions. It is evident, for example, that Stalin's death has made no difference to the basic rule of Soviet politics, which is that the defeated faction is liquidated physically after being worsted politically. It is also apparent that as matters stand, i.e. in the absence of a single dictator with Stalin's prestige, any major change of policy must entail the destruction of some group ensconced in the state-party apparatus; for otherwise the malcontents would eventually combine against the present holders of power. The significance of this fact was demonstrated by the manner in which Beria's fall was linked to the new policy of subordinating the Secret Police to the Party bureaucracy. We do not know what other issues were at stake, but we can be sure that the senior members of the Quadrumvirate would not have performed this particular operation upon their late colleague had they not been convinced that he was meditating a rival scheme under which they, and not he, would have figured as traitors to the Soviet State. It is true that by so acting they shattered the image of collective rule which they had been at such pains to build up, but there clearly was no alternative. Similar *coups* marked the dissolution of the collective dictatorship thrown up by the French Revolution between the death of Robespierre and the advent of Napoleon. Singly they were well motivated; jointly they amounted to the self-destruction of the régime. One may conjecture that the same fate

awaits the leaders of the 'Soviet Thermidor', and yet feel convinced that they will not modify their political habits. There is something in the logic or dialectic, of totalitarianism which makes it a matter of life and death for the victorious faction to eliminate its rivals physically as well as politically. The upshot must either be another unchallenged personal despotism, or civil war and the establishment of a genuinely non-Stalinist régime based on the rule of law. It is possible that we are witnessing the first steps towards the latter outcome.

Compared with these issues it is not perhaps of major importance whether Malenkov and Beria were contenders for supreme power in the name of different conceptions of policy, or rivals for the leadership of the 'revisionist' forces – including presumably the officers' corps – who would like to bring about a wholesale repudiation of the Stalinist heritage. Both explanations are possible and both have found defenders. What seems certain is that the experiment in liberalization could not have gone very far under the leadership of the Secret Police boss. Can it go much farther under Malenkov? Here one touches on delicate ground, for it seems clear that if Malenkov fails to bring about a new integration the next explosion will bring the Army within reach of power; and the Western public is now being subjected to an assiduous and far from disinterested propaganda campaign designed to spread the notion that Malenkov (or whoever happens to be temporarily in charge) must be appeased at any price lest worse befall, i.e. lest a Russian Bonaparte arise and plunge us all into another world war. As against this lugubrious talk of military dictatorship and war, it is worth stressing the possibility – it is no more than that – of an Army régime proving more rational and less bellicose than the Party leaders brought up on myths of world revolution. In any case it is essential for us to establish contact with the natural leaders of the new society now stirring beneath the political surface. This society may be uncouth and obnoxious to Western taste, but it has the great merit of not being committed to the heritage of Stalinism quite to the same extent as the Party leaders who still hold the key positions. That, admittedly, is a problem which may not become urgent next week or next month. But the habit of living from hand to mouth, or even from Foreign Ministers' meeting to Foreign Ministers' meeting, can be overdone. What we need now is less empirical fumbling and more clarity about our basic aims.

THE MENACE OF MCCARTHY

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The British public has lately read much, perhaps too much, about Senator Joseph McCarthy as an individual. This mediocre and violent man is of as little intrinsic interest as was Hitler; what are worth study are the weaknesses of American society and American leadership which have enabled him to climb so high that Mr Attlee was forced to say in the House of Commons: 'One sometimes wonders who is the more powerful, the President or Senator McCarthy.'

One can dismiss the well-intentioned or self-interested commentators who have attempted, usually for the sake of American prestige abroad, to belittle the significance of McCarthyism. In this category belongs the statement in the New York monthly *Commentary* only a few short months ago that the Senator 'remains in the popular mind an unreliable, second-string blowhard; his only support as a great national figure is from the fascinated fears of the intelligentsia'. Echoing this view, *Time* magazine has recently charged American liberals with constructing 'the myth of McCarthy's great power and his menace to liberty' and has confidently stated that Americans 'can recognize the runaway inflation in the European myth of McCarthyism'. Sympathetic British observers of the American scene, such as John Beavan in the July *Twentieth Century*, have found encouragement in the failure of McCarthy's opposition to the appointment of Mr Charles Bohlen as U.S. Ambassador to Moscow.

Unfortunately McCarthy refuses to vanish, even at the bidding of *Time*. On the contrary, his influence upon the Eisenhower Administration continues visibly to grow. The Senate confirmation of Mr Bohlen has turned out to be a Pyrrhic victory, for it has led a large bloc of Republican Senators, and a significant segment of the White House staff, to resolve never to brave McCarthy's wrath again. His displeasure has proved sufficient to block the appointment to American delegations to the United Nations of Mrs Mildred McAfee Horton and Mr David Lee Shillinglaw, both impeccable conservatives and, in addition, ardent supporters of Mr Eisenhower in last year's Presidential campaign. More recently, the White House sought to place in a high post at the Defence Department Mr Paul H. Nitze, a former investment banker and a registered

Republican. Because Mr Nitze had served in the State Department under Mr Acheson, Senator McCarthy exercised his veto power. The Republican caucus in the Senate pleaded with the White House not to bring upon them 'another Bohlen case', and the well-informed columnists, Joseph and Stewart Alsop, report that 'the President submitted with hardly more than a murmur of regret.'

The fear which McCarthy inspires among his fellow-Senators is likewise no myth. Since the defeat of two of his most outspoken critics - Senator Tydings in 1950 and Senator Benton in 1952 - most Senators have drawn the conclusion that to attack him openly is to invite electoral disaster. Senator Herbert H. Lehman, who at seventy-five has most of his political career behind him, has broken the rule; but his colleagues, whether Democratic or Republican, conservative or liberal, have prudently abstained from following his lead.

Although McCarthyism is, unfortunately, no myth but an urgent reality, the basis of its strength lies in a myth which has reached almost the proportions of a national neurosis in the United States. The student of McCarthyism can profitably begin his researches with a short but deadly catechism which was recently directed at the Senator's critics by the Hearst newspaper, the New York *Journal-American*:

1. Do you consider Communism a danger in the United States? (If you don't so consider it, skip the remaining questions.)
2. If it is a danger, shouldn't it be exposed and removed?
3. If it should be exposed and removed, isn't that the rightful task of responsible legislative committees?

The United States is to-day the strongest and most prosperous nation the world has ever known. It has one of the smallest, weakest, and most thoroughly isolated of the world's Communist parties. Since the first question reads 'in' the United States, and not 'to' the United States (thus excluding the threat of aggression) the answer might seem so obviously 'no' as to invite little argument.

It is true that American Communism has, in the past, had more influence than most non-Americans realize. Because of the absence for many years of any strong democratic socialist movement, the Party has been the strongest organized force within what Europeans would call 'the Left' - although that Left has itself been weak compared with most European countries. Because of the political apathy of many millions of Americans, the zealots of the Party have had more success, relatively to their numbers, than they would have enjoyed elsewhere. Because of their conspiratorial organization, Communists have been able to penetrate and colonize trade unions, political movements, and even some areas of the civil service. At the peak of their influence, in the 'thirties, they were a

real factor, although a minor one, in American politics. With the passage of time, however, their power has become grossly exaggerated. Here, for instance, is a recent description by Eugene Lyons of the penalties of anti-Communism in the 'thirties:

It could bar you from house parties on Park Avenue, jobs in Hollywood, places on the (public assistance) rolls of your city, fair treatment in the columns of great conservative newspapers, a hearing before supposedly broad-minded public lecture forums, access to (government employment).

To this Granville Hicks, an ex-Communist who has kept his sense of proportion, has replied in a valuable article 'How Red Was the Red Decade?' (*Harper's Magazine*, July 1953): 'Perhaps Communists did all these things at one time or another in one place or another, but the suggestion that they could do them all the time and everywhere is ridiculous.'

Even individual Communists have come to be credited with almost super-human powers. There has been a furore over Communist teachers, and so sensible a person as Norman Thomas, the venerable and venerated leader of America's small band of Socialists, has advocated their dismissal, calling them 'security risks'. The argument is carried on in academic circles in terms of 'intellectual integrity', but it is quite clear that the intense emotions aroused do not come from this abstraction. They are stirred up by the implicit, and sometimes explicit, assumption that Communist teachers are such magnetic and persuasive persons that well-fed, well-clothed American youngsters cannot be exposed to them without danger of deadly infection. As Mr Hicks said to one person who advanced this view: 'You don't have much faith in the other teachers.'

The 'black legend' of Communist power reaches its climax, of course, with the assertion that the United States was cheated at Yalta, and the Communists given power in China, because of the influence of traitors within the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Millions of Americans believe this: many more millions do not actually believe it – but, on the other hand, are not quite sure that it isn't true. This belief, and this doubt, first became significant at the time of the Hiss case, and have since been nurtured by the exposure of other crypto-Communists in Washington. Although, in spite of the most determined efforts, it has been impossible to prove that American policy was affected in any significant respect by Communist influence, the fear that it was still persists.

A number of factors have combined to inflate this legend. For the Republicans in general it has proved a most effective political weapon. For the isolationists in particular it is comforting to believe that the United States might never have been involved in the affairs of other nations, might never have poured its dollars and its soldiers overseas, but

for sinister machinations in Washington. For the vocal and well-financed China Lobby it is a lever with which they yet hope to secure American support for Chiang Kai-shek's return to the Chinese mainland. For many ordinary Americans the Communist at home is a scapegoat upon whom can be laden all the worries and frustrations of the post-war years. All things considered, it may not be surprising that a majority of Americans would to-day say: 'Yes – Communism is a danger in the United States'. What is surprising is that most critics of McCarthy would give the same answer – some sincerely, some thoughtlessly, many because to answer 'No' would expose them to the damaging charge of being 'soft' on Communism. Indeed, there is a ritual form of words which customarily precedes any criticism of McCarthy, and it has developed with the years. At first it was sufficient for the speaker to disclaim any connexion with the Communists; then it became the rule to identify oneself as an anti-Communist; now the approved phrase is 'I am bitterly anti-Communist, but . . .' Even so wise and experienced a public figure as Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt has been trapped in something like this manner. In a recent interview she credited McCarthy with 'perhaps creating something which is essential – public realization of the danger of Communism'. Although she added that he had also 'made the great mass of people blindly afraid', she did not thereby undo the damage of her first sentence – all the more regrettable because it was quite unnecessary and, indeed, contrary to fact. So thoroughly has McCarthy identified himself with the issue of Communism that even Mrs Roosevelt apparently forgot that he had discovered it rather late in the day – after the conviction of Alger Hiss, and at a period when Americans were already thoroughly aroused about the issue. It was, in fact, the degree of public interest in it which actually led McCarthy to adopt it as his own.

Once his critics yield the fortress of common sense and sober fact, and concede to McCarthy something like his definition of the danger of Communism in the United States, it becomes very difficult to make a stand anywhere on the slippery slopes beyond. If Communism is a danger, why shouldn't it be exposed and removed? If in the civil service, why not in the schools, the unions, television, radio, Broadway, Hollywood – in fact, anywhere? Perhaps not quite everywhere – McCarthy himself was at first careful to skirt the churches, until involved in this field as well by the literary indiscretions of one of his investigators. The orthodox 'line' of most critics is to claim that they are fighting Communism more effectively than McCarthy. This is not very rewarding, because McCarthy can shout more loudly than anyone else and can get his charges into more newspapers. Moreover, he is hunting Communists all the time, whereas his critics have other responsibilities as well. To

many Americans, therefore, McCarthy has become 'Mr Anti-Communist,' just as Taft is 'Mr Republican'. Anyone who seeks to convince the public that he is more anti-Communist than McCarthy has undertaken an impossible task.

It seems likely that the only possible way to deflate McCarthyism is to put the actual danger of Communism to the United States in its proper perspective, and simultaneously to restore the faith of Americans in their government, their institutions and their way of life. It must be brought home to the American people that the main danger is from without, and that it must be guarded against, at whatever expense, by building the military and economic strength of the United States and her allies – not cheaply, by exposing song-writers as subversives. At the same time, Americans must hear, from leaders in whom they have trust, a reaffirmation of faith in the integrity of their government and their institutions. Moreover, the government itself must set a standard of sobriety and responsibility in dealing with Communism within the United States. It must be made clear that the only real internal dangers, those of espionage and (more remotely) sabotage, are being dealt with, and must be dealt with, by the appropriate government agencies operating in this specialized field. This task is not beyond the powers of those sober and responsible Americans, in every walk of life, who have kept their heads in the midst of the current hysteria. It is not – as yet – beyond the power of President Eisenhower to give a lead in this respect. Indeed, this was one of the most persuasive arguments advanced for his election as President. On July 29th, 1952, shortly after his nomination, Mr Walter Lippmann gave his grounds for supporting him:

If (the Republicans) are defeated for the sixth time, and defeated under Eisenhower and after the fight that took place at the convention, the Republican Party may fall into the hands of its most irreconcilable and ruthless factions. They may become utterly reckless in their actions because they have lost all prospect of attaining legitimate power and responsibility. An opposition of this kind might be a serious menace to the peace of the world and to the liberties of this country.

Five days before the election (October 30th, 1942), the New York *Herald-Tribune* declared editorially:

A Republican Administration under General Eisenhower is the surest way to avoid the growth of McCarthy and McCarthyism. Those who are genuinely troubled by this issue can most effectively deal with it by voting Republican.

The people who entertained these hopes from Eisenhower's election are now the most disappointed of all. Yet, in retrospect, it appears that they had fair warning during the campaign. An American Presidential

candidate does not have to support *all* his party's candidates for office. In 1948, for instance, Governor Dewey disowned Senator Revercomb of West Virginia because of the national and religious bias he had shown in discussing the Immigration Act – a serious matter, but by no means so serious as the fact that Senator McCarthy had charged Secretary of State George Marshall with something close to treason. Yet, although Marshall had been a lifelong Army colleague of General Eisenhower, and was largely responsible in 1942 for his selection as Commander of the Allied armies, Eisenhower actually endorsed McCarthy for re-election to the Senate, considered by itself and by most Americans as the most august deliberative body in the world. Various explanations have been given for Eisenhower's behaviour. As if to make up for the many years during which, in accordance with the traditional practice of senior officers of the American armed services, he took no part in politics and did not even vote, the General seemed anxious to demonstrate his dyed-in-the-wool Republican partisanship. Here as elsewhere he was a victim of copybook maxims – in this case the idea that an American political party should not be in any sense homogeneous, but a broad stream made up of many different currents. Whatever his motives, Eisenhower's decision was unnecessary as well as dishonourable. Even in his home state of Wisconsin it was McCarthy who was carried by Eisenhower to victory, rather than the other way around. Though he won by a comfortable margin, McCarthy ran far behind Eisenhower. And, significantly, the one Republican candidate for State office who had denounced McCarthy was elected by a wider margin than the President.

Even McCarthy seemed at first uncertain of his role under a Republican Administration. Promoted through seniority to the chairmanship of the Senate Investigations sub-committee, he intimated that he might under the changed circumstances no longer be needed to ferret out Communists. He spoke of concentrating his energies on the exposure of wasteful government expenditure – a necessity, he said in his best non-partisan style, whatever party was in power. Before long, however, he was off on the old track. Overseas listeners to the *Voice of America* might assume that to charge it with being Communist would be as preposterous as to charge the Vatican with sponsoring atheism. But with the aid of 'the loyal American underground' (as a group of malcontents and misfits within this agency styled themselves) McCarthy proceeded to tear this much-vaunted organ of psychological warfare into untidy pieces. Interesting to students of McCarthy's techniques was a new device – any expenditures which in the end turned out to be unwise were attributed not to human fallibility but to deliberate treason. But shocking to decent Americans was the fact that reputable officials of the *Voice of America* demeaned

themselves by co-operating with McCarthy, not out of malice (as was the case with the 'underground') but simply in order to hold their jobs.

The *Voice of America* is under the jurisdiction of the State Department. Mr John Foster Dulles had prepared himself for a lifetime to be Secretary of State, a post into which people are usually thrust without preparation and with little advance warning. A different sort of man might have insisted that, if anything needed to be done about the *Voice of America*, it was his prerogative to do it. He might have insisted, for instance that he be given time to familiarize himself with the agency and its operation, to effect any changes which seemed to be needed and only then to lay it open to the full glare and blare of a Senatorial investigation. But Dulles evidently lacked the stomach for a rough-and-tumble with McCarthy. He simply washed his hands of the *Voice* and of the able and loyal officials in the agency who were forced out.

McCarthy's quick rebound from his one setback, the Bohlen appointment, was typical of the man. The day after the Senate voted to confirm Mr Bohlen as Ambassador, McCarthy summoned Washington reporters to a press conference. It was Saturday, a favourite day for McCarthy's coups as it was for Hitler's. At this conference he announced that he had personally negotiated an agreement with a committee of Greek ship-owners to cease trade with China. State Department and Mutual Security Agency officials who could have given the reporters the wide and complex background of this question were away for the week-end. McCarthy hit the headlines from coast to coast as the patriot who had kept 'our boys' from being shot by imported bullets. As planned, the echoes of his defeat on the Bohlen matter were drowned by the trumpeting of his new triumph. About this time Washington's favourite cartoonist, Herblock, aptly portrayed McCarthy at a kiosk in front of the Capitol, under a sign reading: 'The only genuine State Department - patronize no other.' Mr Stassen, the Mutual Security Administrator and a veteran of many political battles, responded with the charge that McCarthy had 'undermined' American foreign policy, and it seemed for a moment that the Administration would take a firm stand. Almost immediately, however, Dulles invited McCarthy to a luncheon at which, as one Washington wit put it, the two men 'broke bread - and Stassen as well'. After the luncheon, Dulles issued an agreed statement which the supporters of McCarthy could claim as approval in principle of his action. Eisenhower followed with some kind words at his press conference, and the cycle was concluded with an apology from Stassen.

It may seem odd that the President, whose chief interest is in foreign policy, puts up with a state of affairs so damaging to America's prestige in the world. It is said that he applies literally the principles of American government as he learned them from his secondary school textbooks half

a century ago. According to the classic concept, it is the function of Congress to enact legislation and of the President to administer it. The President may recommend legislation to Congress, but he should not use his power to secure its passage, as that would be a violation of the principle of the separation of powers. According to the holders of this doctrine, the development of the role of the President as leader of the country and of his party in Congress has been a perverse and disastrous invention of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. Whether he holds it or not, the President certainly seems to act upon this notion. Time after time he has been given, both by friendly and by unfriendly reporters at his press conferences, opportunities to administer a decisive rebuke to McCarthyism. He has never done so in straightforward language. Privately, he is said to have charged, with considerable bitterness, that the reporters were attempting to 'stir up trouble' between Congress and the White House. He is further handicapped by his inexperience in politics and civil administration, and his unwillingness to make the effort necessary to fit himself for his post. He must be the only head of state in the world who does not read the newspapers, even the important ones, but depends for his knowledge, not only of the outside world but of the actions of his own Administration, upon predigested briefs prepared for him by his staff. Inevitably, he has again and again revealed his ignorance of matters which have been splashed over the front pages of the nation's newspapers.

When the President went to Dartmouth College to deliver an address in connexion with the annual graduation ceremonies, McCarthy's attack upon 'subversive' books in United States libraries overseas had been front-page news for days. So also had the order prepared by Dulles on the subject, and the frightened efforts of American officials to comply with it by removing every book that McCarthy could possibly find objectionable. Yet when the subject came up in conversation among the dignitaries gathered for the Dartmouth ceremony, Eisenhower apparently was quite unaware of the Dulles order and at first denied that it had been made. Finally convinced that it had been, he delivered some impulsive and extemporaneous observations on 'book-burning' in the course of his address which considerably raised the fallen spirits of his admirers. McCarthy, however, simply refused to admit that the President's remarks had been directed against him. After all, he noted reasonably, if the President were really opposed to the State Department directive on books, he had only to phone his Secretary of State and order that it be withdrawn. Actually, when the President returned to Washington and to the company of the 'peace at any price' faction in the White House, he backed away from his brave words at Dartmouth.

The President, however, does not function in a vacuum. He represents,

and has drawn into his Administration as his Cabinet members and chief officials, the foremost leaders of the business community. As the *Reporter*, one of America's more thoughtful magazines, has observed editorially:

they represent not just themselves but the system that has made them powerful. The future of the business community hinges upon their success or failure in tackling national and world problems of an entirely different dimension from those they have been accustomed to deal with.

Some of the men about Eisenhower understand the significance of McCarthyism, and are sick at heart over it; others do not. But it is all too evident that there are men in and about the White House who, though they despise McCarthy and his tactics, agree with his objectives and are prepared to use McCarthyism to secure and perpetuate their power. It is still fresh in everyone's memory that men who regarded Hitler as a clown, but thought they could use him in achieving objectives which they shared with him, had a large part in placing him in power. McCarthyism could be useful in winning votes in the 1954 Congressional elections, and even in the Presidential election of 1956. And when these strategists have given McCarthy that much rope they may find it not too easy to dismiss him.

Can any limits then be set to the growth of McCarthyism? Unless the President himself intervenes (and the time when he could do so is rapidly passing) it is difficult to see such limits being set. It is a measure of the despair which many Americans feel that Mr Herbert Agar referred publicly the other day to the manner in which Huey Long's burgeoning role as a leader of American Fascism was cut short by an assassin's bullet in 1935. More reasonably, others suggest that McCarthy's involved financial affairs (exhaustively discussed in a report of the sub-committee on Privileges and Elections of last year's Senate) might be investigated with a view to possible criminal prosecution following the precedent established in the case of Capone and other powerful gang organizers. These two solutions both attribute too much importance to McCarthy as an individual. There is, however, in the story of Al Capone's downfall a lesson with contemporary significance: it began when Capone's palatial estate in Florida was pointed out to President Hoover who was spending a holiday nearby. The President was personally and deeply shocked that a known gangster and murderer should so brazenly flaunt his wealth and his immunity, and then and there resolved not to rest until he had put him behind bars. At his order the Justice Department gave the highest priority to finding a way to prosecute Capone and finally succeeded. When conservative Americans, and above all the President, recognize as clearly the evil of McCarthyism as President Hoover did the evil represented by Capone, and as firmly resolve to do something about it, it will be possible to write rather more hopefully about the subject than it is now.

PERSIA: THE UNCLAIMED LEGACY

By a Special Correspondent

It used to be a comparatively rare privilege to witness a great turning-point of history; and rarer still to recognize it as such on the spot, as Goethe did at the battle of Valmy. Nowadays, however, we seem to be dizzily conscious of such turning-points year in, year out. They are recognized for us by the fabricators of premature history with a regularity that makes us doubly suspicious: suspicious in the first place that they will mostly be forgotten when the time comes for definitive history to be written, and in the second place that we may be altogether missing the really significant event by letting our attention be drawn to merely superficial characteristics. It is doubly dangerous, then, to risk the guess that we may have witnessed such an event in the Middle East in 1951, and the guess needs to be supported by more than merely superficial indications which are themselves indisputable.

The event was the expulsion of the British from Persia: first the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in 1951, then the numerous and widespread Consular posts in January 1952, then the British Bank of Iran and the Middle East (though in this case the hostile pressure amounted to less than direct expulsion), and finally the British Embassy itself, with the severance of diplomatic relations in October 1952. To justify calling the first event in this series a turning-point in the history of relations between the West and the Middle East, it is necessary to go behind its merely superficial features and to avoid considering it in purely material, economic and political terms. It was not important, for instance, merely because it was the first landslip in a movement which undermined the British imperial position in the Middle East – even if its relation to subsequent events in Egypt and other parts of the Middle East was one of cause and effect, which is far from proved. In the imperialistic sense, the British position had already been forfeited long before, and the loss of Abadan was a consequence and not a cause: a consequence in the causal series of which the British withdrawals from India and from Palestine were earlier terms. It is in considering those two earlier instances that a new and special significance of our expulsion from Persia in 1951 becomes, by contrast, apparent. The replacement of the British Mandate and the British Raj by Israel, India and Pakistan was not in any single case a clear-cut

victory of a purely indigenous genius over a purely foreign one. Considered as episodes in the long struggle between East and West, the conflicts in Palestine and India at least ended in draws, if not draws in favour of the West. What happened in Israel and India, after a period of confusion and bitterness, was essentially a typically European compromise, because on both sides the leaders were (nationality and religion apart) essentially Europeans in their thinking. There was not, in fact, any real conflict, in the sense of diametrically opposed and by definition irreconcilable ways of thought. In Persia, on the contrary, the crux of the matter was precisely this: that in every respect relevant to the British, the Persians were wholly in the wrong, and in every respect relevant to themselves they were wholly in the right. There was a real and total conflict, going beyond personalities and admitting no possibility of compromise, because it was not simply a matter of the management or profits of an oil industry, but of the confrontation of two opposed ways of thought and feeling; and it is Persia, rather than Israel, that is characteristic of the problem of relations between the West and the Middle East. Those on either side in this dispute who sought a way of compromise without deviating from their own side's principles did no service, for all their good intentions, because there was no such way; and Dr Musaddiq's one contribution to history is to have made that fact clear. This fact has become the point of departure for the future, whether or not he eventually falls; whether or not British technicians return to Persia; whether we like it or not. This is the reason why we can dare to say that the expulsion of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company from Abadan in 1951 constituted a turning-point in Middle Eastern history; and this is the situation we have now to examine.

It is impossible to summarize the sequence of public events which led up to the disaster of October 1951, or even to know where they began – though certainly that was long before the appearance of Dr Musaddiq. But it is not necessary either, for the public events were widely reported and well-known; and this was not one of those unhappy occasions when public opinion was baffled and misled. What happened, in brief, between the Persian Government and the A I O C was only too plain and simple. Dr Musaddiq, with a volume of public support which was none the less dynamic for being largely uncomprehending, came to power with the one-point programme of expelling the A I O C; and the A I O C, obedient at every stage to its majority-shareholder, the British Government, allowed itself under protest to be expelled. From the point of view of the romantic champion of the underdog (such as the editor of the *Cominform* journal, for instance), this was a straightforward triumph of the downtrodden weak, but right, over the strong and rich, but wrong. But from the rational point of view, though it is equally easy to see what

happened, it is harder to explain it, except by saying (as has been said in this country, though never believed in Persia) that the British were no longer their own masters in the matter. One thing, however, is certain: the British did not yield in Persia for anything resembling the same reasons, or in anything resembling the same circumstances, as they yielded in India and Palestine a few years before. They were not defeated by an antagonist who had learned enough of Western techniques and theories to turn Western weapons against them, and to supplant them with a more up-to-date and appropriate variant of Western civilization. The struggle was not conducted on Western ground or in Western terms at all; defeat came rather at the hands of a nationalism which deliberately and explicitly rejected everything Western *a priori*. (When the religious demagogue, Ayatullah Kashani, was asked once whether he did not think it incompatible for a Muslim to be a Communist, he replied characteristically: 'It is not incompatible for anyone who has been colonized by the British to be a Communist'; thereby characteristically begging, as will be seen, most of the questions that seem relevant from the British point of view.)

Further, the British were not forced out of Persia because their position had become economically, politically, strategically, or in any material or physical sense, untenable. Their position was not usurped by a better-equipped rival in these terms, but destroyed by an avowed nihilist. Above all, they were not undermined, as in the preceding cases, by a gnawing suspicion at the heart of the public conscience that they were in the wrong. Whereas in Palestine and India both sides were aware, though in varying degrees, that one side, measured even by its own standards, had put itself morally in the wrong, in Persia, on the contrary, both sides were absolutely and unarguably aware of being in the right. The British case was legal and economic – in a word, Western – and from the Western point of view unassailable. The Persian case was emotional and spiritual – in a word, Eastern – and from the Eastern point of view unassailable. It was Kipling's classic non-encounter. But that is not all: the central point is deeper and subtler, and much more ambiguous and irresolvable than this antithesis by itself suggests. It is not simply that the two sides' arguments never met because they had no common terms of reference. On the contrary, there was much common ground to the dispute, where both sides were saying almost exactly the same things in almost exactly the same words – and still diametrically disagreeing. There were even, too, many arguments which appeared unassailable to one side or the other within its own terms of reference, and yet were largely false and nonsensical even within that very framework.

To take two examples from the latter context first: there was the British

argument that Persia gained vast and irreplaceable economic wealth from the royalties on oil-production paid by the A I O C, and must therefore suffer economically from their loss; and there was the Persian argument, to which Kashani gave expression in the remark quoted above, that the A I O C treated Persia like a colony, which was wicked and intolerable. The point intended by those who confronted each other with such arguments was, on the British side, that even if the Persian argument was in any sense true (which it was not), still the economic gain outweighed any possible moral loss; and on the Persian side, that even if the British argument was true (which it was not), the moral gain would outweigh any possible economic loss. An impartial arbitrator might be content at this point to suggest that in fact such losses and gains could not really be weighed against each other; and from then on the dispute would be (as it was and is) endlessly bedevilled by irrelevancies. But the real point is that neither argument even corresponds to the facts; and that was just the trouble. Persia – if by that term we mean the eighteen million odd inhabitants of Iran, as distinct from the small moneyed class of the few big towns – derived only the smallest minimum of benefit, if that, from the oil revenues when they existed, and therefore lost practically nothing by their disappearance. The oil revenues always had disappeared anyway, so far as the enormous majority of Persians was concerned, into the hands of the corrupt oligarchy that ruled the country, to be invested in American and Swiss bank accounts abroad, or in Cadillacs and frigidares at home. Since Persia is a practically self-sufficient country in the bare necessities of human life, and since foreign bank accounts and luxury imports can in the last resort be foregone without serious detriment even by Middle Eastern plutocrats, there is no real reason why the Persian economy (if that is not too grotesque a name for the Persian combination of bare subsistence and conspicuous waste) should not carry on indefinitely, as it always has in the past. If Dr Musaddiq detected this consequence in 1950, when the rest of the world was blind to it, there was at least method in his madness.

Equally fictitious, on the other hand, was Dr Musaddiq's own anguished argument that the British in general, and the A I O C in particular, treated Persia like a colony. Indeed, the real gravamen of the case against the A I O C might be said to be precisely that it did not. Whatever may be the virtues or vices of colonialism, whatever the arguments for and against it, it at least quite certainly implies one thing by definition: the assumption of political responsibilities towards and within the territory colonized. This was just what the A I O C of set purpose evaded. Comparing the last century of Indian history again with that of Persia, it can be seen that a large part of the trouble derived from the British not doing in Persia what they did in India: a cursory inspection of the Indian and

Persian defence and administrative systems to-day is overwhelmingly sufficient to prove that. The A I O C, in defending itself against charges of colonialism by asserting that it did not interfere in Persian politics, and that it confined its activities to the normal business of a great commercial and industrial enterprise established on foreign sovereign territory, would really be writing its own condemnation. It was impossible so to act without disaster: the Company *ought* to have interfered, and it ought *not* to have confined its activities to commerce and industry; and to those who disbelieve in the A I O C's assertions of its innocence of interference, the answer is that if it did in fact interfere, it should have done so more effectively. The Company ought, in fact, like the East India Company a century and a half before, to have accepted its colonial responsibilities, not repudiated them. Fundamentally, the Persians recognized and admitted this fact much more honestly than the British. Until Dr Musaddiq's nationalism arose to convince them that it was wrong and wicked, the Persians expected the British to interfere and felt at a loss if they did not. The notion that it was always bitterly resented is false to fact. Provided that it was done with sympathy and affection, the Persians welcomed and admired it; what they resented was not being able to make head or tail of it, and the pretence that it did not exist. They still do so to-day; for they just do not believe that the British power to interfere has gone.

These two examples are typical of the whole dispute not only in being equally false, but in belonging to two incompatible and unbridgeable worlds of thought. The economic argument would mean nothing to Dr Musaddiq, and the argument from *amour-propre* would mean nothing to the A I O C, even if either were true and valid within its own terms of reference, which neither is. But these examples light up only the surface of the gulf between the two worlds. They do not plumb its depths; and perhaps no one writing, as an Englishman must, from a single point of view can ever do so. But the attempt must nevertheless be made to explain how (even if it is impossible to explain why) it has come about that a Persian partisan and a British partisan in this dispute could subscribe verbally to exactly the same argument, and yet mean exactly the opposite. Perhaps the best approach to this point is by way of personal experience; superficial certainly, but signifying something genuine and general and important.

Early in 1952, I met a young Persian who had formerly been employed by the A I O C, and I asked him why he had left its employment, as he had a year or two before the catastrophe of 1951. He told me of his training as an engineering apprentice; how he had been sent to England at the expense of the Company to complete his training at a University; how he owed all his technical competence as an engineer to the A I O C. He had

spent two years in England, which had been the happiest years of his life. During the terms he learned everything that an English student learns at the University, and probably more, because he knew that this was the one opportunity of his life; during the vacations he worked in different engineering firms all over the United Kingdom, and saw in detail how his trade was practised here. All this had been arranged by the A I O C, and had cost him nothing. He had been accepted everywhere as an equal, he had perfected his English, he had learned his trade in ideal circumstances, he had understood the greatness of England and the English people, he had nothing but admiration and love for the teachers, technologists and workmen who had made him at home, and for the Company that made it possible. Then he had returned to Abadan to take up his assigned task at the oil refinery, and everything had turned sour.

It was not that the work was less skilled or important than he had learned to perform; it was simply that he knew he was no longer an equal, or even a potential equal. He was treated as a natural and permanent inferior by his British colleagues - a difference from his treatment in England which he cannot have invented, whichever may have been the right treatment and whichever the wrong. His managers, he noted, referred to him as a 'naffer' - a perfectly respectable Persian word for 'person', which in this usage is roughly equivalent to the term 'bod', and which he had no particular reason to dislike except that for some reason they never applied it to each other. After a long catalogue of similar woes (which from the Company's point of view would naturally weigh for very little in the scale against the money that they had invested in his career), he ended up by asking:

If that was how the British intended to treat me at Abadan, why did they send me to England to see how they treated their own people? If I had not been so well treated in England, I should never have noticed the difference at Abadan. And another thing: when the British are the finest people in the world, as I saw for myself in England, why do they send such awful ones to Persia?

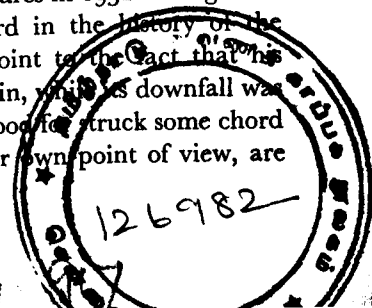
Objectively the young man may have been utterly mistaken; subjectively he cannot have been, because he was simply describing his own reactions. The same point is illustrated by my second example. Late in 1952 (the same year), I met a young Englishman who had formerly been employed by the A I O C, and I asked him why he had left its employment, as he had a few years before the catastrophe of 1951. (Note the similarity of the preamble.) He had seen the writing on the wall in time, he told me. He had concluded that the A I O C was doomed in Persia because of its policy towards the natives. (He would probably have used the politer word 'naffers' if he had expected me to understand it.) The policy

which he disapproved was that of perpetually sacrificing the interests of the British employees in order to 'keep the natives sweet'. Everything was done to suit the convenience of the Persian employees, even to giving them jobs above their abilities and houses above their standard of living, in order to preserve an unreal equality with their British colleagues. A lot of British employees were beginning to see red and to demand that more should be done to keep the natives in their place; they felt that they had been sold down the river, that the ground was being cut away under their feet; and many of them, like himself, had got out while the going was good. With bitter irony, he congratulated himself in retrospect that he had been right.

Objectively, no doubt, he too was mistaken; but he too was describing, no doubt accurately, a subjective experience. And the point is that the two situations described, however exaggeratedly, look very much like the same situation, which was therefore very probably a real one. Without attempting to describe exactly what that objective situation would look like to an utterly dispassionate and disembodied observer, it is reasonable to conclude that what the Persian found wrong was the emotional and spiritual aspect of the situation, and what the Englishman found wrong was the material and contractual aspect; these being the diverse aspects of any situation which would normally make the first and most important impacts on a Persian and an Englishman respectively in any situation. (It has been well said, and may be quoted as an illustration, that on seeing a blind, crippled, starving beggar in the street, the first reaction of an Englishman would be to organize some way of relieving the situation; whereas the first reaction of a Persian would be, with tears in his eyes, to compose a beautiful and moving quatrain.) The objective situation is thus not in dispute, or not much: it is a matter of record, and only the significance of it is a matter of interpretation. The record may be summed up by saying that the A I O C gave Persia practically everything that money could buy, and practically nothing else whatever. The English manager's comment might be: 'And why should we give them anything else?' The Persian's comment might be: 'But it is only the other things that we are really interested in.' And each, by way of showing that the facts have proved him right, has facts at his elbow to quote.

The A I O C can point to the fact that, two years after the loss of Abadan, it is as strong as ever, its new issue of shares in 1952 having been over-subscribed by a margin that was a record in the history of the London Stock Exchange. Dr Musaddiq can point to the fact that his Government survived two years of threatened ruin, which its downfall was predicted from week to week, because what it stood for struck some chord in the Persian soul. Both arguments, from their own point of view, are

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unanswerable; and neither means the least thing in the world to the other. That is the measure of the gulf that has been revealed between the minds of Englishmen and Persians. It is not simply a gulf between Dr Musaddiq and the A I O C, for in the main both represent and are reinforced by the temper of their peoples. Even when both protagonists are removed from the scene (as historically they both must be, sooner or later, if there is ever to be good-will between Britain and Persia again), the gulf will still remain to be bridged. It is not too early to consider, even before Dr Musaddiq is forgotten in England and the A I O C forgotten in Persia, how the meeting of minds as well as the restoration of diplomatic relations can be brought about, lest worse prevail. Nor is the requirement particularly difficult to state; it has long been understood in its generalized form (stated, for instance, at the end of the late war by Professor F. S. C. Northrop in *The Meeting of East and West*), but the understanding has simply not been applied to the relations of Britain and Persia. The requirement is, in one sentence, that the West should approach the East with an understanding of the fact that it has something to learn as well as something to teach. The East has had to turn to the West to learn the secrets of Western material power through technology: the A I O C is indeed one of the most powerful symbols of this fact. But there has been no equally compelling obligation on the West to turn to the East to learn the sources of Eastern spiritual strength – the strength which has, for instance, germinated within the bounds of Asia every great religion that the world has yet known, without a single exception. Such obligation as has existed upon the West to learn from the East has been of a non-material order; and therefore has scarcely yet been felt in the technologically self-sufficient and self-satisfied West of the twentieth century. But it is beginning to be felt, for reasons which it would be premature to list, but which certainly include a dim awareness that one of the two great Powers in the world to-day straddles East and West geographically, historically and ethnologically, and derives its strength from non-material as much as from material sources. The fact that this great Power stands on the borders of Persia, and has good reason to think Persia ripe to mark the next stage in its imperial expansion, is obviously also not irrelevant in this context. It is, in short, becoming incumbent on the British, as representatives of the West, to think out a new and less hard-headed approach to Persia for other than purely spiritual reasons.

At first sight it might appear ridiculous to suggest that the opportunity to make this new approach is provided by the publication of a new book. But it would not be the first time that a book had started such a historical process. And indeed, in the case of Persia, the average Englishman's conception of the country and its people has for a long time rested

almost exclusively on one book, or at most two: the first, Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, and the second, Morier's *Hajji Baba*. For all the criticisms that have been made of these two works, it cannot be denied that they are in some sense truly representative and authentic. A Persian poetry-lover (the two terms are almost identical) would say that even if Fitzgerald did not translate Omar correctly,* nevertheless it was as if the same soul had inhabited two bodies, Omar's and Fitzgerald's; and it is recorded that when a Persian translation of *Hajji Baba* first appeared in Isfahan, it was taken as a masterpiece by a great new Persian writer (but was subsequently burned when the truth was discovered). Books, then, have not provided a bad way, however incomplete, in the past for Englishmen to approach an understanding of Persia. And now there comes, at a singularly appropriate moment, a new opportunity in the publication by the Oxford University Press of *The Legacy of Persia*.†

This should be an opportunity in a double sense: an opportunity for Professor A. J. Arberry, who has edited the book, and an opportunity for the English reader of it. It is hard, but not impossible, for the reader to take his opportunity if the editor has missed his. It would be over-harsh to say that that is wholly the case; but certainly Professor Arberry has left a great deal to the constructive imagination of the reader, and it may be that that was the best thing to have done. The exercise offered to the reader is the harder, and perhaps the more profitable, because the editing of the contributions to the book has been lightly done. At times this is tiresome, as when Professor Arberry allows different contributors to spell the same names differently (one of them even has two spellings of the name 'Baluchi' in the same essay), or leaves it to the reader's intuition to understand that the Achaemenid king whom we call Artaxerxes, and the Sassanid king whom we call Ardashir, have in fact, in Persian, one and the same name. One particular contributor, Miss Sackville-West, who writes charmingly on Persian gardens, is allowed a quite inordinate licence in matters of fact, which might well have been more carefully watched because of her own admission that she is writing of things seen many years before. Her descriptions of the tombs of Hafiz and Sa'di at Shiraz are more out of date than she realizes (a fact which should be known to the editor) and are very far from corresponding to the modern

* There is a celebrated inaccuracy in Fitzgerald's 'singing in the wilderness' quatrain: in the original there is no 'book of verse', but instead there is a 'leg of mutton'. (A. J. Arberry, *Omar Khayyam: the Chester Beatty Manuscript*, London, 1949. This, the oldest extant text, which it is convenient to consult, was not available to Fitzgerald; but the reading is not in dispute. The 'book of verse' was pure invention.)

† *The Legacy of Persia*, ed. A. J. Arberry (O. U. P., 1953, 215.).

appearance of either, after their reconstruction in recent years; and she does a disservice to the beautiful Persian language in using as if it were a written form the illiterate corruption *jube* (for a water-course) which is rather like a Frenchman asserting that the English call their traditional meat-dish *rosbif*. These are things that a conscientious editor should not have allowed. But an imaginative editor should have done even more: he should have avoided, and seen that all his contributors avoided, the approach to Persia from above, from the position of self-conscious superiority which the West has adopted towards the East for two and a half millennia.

Whatever particular forms this attitude has taken – intellectual irony, the contempt of the technologist, escapism, or, as here, the prosaic detachment of the scholar – it has always rested fundamentally on the same assumption: that while the East may have some things that the West has not, the only relevant aspects for comparison are those in which, whatever they may be for the time being, the West happens now to be superior. It never occurred to a Greek of the century of Marathon and Salamis, for instance, that the Persian Empire of that date was incomparably more advanced politically and administratively than the Greek city-state; as witness the fact that Persepolis – a monument contemporary with and strictly comparable to the fifth-century monuments on the Acropolis of Athens – was built on the edge of a plain instead of the top of a hill.* It was the Greeks, not the Persians, who had so little trust in each other that their towns had to be built permanently on and around defensive citadels; yet it was the Greeks, not the Persians, who had so little to learn that they could declare every foreigner a barbarian (in modern English idiom, 'Cannibals begin at Calais'). At that date European civilization despised technical and political efficiency, and honoured more individualistic and piratical virtues; so the Persians, who were then the most politically efficient technocratic civilization in the world, were by Greek standards contemptible. To-day the positions are reversed, and so therefore are the standards of comparison by which we judge ourselves superior. No Greek, no Roman, no Crusader, no executive of the A I O C could possibly have anything to learn from the Near East. Therefore whatever Persia had to teach, if anything, was irrelevant; even if it was of the same order as that which an earlier or a later generation of Europeans esteemed most highly in itself.

The Persian attitude towards the West has been at most periods very different. 1951 was an exception of an unusual, though recurrent kind.

* It has recently been suggested that the same Greek workmen may have contributed to both Persepolis and the Acropolis (A. W. Lawrence in *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Vol. LXXI, 1951, pp. 111–19).

No Persian ever took it for granted that all foreigners were barbarians, until foreigners themselves taught him to do so. The Sassanids borrowed architects from Byzantium, just as the Achaemenids borrowed doctors from the Ionian sea-board; just as Shah Abbas used an English adventurer as his Ambassador to London, and as the Pahlavis borrow technicians to-day from Europe and America. That the Persians are characteristically a tolerant and receptive people has been shown especially, apart from spasmodic exceptions, in their religious history. They have adopted many religions; but what has been characteristic of all that they have adopted, at least in their Persian variant, is tolerance of other religions. Witness their attitude to the Jews – always a touchstone of any nation's temperament: Cyrus the Persian sent them home from their captivity in Babylon; Muhammadan Persia boasts three Jews among its four major prophets; modern Persia of the Pahlavis was the first Middle Eastern power to establish Consular relations with Israel. Witness, too, their attitude to Christianity. There is an Anglican church in Shiraz, the most beautiful harmonization of the Persian and Christian spirit that could be imagined, in which every detail and ornament and inscription is purely Persian and wholly Christian; and so rich is Persian literature and art in Christian allusion that the missionary in charge of that church has found it possible to send out every year a Christmas card with a different Persian text and illustration. On the cloisters round Sa'di's tomb at Shiraz are inscribed a few dozen excerpts from his poems, one of which is a quatrain in praise of Christ; which is as if the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey were adorned with quotations from Wordsworth or Shakespeare in praise of Muhammad – but only 'as if'. Few examples could be quoted of a like receptivity towards Persian civilization on the part of the English.

Few, but not quite none. There are happy exceptions. In the world of scholars and travellers, there is Professor E. G. Browne to set against the condescending Curzon. In the field of technocracy, there was the well-respected British Bank of Iran and the Middle East, which financed some three-quarters of the industrial development of Isfahan and closed its books in 1952 with scarcely a bad debt outstanding, to set against the melancholy example of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. And in *The Legacy of Persia* there is one memorable contribution to offset the impression of a disjointed assemblage of learned summaries and *belles lettres*, and to make this book a genuine opportunity for the re-discovery of Persia. This exception, appropriately enough in view of what has been said above, is the article on 'Religion' by Mr G. M. Wickens (who is primarily an Arabist rather than a Persian specialist, and who can reasonably be inferred from his writing to be a member of the Roman Catholic Church).

It stands apart from the other essays, too, and perhaps not accidentally, in being the only one in the book that does not contain the words *Persia* or *Persian* in its title. It is not, in fact, an article about Persian religion, but about Religion: what the Persians have contributed to religion, and what they have drawn from it. As such, its range is almost as wide as the subject of the book itself. It is a model of what a contribution to such a book should be; and it is also a model of a fresh Western approach to *Persia*.

Mr Wickens is neither dogmatic nor condescending. He has turned to *Persia* to learn, but he knows, too well to need to assert it, that learning is a process which takes place by the exchange of ideas – a two-way process. (It is tragic how little this fact is accepted in practice, even where it is acknowledged in theory, and in particular how absent its influence is from *The Legacy of Persia*.) This is no place to pass judgment on Mr Wickens' learning, but even a layman may admire his method of approaching his subject:

If we propose to treat the problem largely in terms of its hopeful relevance to ourselves, it is because the times are peculiarly, indeed urgently, appropriate to its consideration. It may become apparent as we proceed that this particular legacy, apart from casual realizations on it in the past, is still largely unclaimed, could indeed scarcely have been appreciated at its true worth by any age before our own. . . . The bequest which Persian Islam holds in trust for us has the power to help us win back our lost inheritance; if that should come to pass, the blessing which is the giver's by right will surely be doubled. Debts there cannot be where the gift is of grace.

And again at the end:

For the ultimate creation of this unity among the lovers of God (rather out of love than fear, if that may be) *Persia* has in the past amassed no small part of the material: it is for Muslims and Christians of the present day to supply the good intent and the energy. There is no question of 'going back': Islam can no more go back to the great Shi'ites, the Sufis, and the Fatalists, or to Al-Ghazali, than we to St Thomas or St Francis. Even if return were possible, we should not find their spirit at the end of our journey: they are living with us, however little regarded, and ahead of us, where the great bridge, of which we have spoken, is joined in God. Drawn by His Spirit through them, let us press on to join them there. Whatever mere influence *Persia* through Islam may have had on Europe in the past in the field of religion, her true glory is that her greatest legacy is a hope.

Those must be among the wisest words ever written about *Persia* in the English language. To dismiss them as other-worldly visions, unrelated to the practical tasks of restoring Britain's position in the Middle East, is to commit the very error that lost us Abadan two years ago. On the contrary, from the Persian point of view, these *are* the practical realities; and it is that point of view we have to begin to understand. A Persian would not have failed to notice, for instance, that the A I O C, for all the wealth

that it poured into *Persia* and extracted from *Persia*, never built for its English employees an Anglican church at Abadan; and a Persian might have drawn inferences from that fact about the spiritual strength of the English, and might have based on those inferences certain exciting hypotheses about the possibility of the British position in *Persia* collapsing at the first push. That is not to say that the conclusion was reached in this way; but it is the kind of way in which such conclusions could be reached in *Persia*, and it is a hard fact that that particular conclusion, fantastic as it would have seemed to the average Englishman in 1950, proved correct in 1951. It is to such spiritual realities that we must pay attention in future if our Middle Eastern position is to be recovered, or even salvaged; and it is from the Middle Eastern peoples, through mediators of the rare quality of Mr Wickens, that we must learn our lesson.

Lest anyone should think that there is no great need to trouble ourselves about such humiliating tasks for the sake of impossible people like the Persians, one final paragraph may serve as a reminder of the importance of *Persia* from the most hard-headed and this-worldly point of view. In the terminology of Mackinder's geo-politics, *Persia* is the only area defined as part of the Heartland that is not within the Soviet Empire; and we cannot even now safely reject the thesis that 'who rules the Heartland commands the World Island'. In terms of contemporary global strategy, *Persia* offers the Soviet Union its nearest and easiest chance of reaching a sea-outlet to the south by means of the Persian Gulf, and the services of a great oil industry on its arrival there. In terms of social and political conditions, *Persia* offers a close approximation to a 'revolutionary situation', coupled with the benefit of one of the half dozen most efficiently organized Communist Parties in the world outside the Soviet Orbit. For purposes of economic penetration, the Soviet Union is next door to *Persia* with all the advantages of easy access and low transport costs; for every other kind of penetration the same favourable conditions prevail. And finally the Russians have largely escaped the present wave of Persian xenophobia, partly by being less noticeably Western, and partly by learning from other people's experience: there was, for instance, no dispute over the termination, early this year, of the Caspian fisheries concession in the remotest degree comparable to that over the expropriation of the A I O C. If we choose to believe that the apparent change in Soviet policy since the death of Stalin means 'peace in our time', there is no need to worry. But if we prefer to regard Malenkov's as a policy of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, then *Persia* is as likely a candidate as any for the next leap. From the narrowest view-point of national self-interest, *Persia*'s is a legacy which we cannot afford to neglect. If we do, there is little doubt who will claim it.

THE TRAINS TO AUSCHWITZ

G. F. Hudson

The time has now come for the serious writing of the history of the Third Reich. Eight years have passed since the collapse of Hitler's empire, but they have been none too long for historians to sort, classify and analyse the immense mass of documentary material which became available to the Allies after Germany's surrender. Much of it was used as evidence in the various war crimes trials in the post-war period, and the world was thus informed of facts which had hitherto been unknown or only inferred by hazardous guesswork while the Nazis still governed Germany. But courts of law concerned with fixing personal legal responsibility for acts committed cannot have the same kind of interest in those acts as the historian for whom the behaviour of mankind is a phenomenon to be studied and explained rather than an exercise in moral accounting. The historians have entered the field after the lawyers have finished their work, and recently they have given us several works which combine a sufficiency of detailed research on the material available with a detachment and comprehensiveness of view such as were hardly possible for a liberal and humane mind during or just after the Hitler epoch. Last year we had Mr Alan Bullock's excellent biography of the Fuehrer, which traces his career from his obscure Austrian childhood to the burning of his corpse with petrol in the garden of the Reich Chancellery under investment by the Russian Army. April of this year has seen the publication of a book more limited in scope, but no less scholarly and illuminating - Mr Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution**, which deals with Hitler's endeavour to exterminate the Jewish population of German-controlled Europe between 1939 and 1945.

The programme of extermination was forecast by Hitler in his Reichstag speech of January 30th, 1939, when he declared:

If the international Jewish financiers inside and outside Europe should again succeed in plunging the nations into a world war, the result will be not the bolshevization of the earth and thus the victory of Jewry, but the annihilation of the Jewish race throughout Europe.

Goering had likewise publicly threatened a few months previously:

* Gerald Reitlinger, *The Final Solution*. Valentine, Mitchell & Co. 30s.

If in the near future the German Reich should come into conflict with foreign Powers it goes without saying that we in Germany would first of all let it come to a reckoning with the Jews.

In both these passages the massacre of all Jews within reach of the Nazi power is indicated as a collective punishment to be inflicted on Jewry for its supposed responsibility for the impending world war - in which Germany, of course, would be, not the aggressor, but the innocent victim. It must be emphasized that, whatever may have been the original intention in Hitler's mind, physical extermination of the entire Jewish people was not an essential part of the Nazi doctrine as it had been publicly preached before the war. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler had expressed his ferocious hatred of the Jews and he had made anti-Semitism the central theme of his propaganda, so that it might be expected that innumerable acts of cruelty and injustice would be committed against the scapegoat people if ever the Nazis came to power in Germany. But Hitler had not said that all Jews must be killed, nor did the alleged Jewish menace to the racial and national integrity of Germany logically require this extreme 'solution'. If the Jews were indeed biologically corrupting the 'Aryan' race by miscegenation, if they were ruining the German national economy by the manipulation of their financial power, if they dominated the political and cultural life of Germany by their control of the press and of the Liberal and Marxist parties, then it should have been entirely possible in theory to eliminate these alleged evils by segregating the Jews, forbidding them to intermarry or have sexual relations with Aryan Germans, excluding them from business and the professions, and removing them from any share in politics or State administration - in fact by such a policy as actually found expression in the notorious Nuremberg Laws. Alternatively, if even after all these restrictions had been imposed upon them the proximity of Jews to Germans had still been considered too dangerous and contaminating, the problem could have been solved either by forcing them to emigrate abroad beyond the sphere of German control or by 'resettling' them somewhere among people whom the Germans deemed also to belong to inferior races. Measures of such a kind were indeed undertaken or projected; for several years a considerable emigration was allowed or compelled, there was talk of a Jewish 'reserve' in Madagascar, and there were schemes for 'resettlement' in designated areas of Poland and Russia. But the 'final solution' was neither segregation, nor emigration, nor resettlement; it was wholesale racial massacre. This preference for murder cannot be explained in terms of precaution against a fifth column behind the lines, or even of protection of racial purity. By 1941 the Jews of Germany and of German-occupied territories were as crushed, impoverished and powerless as any normal anti-semitic could have desired.

The drive for total extermination implies an urge of pure malevolence which could only be satisfied with mass killing.

Even so, the evil impulse could hardly have been translated into administrative action but for the convergence of another factor which originally had nothing to do with the Jews. It has to be remembered that even after a couple of decades of Nazi propaganda there was still a certain novelty in the idea of the total extermination of a race. It was something quite different both from the old-fashioned Russian-type *pogrom* – reproduced in Germany by the S.A. Brownshirts after Hitler came to power as Chancellor in 1933, and again by the officially sponsored ‘reprisals’ for the assassination of vom Rath in November 1938 – and from the kind of killing which went on in Dachau, Buchenwald and other concentration camps set up by the Nazi regime. The traditional *pogrom* gave licence for pillage, torture and rape, but it usually failed to achieve a satisfactory quantity of homicide; the concentration camps accomplished murder in plenty, but the pretence was maintained that their victims were in ‘protective custody’, and children were not sent to them, whereas for the true racial fanatic the destruction of children who in future would perpetrate a condemned stock was more important than the slaughter of their parents or grandparents. For the ideal of total extermination something more was needed than the ordinary brutality of the Nazi dictatorship. The Party had no lack of cruel and ruthless men, but they were liable to suffer from moral qualms in their cups and on occasions to give way to sentimental weaknesses – like *Reichskommissar* Wilhelm Kube, who had been a founder-member and professed the utmost devotion to its ideology, but, when sent to White Russia, was guilty of deplorable hesitations in the task of race-murder and, according to allegations made against him in reports to the Gestapo, had even been seen giving sweets to Jewish children. In order to overcome such defects of human nature it was necessary to cultivate a state of mind which was at once absolutely insensible to pity and morally self-satisfied. This was done primarily, as Mr Reitlinger shows, not by the Jew-baiters, but by the euthanasia institutes.

The Nazi doctrine had always included advocacy of euthanasia for the incurably sick and the insane; even in peace time it had, in Mr Reitlinger’s words, ‘with its morbid insistence on youth and health, almost made illness a crime’. But even after Hitler came to power there was still strong and effective opposition in Germany, particularly from religious bodies, to any alteration of the law against ‘mercy killing’. However, according to the testimony of Dr Karl Brandt, the former *Reichskommissar* for Health, at his trial after the war:

In 1935 Hitler told the Reich Medical Leader Wagner that, if war came, he would take up and carry through this question of euthanasia, because

it was easier to do so in wartime when the Church would not be able to put up the expected resistance.

Hitler gave effect to this intention a month after the outbreak of war in 1939 by means of a secret decree issued through the so-called Fuehrer’s Chancellery. This institution, which was co-ordinate with the Reich Chancellery and the Party Chancellery, ‘existed for no other purpose than the preparation of decrees that were never published and could not be seen’. The directive instructed certain individuals to organize euthanasia for incurables and lunatics, and this was done with a most elaborate camouflage for concealing the activity from the German public. A ‘Charitable Foundation for the Transport of the Sick’ was formed to remove patients from hospitals and asylums and hand them over to a ‘Charitable Foundation for Institutional Care’ which put them to death either by lethal injections or by gassing in ‘euthanasia institutes’ in various parts of Germany. In the two years 1939–41 some 50,000 patients were thus disposed of. The method of gassing was by engine-exhaust fumes; the use of hydrogen-cyanide or ‘Zyklon B’ gas was only introduced later. Already in this period, however, a certain Dr Wirth had given effect to the idea of disguising the lethal chamber as a bathroom with showers in order to lull the suspicions of the intended victims.

In spite of the secrecy surrounding the work of the Charitable Foundations, it was impossible to prevent knowledge of it from spreading among the German people and there was widespread opposition to it, including protests from both Catholic and Protestant bishops. On one occasion a train conveying patients from a mental hospital to a euthanasia institute was held up by an angry crowd. In the end, popular hostility to the programme became so marked that it was suspended. But this only meant that the staffs who had been trained in these institutes became available for service outside the pre-war frontiers of Germany, while a number of high officials had become accustomed to the idea of putting people to death, not because they had committed any crime or even because they were deemed a danger to the State, but simply because they were regarded as useless and superfluous. Already the doctors in charge of the euthanasia project had extended its scope from the incurably ill to ‘asocial’ types such as tramps and habitual criminals, and thence it was only a short step to extend it still further to whole races who were, according to Nazi theory, ‘parasitic’ or ‘unproductive’. Both the Jews and the Gypsies were classified in this category.

The fact that the Gypsies as well as the Jews were marked down by Hitler for racial extermination is often forgotten; the sufferings of this ancient wandering people have had no such literary commemoration as has been provided by survivors and chroniclers of the anti-Jewish

massacres. But the application of race-murder to the Gypsies shows that a principle much wider than anti-semitism was involved. There were no international Gypsy financiers to instigate war against poor innocent Germany; nobody had ever tried to hold the Gypsies responsible for Freemasonry or Marxism, for the Versailles *Diktat* or the inflation of the currency. All that they had in common with the Jews was that they were a dispersed international people without a national territory of their own, that they were 'guests' of other peoples and did not fit in well with the system of territorial nation-states. This was apparently sufficient to get them classified with the Jews as a people to be exterminated. But if a harmless race as the Gypsies were unfit to live, was there really any barrier to prevent the principle of superfluity being extended still further so as to include in the end territorial nations as well? There was talk of applying mass extermination measures to 'thin out' the Slav peoples of Europe, and if Hitler had won the war it is likely that such 'solutions' would have been extended in all directions. In any case, by the time military defeat was overtaking Nazi ambitions, mass killing in gas chambers had become a great vested interest, an industry and a profession which would soon have to look for fresh fields to exploit. The system of gas-chambers and crematoria at Auschwitz - for which the original architect's plans exist under the title of 'Bath establishment for special action' - had a theoretical capacity of 12,000 corpses a day, and the technicians were dreaming of still bigger and better installations.

Apart from the euthanasia of lunatics and incurables mentioned above and the 'normal' killings in concentration camps which went on all the time, the realization of Hitler's lethal projects was delayed until his invasion of Russia in June 1941. His threat of what would happen to the Jews if the 'international Jewish financiers' were to bring about a war should logically have been put into effect from the outbreak of the European war in September 1939, but political motives deterred Hitler from carrying it out at that time. A great many countries, including the United States, were still neutral and their attitude was a matter of importance for Germany; further, it was anticipated that Britain and France could be manoeuvred into a compromise peace, and it was unwise to feed anti-Nazi sentiments by horrors which could not be entirely concealed. After the defeat of France the Nazi attitude became more arrogant and contemptuous of world opinion, but Hitler still moved with caution; there were American correspondents in Berlin until December 1941, and Vichy France provided channels of information for what was happening in the German-occupied territories of Western Europe. In his plans for the invasion of Russia, however, Hitler included a scheme for the extermination of the Jews by special police detachments in the wake of the

advancing German armies. He appears to have had two reasons for thus departing from the rule of caution which had hitherto restrained him - and continued to do so in the rest of Europe until the end of 1941. The first was that in the Soviet Union concealment was far easier for the invaders than in any other European country, because Soviet policy had so systematically excluded foreign residents from the western borderlands of the Union that there were virtually no independent observers who could report what happened. The second was that Russia had been the homeland of the pogrom before the establishment of Soviet rule, and the Nazis could count on reviving the tradition among sections of the local population, who could then be made scapegoats for any massacres which it might be impossible completely to conceal.

The anti-Jewish operations in the Soviet Union (including the Soviet-annexed half of pre-war Poland and the Baltic States) were entrusted to four formations of S.D. police troops known as *Einsatzgruppen*, each of which had a zone of action in the rear of the advancing *Wehrmacht*. In each city where there was a Jewish community, Jews were rounded up and taken in batches to some tract of waste ground in the neighbourhood, where they were massacred and buried in large common graves. Jews who were Soviet officials, technicians or skilled workers had for the most part been evacuated into the interior of Russia before the Germans arrived; of those who remained some were employed by the *Wehrmacht* and were under its protection, and some managed to escape and go into hiding or join the partisans, but the gregariousness of the East European Jews made it easy to isolate them and great numbers perished. The normal method of execution was machine-gunning, but use was also made of gassing-vans, which directed the exhaust from the engine into the sealed compartment containing the victims; the vans, however, were unpopular with the *Einsatzgruppen* because their members themselves often suffered from the fumes when unloading them.

In December 1941 Germany went to war with the United States and the principal factor of restraint on the extermination programme - the motive of conciliating important neutral opinion - virtually disappeared. In 1942 the 'Final Solution' was extended from the Jews of Russia to those of the Reich itself and of all the German-occupied or German-controlled countries of Europe. Even now, however, some feeling of shame or fear of arousing popular hostility prevented the authorities in charge of 'special actions' from performing them in Western Europe. The slaughter of Jewish men, women and children which was carried out on the outskirts of Riga, Vilna or Kiev was not to be repeated in the neighbourhoods of Paris, Amsterdam or even Berlin; instead of this, Jews were to be collected and despatched in trains for 'resettlement in the East'. The original idea

was to send them to Russia, where they would be included in the 'treatment' already being applied to the Russian Jews by the *Einsatzgruppen*; some thousands of Jews from the Reich were in fact sent to Russia and killed there. But as the military campaign in Russia became increasingly arduous, the *Wehrmacht* strongly objected to having its railway communications cluttered up with trainloads of Jews being sent into Russia for extermination, and it was decided to restrict railway transport to the minimum necessary to get the Jews into Eastern Europe. This meant that the 'resettlement' was made in Poland, and it was there that the five 'extermination camps' were set up to receive the 'settlers' – Auschwitz and Chelmno in the part of pre-war Poland declared annexed to the Reich, Treblinka, Sobibor and Belzec (not to be confused with the more famous Belsen in western Germany) in the Polish Government-General. These camps differed from ordinary concentration camps in that they were not intended to confine prisoners, even with a high mortality rate from ill-treatment, but were essentially places designed for wholesale killing; with only the temporary sparing of a sufficient number of prisoners to carry on the essential services of the camp. In Auschwitz indeed a larger number were kept in the camp than were needed for these purposes, but this, as Mr Reitlinger points out, was due to an initial pretence that it was to be a labour camp; even so, a majority of those sent to Auschwitz never actually entered the camp at all, but were taken straight from the trains to the gas-chambers.

The death camps in Poland represented a higher stage in the evolution of mass killing than the executions in Russia, and they reflected to a much greater degree the experience and technique of the Charitable Foundation for Institutional Care, which supplied them with its leading experts after the euthanasia programme in Germany was suspended. The higher authorities were not slow to perceive the advantages of gassing in permanent camps, as compared with shooting on improvised killing grounds as a method of execution. There was, first of all, the question of publicity. Although there were virtually no neutral foreign residents in the western marches of the Soviet Union to observe and report what was going on, there was much embarrassing publicity among the Germans themselves. The places of execution were cordoned off, but there were usually plenty of sightseers and some of them took photographs. Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, commanding the Germany Army in the Ukraine, was compelled to issue an order to his troops in the following terms:

Action against Communists and Jews is only to be undertaken by the special commandos of the Security Police and S D, who carry out such orders on their own responsibility. Participation of members of the armed forces in Ukrainian excesses against the Jewish population is forbidden,

also the witnessing and photographing of the measures taken by the special commandos.

On this order, which so perfectly illustrates the attitude of the German Generals towards the activities of the S.S., Mr Reitlinger comments:

Von Rundstedt's order confirms the use that was made of the soldier's *Leica* on such occasions. Despite the prohibition issued by Himmler on November 12th, 1941, many snapshots have survived the war. Those published by Dr Steiner of Bratislava illustrate all the stages of a mass execution, the huge pit with people undressing, the naked women queueing with babies in their arms to pass the shooting-point, the layers of corpses with the *Sonderkommando* wading among them in order to give the *coup de grace* with their Schmeisser guns.

These undesirable records were avoided in the death camps, where none could enter except for the professional killers and their prey. The death camps with their gas-chambers were also a relief for what was called *seelische Belastung* or 'moral strain' – a trouble from which it seems that even Himmler himself was not exempt. Mr Reitlinger relates, on the strength of testimony given in the Nuremberg trial of *Einsatzgruppen* commanders:

... in August 1951 Himmler ordered Nebe to carry out in his presence the execution of a hundred inmates of Minsk prison. Von dem Bach-Zelenski watched Himmler closely during the action, saw him stagger at the first volley and almost fall to the ground in a swoon. He observed that when these raw executioners failed to kill two Jewish women outright, Himmler lost his head and shouted. As a result of his experience, Himmler instructed Nebe to devise more humane means of mass killing. The final result seems to have been an order in the following spring, mentioned by Ohlendorf, to kill women and children only in gas vans.

There is really no reason to believe that gassing was a more humane method of killing as far as the victims were concerned, for it was by no means instantaneous in its effect. But it certainly involved less *seelische Belastung* for sensitive murderers, who were spared the sight of their victims' dying. At Auschwitz in particular extermination was carried on in an orderly and efficient manner. A well-kept grass lawn covered the underground gas-chambers, and a Tzigane orchestra (the players in which were themselves destined for extermination) played dance music while the victims were driven to their doom. After a gas-chamber had been filled with people, the heavy metal door was closed and an orderly poured Zyklon B crystals from containers into shafts where the gas was produced and passed through pipes into the chamber. Twenty-five minutes later the gas-laden air was removed by electric pumps, the door was opened, and prisoners, working under the supervision of camp guards, searched the corpses for jewellery and gold-filled teeth, which were carefully collected; after the searching, the dead were delivered to the cremation

furnaces, which were equipped with mechanical stokers, corpse lifts and ash-tips.

The whole process was indeed a triumph of modern scientific technology. There were nevertheless bottle-necks in the functioning of the crematoria, and when in the summer of 1944 gassing reached its climax at Auschwitz, it was discovered that the most rapid and economical way of transforming human beings into smoke was to throw them into trenches filled with petrol. By a peculiar irony of history this was the method used to dispose of Hitler himself after his suicide in the bunker of the Reich Chancellery.

Gas never indeed completely superseded the use of the gun, even at Auschwitz. Sometimes people were shot because the trains delivered more victims than the gas-chambers could deal with. Sometimes people who had heard rumours of what awaited them made a desperate resistance in the ante-room of the gas-chamber and had to be wiped out by shooting; this was the case with a transport of 300 Dutch Jews, including a group of the diamond-cutters of Amsterdam. It could even happen, though it was extremely rare, that the bullet was used after Zyklon B had failed to kill. Dr Nyiszli, a Hungarian who was compelled to work as a prisoner in a *Sonderkommando* at Auschwitz and had the luck to survive, relates that on one occasion, when the door of the gas-chamber was opened, a fifteen-year-old girl was found alive among the corpses; she was taken out and shot.

In one way or another the death camps were capable of dealing with as many Jews as could be collected and sent to them from all parts of Europe. That a considerable number of Jews in German-dominated territory nevertheless survived the war was due to two main causes. The first was the sabotage of the Fuehrer's policy by private individuals and officials, and particularly by the satellite governments, who concealed Jews, helped them to escape or failed to find them. The second, operative especially during the last year of the war, was the need for labour, which led to many Jews being exploited as slaves instead of being put to death – an exemption which was, however, regarded by the S.S. as only a temporary reprieve.

The extent to which Hitler's will was defied, thwarted or evaded over the extermination programme within his transient empire is one of the most complex and disputable topics in this field of history, the evidence having been much confused by the attempts of almost everyone concerned, from Goering downwards, to prove that somehow he saved or protected Jews during the war. The record indeed varies from one country to another, with all kinds of complicating factors, and Mr Reitlinger takes each country in turn – the Reich together with the Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia, the Polish Government-General, the Soviet Union,

German-occupied Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, Vichy France, Italy, Greece, Serbia, Croatia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Slovakia and Rumania. Even in the Reich itself there was non-co-operation, and Goebbels in his *Diaries* speaks bitterly of German 'intellectuals' who gave warnings to Jews whenever the Gestapo dragnet was closing upon them. Jews living 'underground' survived the war even in Berlin, Prague and Vienna. But, broadly speaking, the Final Solution was enforced in Germany and in all the territories where Germans had direct control, though with variations mainly due to regional differences in the shares of jurisdiction as between the *Wehrmacht* and the S.S. On the other hand, in the satellite states there were governments which, in spite of susceptibility to German pressure, retained some power to resist or obstruct Nazi policies. Of these Mr Reitlinger gives the highest credit to Italy and speaks of 'Italian soldiers and officials exercising their subtle wits on behalf of decency and humanity'. But in September 1943 the Germans took control of as much of Italy as had not been overrun by the Allies, and the Gestapo rounded up Jews without reference to the Italian authorities. Many were sent to Auschwitz from Rome itself without any rebuke from the Vatican – a silence which Mr Reitlinger generously attributes, not to any pro-German or anti-semitic sympathies, but to 'plain fear'. Ten years later the Vatican was to be moved with Christian compassion for the fate of two Jews sentenced by a court of law in the United States for espionage against their own country, but it was certainly safer in 1953 to plead for the lives of the Rosenbergs than it was in 1943 to protest when innocent men, women and children were carried away to death under the very shadow of St Peter's.

In France, resistance and evasion were such that three-quarters of the Jewish community survived the war. Nevertheless, more than 60,000 perished; in July 1942, 12,000 Jews were rounded up in Paris, and as the author writes, 'the ordeal of the Kiev, Lvov and Lublin ghettos was now repeated in the most civilized city in the world'. The French collaborator D'Arquier de Pellepoix tried to save the children for orphanages, but all he accomplished was to separate them from their parents; Eichmann, the head of the Jewish Affairs section of the Gestapo, insisted that the children should be sent on later, and French gendarmes had to assist in packing them into the trains.

Apart from such more or less surreptitious attempts to thwart the Fuehrer's will, the principal chance of survival for Jews lay in exemption for purposes of labour useful to the Reich. This was never a sure hope, for the only Jews who could be regarded as indispensable in the German national economy were a few skilled armament workers; others lived or died according to the demand for labour at any given moment, or the whims and caprices of the S.S. chiefs. In any case exemption was only

for able-bodied Jews fit for hard work; it excluded the aged, the sick and the children. As Dr Wetzel, head of the Race-political Office of the Nazi Party, wrote in a letter to Heinrich Lohse, *Reichskommissar* for Occupied Eastern Territory:

. . . one need have no scruple in using Brack's method [gassing] to liquidate Jews who are unsuitable for work. . . . On the other hand, Jews suitable for work will still be sent east to be attached to the Labour Service. Naturally the employable men and women must be separated from each other.

This was the principle adopted in the 'selections' at Auschwitz. On arrival the trainloads of deportees were sorted out into two groups, one of which went into the camp and the other straight to the gas-chambers. As Mr Reitlinger explains:

The decision in fact rested . . . with the two S.S. doctors who separated the groups by merely pointing with their walking-sticks on the Auschwitz siding. And again these doctors were guided solely by the percentage of able-bodied people in the transport and the vacancies reported by the camp leaders. Throughout the twenty-eight months of selections at Auschwitz the procedure was by rule of thumb. Children under fifteen, men over fifty and women over forty-five went to the gas chambers. To save the S.S. difficulties, all mothers who accompanied young children went to the gas chambers irrespective of their age.

To pass into the camp, however, was no guarantee of survival, for many who were still able-bodied on arrival were soon so broken down by privation and ill-treatment that they were classified as 'unfit' and thus in their turn graduated for the gas chambers. The S.S. made no real efforts to keep their slave workers alive, and indeed in general they showed themselves incapable of effectively exploiting labour for profit. While extremely reluctant to hand over their Jews for use by any other branch of the government, they were themselves too incompetent as *entrepreneurs* to draw the advantages which they might have done from the slaves in their possession. They obtained their perquisites from the clothing and jewellery of those whom they slew, and death output was the only kind of production in which they were truly skilled. What happened when the S.S. went into commercial business was illustrated by the history of O S T I, a company formed to exploit the Jewish labour of the province of Lublin in Poland under S.S. Major-General Globocnik. Globocnik, who was drunk most of his time, had no business capacity, but took the opportunity to embezzle funds advanced for O S T I enterprises. Finally Himmler, who perpetually strove to maintain financial probity in an organization devoted to robbery and murder, had to dismiss him and transfer him to Dalmatia. The real penalty for his business failure, however, was paid by his slave workers; half the labour force of O S T I was declared redundant, and in November 1943, 11,000 men and 6,000

women were machine-gunned at Majdanek in one day in what Mr Reitlinger calls 'the most concentrated single massacre of the war'.

Nevertheless, in the last year of the war the urgent demand of labour, especially for the new underground armament factories and the fortifications designed to halt the Russian invasion of Germany, saved many tens of thousands of Jewish lives. There was a fantastically high death rate when labour regarded as expendable was worked beyond the limits of human endurance under appalling conditions, but it was no longer extermination. Meanwhile Himmler himself had fallen from a state of grace and had engaged in the devious negotiations which have for ever sullied his reputation as an incorruptible race-murderer. First he offered to sell Jews to the Allies in return for heavy lorries, which Germany needed; then he offered to sell them for hard cash in Swiss francs; finally he declared himself ready to stop killing them if the Allies would accept him as Hitler's successor. Unfortunately, he could not stop the machine working even when he wanted to; although he gave orders in March 1945 that no more Jews were to be killed, Captain Joseph Kramer, in charge of the Bergen-Belsen camps, allowed thousands of prisoners to die of starvation because, as he explained at his trial, obtaining rations for them from the well-stocked military food stores nearby would have involved 'special indents', which it was too much trouble for him to make.

What, then, when the war was over, was the final balance sheet of Hitler's programme? Mr Reitlinger goes into the statistical problem in detail, and it is a matter for serious debate, because the estimates of the numbers of the slain vary so widely. Some figures quoted just after the war were undoubtedly too high. Computed by subtracting the supposed post-war Jewish population of Europe from the supposed pre-war population, they were unreliable, partly because of the absence of really satisfactory pre-war statistics for several countries, partly because emigration was going on all the time during the post-war assessment, and particularly because it has never been possible to ascertain what proportion of the Jews of the Soviet Union saved themselves by flight before the German invasion or had already been deported to Siberia in various Soviet purges. But, as is liable to happen when inflated figures are effectively criticized, the 'debunking' has now reached a point at which it has become possible for German neo-Nazis to claim that the extermination campaign was a myth and that at worst there were some excesses which were no part of the policy of the German State. Yet the basic facts are beyond dispute, and even if there had never been testimony from a single Jewish victim, the documentation left behind by the killers themselves is sufficient to establish them. As Mr Reitlinger justly claims, 'whether six millions died, or five millions, or less, it was still the most systematic extermination of a race in human history'.

FIVE YEARS OF THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE

Allendale Sanderson

A character in a Saki story complained that 'half the lies told about me aren't true'; and much the same could be said of the National Health Service, which was five years old last month. The criticism, for example, that the revolution of July 5th, 1948, attempted too much too quickly – that a steady evolution would have avoided some of the mistakes – must be set against a recital of the authoritative reports and studies which had been advocating most of these changes in health policy ever since the end of the First World War. The Dawson report of 1920, which first – it would be nice to be able to say 'prophetically', but the prophesy has still to come true – outlined health centres, stated also that 'the best means of maintaining health and curing disease should be made available to all citizens. . . . This is an undertaking which can be at once begun and steadily proceeded with'. Reform of the voluntary hospitals system urged by the Cave committee in 1921 was equally ineffectual because, according to the Sankey commission's report of 1937, there was no external menace to drive them to co-operate together instead of competing against each other until, under the threat of the municipal hospitals created under the Act of 1929, 'the voluntary hospitals are themselves demanding those very reforms which the Cave committee urged upon them and which they neglected to carry out'. Extensions of the 1911 scheme of national health insurance to cover dependents and to include specialist services and dental and maternity benefits, first discussed by the Royal Commission of 1926, were endorsed by the B M A report of 1930, which was re-issued in 1938 with a statement advocating (like the Sankey commission in 1937) a regional hospital service. But the Royal Commission's report anticipated by twenty years the National Health Service Act of 1946 when it stated:

The ultimate solution will lie, we think, in the direction of divorcing the medical service entirely from the insurance system and recognizing it along with all the other public health activities as a service to be supported from the general public funds.

Is it, then, fanciful to compare this common criticism, that the National Health Service Act attempted too sudden and drastic a revolution, with the plaint of a patient who, after ignoring his doctor's good advice for over twenty years, finds himself faced with an unavoidable major operation?

Those who in their irritation at some current petty restriction or

apparent abuse hark back to the 'good old days before the National Health Service' would do well to refresh their memories. Perhaps some extracts from a summary of the hospital surveys made at the end of the war will help to satisfy, at least for the hospital service, the question whether a revolution was really necessary.

Both voluntary and municipal bodies are engaged in providing hospitals large and small, varying from a very few thousand-bedded general hospitals to a very considerable number of hospitals with 50 beds or less There is 'a tendency to identify the voluntary hospital with the comparatively exceptional large teaching hospital and to assume that all reach the same high standards of work – an assumption that is unfortunately not well-founded'. . . . Outside the large centres there is a multiplicity of small hospitals, whose divorce from a coherent plan makes them inefficient and uneconomic – and exceedingly difficult to staff (particularly with nurses).

The bed-shortage leads, particularly in voluntary hospitals, to long waiting lists. . . . In municipal hospitals and Public Assistance Institutions which are 'obliged to admit patients from within their areas', the result of the bed-shortage is seen in overcrowding of wards and in under-staffing. . . .

Serious as the bed-shortage is, there is an even more serious shortage of medical staff, 'most obvious in the Consultant-Specialist class'. . . . The reason for the shortage and the reason why 'certain specialties have been slow in developing', is fundamentally economic. 'Junior staff at the larger [voluntary] hospitals are paid, but for the performance of their most important work the [voluntary] hospitals are almost without exception dependent on the voluntary unpaid service of consultants and specialists . . . a custom which has been largely responsible for the unequal and unsatisfactory distribution of consultants and specialists, as it is only in a few areas that specialist private practice is sufficiently remunerative to allow the specialist to settle there. . . .

It is, or should be, a truism to say that the only immediate alleviation of the shortages is by the 'complete pooling of resources: of accommodation, equipment and skill, for the benefit of the public'. It is, but should not be, equally true to say that 'At the present time there is no integration of the hospital services.' As a result 'the tendency as a whole was for development to take place competitively and independently rather than as part of a single service'.

The Coalition Government's White Paper of 1944 stated the first tentative plans for a post-war national health service on the principle that the public would 'be able to obtain medical advice and treatment of any kind without charge'. The basis was to be central Ministerial responsibility, area administration of hospitals and health services on a local-authority system (with which voluntary hospitals would be asked to co-operate under contract), and a general-practitioner service partly on salary at health centres and partly on a capitation fee in separate practice. A B M A plebiscite showed just over half of all doctors, and nearly two-thirds of general practitioners, to be opposed to the Coalition plan – chiefly because

it seemed to threaten them with local-government control. The change of government in 1945, with its popular mandate, was the signal for a fresh start. Its proposal to take over, and to put under new regional boards, all hospitals – the only logical course, administratively and financially – seems to have caused more disquiet to some of the general public than to the medical profession, who were better informed about the necessity for long overdue reorganization of the hospitals system. It was over the remuneration and freedom of doctors that the professional storms broke as soon as the Act was passed and negotiations for its implementation began. For the Act was only a statutory outline and most of the details had to be filled in by regulations. Despite repeated assurances the doctors, and especially the general practitioners, believed that Mr Bevan meant to introduce by regulation a whole-time salaried service and 'direction' of doctors to under-doctored areas. At the first B M A plebiscite, on whether or not to negotiate with the Minister, there was a small majority (of general practitioners, nearly two-thirds) against negotiating. A second plebiscite disapproved the Act by over 40,000 to less than 5,000. The third vote, on co-operation or non-co-operation in the service, showed only less than 10,000 general practitioners to be in favour of non-co-operation: so at the end of May 1948 the B M A recommended the profession to take part in the health service.

The attitude of the public throughout these months of professional discussion and opinion-polling was obviously not without its effect. The public wanted the service and was clearly intending to enrol: in these circumstances the doctors had little option. Perhaps because they realized this, the profession fought the more fiercely for their required assurances and guarantees. But on both sides it left a bad taste in the mouth. The importance attaching to the attitude of the general practitioners is easy to understand. Their consultant colleagues had long ago realized that the only secure future lay in payment for their services in hospitals: with fewer private patients in prospect, they could no longer afford to give a large part of their time for nothing. (The need to pay their medical staffs had been becoming clear to voluntary hospitals well before the war, and added to their gloomy financial prospects.) The wartime re-distribution of specialists, paid to work in peripheral hospitals prepared for war casualties under the Emergency Medical Service, had already accustomed the consultants to salaries – and opened their eyes to the urgency and possibility of upgrading the more poorly equipped and served hospitals. Accepting the necessity, the specialists were free to make or accept terms that were by no means disadvantageous in cash or status. The general practitioners on the other hand, bent on battle, neglected or overlooked the chance to make the National Health Service an opportunity of revers-

ing some of the trends which make for a harder life and lower status than is proper for good general practice.

Nor was there any less need for a tidying up and evening up of local-authority services. The case for bringing the municipal hospitals into a properly co-ordinated plan, and for improving their staffing, has already been dealt with. But there was also a case for improving the rather haphazard functions of the 400 major and minor local authorities responsible for maternity, child-welfare, and public-health nursing services: some were too poor and too small to provide these services adequately, and none had power to provide home nursing other than midwifery. And their functions were incoherently divided, so that it might happen that in one single area midwives might be provided by the county council, the public-health nurse by the district council, and the home nurse by the voluntary nursing association. By concentrating these functions in the hands of major health authorities only (counties and country boroughs) the National Health Service made possible an overall improvement and a sensible integration.

Such, then, was the case for the National Health Service: whatever may have been the shortcomings in detail of the plan and of the way it was worked, the case was unanswerable. Small wonder that its creation and acceptance was an act of public will – a will which even the medical profession, for all its misgivings, eventually accepted. One of the more exciting chapters in Sir James Stirling Ross's comprehensive book on *The National Health Service in Great Britain* (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, 1952) deals with 'The Executive and Administrative Preparations'. It must have been an exhilarating as well as an anxious twenty months' racing to get the machinery ready, especially as the period was punctuated by the drama of negotiations with the professions. It must have taken courage as well as undaunted hard work to decide to press ahead and introduce the whole service on July 5th. Final agreement with the doctors had been reached only thirty-eight days before; with the pharmaceutical chemists only seventeen days in England and five days in Scotland before the appointed day; and on June 20th, within fifteen days of the start of the service, the British Dental Association, representing nearly two-thirds of the practising dentists, had decided not to take part, though on the next day the two other professional dental bodies saw nothing to prevent them recommending their members to enter the service (and in the event three-quarters of the dentists came into the service within three months). Only the professional representatives of the ophthalmic services had reached early and peaceful agreement with the Ministry in good time.

Because the general practitioners came off rather badly, financially and

in other ways, and because the dentists', chemists', and ophthalmic services' bills showed early signs of being excessive, it is sometimes argued that – even if the whole service could not have been postponed without dislocating the wider time-table of related legislation – parts of the service should have been delayed till they could be fully worked out, and then introduced by stages. To this argument Sir James Ross gives a good administrative answer: 'The sooner these [problems] were tackled by those who had to administer them practically, the sooner would efficiency be reached.'

Despite the desperate speed with which the whole grand design was put into motion, it still seems almost beyond belief that the public's taste for medicine, spectacles and dentures should have been so grossly underestimated. The Royal Commission of 1926 had reported that 'the dental condition of the industrial classes is deplorable'. The Teviot committee reports of 1944 and 1945 had given warning of the gross and grave inadequacy of the dental profession to meet the likely and legitimate demand for dental service: 'the shortage would be very serious'. The cause of the inadequacy was simple. Dental 'benefit' under the national health insurance scheme had begun only in 1921, and was used mainly for extractions rather than for conservative dentistry. The result of this long-standing neglect was, in Sir James Ross's words, that

in the last war 80–90 per cent. of the young men and women recruits needed dental treatment. . . . A survey of Scottish school-children in 1941–3 showed that at age 6 the proportion of sound permanent molars was 82 per cent.: at age 13 it had fallen to 20 per cent., and half of the teeth were beyond hope.

The potential demand for dental, and also for ophthalmic, service was basically genuine. Dr J. H. Sheldon's survey of old people in Wolverhampton (*The Social Medicine of Old Age*, Geoffrey Cumberlege, O U P, 1948) showed that over one-third of old men and women in the town had inadequate teeth – one in ten had neither their own nor artificial teeth, and ate with their bare gums – and nearly one-third had inadequate spectacles, often acquired without eye-test, by inheritance or from a chain store. The same proportion, one-third, needed but did not possess a hearing-aid.

In the face of these facts it is difficult to maintain that the public's use of the service, as soon as it was 'free', was merely frivolous. And if they were guilty of a 'free' spending spree, they were not unabetted. For neither bottles of medicine, dentures, spectacles, nor even wigs could be had without the consent of the appropriate professional man. A recent survey by Mr D. Reid Ross in a northern industrial town ('N H S in Factory-town'. *Medical World*, February 1952) states that

93 per cent. of the families knew of no cases where either the doctor or the public had abused the scheme: 7 per cent. of the families knew of one or more cases where the scheme had actually been abused. The nature of these alleged abuses as far as the doctors were concerned involved such things as the doctor refusing to make a night call or to attend a delivery or make an emergency visit; or offering preferential treatment to a paying patient, over-prescribing or ordering an ambulance when a patient did not need it. Of patients abusing the scheme, the instances cited involved people going to the doctor when they were not sick or to get a sick note when they did not need one; getting glasses or false teeth when they were not needed or getting two pairs when they needed only one; using the ambulance when they did not need it, or a combination of these, and a few other reasons. It should not be overlooked that in most of these instances the doctor was also involved in the abuse, since he had to sign the sick note, write the prescriptions or recommend sight testing.

The public's immediately enthusiastic response to the scheme was nevertheless embarrassing. Even if the original financial estimates for some parts of the National Health Service were only guesses, made before the terms with the professions (and therefore the likely costs) could be formulated, they proved to be remarkably inaccurate. The actual expenditure on the dental service for the first nine months (£17½m.)* was between two and three times as great as the provisional estimate of £7m., and rose to over £42½m. for 1949–50, £40½m. for 1950–51; the introduction of charges in 1951 led to a reduced estimate of under £32½m. for 1951–2. The initial under-estimate for the eye service was even larger: the actual expenditure of £11m. in the first nine months was between four and five times larger than the estimated £2½m., and after rising to £21½m. in the first full year (1949–50), dropped to £19½m. in 1950–51, and to an estimate of £13½m. for 1951–2 after charges were introduced and the peak of the pent-up demand had been passed. The ophthalmic service's share of the total cost of the National Health Service had quadrupled, from 1·2 per cent. to 5·4 per cent., by April 1951 – by which time 19½ million pairs of spectacles had been supplied in England and Wales. The likely number of chemists' prescriptions was originally estimated at 140 million a year, but it proved to be a rapidly and continuously rising number, reaching 190 million in the first year, 210 million in the second, and is now (even with the 1s. charge) running at the rate of 241 million a year. The total cost of the pharmaceutical service climbed from nearly £16m. in the first nine months, to £31½m., £34½m., and an estimate of £38m. over the three subsequent years: more alarmingly the average cost of prescriptions increased from 3s. 2d. in 1949–50 to 4s. 2½d. in 1952–3.

The introduction of charges to the patient had been not the only nor the first step to reduce the cost of these services: immediate measures were taken to cut progressively the remuneration of the dentists, pharmacists,

and opticians – partly because the rates proved to have been based on inaccurate ideas of the time taken for various operations and procedures, and on disproportionate allowances for overhead expenses. The gross earnings of the dentists, in particular, attracted widespread comment in the press, and the grim joke was made that dentists would soon be the richest corpses in the cemetery – for many of them were overworking themselves to an opulent death. The attraction of remunerative practice was, moreover, nearly fatal to the salaried school dental service, where the numbers employed slumped from over 1,000 in 1948 to 812 in 1951: but, as the Minister of Health pointed out in the House of Commons on May 18th, 1953, it was back to nearly 1,000 at the beginning of this year, doubtless as a result of adjustments in remuneration.* Indeed it is not difficult to accuse the dental part of the National Health Service of having encouraged the provision of dentures for the old at the expense of conservative care for children and mothers. The Minister was able to claim that the charges are beginning to reverse the trend and restore some meaning to the term 'priority classes'. But it will be a pity if they reverse also the trend towards regular examination and conservation among the general public: the obvious effect to expect from charging adults the whole cost of treatment up to £1 is that people will put off a visit to the dentist till the tooth is too far gone to be saved. The demand for dentures, like that for spectacles, once supply had begun to overhaul the accumulated deficiency of years, might have fallen to a steady and manageable figure – if some means of simultaneously assuring adequate dental attention for the young could have been devised. For the difficulty with the dental service has been that the supply of dentists was and still is inadequate to provide a sufficient service to the whole community. The shortage of practitioners used to be due to the difficulty of making a living when a large part of the population lacked the means, as well as the educated inclination, to seek proper dental treatment. But despite greatly enhanced earnings under the National Health Service, the intake into the profession is still too low. The only sensible solution – advocated by many competent to judge but determinedly opposed by the profession – is to adopt the thirty-year-old New Zealand practice of training women dental assistants for the routine care of children's teeth.

The unexpected, to some extent unwelcome, results in such parts of the National Health Service as caught the public's fancy disproportionately must not distract attention either from some equally serious defects of the service or from its more solid achievements. But these must be reserved for a subsequent article.

* But as one Minister of Education pointed out on July 1st, the present number of school dentists is only half the required total of over 2,000.

POLITICAL REALISM

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The political convulsions which shook England between 1830 and 1848 were the symptoms of a confusion which went far deeper. It was as though one generation was being presented at once with every idea, had suddenly become sensitive to every wrong, was feverishly searching for every remedy. It was an age of declamation and denunciation, of febrile enthusiasm and passionate over-statement. Dozens of men and not a few women – Carlyle, Oastler, Newman, Chadwick, Thomas Arnold, J. S. Mill, Harriet Martineau – were ready to demonstrate where the faults lay and how they should be set right. Dogmas were flung between rival groups of contestants like stones in a brawl. Utilitarians, Evangelicals, Tractarians, Chartists, Young Englanders prided themselves on the possession of the single, the supreme solution. It was an age of desperate remedies and grandiose projects, from the People's Charter to the Eglinton Tournament. The possibility of armed violence, of revolution was never very far away. If it frightened some it stimulated others. Respectable Free Traders were capable of using language scarcely less seditious than that of physical-force Chartists or Irish Repealers. The novels of Bulwer Lytton and Harrison Ainsworth were best-sellers, and young criminals traced the origin of their crimes to the effect upon them of *Jack Sheppard*. Bailey's *Festus* appeared to be the work of a major poet and made Tennyson feel, in comparison, like a wren beating about a hedgerow. And besides Bailey there were Marston and Dobell, Gilfillan and R. H. Horne to mirror the passionate incoherence of the age. It seemed more than once that society might burst asunder, not so much through its faults and miseries as through its energy and passion and hope.

It did not; and men who had contemplated taking up arms in 1831 turned to making comfortable livings and reading Trollope and the *Saturday Review*, and writing sensible pamphlets on transportation and penal reform. How the wild hopes and the bitterness and the despair of the 'thirties and early 'forties passed into the complacency of the 'fifties would take a long time to explain, if it could be explained at all. One obvious point is that not everyone was light-headed with hope or embittered by despair in the 'thirties; any more than everyone was complacent in the 'fifties. There were always plenty, perhaps a majority, of compe-

tent, business-like, not too sensitive or too scrupulous persons, who took the world as they found it and set themselves to squeeze money or power or position out of it. They were not, perhaps, the most admirable of mankind but they conducted into safer channels feelings which, if left to themselves, might have disrupted society. It may be a matter of personal opinion whether it is better to kill and die at a barricade for some incoherent vision of freedom or to take five pounds at the back-door of a beer-house for a vote, but it was as well for the sake of the country that the prevailing belief was in favour of the second of these alternatives.

A book of quite remarkable interest by Mr Norman Gash* seeks

to reconstruct the ordinary working world of the politician . . . to learn what were the political practices as opposed to the constitutional theories or legal machinery of the times; the restraints imposed by supporters as well as by opponents; the peculiar demands of indispensable political techniques; the unceasing conflict between ideal ends and imperfect means; and, most important of all, perhaps, the implicit fundamental attitudes which condition everything but are often unconscious, or are taken for granted, and are therefore rarely discussed or recorded.

Such enquiries reveal much but they rarely discover heroes. To none of the three men who are among Mr Gash's principal characters could one apply the adjective heroic, but even here one can trace, for good or ill, a certain line of development. Bonham, Peel's party manager, was a gentleman by birth; he had been at Oxford and had been called to the Bar; he held minor office and was liked, as well as used, by some of the most notable men of the day. Joseph Parkes, a Warwickshire man, had been educated at the University of Glasgow and had practised as a solicitor in Birmingham where, in the crisis of the Reform Bill struggle, he had acted as the chief link between the Government and the Political Union. For a moment, when it seemed likely that Wellington would come into office, Parkes was ready to fight - 'I and two friends should have made the revolution, whatever the cost' - but he found his proper place as the chief party manager in the Liberal interest, from 1833 to 1847. He was a convinced Radical, the correspondent of Bentham, Place and Grote; but Althorp regarded him as a man to be trusted and even Grey swore that he *would* know him; provoking from his wife the hope that there was no Mrs Parkes.

With all their limitations Bonham and Parkes existed in their own right. They had had some formal education; they had convictions; they came to live in and for politics but they could have lived, not negligibly, outside

* *Politics in the Age of Peel: a study in the Technique of Political Representation, 1830-1850.* Longmans, Green & Co. 45s.

them. A further turn of the political machine produced James Coppock who had been a haberdasher's clerk and an unsuccessful silk merchant before he became articled to a solicitor and showed his aptitude for electoral organization in 1832. Parkes installed him in 1835 as secretary of the Reform Association and for the next twenty-two years, first in that capacity and later as a parliamentary agent, he built up a reputation which, if it was not altogether enviable, was unique. He travelled far more extensively than Bonham or Parkes; he dipped his hand far more deeply into the cess-pit of 'practical politics'. He was not the man to leave ~~autobiographical notes~~ - in these days he would have conducted his business by telephone - but we catch glimpses of him here and there: as the defendant to an action for a penalty arising out of bribery in the Ludlow by-election of 1839; taking statements from voters who were prepared, after they had had a talk with him, to swear that they had been bribed by the Conservatives; running for his life (as he alleged) across Parker's Piece, pursued by a Cambridge mob; facing parliamentary committees with a calculated impertinence; fighting election petitions and arranging the necessary compromises behind the scenes. He had his standards: he would deceive a parliamentary committee, but his professional opponents could make a bargain with him and know that it would be kept. After Bonham and Parkes retired, and probably before, he was at the top of his own line of business. The inquiry in 1853 into the Durham City election produced some revealing questions and answers:

Q. 'From your experience, I suppose you do not often ask for suggestions?'

A. 'I do not, in election petitions.'

Q. 'Being yourself very conversant with election law?'

A. 'Perhaps I have seen as much as any man living of election petitions. I do not ask advice very much on practical points.'

When he died *The Times* remarked, 'Probably our future electoral system will never create, nor need, a second James Coppock.'

It is with the system which created and apparently needed James Coppock that Mr Gash is concerned. Its basis was the Reform Act of 1832, the principles and results of which Mr Gash subjects to an exhaustive analysis in his first four chapters. In retrospect it is abundantly clear that the changes made in 1832 ultimately produced, as their logical and inevitable result, the system of universal franchise which we know to-day. It is also clear that hardly a single member of the unreformed House of Commons would have voted for reform on such a scale, or perhaps for any reform at all, if he had appreciated the consequences of his action. The Tories did appreciate the consequences. 'I was unwilling to open a door', Peel said, 'which I saw no prospect of being able to close.' 'On this high

historical and philosophical plane', Mr Gash observes, 'the Tory case against reform was irrefutable'. But, as he goes on to point out, there was one overwhelming argument against the existing system: the country at large was no longer inclined to put up with it. It might, in theory, be the best system in the world, but in the view of the mass of opinion in nearly every class it did not work. 'What the Tories said was true; but what the Whigs did was necessary' (p. 11).

The Whigs had to act at a moment when emotion ran dangerously high, even for that emotional age. They partook of that emotion, in greater or lesser degrees; to some extent they stimulated it; to a greater extent they relied upon it. But it was very far from being their intention to produce the state of things which the Tories pointed to as the logical outcome of their policy. Although they disenfranchised or partly disenfranchised a number of the smaller boroughs and gave seats to a number of unrepresented towns they did not create or seek to create a democracy. Their list of new boroughs was a selective one designed, in the old fashion, to represent special interests as much as growing population. The county representation was substantially increased and, as Mr Gash points out, the agricultural or at least the landowning interest was further strengthened by annexing considerable stretches of the countryside to some of the smaller boroughs; so that they became rural constituencies in everything but name.

The politics of the years which followed could be expressed, without absurdity, in terms of a personal relationship; of a marriage, for instance. There had been an emotional crisis, nearly resulting in separation or divorce. It was something not to be much talked of, certainly something not to be deliberately repeated but, rather, to be averted by all sorts of accommodations, arrangements, shifts, evasions. Occasionally, in moments of exasperation, one party or the other might regret that the outright, deadly clash of principles had been prevented; in moments of pessimism its eventual coming might be prophesied; but for most of the time the terms of accommodation were accepted, at first consciously as the alternative to worse things and later as a matter of habit.

These terms involved the factors which Mr Gash writes of: bribery, corruption, undue influence, violence. It is not a pretty story and the characters in it, from James Coppock downwards, are not knights errant. It is quite enough to disabuse anyone who may still hold it of the belief that after 1832, as by a miracle, electoral purity replaced electoral corruption. There is some evidence, indeed, that in the first election after the Reform Acts corruption was at its minimum; not merely because electoral agents had not yet suited their arrangements to the new state of things but because the new electors were conscious of the trust imposed in

them and anxious to discharge it honestly. Neither of these conditions lasted; many of the new electors proved as amenable to bribes as the old; and the technique of corruption no doubt benefited from improving habits of business and ease of communication as much as the ordinary commercial enterprise did. Mr Gash's sixth and seventh chapters, on 'Electoral Violence' and 'Corrupt Boroughs', make salutary reading.

They may provide arguments of two kinds. There may be those who, reading of the electoral morality of St Albans or Sudbury, dismiss it as one of those hideous practices which humanity has grown out of. To minds of this type, anxiously searching for proofs of human improvement, the wickedness and cruelties of the past are always magnified: what happened under the Inquisition is worse than what happened at Belsen; and the massacre of Drogheda is incomparably more reprehensible than the use of the atomic bomb. But so far as the improvement in electoral morality goes they have to face the argument that corruption has not disappeared but has merely changed its form, and that whereas a hundred years ago individual electors were bribed with small, specific sums of money, nowadays vast sections of the electorate are bribed by promises of increased benefits, augmented pensions, new social services and so on. It is possible to push this argument too far: even when corruption was most rampant the better elements of the community were ashamed of it; but it is an argument which one has to bear in mind.*

Then there is the suggestion that the upper classes deliberately used their superior wealth and social power to corrupt the poorer voters and so to extend the term of their political supremacy. The difficulty here, which Mr Gash illustrates by more than one example, is that refusal to bribe, in a habitually corrupt constituency, almost invariably meant loss of the election. It is impossible to say which of the two parties, the bribers and the bribed, took the initiative in establishing a system of bribery; but

* The student of public morality will be obliged to make a number of fine distinctions when he examines the attitude of mid-Victorian voters towards bribes. In some constituencies he will find the continuance of an old practice of paying a small sum, perhaps five or ten shillings, to each voter who would accept it. Quite often the same amount was paid by each party, and in such cases it really corresponds to the efforts made nowadays by appeals in the Press and through loud-speaker vans to get people to vote at all. In another class of cases, not much dissimilar, voters accepted payments in money to vote for the party for which they would have voted in any event. It is obviously impossible to say how much was effected by bribery in the most reprehensible sense of the term – that is, the payment of money to induce a voter to vote in opposition to his previously held convictions. There are instances of voters deliberately organizing themselves for bargaining purposes. In the Barnstaple election of 1852, for instance, a number of new voters formed such an association and appointed a secretary to treat with the rival candidates.

once such a system had been established there existed a section of the electorate which demanded bribes, or at least extensive treating, as the price of voting. Whatever else can be said, it cannot be said that money was forced upon an innocent and virtuous lower or lower-middle class by an upper-class bent on political debauchery. Most of the candidates would have been delighted if they had not had to spend a penny but their constituents often offered them no choice.

It would be very much of a mistake to suppose that these aspects of Mr Gash's subject offer nothing more than illustrations of the axiom that politics are a dirty game. They offer a great deal more than this. For one thing, they throw light on the movement after 1832 for parliamentary reform in the sense of the further extension of the franchise. It was a well-known fact that the poorest voters were those most susceptible to bribes. This naturally led to the argument that the effect of further enfranchisement, by increasing the proportion of this class of voters, would only lead to an increase in corruption. This was one of the arguments which Robert Lowe used against parliamentary reform in the later 'sixties and it was not immediately easy to controvert it. Then, again, it is difficult to believe that some of the unenfranchised who demanded the vote were not, in fact, demanding a political privilege which they knew (from the experience of their more fortunate neighbours) was capable of being turned into ready money. This is at least as reasonable an assumption as that the vote was invariably demanded for altruistic or even for class reasons. The Maldon family who, by means of rigid organization and judicious bargaining, netted seventy or eighty pounds on the occasion of each election must have been regarded with envy, if not with admiration, by a good many of their acquaintances.

Ours is not a notably law-abiding age but in our attitude towards elections we are most notably law-abiding. We approach them with an austerity which we do not normally practice in other spheres of life. Indeed, it is as though we performed the act of voting in an atmosphere saturated with some kind of moral antiseptic. A hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago this was not the case. Politics were very much more closely related to ordinary life and ordinary habits than they are now. They were not insulated from violence and corruption; they were at least as violent as life in general and more corrupt. It would perhaps be paradoxical to argue that this was a good thing; but there is a case to be stated for it. The electorate was still very small. Was it better that the voters should be wrapped up in some sort of moral cotton-wool or that they should be exposed to the forces and influences which did, in fact, dominate society? This brings us to the chief, or at least the best, argument against voting by secret ballot. When the voters were few in

number it was essential for the peace of the country and for general acceptance of the parliamentary system that they should be seen to cast their votes with the maximum of publicity. The possession of a vote was a privilege, even a privilege which could be turned into cash. But it could only be turned into cash if it was used, and the use of it demanded on occasion considerable courage: it might easily involve running to the polling-booth under a shower of stones and having one's clothes torn off on the return journey.

Even if it did not involve this it placed the voter in a public position in which all sorts of influences, including the opinion of the unenfranchised, were brought to bear on him. In other words, it narrowed the gap (always potentially dangerous after 1830) between those who had votes and those who had not. Indeed, the whole conduct and procedure and tradition of a mid-Victorian election worked to the same end. It might be true that the candidates were usually men of wealth and station, and that the voters were the wealthier part of the community. But the candidates were required by inexorable tradition to canvass, and canvass they did until they could hardly walk another step. They were required to take their stand on the hustings as the target for bad jokes and bad eggs. In some boroughs a good many of the non-voters gained a little in cash on the occasion of an election, sometimes for acting as sub-agents in bribery or for escorting voters to the poll; almost invariably they had their share, with no questions asked, in the free meals and the free drinks which abounded. The turbulence of these elections might be shocking, but on a realistic view it had the advantage of providing an occasion in which all classes shared and of making the restrictions on the exercise of the franchise more easily tolerable. After all, a non-voter who had been employed to threaten or bribe or persuade voters, who had had the pleasure of drinking the free beer of one candidate and of throwing rotten eggs at another, could not reasonably feel, and usually did not feel, that he was being precluded from playing a part in the political life of the country. The view that because a man has no vote he can get no satisfaction out of politics will not stand a moment's examination. If it were true, it would be equally true that only professional footballers get any satisfaction out of professional football.

Equally important considerations arise from other aspects of Mr Gash's book. In several vital ways the political system and the political morality of the day hindered the development of the party system. Since contested elections, even 'pure' elections, were expensive affairs it was quite impossible for any one organization to attempt to call the tune throughout the country by paying the piper. Neither the Carlton Club nor the Reform Club had vast funds at its disposal for purposes of elections; money was

difficult to collect and only too easy to disburse. On very special occasions a sum of £500 or so might be advanced towards the expenses of a candidate who was thought particularly worth supporting and who declined to stand without such a subsidy, but £500, in most constituencies, was small change. Conversely, a man who had perhaps spent £1,500 on winning a seat and another £500 on defending it against an election petition, was not likely to regard himself as the bond-slave of the party whips.

Then, again, the very violence and turbulence of contested elections made reasonable and peace-loving men averse from them. Even if one party was likely to win both seats in a two-member borough it might be as well to avoid a contest by letting the other party have one. Or, at a later stage, when election petitions had been set down for hearing, such men as Coppock and his professional opponents on the Conservative side were accustomed to set off one against another, as insurance companies do with small claims under 'knock-for-knock' agreements. Such compromises were legally and officially frowned upon; they were apt to infuriate petitioning candidates who found their claims summarily disposed of behind the scenes; but they took place, as all but the most innocent knew; and, as Mr Gash shrewdly points out, they did ensure rather more representation to the weaker party than it would have gained on a purely arithmetical basis if every seat had been contested at the polls and before a parliamentary committee. Though proportional representation did not exist, something of the effect of proportional representation was achieved by the combined forces of local prejudices, corruption and more or less corrupt compromises. Hence, parties were very far from being the strong and compact organizations we know and governments, in this period, were often weak.

One possible addition to what Mr Gash has given us would have been a detailed investigation of the electoral history of one of the new boroughs, such as Gateshead, for comparison with the old. But there is ample material, as it is, for information and judgment. Mr Gash would not claim for a moment that he has written a political history of this period or has dealt at length with its political theories and aspirations after 1832. We have had, in fact, a good many descriptions of those theories and aspirations; sometimes, one thinks, too many. It is a salutary relief to be told how a specific technique worked. We have been tempted too often to regard England in the years which Mr Gash writes of as a land of flat misery in which wage-slaves dragged out a laborious existence at the behests of the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys. It is as well that we should see examples of the life that was lived at the same time: corrupt, exuberant and, as the psychologists might say, emotionally satisfactory.

CROMWELL: THE MAN AND THE EFFECT

Robert Hamilton

The position of the English monarchy to-day is so remote from government that it is difficult to imagine a time when the sovereigns of this country ruled with absolute power. But on the whole they ruled well, and were more representative of the people than the modern dictators. Paradoxically it was a dictator who, by opposing the authority of the crown, unwittingly paved the way for the wholly admirable constitution of modern England, where, in the words of Gerald Heard, the crown is the being and the government the doing of the nation. Cromwell was himself a paradox: and the welcome re-publication in *The Worlds Classics* of Sir Charles Firth's standard work, with an excellent introduction by Mr. G. M. Young* prompts one to new evaluation of his life and mind.

Paradox is in the fibre of his character and race. Like Pompey, he was *suorum legum auctor ac subversor*; a devotee of law, he was forced to be often lawless; a civilian to the core, he had to maintain himself by the sword; with a passion to construct, his task was chiefly to destroy; the most scrupulous of men, he had continually to harden his heart; the most English of our greater figures, he spent his life in opposition to the majority of Englishmen; a realist, he was condemned to build that which could not last.

These words of John Buchan are only partly true. In attempting to explain the paradox he enlarges upon the objective problems with which Cromwell was faced, and the complicated principles arising out of these problems. It is not an altogether satisfactory answer and in many ways misleading; for if we are to understand Cromwell we must approach him more subjectively. We shall find that the explanation of his acts lies in mental instability rather than in circumstances and the conflict of values. Every human mind is necessarily unstable to the extent that it is subjected to the forces of good and evil. But on the normal plane this conflict is recognized and largely worked out in consciousness, whereas in the abnormal it is driven underground. Consistent good and consistent evil are rare: there are few saints and still fewer cold-blooded villains. The normal man vacillates; yet at the same time he recognizes the nature of his conflict, and is conscious of the objective values and subjective desires from which it proceeds. The abnormal man often fights in the dark, a

* *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England*. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.).

darkness partly self-created. His hidden egoism will not permit him to achieve the good ends he sets himself. He *thinks* towards the good end while *acting* towards the realization of power. This ambivalence is an invariable mark of the unstable mind, whether in the negative field of the sex addict, drunkard, or hypochondriac, or the positive field of the cruel or tyrannous. The pathological drunkard will often pray for deliverance in the act of raising his glass: the pathologically cruel frequently argue that they are acting for the good of their victims. It is a state of mind always accompanied by great mental distress, since at the deepest levels of his being the neurotic is aware of his egoism yet cannot extricate himself from it. But it partly absolves him from the charge of wickedness, because the originating force of his egoism is outside the control of his will.

Of course it is true that every individual, from the mere fact of the limitations imposed by his individuality, feels himself overshadowed by reality; hence all egoism, even the most satanic pride, is to some extent a form of compensation. But pride is the conscious recognition of one's creaturely limitation and the evil determination to transcend it by the pursuit of power: neurosis is the answer to an imaginatively felt threat to the ego, experienced in early childhood, and never allowed fully to become conscious.

Now there may have been an hereditary instability in Cromwell. Kingsmill noted 'the mistrustful, embittered expression' of his father's portrait, and the 'dreary dissatisfaction' of his mother's, 'full of unformulated longings'. No doubt the religious climate of the time contributed something; but whatever the cause, mental instability is revealed in most of Cromwell's acts. We have only to compare his behaviour with that of men such as Henry VIII or Cecil who revealed the conscious and deliberate pursuit of power. Cromwell was forever torn with inner conflict; pulled hither and thither by contradictory states; profoundly unhappy, and like many unhappy men, insanely hilarious at times – as when he inked Henry Marten's face at the signing of Charles's death sentence. Always he moved towards the attainment of power while seeking to persuade himself against it; and this conflict was greatly complicated by the Puritan repression of what might have been normal outlets for his hidden egoism, and by the hysterical quality of his own brand of religious enthusiasm. His self-communings, hesitancy, and lack of any fixed belief or purpose were revealed in his religion, of which Buchan says that 'like Bunyan's Much-Afraid, when he went through the River none could understand what he said'. We know that he became converted after a rather wild period in youth, probably exaggerated in the light of his later religious standards. 'Oh, I lived in and loved darkness; I was a chief, the chief of sinners.' But his conversion led to none of the fanatical conviction

of the sectarians; hence when religion did not directly conflict with his hidden aims, he was more tolerant than most of his contemporaries, and at times seemed lax and almost blasphemous. Certainly the Quaker, Fox, found him so. Of course, he identified his own cause with God's. His self-deception here was complete.

One religion alone was excepted from his general tolerance: the Catholic Church. But it is a mistake to regard his hatred for Catholicism as peculiar to him. It was common to all Puritans of the time. Undoubtedly it played a decisive part on certain occasions – as when it led him to those acts of barbarism in Ireland condemned by even his greatest admirers. But his hatred of Ireland, like his hatred of the Faith of the Irish, was not an essential part of him. He was not a cruel man, and his rare acts of cruelty were irresponsible and unpremeditated.

Though intellectually undecided and vacillating, Cromwell none the less pursued and attained power in *act*. His hidden egoism grew with what it fed upon, seeking greater and wider conquests and plunging him into increasing fear and misery. Though he did not pursue power consciously, his whole being moved towards the attainment of it. He persistently argued against courses of action which he afterwards took. One of the most characteristic examples of this self-deception was his assent to the Self-Denying Ordinance which excluded members of either Lords or Commons from holding an Army command, and his acceptance of the degree that made him the sole exception, thereby giving him a position of unique authority. Again, his attitude to the killing of Charles was typical. He argued for the preservation of his life, but all his actions encompassed his death. He wanted to save him; but he had to kill him – because Charles barred the hidden way to power. It is said that after Charles's execution he looked down at the dead king in his coffin and murmured 'Cruel necessity'. The necessity was in Cromwell: not in the circumstances.

Buchan believes that Cromwell was driven by circumstances; but Belloc accuses him of conscious hypocrisy and argues that he planned his moves from the start. Both views are partly true, though each is an over-simplification. If Buchan is right, Cromwell acted in good faith: his conflict was one of conscience versus expediency. But this objective conflict was not Cromwell's. He did not, as does the normal man of good-will, seek to reconcile two equally good alternatives: rather, he pursued no single objectively-given value at all but was torn by an unresolved subjective conflict of which power was the determinant. On rare occasions he seems to have had a glimpse of his true nature, as when he said: 'No man ever climbs so high as when he knows not whither he is going.' Not only in the matter of the war and the killing of Charles, but afterwards, we see the same disguised egoism at work. He was all for Parliament; but he dis-

solved it, stamping and shouting about the House. He tried one Parliament after another, and they all went the same way. Even when Parliament was in office he ruled and dominated it. The same attitude is revealed in his reaction to the offer of the Crown. He continually expressed his unwillingness to be king; but it seems probable that he would have been king had he lived – and in any case he was king in all but name, invested at Westminster Hall, and surrounded by every pomp and servility. Nor is there any reason to suppose, judging by his foreign policy, that he would not have gone on, like Napoleon or Hitler, to increasing conquest. As Pascal said, 'only a morsel of gravel prevented him from ravaging Christendom.'

All this may seem rather a simplification of Cromwell. It is, however, necessary to draw in broad outlines when dealing (especially as here, briefly) with human nature. Cromwell's character was more complex than any analysis of it, and nothing is stranger than that such a man should have been a great military leader. Neurotics are seldom great leaders. They are often great thinkers or artists, but rarely men of action. Perhaps the term introvert should apply more to the neurotic, and extrovert to the fanatic. The introverted neurotic suffers from divided will: the extroverted fanatic suffers from a fixation of will directed to one end, sometimes intuitively sensed, sometimes intellectually grasped, but always felt with an exaggerated emotional fixation that rules out the possibility of any other end.

The astonishing thing about Cromwell was that he combined with his introverted ambivalence in the personal, social, and political field an extrovert power of decision and action in the military field probably unsurpassed by any soldier in history. This fretful, emotionally unbalanced man showed, in the raising and training of troops and in the action of battle, an absolute mastery over every situation. There is something fantastic about the inexorable progress of his victories – Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby, Worcester; and the recurrence of the date, September 3rd, in the later victories must have seemed like the sign of the Lord to him. And on that date he fought his last battle, and lost. Death was the victor on September 3rd, 1658.

It was [in Buchan's words] the anniversary of the day when he had arrived at Drogheda, the day when he had opened his first parliament as Protector. On that day he had seen the Scots break on the hillside at Dunbar, and the hopes of Charles shattered among the Severn cornfields.

He who had reached the summit of power was laid low, and the inner conflict was solved at last. They buried him with great pomp and ceremony. And Evelyn wrote: 'The joyfulest funeral I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs.'

Yet Cromwell was not a vicious man. He had some excellent qualities of leadership, which endeared him to many of his soldiers; and many homely virtues. In private life, as Marvell testified, he revealed at times a strange charm and sweetness. Even so, though many have admired him, few have loved him. More than anything else, he inspired a tremendous awe, and his name still has the power to arouse emotion in the majority of Englishmen. Whether we admire or hate or despise him, his power and influence are beyond question. He has captured the imagination of generations of Englishmen. Herein lies his effect.

The way in which the individual imagination effects society is extremely complex; but in one aspect it operates through imaginative identification. A small band of followers identify themselves with a man's personality, teaching, or example, and infect others until a whole society is transformed. The identification then becomes a tradition which is handed down and perpetuated in later societies. This identification may be largely subconscious – indeed, the less conscious it is the more effective it is likely to be. The process of imaginative identification in some form is universal, and proceeds from the nature of the mind. Many people tend partly to identify themselves with the character of a friend, or even a character out of a book. In the extreme form, as practised by Madame Bovary, it is harmful, and reveals an infantile mentality; and yet, without some kind of identification, the message of teachers and the example of men of action would not be so effectively seized by the minds of their followers. Even a man's enemies identify themselves with him to some extent.

Now when to the effect of imagination is added the power of the sword there occurs a widespread alteration of the social structure. This alteration is almost always tyrannical; but it is accepted only because the tyrant has already impressed the imagination. Lenin to some extent, Hitler much more, and Stalin most of all, were 'built up' before they attained absolute power. A tyrant who does not first impress the imagination of the people could not finally succeed by the sword. Hence – because of the immense power and effect of the individual human mind – the danger of allowing any one man to get political power. The greater the man, the worse the tyranny.

Cromwell was an example of a tyrant who made his effect through the imagination and through the sword; but chiefly through the imagination. It was not until a great part of the nation had succumbed to the spell of his personality as the soldier-hero that he began to impose his will by force. The political and military dictatorship was, happily, short-lived; but the personal influence remained. The personality of Cromwell was outstanding even in an age of great personalities, and it proceeded from his wealth of imagination. It may be that too much imagination goes with

neurosis, too little with fanaticism. At all events, the quality of imagination was the best thing in Cromwell's warped and unstable character. We see it in all his actions, military and political, and it gives a kind of glamour to even the worst of them. It was responsible for his strokes of genius on the battlefield, and for his dramatic seizure of political power and still more dramatic use of it: it informs his speeches and correspondence which often contain inspired and memorable sentences: it was bound up with his religion.

His particular kind of imagination was a very English thing. There are, however, many traits in his character which he did not share with the average Englishman of his time but which afterwards came to be looked upon as English. Certainly the England that followed Cromwell seems to have been remarkably like him. Thus the fundamental thing about him was his divided mind which led to the charge of hypocrisy, the same charge which has since been applied to the English as a whole. Again, his combination of subjective religiosity and military realism (summed up in his advice to 'put your trust in God, but be sure to see that your powder is dry') also became characteristic of England: his provincialism and world ambition were later reflected in the Englishman's twin loyalties to home and empire: his loose political thought allied to military tenacity was afterwards paralleled by our muddling through in peace and implacable purpose in war: his fondness for Parliaments and ruthless tyranny became our lip-service to the party system and oligarchical government. The England that follows Cromwell increasingly resembles him; and it is by no means improbable that the resemblance is partly due to his effect.

It is, of course, obvious that Cromwell was the product as much as the maker of environment; for in addition to the universal effects of spiritual purpose and material need, men are also conditioned by the climate of their time and by their inheritance. But the powerful mind seizes upon the diverse elements in the climate of the time, and unites them, thus bringing into being a new climate, and giving a new direction to society. Cromwell gathered up in himself many of the vague desires and thoughts of his contemporaries, and helped to bring into being a new kind of Englishman. The men who come after him are stamped in his mould. His influence and popularity during the Civil War, when he appeared as a romantic and awe-inspiring figure, and his violent alteration of the social structure during the period of rule, impressed his mind indelibly upon the people of his time and upon their descendants.

SERVICING SHAKESPEARE

John Wain

Mrs Montague's Essay was of service to Shakespeare with a certain class of readers, and is, therefore, entitled to praise. — JAMES BOSWELL.

It sounds an obvious thing to say that anyone writing a book should try first of all to form an accurate picture of the public he is aiming at, and even more obvious to add that this is particularly important in a book of criticism or commentary on any subject; yet it is surprising how many authors neglect this vital first step, with the result that the ones who take the trouble to make their work acceptable to the people who can most benefit by it, often score resounding successes.

Mr Reese,* for example, has realized that a very large number of people want a book that gives them the essential minimum of information about Shakespeare, and who yet assess this minimum rather higher than the popularizing or Penguin level; to such readers, the word 'minimum' includes anything they might want to look up, as well as the few simple facts they can hold in their heads, and yet they are unlikely to want to look up the most recondite points of bibliography, stage history or textual criticism. This public naturally includes students who are reading for examinations, and yet it will not do simply to sneer at the book (as some of the 'critics' on the B B C did) as an aid to 'swotting': the needs of a student are exactly the same as the needs of anyone with an interest in the subject, except that he is under the unfortunate necessity of learning it up against time.

In a book crowded with facts there are bound to be one or two slips and, as it seems to be the done thing for a reviewer to notice at least one, let me get over this hurdle by saying that on page 308 Mr Reese echoes a famous howler of Dr Johnson's. But the degree of accuracy and completeness is, I think, remarkable. After all, the man who sets out to summarize the essential knowledge about Shakespeare is on a very bad wicket, much worse than if his subject were, say, Virgil or Beethoven. To begin with, Shakespeare was a dramatist, which means that the net has to be thrown wide enough to bring in the extraordinarily complicated

* *Shakespeare: his world and his work.* M. M. Reese. Edward Arnold, 36s.

and arid subject of Stage History – the evolution of the theatre, the administration of the rival companies, the legal position, the audience, and so forth.

Then again, Shakespeare lived at a time when the production of printed books, though well under way, was by no means the methodical business it has since become, while the printing of dramatic texts was haphazard to a degree. To make any attempt at understanding the appalling editorial difficulties one has to be versed in a specialized branch of bibliography, as well as conversant with the Elizabethan and Jacobean laws regarding copyright.

Finally, both in language and in the basic structure of its ideas Shakespeare's age was so different from our own that a lifetime of study is not too much to acquaint a man with its peculiarities. (And yet those who *do* expend a lifetime on it are not always the best guides. The work seems to blear their vision in a curious way. For instance, one reads accounts of Tudor and Stuart ideas, their 'world picture', which convey a strong hint of nostalgia, as if the writer wishes he believed it himself. Yet who, in his senses, could possibly wish to go back to such a hotch-potch of contradictions?)

In short, the study of Shakespeare involves getting up a huge amount of knowledge which is not in fact *literary* knowledge at all; this is true of the study of any author, of course, but far more than usual in Shakespeare's case. Further, it involves reading an enormous number of plays and poems that, by any normal test, are simply not worth reading: Kyd, Greene, Peele, and all the other bores who make up Shakespeare's context. The Elizabethan age produced deserts of petrifying boredom in its literature; these deserts cannot simply be ignored, because one has to come to Shakespeare as a huge and blessed oasis before one appreciates him; but it is no use telling the non-professional reader or theatre-goer that he has got to trudge across the sandy wastes. He simply will not do it. But the art of doing it for him is less simple than optimistic popularizers sometimes imagine, for expository work can only be done well by one who is himself a *critic*, capable of forming judgments for himself and demonstrating their validity. The writer of this kind of book has to possess an unusual blend of qualities. His task, if properly carried out, is harder than that of the pure critic, for it is not really his own judgment, pure and simple, that he is out to give; what we ask of him is a guide to the kind of thing that is nowadays usually said about Shakespeare, not only in the sphere of information but in that of criticism. And yet if he did not strike us as being himself a critic we should not trust him even to give us this.

For instance, when Mr Reese tells us that Shakespeare's love of puns

and word-play was related to the same impulse in the non-dramatic 'metaphysical' poetry of the time, and goes on:

... these conceits were but a tribute to the many-sidedness of truth, and they derived from the staunch medieval conviction that the symbolical meaning of anything was as important, as persuasive and as *true* as any other meaning. Their powerful hold on the emotions lifted the thought into another dimension, and for this reason they deserve to be distinguished from the amplifications of the mode of Petrarch and Spenser,

we recognize the statement as a commonplace of twentieth-century criticism, and yet Mr Reese does not seem to be merely parroting; we trust him, we feel that he has seen this truth for himself as well as read about it in other critics. It is partly a question of style; a man who writes so sensibly must, we feel, be a sensible man – and we are right. This is an excellent book.

M. Fluchère's* book also provides a striking illustration of the maxim I mentioned at the beginning, but unhappily illustrates it only in a negative sense: this is how *not* to do it. From the beginning the author has not the faintest idea whom he is addressing, and as a result never achieves clarity of outline or sureness of touch. As a series of lectures delivered in a French university, and later as a book (*Shakespeare: dramaturge élisabéthain*) addressed to substantially the same public, it was no doubt very successful. Besides sketching the background of Elizabethan literature and ideas in about as much detail as a French undergraduate would want it, he also tells his audience some (to them) very interesting things about contemporary English criticism of Shakespeare ('I pay tribute to writers as various as T. S. Eliot, Dover Wilson, Granville-Barker, F. R. Leavis, L. C. Knights, and Wilson Knight') and is very careful not to get too technical in the use of the English language ('Bowdlerize: word formed from the name of T. Bowdler who expurgated Shakespeare in 1818', says a footnote). But unfortunately someone, probably in deference to the fact that M. Fluchère is the head of the Maison Française in Oxford, decided it would be a good thing to translate the book. Then the difficulties started. As it was obviously not a work of scholarship, and equally obviously not one of literary criticism as the English understood the term, some attempt had to be made to attract the floating quasi-literary public. The inevitable way out was suggested – Mr Eliot to write a Preface! The result is, if one may say so without being suspected of impertinence, not one of the Master's more characteristic utterances; it is uneasy, even perfunctory, and marked a little by that desperate search for *something to say* which we all know so well. (Example:

* *Shakespeare*. Henri Fluchère. Translation by Guy Hamilton. Foreword by T. S. Eliot. Longmans, Green & Co., 25s.

'The ideal Shakespeare critic should be a scholar, with knowledge not only of Shakespeare in isolation, but of Shakespeare in relation to the Elizabethan theatre in which he is only one, though very much the greatest, of the masters, and of that theatre in relation to the social, political, economic and religious conditions of its time'.)

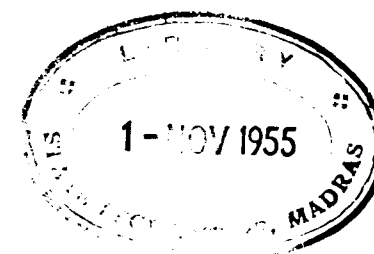
I said that this book was 'neither scholarship, nor criticism as the English understand the term'. The lack of any claim to scholarship, in the sense of a contribution to knowledge, is no reproach, but unfortunately it goes along with a certain casualness. The quotations have not been properly checked; 'regions' appears as 'region' in the most famous lines quoted from *Measure for Measure*, and one of Webster's most famous lines is robbed of a syllable on page 46 – an unfortunate slip in a book which offers to deal with minutiae of metrical effect. Somebody-or-other's 'turgid style' is said to be 'parodied by Falstaff', instead of Ancient Pistol. As regards criticism, it simply cannot flourish on the marshy ground of M. Fluchère's style, which in French must be charming, but which his English translator ought surely to have dried out a little. Examples are odious, but surely there was no need to resume the essential history of the drama by saying: 'The Church, mistress of the Medieval Theatre – its mother indeed – gave birth to a prodigal son who never again returned to the fold.' Even if the translator did not feel it his duty to correct the ludicrous switch from mistress to mother, he might at least have realized that 'returned to the fold' is a thing that sheep and not prodigal sons do, and is anyway a silly cliché. This attempt to render M. Fluchère's Gallic elegance is, of course, pleasing to some tastes – the *Times Literary Supplement* thinks his book very much better written than Mr Reese's – but is bound very quickly to pall on any reader with a proper respect for English prose.

One regrets having to speak of a pleasant book so roughly, but 'honest plain words best suit the ear of grief', and grief is what one must feel at seeing a map of M. Fluchère's intelligence put into this embarrassing position. It is not his fault; the scope of his book is indicated by such remarks as 'the reader cannot really appreciate the text of a play if he knows it only through the flat, colourless medium of a French translation', and within that scope it is, I should think, excellent.

M. Fluchère devotes his book solely to the plays up to and including *Antony and Cleopatra*, and promises another book in which he will deal with the non-dramatic poems and also (it seems) the last plays. A well-wisher, such as myself, would have been happier if M. Fluchère had decided to put all his Shakespearean lore into one book instead of two: that single book would not necessarily be a very thick one; it could be shortened by the simple method of cutting down on such passages as this one:

Beside the conventional image, in the perfumed boudoir, the fair stranger, [i.e. the non-conventional image] enters, a surprising newcomer who upsets people's habits, alarms the conceited women and the *précieuses* (who were soon to feel themselves *ridicules*), crushes the smooth folds of the rose-petals and settled down with assurance. She comes from outside – from everywhere in the vast universe, vigorous, mud-bespattered, learned, arrogant; she smells of the stable, the tavern, the open fields; she rises from the depths of the sea or from the still more disturbing mysteries of the subconscious. She brings with her a train of reminiscences, of superstitions, of ritual, in which the most diverse sensations come into play in continuous disorder. She dances with her own rhythm, powerful and supple, to the often discordant music of her own invention, hitherto unheard, and by the glittering light of her own fires.

I suppose this is what the *Times Literary Supplement* would call one of M. Fluchère's 'pregnant sentences that clamour for quotation'. Well, I have quoted it, and I hope that will stop it clamouring. This book deserved a more sensible reception.



THE ARDUOUS STUDY OF RIMBAUD

Martin Turnell

In the year 1923 M. Marcel Coulon published a book called *Le Problème de Rimbaud*. The title was an ominous one. The study of Rimbaud has generally been conducted in an atmosphere of acrimonious controversy. There was already a danger of the poet being obscured by the 'problem' and his work buried under a mound of tendentious commentary. During the past thirty years the position has grown considerably worse, and the poet has become the victim of contending factions. There is no longer one Rimbaud; there are at least a dozen Rimbauts and the mound of commentary is rapidly swelling into a mountain.

This unhappy state of affairs has provoked a characteristically vigorous intervention on the part of M. Etiemble. In his vast and vastly entertaining thesis – I have read plenty of silly books on Rimbaud but this is the only funny one – which is the fruit of twenty years research, he sets out to demolish what he calls 'the myth of Rimbaud'. The first volume to appear tells an extraordinary story of ignorance, folly and downright critical dishonesty. For here you may read of the fortunes of the Catholic, the Marxist, the surrealist, the bourgeois and the existentialist Rimbauts; and in one highly amusing passage describing the alleged ascetic practices which prepared the poet for his 'mystical revelations' we catch a glimpse of 'Saint Arthur Rimbaud' reeling drunkenly through 'the dark night of the soul.' *

I do not want to give the impression that M. Etiemble's work is purely destructive or that the poet is demolished as well as his critics. His aim is to clear away the accretions, to take us back to the text of Rimbaud and to 'rehabilitate literary criticism'. The intrinsic difficulties of Rimbaud's poetry are genuine and formidable, and it is clearly essential that we should address ourselves to them instead of wasting time over the artificial difficulties created by his critics.

I fear that M. Etiemble will not approve of what Mr Wallace Fowles calls Rimbaud's 'angelism' and I myself must confess to doubts about the term, but the merit of his new book is that it in the main deals with real

* *Le Mythe de Rimbaud*. II. *Structure du mythe* (Bibliothèque des Idées). Gallimard, 1952. The first and third volumes, which have not yet appeared, will deal with the *Genèse du mythe* and the *Succès du mythe*.

difficulties and that it keeps close to the text of the *Illuminations*.* No one is likely to contest his view that Rimbaud and Mallarmé are two of the most difficult of modern French poets, but there is a distinction to be made. Not long ago a great authority said to me that 'we cannot expect definite results [from the exegesis of Mallarmé] for another fifty years.' Mallarmé's imagery is often obscure, but the chief difficulty lies in the idiosyncracies of his syntax, and it does seem to me that the elucidation of his work is largely a matter of patience and industry, that it calls for the sort of ingenuity which is needed to break a code rather than the imaginative insight of the literary critic. The demands made by Rimbaud belong to a different order. The difficulties of his poetry cannot be reduced to a single aspect of style like syntax or imagery. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the *Illuminations* exemplify every form of obscurity known to modern poetry. They are difficult on account of the elusiveness of the poet's central experience, their allusions to events in his life, their imagery, their language, their syntax and their structure; and these difficulties are aggravated by a text which in places is manifestly corrupt.

I shall consider some of these difficulties in greater detail later on. I want to turn now to certain recent developments which have revolutionized the study of Rimbaud. I mean by that the 'problem' of the dating of the *Illuminations*. Although parts of Rimbaud's work have always defied analysis, there was a time when we imagined that we were reasonably clear about the meaning of his work as a whole. The *Poésies* are known to have been written between 1869 and 1872 and the *Saison en enfer* between April and August 1873. It was confidently assumed, largely on the authority of Rimbaud's friend Ernest Delahaye, that the *Illuminations* were all composed in 1872 or at latest by the spring of 1873. On this assumption Rimbaud's poetry looked like a single work in three parts. The *Poésies* were an attack on middle-class society, its institutions and its conventions. This attack was the prelude to a 'spiritual adventure' in the strange world of the *Illuminations*. The prose poems were experimental in an extreme sense and recorded the poet's quest for a new vision or what he called 'la vraie vie'. There was a perpetual oscillation between 'vision' and 'hallucination', but the poet came to doubt his vision and to realize that 'hallucination' had brought him to the verge of madness. *Une Saison en enfer* was an autobiographical poem in which he described the failure of his quest, criticized his own aesthetic theories, announced his return to 'rugged reality' and bade farewell to poetry.

This interpretation depends largely on the belief that the *Saison en enfer*

* *Rimbaud's Illuminations: A Study in Angelism with a new Translation and the French Text of the Poems*. Harvill Press, 185.

was Rimbaud's last work. Four years ago Dr Henry de Bouillane de Lacoste published a doctorate thesis and a critical edition of the *Illuminations* in which he sought to prove that these poems and not the *Saison en enfer* were Rimbaud's last work.* The arguments that he used were two. He is a handwriting expert and he showed that the writing of the manuscripts of the twenty-nine *Illuminations* in the Lucien-Graux collection was later and more mature than any specimens of Rimbaud's handwriting belonging to the years prior to 1874. The second argument is historical and is based on the evidence of Verlaine who naturally knew Rimbaud better than anyone. Unfortunately Verlaine's pronouncements in his letters and in the articles that he wrote about Rimbaud are far from clear. He declared, however, in an article written in 1888, that the manuscripts of the *Illuminations* were 'handed to some one who took care of them' at Stuttgart in February 1875. Now we know that Rimbaud was at Stuttgart at that time and that Verlaine visited him there on his release from prison, apparently in the hope of converting him to Catholicism. By a process of elimination Dr Bouillane de Lacoste came to the conclusion that the 'some one who took care of them' can only have been Verlaine himself. He therefore decided that the whole of the *Illuminations* were written while Rimbaud was in London with Germain Nouveau in 1874 and supported his view by pointing out that occasional words and phrases in the manuscripts are in Nouveau's handwriting.†

This view can be and has been criticized on a number of grounds. It is generally agreed that Dr Bouillane de Lacoste is right in thinking that the handwriting of the manuscripts cannot be earlier than 1874, but this tells us nothing about the actual date of composition of the poems. All it tells us that the copies we have must have been made after the year 1873, though that in itself is extremely damaging to the view that the *Saison en enfer* was Rimbaud's 'farewell to poetry'. In the second place, even if we admit that Rimbaud handed the manuscripts of some prose poems or even of some of the *Illuminations* to Verlaine in 1875, we cannot be sure that they were the complete manuscript of the forty-two poems now known as the *Illuminations*.

The strongest objection to Dr Bouillane de Lacoste's theory, however, is of a different kind. 'It seems impossible, on psychological grounds at least,' writes Dr Enid Starkie, 'that the mystical prose poems should have been written after Rimbaud's fall from power, after he had ceased being a

* *Rimbaud et le problème des Illuminations*, *Mercure de France*, 1949.
Illuminations. Édition critique Avec Introduction et Notes par H. de Bouillane de Lacoste, *Mercure de France*, 1949.

† See his introduction to the critical edition, pp. 15-28.

voyant.'* One of the weaknesses of Dr Bouillane de Lacoste's approach is his apparent lack of literary discrimination – the reviewer of the *Mercure de France* described the pages of his thesis dealing with the literary merits of the *Illuminations* as 'regrettables' – and the fact that he simply contents himself with saying that the poems are more mature than anything Rimbaud had previously written. At the same time, I find Dr Starkie's use of the word 'psychological' significant. Verlaine may have been vague in his account of the delivery of the manuscripts, but there is one point on which he was quite definite. He himself always maintained that the *Illuminations* were Rimbaud's last work and were written between 1873 and 1875. Dr Bouillane de Lacoste has no difficulty in showing that the contrary view was put forward by Delahaye, and apart from momentary doubts by Gustave Kahn and Paterné Berrichon, docilely accepted by later writers.† We do not know what induced Delahaye to take the view that he did. It may have been ignorance or carelessness, or it may have been due to deeper 'psychological' reasons. What I do feel, however, is that the 'psychological' resistance to Dr Bouillane de Lacoste's theory is the result of a reluctance to abandon an interpretation to which we have become accustomed and to review the whole problem of the meaning of Rimbaud's work from the beginning.

While some critics refuse to renounce the 'traditional' view that the *Saison en enfer* is Rimbaud's last work, others maintain that though Dr Bouillane de Lacoste is right in thinking that the *Illuminations* are later, his theory is too conservative. The most interesting of these critics is M. Antoine Adam who argues in a remarkable article that the poems were written between 1872 and 1878 or possibly 1880.‡ M. Adam's view is based mainly on an examination of the internal evidence. He thinks that *Nocturne vulgaire*, *Veillées* and *Vagabonds* are earlier than the bulk of the *Illuminations* and belong to the period of *voyance*. He therefore suggests that they were written before the *Saison en enfer* in 1872, and supports his argument by pointing out that the manuscripts of these poems appear to be older than most of the other manuscripts in the Lucien-Graux collection, that they are written in a faded ink and that the handwriting is different.

His reasons for assigning many of the other poems to the years 1875-78

* *Arthur Rimbaud*. New ed., Hamish Hamilton, 1947, p. 213. (Although Dr Starkie's life appeared before Dr Bouillane de Lacoste's books, she was aware of the lines on which he was working.)

† See his introduction to the critical edition, pp. 27-46.

‡ 'L'Énigme des *Illuminations*' in *Revue des Sciences Humaines*, Nouvelle série, Fascicule 60, Octobre-Décembre 1950, pp. 221-245. (See also in the same issue, D. A. de Graaf, 'Les *Illuminations* et la date exacte de leur composition: Une Nouvelle hypothèse', pp. 246-254.)

lie in the allusions that he discovers in them to events in the poet's life. Our knowledge of Rimbaud's movements during the years 1875-80 is decidedly sketchy. We know, however, that he visited Switzerland and Italy in 1875, Holland and Java in 1876, Germany, Holland, Sweden and Denmark in 1877, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Cyprus in 1878. M. Adam argues that the 'pays poivrés' in *Démocratie* refer to the plantations in the Dutch East Indies, that the poem describes an experience while Rimbaud was in the Dutch colonial army and that as he disembarked in Java in June 1876, it could not have been written before the middle of 1876 and was probably not written until 1877. In the same way 'Henrika' in *Ouvriers* appears to be the name of a girl whom he met while visiting Scandinavian countries in 1877. The 'chalets de cristal et de bois qui se meuvent sur des rails et des poulies invisibles' in *Villes* are an allusion to funicular railways that he had seen in Switzerland in 1875 or possibly 1878.

This leads to some interesting observations on the style of the *Illuminations*. Take, for example, the opening of *Enfance II*:

C'est elle, la petite morte, derrière les rosiers. - La jeune maman trépassée descend le perron - La calèche du cousin crie sur le sable - Le petit frère - (il est aux Indes!) là, devant le couchant, sur le pré d'oeillels. - Les vieux qu'on a enterrés tout droits dans le rempart aux giroflées.

'La petite morte' is Rimbaud's sister, Vitalie, who died in December 1875. 'Le petit frère' is Rimbaud himself - his brother, Frédéric, was a year older - and the 'Indes' are the Dutch East Indies again where, as we know, he landed in June 1876. This means that like *Démocratie*, *Enfance II* cannot have been written before the middle of 1876 and was probably written after his return to Roche in January 1877. What is most arresting, however, is the comment on 'la jeune maman trépassée'. We do not know who she was or who the 'cousin' was, but the poem is not an example of 'hallucination' and Rimbaud is not describing a ghost coming down the steps. It is an illustration of the elliptical style and means that he sees on the steps 'a young mother who is now dead.'

A similar example is to be found in *Barbare* where we read:

Le pavillon en viande saignante sur la soie des mers et des fleurs arctiques . .

M. Adam points out that the

pavillon en viande saignante makes us think of two flags, both Scandinavian: the Norwegian flag which has a blue cross on a red ground, and the Danish flag which has a white cross also on a red ground. If we remember that at this period Iceland was a Danish possession, if we observe that in the following lines the poet will speak of geysers, we shall probably conclude that in this poem he is evoking the arrival of the ship in sight of the coast of Iceland where the Danish flag is flying.

While admitting that the *Illuminations* are 'difficult', the ingenious

writer goes on to suggest that they are not a 'hermetic book . . . but quite simply the volume of memories of Rimbaud the traveller.'

Not the least of the problems of the *Illuminations* is to decide in what order they should be presented. Dr Bouillane de Lacoste's correspondence with the late Félix Fénéon, who supervised the first publication of the *Illuminations* in *La Vogue* in 1886, shows clearly that the order in which they were arranged was largely arbitrary. M. Adam's examination of the Lucien-Gràux manuscripts underlines the difficulty:

Ce recueil [he writes] ne forme en aucune façon un ensemble lié, fermé à une date donnée pour être confié à l'imprimeur. Il offre, de la main de Rimbaud, plusieurs écritures différentes, il présente des encre différentes, parfois des longueurs de ligne différentes.

In one instance, he adds,

the illusion of continuity strikes us with particular force because it has led editors to join to the poem called *Phrases* another poem without a title whose subject is completely different and whose material presentation is also different.

The evidence of the manuscripts clearly lends colour to the view that the *Illuminations* are in fact 'le livre de souvenirs de Rimbaud le voyageur', that they record isolated experiences spread over a number of years, that whatever the manuscripts handed over to 'some one who took care of them' contained, individual poems seem to have found their way to Rimbaud's friends at different periods during the next few years. It cannot therefore be assumed that the work is a whole or complete, and, as with the bulk of recent poetry, the principle of unity must be sought if at all in the sensibility of the poet. This brings us back to the methods of literary criticism.

Although he has rearranged the order of the *Illuminations* in a way which gives the appearance of continuity - they are said to represent 'Childhood', 'Life of the Poet', 'Nature', 'City' and 'Mystic Vision' - Mr Fowle recognizes that his order is personal. He remarks with truth that poetry 'cannot be explained once and for all'. I do not propose to offer a competing interpretation here. All I want to do is to make a few simple observations on the reading of Rimbaud and on the particular difficulties of his style.

The first of these difficulties is the use of the method of discontinuity which has become prevalent in the work of his successors. Although sentences follow one another, the connection between them is by no means always logical and sometimes it is extremely difficult to discover any connection at all. What Rimbaud offers is a succession of images, scenes, notations. They sometimes look like 'moments of vision', sometimes like direct transcripts of events in his life, while at other times he seems in fact

to be describing pictures or those 'painted plates' which are said to be the meaning of the word 'illuminations'. In *Après le déluge* we read:

Dans la grande rue sale les étals se dressèrent, et l'on tira les barques vers la mer étagée là-haut comme sur les gravures.

Le sang coula, chez Barbe-Bleue, - aux abattoirs, - dans les cirques, où le sceau de Dieu blémit les fenêtres. Le sang et le lait coulèrent.

Les castors bâtirent. Les 'mazagrans' fumèrent dans les estaminets.

The first sentence appears to be a description of the disintegration of material reality. The poet passes abruptly from the disintegration of reality to the spectacle of a monster. Bluebeard slaughtering his wives suggests the slaughter-house and the circus. I take 'le sceau de Dieu' to be a description of dawn breaking and the white light seems to have suggested milk. There are two more abrupt transitions from 'blood and milk' to 'beavers' and from 'beavers' to 'coffee-urns'.

It is impossible to discover any pattern in the individual poems until we have grasped the *situation* in which the poet is writing. The key to this poem is evidently the word 'déluge'. There has been a great upheaval which is in the process of subsiding. Mr Fowle suggests that the 'flood' has restored the world to its primitive state of innocence and that a vision of civilization is suddenly interposed between us and the state of innocence. This is a possible interpretation, but the first sentence that I quoted may be a description of the confusion caused by the flood and of things seen from an unusual angle - things seen, for example, from a piece of floating débris. In spite of the upheaval, however, the 'new world' seems to be an illusion. Life goes on as it did before the flood. Destruction and creation alternate. The 'blood' appears to stand for destruction, the 'milk' for creation or life, which explains its connection with 'le sceau de Dieu'. In the same way, I take the 'beavers' to symbolize industry and hard work in the natural world, the 'coffee-urns' in the 'estaminets' - probably workmen's cafés - to stand for routine human industry.

Similar examples occur all through the *Illuminations*. *H* was an incomprehensible poem until M. Etiemble acutely pointed out that the words 'trouvez Hortense' showed that it was a charade. It was only then that it became clear that the poem was not a description of a prostitute, but of a very different form of sexual experience.* *Parade* becomes intelligible when it is seen to be a caricature of a religious ceremony and *Being Beauteous*, if M. Adam is correct in thinking that 'un Être de Beauté de haute taille' is a dancer.

What I want to suggest is that much of Rimbaud's value as a poet lies

* The commentators, however, still present us with a choice of perversions! See A. Adam, *art. cit.*, p. 242.

precisely in the use of the method of discontinuity. It is a form of shock tactics which continually compels a fresh effort of attention on the part of the reader, makes him look at the world in which he finds himself from a fresh angle or in a new way. It is closely connected with his emphasis on violence, with the glimpses he gives us of the disintegration of material reality and with his liking for buildings and machines of an impossible size which sometimes suggest the films of Fritz Lang:

Un souffle ouvre des brèches operadiques dans les cloisons, - brouille le pivotement des toits rongés, - disperse les limites des foyers, - éclipse les croisées. (Nocturne vulgaire.)

Là encore les maisons ne se suivent pas; le faubourg se perd bizarrement dans la campagne . . . (Villes).

What these images do, or are intended to do, is to undermine our confidence in the stability and finality of the world of common perception.

Shock tactics are also apparent in Rimbaud's use of language. I have quoted M. Adam on the image in *Barbare*:

Le pavillon en viande saignante sur la soie des mers et des fleurs arctiques . . .

He is no doubt correct in thinking that the *Illuminations* are less 'hermetic' than most of us supposed, but the conjunction of 'pavillon' and 'viande saignante' is undoubtedly startling and is surely meant to be. There is another instance in *Villes*:

Sur les versants des moissons de fleurs grandes comme nos armes et nos coupes, mugissent.

The comparison between 'flowers' and 'arms' is surprising, but the shock is provided by the verb 'mugissent'.

I come next to what for want of a better word must be called Rimbaud's 'symbols'. We are sometimes inclined to assume that symbolism was invented in the last century, but in fact it is nearly as old as poetry. What was novel about the French poets of the nineteenth century was the very extensive and elaborate use that they made of symbols. Baudelaire's technical originality lies to a considerable degree in the way in which he substituted concrete images for direct statements about his feelings. In this sense *Le Cygne* seems to me to mark an advance in French poetry, and we have perhaps for the first time the use of the recurring image which was developed and exploited by Rimbaud and Laforgue until it became a form of poetic shorthand. In *Enfance II* we read:

L'essai des feuilles d'or entoure la maison du général. Ils sont dans le midi. - On suit la route rouge pour arriver à l'auberge vide. Le château est à vendre; les persiennes

sont détachées. — Le curé aura emporté la clef de l'église. — Autour du parc, les loges des gardes sont inhabitées. Les palissades sont si hautes qu'on ne voit que les cimes bruissantes. D'ailleurs il n'y a rien à voir là-dedans.

I take 'Ils' in the first sentence to refer to the general's household who are away in the Midi on a visit or on holiday. Our first image is therefore of a house which is temporarily empty. It is followed by the empty inn, the abandoned derelict château, the closed church, the uninhabited lodges in the park where, beyond the high palisades, 'there is nothing to see'. In other words, we are presented with a scene of desolation and abandonment. The sense of abandonment is extended and elaborated in the next sequence:

Les prés remontent aux hameaux sans coqs, sans enclumes. L'écluse est levée. O les Calvaires et les moulins du désert, les îles et les meules.

The villages are deserted. There is no livestock, no anvil, because there are no horses to be shod; and there is no traffic on the canal.

This is an elementary example, but it suggests the proper approach to Rimbaud. Certain autobiographical references and certain phrases like the 'Circeto des hautes glaces' or 'Damas damnant de langueur' are unlikely ever to be explained, but this need not prevent us from discovering a pattern behind his work or enjoying it as poetry. It only becomes intelligible if we pick out the key symbols, themes and images and ensure that their meaning is not distorted by preconceived ideas and that we are not fabricating a fresh 'myth'. The 'flood' is evidently one major theme and the 'sale' in *Solde* another. It does not seem to me to matter whether the flood is a reference to the Commune, as M. Adam thinks, or to the shooting of Rimbaud by Verlaine at Brussels, as Dr. de Graaf has suggested.* What does matter is that there has been a great upheaval and an attempted fresh start. On the other hand, M. Adam is surely right in thinking that the 'sale' stands for a general liquidation and that the two symbols mark the beginning and the end of an adventure.

If Rimbaud wanted to be the Seer [he writes] it is because for fifty years a whole tradition of thought linked the cause of social progress to that of a metaphysical revolution. In the years which preceded 1870 a whole revolutionary literature announced pell-mell cosmic upheavals, the emancipation of women, the end of every form of servitude, even that of man faced with the laws of the material world. Rimbaud grew up in this atmosphere of social illuminism. His experience had a significance which far transcended his own person. The destiny of the human race, the physical and metaphysical condition of man were involved.

* Arthur Rimbaud: *Homme de lettres*. Van Gorcum, Assen (Holland), 1948, p. 69.

Let us assume that the *Illuminations* record a 'spiritual adventure' which begins with the fresh start in *Après le déluge* and ends with the final liquidation in *Solde*. In the other poems we are continually coming across the theme of the quest for a new vision, a new mode of consciousness, a new world. It is apparent in phrases like 'la levée des nouveaux hommes', 'la nouvelle harmonie', 'le nouvel amour'. There is also the desire to be rid of the old order which is apparent in 'On nous a promis d'enterrer dans l'ombre l'arbre du bien et du mal, les honnêtés tyranniques afin que nous amenions notre très pur amour.' Mr Fowlie observes that the visions and the new state always belong to the future, and he points out the tendency of the picture drawn by Rimbaud to be obliterated at the end of some of the poems:

Un rayon blanc, tombant du haut du ciel, anéantit cette comédie.

I think that we must admit that the story is one of ultimate failure, that the vision always eludes the poet, that though we hear the sounds of 'la nouvelle harmonie' we find ourselves at the close of the poem 'rendus à l'ancienne inharmonie'.

This leads me to my final remarks on the meaning and value of Rimbaud's work. The view that *Poésies* are an attack on convention can clearly stand. I think that we can still hold the view that the *Saison en enfer* is an autobiography which ends with the renunciation of *voyance* as such, but it is only the renunciation of a particular kind of vision which is loosely, and to my mind misguidedly, described as 'mystic'. The failure recorded at the end of the *Saison*, however, does not in any way preclude other adventures. I therefore take the *Illuminations* to be another autobiography. The poems belonging to the period of *voyance* are preserved, and the story of Rimbaud's childhood and youth are re-told in *Enfance* and *Jeunesse*, but the emphasis has shifted. It falls in the *Illuminations* on what M. Adam calls 'social illuminism' or the blend of the social and metaphysical reform which was characteristic of the nineteenth century. In this sense it is to be distinguished from the individualist, non-social vision which seems to be the subject of the *Saison en enfer*.

I have spoken of what seems to me to be the misguided use of the word 'mystic' which has infected a very large number of writers on Rimbaud. What I wish to emphasize particularly is that though Rimbaud's two principal works do in fact record the failure of a vision, their literary value remains unaffected. The value of his greatest work lies in its power of modifying, and not merely of modifying but of reorganizing, our sensibility. To submit ourselves to the new mode of seeing, to enter the fabulous world of the *Illuminations*, to walk the crystal streets and ride in the diamond carriages is to undergo a process of liberation from our stereotyped ways of seeing and feeling.

BOOK NOTES

STRUCTURE OF AMERICAN LIFE, by W. Lloyd Warner (Edinburgh University Press, 1952). America has often been mocked for the discrepancy between its eighteenth-century ideology of equality and its twentieth-century fact of social classes. The cruel reality of an economic gulf has been called as witness against the pretensions of American democracy to have truly created a new world from the dust-heap of the old. Even more serious in modern America is the gulf between those who have the pride of success and those who do not. Reminders of such frailty do no harm, but it is pertinent to ask whether and how America tries to bridge these gaps. Professor Warner, of the University of Chicago, whose *Yankee City* series have provided massive documentation on the life of American communities, gives a lucid indication of some possible answers to this problem. Mr Gorer is left far behind: his friend - or friendly enemy - the American matron, appears only fitfully and not at all as the brooding figure which explains the complexity of American society. Nor is America discussed exclusively in terms of weaning techniques, though, modern sociology being what it is, these naturally are not neglected. The result is not an indictment, nor a song of praise, but an analysis which gives life to the dry bones of political and economic institutions.

Professor Warner is concerned mainly with the problems of social mobility and the symbol systems of America. The former is the spark with which Americans attempt to bridge the gap between their ideals and their reality, for the opportunity of Everyman to prove himself the equal of Anyman is the essence of what Americans mean by the democracy of individualism. Unfortunately, as Professor Warner makes clear, it is not as simple as that. Putting to one side the system of caste which binds the Negro and about which the author has illuminating things to say, not every one is trained for social mobility. In addition there are increasingly important blocks being erected which prevent even those who are so trained from achieving their aim. Social mobility exists in America; Professor Warner is not ashamed to say that the American dream is not a fantasy. But he describes the class structure of the American school, the breakdown of community life, and the collapse of the skill hierarchy in the factory. All of these make the older mobility more difficult to accomplish. He also shows, in his chapter on ethnic groups, the heartache which accompanies successful social movement: in this particular case the conflict of ideals between parents and children, and the high price which must be paid for assimilation in America. In his discussion of these matters he has much to say about the class and social composition of his *Yankee City*, about the personality of the upward mobile business man, and the significance of associations in America. But he does not allow these matters to divert him from his main theme: that in America social

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mobility and social classes are antithetical principles which nevertheless must somehow exist together. It is this uneasy alliance between opposites which accounts for so much of the tensions, both personal and political, in American life to-day.

His study of American symbol systems is an attempt to describe how this tension is relieved in the unity of nationhood and in terms of personal emotional satisfaction. The notorious daytime serials of American radio ('soap operas') serve a function as a justification for the way of life of the lower-middle-class woman, and as an assurance that her position as wife and mother is a noble one - an assurance of which they are often in grim need in fissiparous America. In the same way, public symbols are examined for their role in achieving co-operation for common national ends; the sacred and secular symbols of Memorial Day provide a cement of 'equalitarian symbols which help unify classes and creeds'.

Perhaps he tends to assume too easily that big business blocks mobility. But are there not new routes of mobility being opened up by that favourite fiend of the American Left? And his book, alas, does not altogether avoid the curse of American sociology, inane jargon, e.g. 'eating, although a biological act, in its social form consists of the sharing of food at a common meal'; or, 'we have seen what the training is, or, to say it another way, we have examined the social maze in which the organisms (i.e. children) are conditioned'. One struggles wearily through such sentences and passes on to the good things of the book. For Professor Warner has written a work which in describing social mobility in America describes some of the demons which drive Americans.

WILLIAM J. NEWMAN.

THE MALTHUSIAN POPULATION THEORY. G. F. McCleary (Faber and Faber, 1951.) Dr McCleary is a doctor of medicine, he has written several books on population, and he used to be the Medical Officer of Health for Battersea. It is clear from this book that he has done a great deal of work on Robert Malthus, work which must often have been as rewarding as is proof-reading a railway timetable in galley. For this reason it is unkind of me to say, as I must, that much of his work was unnecessary or undesirable. But was it necessary, for instance, for him to write the short life of Malthus which begins, and ends, this book when much of it is in the D.N.B. and most of it is in Keynes's *Essays in Biography*? And was it desirable for Dr McCleary to do the serious-minded student's work for him, and collate so carefully the variants (the very wide variants) between the successive editions of Malthus's *Essay*? Malthusians *proprement dits* read all the editions; people who can value Malthus this side idolatry manage normally with parts of the first edition of 1798 (when they can get

it) and most of the sixth of 1826. What happened to the book between first and last editions concerns only the specialists; and this book is not only for specialists, it is for ordinary people – as Keynes's *Essays* were. The first half of the book, then, is a solid – and padded – achievement in collection and collation; and nothing more. The book's real value is in its second half. It is there that Dr McCleary traces the influence of Malthus's thinking on the sociological ideas of the nineteenth century and on those of our own time, and it is in this last particular that Dr McCleary is so splendidly equipped (both in medical skill and in passionately humane zeal) to write with fine authority. He has the right to prove that Malthus was right.

He has that right in his matter, but not in his manner, for this is a very ill-written book. If you do not mind phrases like 'optimum population' or 'disparity between man's power to produce population and his power to produce subsistence' you will not agree with me. And if you think, as I do, that the word population is a noun and not an adjective ('because of excessive population growth'; indeed, 'The Malthusian population theory'!) you will not get far into this book without ill-temper. I had not gone far myself when I ticked up the first fifty. Then I gave up counting.

I did not give up reading.

STANLEY HYLAND.

SAMUEL BUTLER. THE INCARNATE BACHELOR. By Philip Henderson. (Cohen and West, 18s.) 'Whether I am the worst person to write a Memoir of Butler is a question not to be decided by me; it cannot be decided by anyone until some other person shall write another life of Butler which may be compared with mine.' Thus Henry Festing Jones at the close of his *Memoir* of Samuel Butler; and whatever may be the merit or otherwise of the biographies which have appeared since 1919, it is certain that none can stand comparison with that great 'omnium gatherum' two heavy tomes, containing close on five hundred pages of first-hand Butleriana, in the form of narrative, letters, notes, anecdotes and reminiscence. The *Memoir* has, as Butler's latest biographer admits, an 'enduring fascination'. It is a fascination which may be compared to that of wandering at leisure in some large overcrowded junk-shop, with the possibility of coming at any moment upon some object, hitherto disregarded, whose value may prove of incalculable significance to the fortunate curio-hunter. In comparison with such an experience, the lure of contemporary biography is that of high-class window-dressing, in which, behind plate glass selected objects are cunningly mounted and displayed beneath the concealed lighting of a subjective judgment.

Mr Philip Henderson, taking a medium course between two extreme

has given us an able and straightforward account of the life of Samuel Butler, which lays more emphasis on the incidents in Butler's career than on the analysis and interpretation of his work. It is from the Festing Jones quarry, of course, that he has hacked out the bulk of his material; but he has hewn it into compact and presentable shape. Furthermore, he has, through his own researches, enlarged our knowledge of the Butler family circle. Whereas the *Memoir* throws many sidelights, mostly wry and discoloured, upon Butler's two sisters, it is noticeably reticent upon the subject of Samuel's younger brother. 'Butler's brother, Thomas, was known to be travelling, but nothing had been heard from him for a considerable time, and his wife and family had become anxious . . .' In fact, we now learn from Mr Henderson, this son of the rectory had abandoned both wife and family, and, in the company of 'wretched women', was leading abroad a life of the utmost social and moral disrepute. Mr Henderson also prints a number of letters (omitted by Festing Jones) which passed between Butler and his father on the subject of Samuel's future career: letters in which the touchy and irascible accents of the son, and the patient painstaking tones of the father, evoke a very real sympathy for the hard-pressed parent, and do much to confirm Mrs Garnett's estimate of the amiable qualities of a man who endured moral persecution in turn from an authoritative father and a relentlessly iconoclastic son.

Mr Henderson's book is pleasant both to read and to handle; but the lack of an index is to be regretted.

BETTY MILLER.

PEACOCKS AND PRIMROSES. By Muriel Masfield. Pp. 319 (Geoffrey Bles, 21s. net). It is time some enterprising publisher re-issued the novels of Disraeli, or at all events the 'Young England' Trilogy, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*. *Sybil*, in which he considers the Two Nations of England, the Rich and the Poor, is probably his most important novel, and ought to have a permanent place in English literature. Disraeli is readable and stimulating, in spite of weaknesses of construction and plot and lapses into melodrama or conventionality. His novels express the inimitable personality of their author, who, whatever we may think of him, was never a bore. They have irony and wit, and abound with vivid incidents. The description of aristocratic country houses has never been better done – and few Englishmen, even to-day, can resist the subject. But most of all they have a unique political and historical interest which gives life to the characters, many of whom were based on real people, or were actual portraits of contemporaries such as Wellington. They deal with the issues of the time seen at first hand by a man who intimately lived through them.

Disraeli was a literary prophet, a man with a message – a fact that Miss

Masefield's title rather ignores, though she does full justice to it in her book. The peacocks and the primroses play their part; but, with few exceptions, it is the theme of power and its nemesis set against the development of political and religious ideas that dominates the novels. Perhaps if Miss Masefield had strung the novels on to a narrative of Disraeli's life she would have achieved greater form and continuity. But this is grudging criticism of a charming and consistently interesting piece of work. The stories of the novels are unfolded vividly and excitingly, and characters based on real people are identified. Without being a work of criticism, the book manages to say quite a lot on the circumstances of the novels in relation to Disraeli's life and character, and to appraise his literary achievement. An admirable Epilogue sums up with economy and clarity. The publishers also must be congratulated. Binding, print and general lay-out are delightful.

R. H.

SOME PRINCIPLES OF FICTION, by Robert Liddell (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.). Mr Liddell showed in his previous short book, rather heavily entitled *A Treatise on the Novel*, that a light, skirmishing approach, in chapters that are little more than paragraphs, may get nearer the truth of criticism than some more ponderous studies. In that book he provided very intelligent insights into the novelist's mind and the peculiarities of plot, character and background. His comments had that unmistakable note of authenticity which comes from the honest and discriminating expression of personal taste. His new book is also intelligent, but in its lightness perhaps becomes a fault. He broaches important subjects, without going deeply into them; for instance, the fate of the novel in our modern shifting and inorganic society. It is true that the Jane Austen village no longer exists and that the coherent comedy of manners is, therefore, more difficult to achieve. That is not necessarily a matter for regret. However much we may admire Jane Austen, not one of us would care to go back to the closed life of Emma and Mr Knightley. Mr Liddell seems to imply that life is unsatisfactory if a traditional novel cannot be written about it, and he sympathizes with modern writers who fall back on their childhood because it provides them with a limited, persona world. This sounds like defeatism. He is complaining that life is no favourable to the novel, instead of adapting the novel to life, as the next great novelist will no doubt do. Elsewhere he shows the same tendency to grasp a real problem and then treat it perfunctorily, sometimes merely by a quotation from another writer. One of the good points of his previous book was his exposure of the sentimentality of the Natural Man in Forster's novels; here, he himself seems to become sentimental in his praise of *Le Grand Meaulnes* and Forest Reid. Altogether this second book appears too skimpy and hurried; it is, however, well worth reading. J. O. W.

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EDITORIAL

ONE of the aspects of post-war Britain which puzzles the London correspondents of foreign newspapers is the absence of sustained debate on issues which are deeply controversial in other countries. The basic cause of this mildly unhealthy accord is the British two-party system. When the front benches of both parties are in agreement on an issue there is no need of debate *à l'outrance*. True, neither party is quite monolithic. A back bencher may express his dissent, but usually it dies as he resumes his seat. Nor is there much real dissent even from the back benches of Parliament. The Conservatives resolve their differences in private, and though the Labour Party conducts its internecine warfare in public the gulf between the Bevanites and the rest is narrower than that between the rival wings of both American parties.

The reluctance to debate the great issues of the day comes from the basic agreement between the parties on foreign policy. Ernest Bevin imposed on his Labour followers a policy much to the taste of the Conservatives. Thus the Cold War, the idea of containment, the formation of N A T O, were accepted in this country without opposition, except from the negligible Communist party. The Bevanite challenge came only after Ernest Bevin's death, and the Bevanites have always been milk-and-water neutralists, if indeed they have been neutralists at all. How useful it would have been had there been a skilful neutralist minority in the country not confined to the left wing of the Labour Party! For the unity of the country is less happy than might be supposed. A heavy armaments programme, high taxation, a low standard of living, and conscription, have been imposed on a nation with no more than its tacit consent. Even the Press has not been helpful. All daily newspapers, save the *Daily Worker* (which to-day is of little influence) have echoed the views of successive Foreign Secretaries, or the parallel views of the Opposition front bench. The same orthodoxy is found in the weekly newspapers, save the Bevanite *Tribune* and the eternally perverse *New Statesman*. About marginal issues there has of course been some real dissent – especially on the Middle East. But no post-war government in Britain has had to fight hard for its foreign policy or for its taxes. Might there not be some connection between this

and the national malaise. In our search for incentives to producers, have we not overlooked the greatest incentive of all: that of convincing the great majority of businessmen and workers that the price of security is hard work and sacrifice? Or again, is it yet clear to the British public that the new attitude of the Russians is largely due to the resolution of the N A T O countries, and not to some miraculous change of heart made possible by Malenkov succeeding Stalin? Is it quite clear that it is containment, not neutralism, which has produced the détente?

To lose the habit of holding sustained debates can be dangerous for a democracy. It is all the more dangerous in a country such as Britain where reticence is considered to be the gentlemanly, and therefore the desirable attitude. There have been some examples of reticence lately which have caused no stir in this country, but which have amazed foreign observers. One instance is the illness of the Prime Minister. It is indeed remarkable that the leading statesman of a great country can be out of action for week after week, and that no explanation is given to the public other than that he is tired and needs a rest. To this jejune bulletin have been added a few words by his son-in-law, to the effect that Sir Winston's fatigue is more mental than physical. Meanwhile the most alarming rumours have gained currency, and Sir Winston has been credited in the press abroad with all the illnesses which a man of his years and constitution could possibly have. It has in fact been said by one American observer that his active life as a political figure is over. Whether this is true we have no means of knowing. It is incredible that Parliament should have risen without any certainty whether in the event of an international crisis (which seemed not improbable) the Premier or Mr Eden would be well enough to deal with it – or whether it would fall to their deputies, Mr Butler and Lord Salisbury. The casualness of the interim arrangements was only slightly reduced when, on the eve of his departure for Washington, Lord Salisbury was made Acting Foreign Secretary. Mr Butler was not, however, made Acting Prime Minister, and nobody was rude enough to ask why not.

Another example of misplaced good taste was the absence of comment on the Government's announcement that it intends to introduce in autumn a Regency Bill which will eliminate Princess Margaret and put the Duke of Edinburgh in her place. This caused only a ripple of interest, though the constitutional importance of the news is considerable. It is unlikely, as the Queen is a healthy young woman, that the Duke will ever reign over this country as Regent. But his immediate position becomes

vastly different. At present he has no place in the Constitution. As potential Regent he has a foremost place, since he then becomes the closest official adviser to the Queen, has access to State documents and can be admitted to audiences with Ambassadors, High Commissioners and visiting statesmen. The *Manchester Guardian* raised these points; Mr Michael Foot had some sharp words to say in the *Daily Herald* and *Tribune*; and the *Daily Express* was dubious. The remainder of the press, including the weeklies, showed hardly a flicker of interest. Perhaps the words of the Press Council were still ringing in their ears. It is possible that the proposed change in the Regency is to be made because the Queen wishes to raise her husband's status. It is also possible that it is to free Princess Margaret from responsibilities which would interfere with her private wishes. Mr Butler has deplored the speculation there has been on this subject, but it is surely remarkable that the supposed marital intentions of the person who is third in line of succession to the Throne, and is under the present Act the potential Regent, should be treated as a private affair. Is there to be public silence until everything has been decided? Should not the Government welcome a test of public feeling in something which is, after all, a very public matter? How far can delicacy and reticence be carried in matters which concern the whole nation?

DEAD TYRANT'S SHOES

G. F. Hudson

Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and a regular contributor to *The Economist*

IN A.D. 211 Septimius Severus, one of the ablest as well as one of the most cruel of the Roman emperors, died at York. He had been conducting a military campaign against the Caledonians, and the climate of Scotland – it cannot at that date have been the whisky – seems to have been too much for him. His two sons, Caracalla and Geta, were present at his deathbed, and his last words were to exhort them to live in harmony with each other. His death left them with the 'collective leadership' of the Roman world; both had already been elevated to imperial rank and they were to govern as colleagues. What followed is thus described by H. Stuart Jones in his book *The Roman Empire*:

For a whole year the inevitable tragedy was delayed. The brothers returned at once to Rome and laid the ashes of their father in the mausoleum of the Antonine house. Severus was deified as a matter of course. Then the struggle for power began. Rome was openly divided into two camps, which observed a kind of armed neutrality; the air was full of plots and all the efforts of Julia Domna [the widow of Severus] to reconcile her sons were fruitless. Geta was the more popular, for the tyrannical violence of Caracalla inspired terror in his subjects, and at length the elder brother resolved to be rid of his rival at all costs. Professing his readiness for a reconciliation, he persuaded Julia Domna to invite both her sons to visit her and settle their differences. No sooner was the summons obeyed than a body of centurions burst into the room and Geta was cut down in his mother's arms. Caracalla hastened to secure the allegiance of the household troops, professing that his own life had been endangered, and promising an enormous donative. . . . The Senate was quieted by the proclamation of an amnesty to all exiled senators, and the name of Geta was erased from the public monuments. Then followed a reign of terror in which (if we are to believe Dio) 20,000 of Geta's adherents perished.

It would be well for commentators on certain aspects of contemporary world politics to remember that this kind of thing has been going on in human affairs for thousands of years. Wherever in autocratically governed states the succession to supreme authority has been disputed, there have been struggles for power in which even the closest ties of kinship have not been proof against treachery and murder. Historians who have dealt in detail with the records of despotic political systems of the past have

usually assumed that the prize of absolute power is sufficient to explain such struggles; they have not sought to interpret them in terms of profound social upheavals or differences of political conviction – even though conflicts of policy or ideology might often be mixed up with the fight for personal power. It is only in modern times and in the interpretation of contemporary events that it has become *de rigueur* to discover fundamental issues of principle in every struggle for power and virtually to ignore the pursuit of power as an end in itself. Apart from theoretical presuppositions in favour of reducing history to conflicts of group economic interests in society, the tendency to minimize power motives undoubtedly corresponds to the facts of political life in a parliamentary or democratic state wherein parties competing for votes are broadly representative of social classes, and the personal rivalries of political leaders operate only within the strict limits imposed by the constitutional framework. But habits of thinking based on the experience of democratic politics is actually a barrier to the understanding of developments in a system of autocratic government wherein power is essentially personal, arbitrary and unlimited.

Despotic monarchy has been the normal, not the exceptional, form of political control in the more complex human societies over the whole range of history since civilization began. It is the republican and parliamentary forms of state that have been exceptional. The apologia for political liberty must be that it is the essential condition for a higher kind of civilization, not that it is the natural and necessary condition of mankind. There can be no serious study of politics without an attempt to understand why it is that human beings submit to despotic rule. It is the will to obey, and not the will to power, which is the really distinguishing characteristic of a despotic political system; democratic societies swarm with individuals who have plenty of will to power, but they cannot find a sufficient supply of people to obey them. It is the will to obey which gives scope to the will to power and stimulates it to its greatest activity. The will to obey prevails in a society when the desire to avoid responsibility, to find security by submission to an external father-saviour, is stronger than the urge towards private judgment, choice and initiative. The will to obey is fundamentally a craving for certainty; it is the quest for the one man who knows, who decides, who commands, who must be obeyed. The alternative for such a state of mind is uncertainty, confusion, bewilderment, doubt, not knowing where to look for orders. But the desire to submit to a despotic ruler does not of itself decide who the despot is to be. What the would-be subject wants is to have his authority given to him from above; any kind of free electoral choice would defeat the psychological purpose of the institution by reintroducing just that element of

uncertainty and dispute which a despotic regime claims to avoid. How then is the ruler to be selected? Ideally there should be some automatic indicator, and in a hereditary monarchy with a fixed law of succession this is provided; there is an heir-apparent in the lifetime of the reigning monarch and he inherits the royal power on a demise of the Crown. In a non-dynastic autocracy, on the other hand, it is virtually impossible to establish an automatic succession, and in the type of regime generally known as a dictatorship the transfer of the supreme power on the death of the dictator involves the risk of a sharp conflict among the men of his 'court'. Such conflicts tend to be resolved sooner or later by violence, by arrests, assassinations, 'palace revolutions', or even open clashes of armed forces, for if power is neither inherited by clear legal succession nor conferred by free election, it can be in the last resort established only by force – by the fact that one candidate succeeds in getting control of the apparatus of the state-power and eliminating his rivals. These applications of force in succession disputes, however, differ essentially from popular revolts or movements aimed at replacing a despotism by political liberty; they are modes of competition for autocratic power, and the masses passively accept whoever emerges victorious from them, their main concern being that someone should have definite and undisputed authority.

Even in systems of dynastic autocracy there is not necessarily any fixed rule of succession; indeed, this is characteristic only of a certain highly bureaucratized forms of monarchy in which it is reckoned that the personal qualities of the nominal ruler are not of great importance. The disadvantage of a strict succession law has always been that it may bring to supreme authority an entirely unsuitable person; this was particularly disastrous in a tribal or feudal kingdom, in which the ruler was expected to govern and defend his realm in person and could not delegate his authority to any considerable degree. Thus it was often the custom to regard all the able-bodied males of the dynastic house as eligible for the kingship, with either the reigning monarch nominating his successor or a council of magnates selecting one of the candidates; usually, however, such arrangements involved intrigues leading to violence and warfare between the rival claimants, any 'election' merely registering the victory of the strongest. In some cases, fights for the succession were a recognized institution, conducted according to customary rules. Among the Banyankole of East Africa it was formerly the custom – one might say, the constitution – that whenever the king died, his sons, each with as many warriors as he could collect, fought one another for the kingship, while a court official administered the realm and acted as umpire; he was bound to hand over authority to whichever of the brothers succeeded in killing or driving out all the others. It could be argued that this procedure

ensured a survival of the fittest and saved the tribe from being governed by a weakling who could not defend it in war. But only a primitive society can afford to maintain contests of this kind as a publicly approved device of politics; when they occur in more advanced communities, they are regarded as regrettable incidents, which should be, if possible, represented as measures of patriotic justice against the loser (e.g. 'the enemy of the people, Beria, has been unmasked and rendered harmless.').

In our time, dynastic autocracy is virtually extinct; where hereditary monarchy is still an important factor, it is as an embodiment of the state and not as the direct governing power. It is to the non-dynastic dictators, exercising despotic power nominally as political leaders of the masses, that this century has transferred the image of absolute power. It is characteristic of the new kind of absolutism that there has never been any question of making it hereditary. One hundred and fifty years ago, when Europe was still dominated by royal dynasties, the self-made Napoleon dreamed of perpetuating his power in his own family; in our age, although both Mussolini and Stalin had sons, nobody ever regarded them as heirs to the political authority of their fathers. It is assumed that the successor to a modern dictator will not be a member of his family, but one of his party henchmen who has had long experience as a political 'boss' and has his hands on the levers of the party machine when his master dies. This should at least ensure a certain standard of practical ability in the successor and exclude the vesting of power in a frivolous or incompetent heir succeeding only by privilege of birth. But the dictator's situation produces its own special dilemma. The man whom he will probably regard as most fit to succeed him is presumably the man who is already second in party standing, but he is for that very reason always a potential rival to the dictator himself, and if he is definitely designated as the successor, so that his favour is courted by those who are looking to the future, he may easily become too powerful for his maker to control. If, on the other hand, in order to avoid this danger, some lesser figure without too much ability or ambition is nominated, he may be incapable of taking over the power when the time comes. Again, if the successor is nominated too early, there is a risk of permanent disaffection in the disappointed candidates, and the despot may do better for the stability of his own power by keeping all the possibles hopeful and doing their best to please him. But if he then dies with no clearly designated successor, his departure leaves the party and the 'court' in a condition of uncertainty, which must soon lead either to a disintegration of the regime or to a new struggle for supreme power.

In dictatorships of the Fascist-Nazi type the 'leader principle' is openly avowed, so that there is no distinction drawn between the dictatorship of the party and the dictatorship of the Duce or Fuehrer. Mussolini and

Hitler were in effect the creators of their parties, and Fascist or Nazi party membership consisted fundamentally in devotion to these leaders. The two dictators, however, differed in their attitude to the problem of succession. Mussolini was willing to leave it to the Fascist Grand Council – a body which thereby assumed a certain independent importance; there was even some recognition of the status of the King of Italy in the matter. Hitler, on the other hand, made himself head of the German state, as well as head of the German government, and tolerated no body of men in the Nazi party who could in any way limit his will; with this plenitude of power, he publicly nominated his successor – or rather a whole list of successors to cover all contingencies. Hitler claimed an absolute right to bestow his power by legacy as he thought fit, and in this as in many other respects, his regime represented a far more totalitarian conception than Mussolini's.

The problem of succession in a Communist state is more complicated because in theory the autocratic leader-principle is not recognized. The Communist party has a monopoly of political power and activity, but within itself it is supposed to practice 'democratic centralism' – a system which was originally designed by Lenin to combine a centralized party discipline with free discussion of policy among party members and free elections to party offices and committees. Had this system ever really prevailed, the Soviet regime would have been neither an autocracy nor a democracy, but an oligarchy, for with all citizens outside the party virtually disenfranchised by the lack of a political alternative to the Communist monopoly, political sovereignty would have been effectively vested in the party membership as the sole freely functioning electorate. But Lenin deluded himself in believing that a single party with a selected and highly disciplined membership could suppress all opposition parties and identify itself permanently with the state, without losing 'inner-party democracy'. The contradiction was not fully manifest during Lenin's lifetime; he tolerated a large measure of political freedom inside the party, partly because his personal authority was sufficient for leadership without the systematic use of terror, partly because the party in his time still had strong popular support and had not yet become a privileged governing class. It was only after Lenin's death that the impossibility of maintaining a party dictatorship without a personal dictator gradually became apparent. There was no official succession to Lenin because his unique position had been an informal one; after he was dead, authority was supposed to reside where it had always been – in the Politburo, elected by the Central Committee, elected by the Party Congress, elected by the whole body of party members. But what happened was that a period of factional strife and weak, vacillating policy was followed by the establishment of a crush-

ing despotism whereby everything in the party came to be decided, not from below upward, but from above downward. Stalin emerged as a real autocrat and in the end – though the climax was long delayed – he physically destroyed in one way or another everyone in the party who had ever been his rival or opponent – all who had been his colleagues in the Politburo at the time of Lenin's death, and all besides himself who had been mentioned by Lenin in his *Testament* as possible future leaders of the party. This transformation of the Soviet Communist party had both an organizational and a psychological aspect. As a matter of organization, it was not difficult to destroy 'inner-party democracy', because the rigorous discipline of the party meant that all members were always in fear of expulsion, and once the ruling clique in the party made criticism of themselves ('deviation') a ground for expulsion, members were in effect deprived of all political rights. Their only function henceforth was to carry out orders from above and elect candidates nominated by the Secretariat; in compensation, however, for ceasing to have any say in policy or the choice of leaders, the party member was now a privileged person climbing the ladder of a lucrative official career. Psychologically the transformation of the party from Leninism to Stalinism was closely connected with this fact. The more the party became identified with a privileged bureaucracy and with the coercion of the masses of the people, the more did the rank and file – especially those who joined the party after 1920 – feel the need to eliminate all differences of opinion and rally round a single strong-willed leader whose word would be law. This was the reason – even more than direct police repression – why Trotsky, Zinoviev, Bukharin and the other leaders of the opposition within the party were politically so ineffective. The Communist rank and file did not want inner-party democracy; they wanted a despot who would maintain and intensify the party's dominant power. If in the end many of them got more than they bargained for, that is only the way of tyranny.

The nature of the Communist party in Russia, and its relation to the masses of the people, have not changed since the final consolidation of Stalin's rule, and the forces making for personal autocracy as against inner-party democracy remain as they were twenty years ago. 'Collective leadership' is a temporary cover for the insufficiently determinate situation which was left by Stalin's death, but already this has been considerably clarified. No doubt there are perennial yearnings for a return to inner-party democracy, and it may be very convenient to play on these when it is necessary for the humble and self-effacing Malenkov to muster support against the ambitious and aspiring Beria. There may also be quite a large margin within which it is safe to relax the rigours of control and inquisition as maintained by Stalin. But there is no reason to suppose

that the system as it has developed can now be carried on without a single autocratic will at the head of it; an apex of personal power is necessary for the party dictatorship as it now exists, and if Malenkov fails to consolidate his power, the party will find another champion.

Any sign of a movement towards real democracy in Russia, involving a relinquishment of the Communist party's monopoly of power, would indeed be something of the greatest importance, justifying talk of a new era. But nothing of the kind has happened since Stalin's death. The concessions and relaxations which are on record do not amount to more than what might be expected in a period when new men were feeling their way, doubtful of their capacity to step into the shoes of their dead master and anxious to win a little popularity by a temporary 'let up' and yet more promises of the good things to come. But it matters little whether Malenkov arrests Beria or Beria arrests Malenkov, in comparison with the fact that both, as far as is known, stood completely for the continued domination of all Soviet life by the Communist party-state. The masses of the people outside the party have no cause to be concerned whether there is more or less democracy within the party; it does not affect them at all. They still have that habituation to despotism which centuries of the Tsardom gave them, and in so far as they cannot have any democracy for themselves, a personal autocracy at least gives them that sense of certainty, order and patriarchal authority which is some compensation for all that they endure. The rule of the party with merely 'collective' leadership would give them the advantages neither of liberty nor of autocracy; it would be a tyranny without any redeeming feature. What at least one Russian who was born and brought up under the Soviet regime, and fought in the Russian army between 1941 and 1945, felt about the Communist party is thus expressed by Peter Pirogov in his autobiographical narrative *Why I Escaped*:

I saw the people divided into two categories. . . . One consisted of honest, hard-working men and women who were fed up with the wonders of Stalin's 'happy life' and asked only to be left alone, to be given a chance to work and live in peace. And the other was a noisy, meddlesome and crooked minority of careerists and hangers-on who made life miserable for the rest. Their vanity and their passion for interfering in other people's personal affairs, their zeal to sacrifice everything and everybody for their own well-being, filled me with disgust.

It may be that these sentiments are unorganized and that there are not as yet any forces stirring in Russia which carry any threat to the 'monolithic' ruling party. But this party will experiment with 'democratic centralism' at its peril. It cannot afford such luxuries. Someone must be master in that house, and the last few weeks have at any rate decided that it will not be Lavrenti Beria.

LIVING STANDARDS UNDER MALENKOV

By a Special Correspondent

The suspense that Beria's dismissal caused in Russia and abroad has come to an end. The speeches of Malenkov and Zverev, the Finance Minister, at the session of the Supreme Soviet in early August have clarified the present position of the Kremlin in domestic and foreign affairs. By comparison with the traditional statements of Soviet leaders, Malenkov's speech must have sounded to his listeners like a report at a shareholders' meeting rather than the utterance of a political crusader, while his remarks on foreign relations sounded a note of reasonableness that has been absent for a long time from the public statements of Soviet leaders. Yet close analysis shows that Malenkov was trying – by subtler means than in the past – to divide the Western camp and thus reinforce the Soviet position in the world. It is now clearer than ever that the Soviet Union cannot be expected to negotiate on any outstanding international subject except from a 'position of strength'.

Both at home and abroad, the regime is trying to achieve maximum gains at minimum cost. At first sight, Zverev's national account looked like a 'consumer budget', and Malenkov's statement on economic policy like a further major concession to the masses in town and country. Yet here again, these first impressions are not borne out by careful analysis. No doubt, tone of speech and manner of presentation produced a sense of relief by comparison with the nauseating tirades of the Stalin era. It is also true that the economic concessions to urban consumers and rural producers must have caused a feeling that the worst hardships are now a matter of the past. Yet a scrutiny of the economic data given by Malenkov and Zverev suggests that the concessions, though welcome, represent no more than a slight shift of emphasis within the framework set at the XIXth Congress, when under Stalin's eyes the long-range goal was set.

Now, as before, consumer goods account for less than one-third of total industrial output, while producer goods contribute more than two-thirds. The structure of industry has remained the same since the end of the war, and it is to remain the same in 1955 when the present Plan period comes to an end. It is noteworthy that in 1940, before Russia was forced into the war, the ratio of producer to consumer goods, at 60 : 40, was more favourable than it is now, at the dawn of a period when economic and

political relaxation is promised. In this connection, Malenkov's references to the expected level of production of individual commodities is revealing. The targets of all the basic pre-requisites of industrial output, such as coal, electricity, iron and steel, are expected to be reached according to plan. Against this, production of such important commodities as cement for housing, cotton for clothing, and butter for feeding the consumer have fallen behind the expected targets. It is difficult to see how in these circumstances the goals for 1955 can be reached in time, let alone achieved ahead of schedule, as forecast by Malenkov.

Considerable thought was devoted by Malenkov and Zverev to agriculture, which has long been known to be the Achilles heel of the Soviet regime. The 'incorrect practice' of evaluating harvest results in terms of an imaginary biological yield, which overstates the barn harvest by at least one quarter, has misled the Soviet authorities themselves to such an extent that it is now to be abandoned. The farm collectives will be glad to know that their delivery quotas will in future be based on real rather than imaginary achievements. The peasants will have been equally pleased to hear that a substantial tax reduction is to be granted on income earned over and above their payment for work on the collective farms. Once again the impression of a major concession is created. Yet, seen in their proper perspective, these steps, though welcome, amount to little. The private plots of the collective farmers which are to benefit from the change of agricultural policy account for approximately three per cent. of total farm area, and the farm output that is to benefit from reductions in tax and delivery quotas and from increases in market prices may account for less than two per cent. of the value of the country's total agricultural produce. Thus, rural living standards will benefit from the change of emphasis in agrarian policy only to a very minor extent.

The concessions to urban consumers are more generous. Budget and economic policy statements have but confirmed the cuts in retail prices and in 'voluntary' State Loans which have become known in recent months. These measures will have raised the standard of living of the industrial workers by 10 to 15 per cent. and, for the first time, the worker's wage will buy as much as before the outbreak of the last war. This is a considerable achievement. But against it has to be held the considerable public spending on capital investment for producer goods and armaments which has only been reduced to an insignificant extent in favour of farming and the consumer industries. In this respect, the most disturbing feature of recent Soviet declarations of policy is the large undeclared item of budgetary expenditure of more than 50,000 million roubles. This item, which is half as large as that ear-marked for defence expenditure, leaves a big question-mark behind current promises of an increase in standards of

living. It may entail such dangerous and disturbing activities as large-scale development of hydrogen bombs and other war weapons. It may, on the other hand, be used for economic infiltration into China or other industrially undeveloped areas of Asia. Were it ear-marked for peaceful aims, it would have been a great relief to his listeners at home and abroad if Malenkov had disclosed their nature.

While Soviet economic policy has thus not undergone any radical revisions, it has had to take into consideration certain demands which had become increasingly vocal of late, in particular those of workers and peasants for improvements in their living standards. These demands are unlikely to be silenced in Russia, or elsewhere in the Soviet orbit, by any minor concessions, and more will be heard about this burning question in the future. This, therefore, is a good moment to take stock of present living conditions behind the Iron Curtain. And here it is to be observed at once that in spite of enormous increases in industrial production, the living standards of industrial workers have hardly improved since 1928. If the urban middle classes and the village population are taken fully into account, standards on the whole have deteriorated. As the publication of wage rates and price statistics ceased more than twenty years ago, it is no easy task to form a reliable picture of changes in wage incomes and living standards, but a relatively large number of individual accounts of wages and prices makes it possible to estimate changes in real income. Thus it is known that the average nominal wage of a male worker in Moscow is, at best, 8,400 roubles per annum or 700 roubles per month and 3.50 roubles per hour; but it is likely to be only 3.00 roubles per hour for Soviet industry as a whole. This means that the Soviet worker earns slightly less in roubles than the British worker does in shillings. Living standards would thus equal British levels if the prices of major consumer goods were slightly cheaper in Russia than in Britain. This, however, is not the case. Despite the price cuts of April 1953, bread and flour (two of the main foodstuffs) cost twice to three times, dairy products and meat three to four times, and sugar eight times as much as in Britain. Similar differences are found when textiles and household goods of corresponding qualities are compared.

As Lord Reading was able to show during the E C E Conference, held in Geneva early in 1953, the Soviet worker would have to labour approximately three times as long as his British counterpart to provide his family with the standard of living customary in Britain. While in England the earnings of approximately three hours of work a day suffice to meet the average food bill of a working class family, the Soviet worker would have to spend something like his daily wage in order to purchase the equivalent food supply for himself and his family. If the comparison is with American

living standards, the discrepancy is even greater. According to calculations made by the U S Department of Labour, in terms of foodstuffs the purchasing power of the American hourly wage was four times as high in 1938, and almost six times as high in 1951, as that of the corresponding Soviet wage. Since then, owing to price cuts, the ratio has improved a little. When expenditure for rent, clothing and household goods is taken into account, the living standard of the Soviet worker appears somewhat more favourable than the above calculation suggests, but a considerable discrepancy remains.

Much has been said and written about the recent cuts in retail prices and the effect they have had on living standards. Following many years of inflation, the price reductions have indeed led to an improvement above the appallingly low living standards of the first post-war years. Nevertheless, real incomes are unlikely to have risen beyond the levels reached in 1937, and they are certain to lag behind the levels of 1928 by some 20 per cent. Apart from the need of reconstructing war-damaged industries, the rapid rearmament in recent years has to be held responsible for the relatively slow recovery of living conditions. In the course of the past five years, the volume of armaments is likely to have grown by 50 per cent, taking account of the undeclared military spending hidden behind such innocuous budget items as 'national economy' or 'social and cultural requirements'.

It is in this context that the trends of living standards in the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe must be compared. Investigation reveals that both rearmament and improvements of living standards in the Soviet Union have been financed in part out of the labours of Eastern Europe's working classes. To evaluate present living conditions in Eastern Europe is indeed a hazardous venture. As in the Soviet Union, all statistical reporting on such items as wages and prices, and on the size and composition of the labour force, came to an end several years ago. But even in the absence of regular statistical returns it is possible to estimate the trend of living standards in the main industrialized countries of the area. Sufficient information is available from semi-official and private sources, and the analysis of these data is most revealing. While in the Soviet Union in the last five years there has been a steady, though slow, improvement and recently a recovery of pre-war living standards, in Eastern Europe the trend is the reverse. There can be no doubt that living standards, after some temporary recovery before 1948, have declined in the last few years and are to-day well below pre-war levels.

While the changes in the production and consumption of such consumer goods as textiles and household goods are too great, and the price quotations too infrequent, to make possible an estimate of a complete

working-class family budget, the cost of the weekly food basket (based on pre-war consumption) can be established without difficulty. It clearly shows the general trend of real wages. In the Soviet Union the cost of the food basket has declined from more than 15 working hours per head weekly before 1950 to 10 hours at present (compared with 13 hours in 1937). Against this, in most countries of Eastern Europe the cost of the national food basket (though not that of other items) has more than doubled since before the war. Since it would have been hardly possible to reduce the pre-war levels of Eastern European consumption by half, this statement must be qualified: what was intended and has, in fact, been achieved in large measure is the extension of working hours and the inclusion of women in the industrial labour force. So as to prevent too drastic a fall in real income, workers are forced to labour longer and harder, and formerly non-working members of families are obliged to take up employment. Even so, a larger proportion of the family budget than previously is likely to be absorbed by the food bill, leaving less than in the past for non-essential spending. In this way, meagre subsistence levels that are below pre-war, though not as much as the calculation of work required for individual food baskets might suggest, are achieved by the efforts of whole working-class families rather than by the work of the traditional breadwinner alone. This development is, of course, willed by the regimes in power whose concerted policy is directed towards raising production in heavy industry, while simultaneously reducing the supply and demand of consumer goods.

The history of the attack on East European living standards is highly illuminating. The predominantly agrarian countries, in which working class representation was always weak or non-existent, were singled out as the first victims. In Poland and Hungary in the last two years, simultaneously with the abolition of rationing, prices were raised substantially, while wages remained almost unchanged. In Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany, where before the war living standards were well above those of the neighbouring countries, and working-class representation was well developed until Hitler abolished it, the pressure on real wages progressed more slowly than in the predominantly agrarian countries of Eastern Europe. Frontal attacks on industrial living standards were avoided as Governments preferred to concentrate on the proletarianization of the middle classes in town and country. However, some time last year it was decided that the time had come to reduce the living standards of the industrial countries of the area to the levels prevailing among their agricultural neighbours. At the end of May last, a currency reform was carried out in Czechoslovakia, and was accompanied by the abolition of rationing and free market purchases and by the raising of most retail

prices. As a result, the cost of the standard food basket rose from approximately eight hours to eleven hours (compared with 6.5 hours before the war). The change was carried out on the lines of the Soviet currency reform of December 1947, and the subsequent monetary adjustments, on the Soviet pattern, in Poland in October 1950, and in Roumania in January 1952. So far as can be judged from the scanty information available, similar steps were planned in Eastern Germany and would have been taken, had it not been for the unforeseen uprisings occasioned by the relatively minor onslaught on real wages caused by the ten per cent increase of 'labour norms'. As a result of the uprising, the decree was reversed and the distribution of rationed foodstuffs at controlled prices has been maintained. It would be a mistake to regard this as being due entirely to conditions of scarcity. In other countries of the area, rationing by the purse has been introduced, and the same was planned in Eastern Germany. But in this predominantly industrial country, in which war devastations and post-war reparations had depressed living standards for years, it was not possible to ignore completely the power of resistance that lies in the hands of a large industrial working class, formerly well trained in defending its trade union rights. Yet if Soviet policy remains true to its pattern, the trend here as elsewhere will clearly be in the downward direction. In the end, living standards throughout the Soviet orbit will be of the same order when the process of adjustment is completed. While some upward revisions will have to take place in the predominantly agricultural countries when their industrialization programmes have advanced beyond the present stage, the downward pressure will continue in the industrialized countries of the area where living standards are still somewhat above those of the Russian people.

The possibility that Soviet economic policy may change cannot be excluded. Once again a combination of political severity and economic relaxation might be tried. If armament and capital investment programmes were altered to the advantage of the consumers, some improvements could be expected. But the countries behind the Iron Curtain will have to travel a long way before their labour and living standards become comparable with those of the West, and even with what they were before the war. Western observers will do a disservice to themselves, and to potential friends in the East, if they hail with approval every minor concession and disregard the degree of exploitation which has been achieved in Russia in half a generation, and in Eastern Europe in half a decade of Soviet rule.

What is true of living standards applies no less to social legislation and the rights of labour. Throughout Eastern Europe, Soviet labour legislation has been introduced down to the last detail, and local variations are limited to minor changes in the execution of policy. Many of the laws in

force in Eastern Europe are almost verbatim copies of the corresponding Soviet laws. The system of exploitation of the worker, which during the twenty-five years of the Plan era has been developed to a fine art in the Soviet Union itself, has been introduced in Eastern Europe with little waste of time. Wages and working conditions reflect the sacrifices under which the industrial plans are being accomplished. As in Russia, the wage system forms a tool of exploitation in the hands of the Government in power. Within the overall wage scale, wages are grouped into a number of categories. Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary share an eight-group system with the Soviet Union, while Bulgaria appears to find seven groups sufficient to meet the needs of industry. Poland, on the other hand, has a larger number of categories. In Roumania the system has developed particularly far in that the industries have been divided into five groups according to their importance to the country, and these in turn have been sub-divided further into eight sections each. All such arrangements are worked out by Government departments, such as the State Wage Commission in Czechoslovakia, and the National Wage Board in Hungary. They are incorporated in wage tariffs published by Government decrees and are thus, like the amounts themselves, in no way subject to negotiation between employer and worker. Moreover, it is the management which decides in which category each worker is to be placed. If, for political reasons, he is considered unworthy of receiving the wage of a superior group, he can be included, without right of appeal, in a category below his skill.

Wage differentials from group to group are wide, and in this way a strong inducement is given to workers to attain increased skill in their trade. At the same time an attempt is made at breaking working-class solidarity. In Eastern Germany, where before the war the difference in income between unskilled and skilled workers in one and the same industry used to be of the order of 1 : 2, it is now more than 1 : 3 between the lowest and the highest group; but as in Russia the range between the wage of an unskilled textile worker and an activist in a steel works is of the order of 1 : 10. Thus the differential increases considerably when the lowest wage group in a light industry is compared with the highest group in a nationally important basic or heavy industry. Wage differences increase progressively, thus separating the two or three highest groups from the mass of the workers whose wages differ relatively little from each other. Moreover, while in all 'labour codes' hourly wages are laid down, the general tendency is to replace them as far as possible by a system of payment by results. The labour codes of Eastern Germany and Hungary lay down specifically that time rates will only be used when the nature of the work is unsuitable for piece-rate accounting. Some of the Plans pro-

vide that by the end of the Plan period the overwhelming majority of workers are to be employed at piece rates, e.g. by 1955 some 85 per cent of the workers in Eastern Germany are to be paid in this way. If, as used to be the practice in these countries before the war, piece rates were calculated on the basis of time and motion studies of average workers employed under normal conditions, the system could be regarded as a fairly satisfactory incentive scheme. Instead, the piece rates are tied to a technical 'norm' which is determined by the exploitation of the most favourable possibilities of production, the most up-to-date technical equipment, and the most experienced shock-workers. The Hungarian decree on labour norms states specifically that in working out the norms, use must be made of workers of more than average efficiency. It is this, more than any other feature of the labour code, that has antagonized the industrial workers of Eastern Europe and has led to unrest and even to open revolt.

A wage and labour system of this type can only be enforced if accompanied by the strictest work discipline. There is no lack of evidence that this exists throughout Eastern Europe. Although in most labour codes there is no specific reference to the illegality of strikes, they have been suppressed where they have occurred. In Hungary they are believed to have been declared illegal in 1948. In Eastern Germany, under the statutes of the State-controlled Trade Union Council, strikes may only be held in privately owned enterprises. The former East German Minister of Justice, Max Fechner, who was once a member of the Social Democratic Party, paid dearly for maintaining, after the recent uprisings, that it was the workers' right to strike for better working and living conditions; he was dismissed immediately and is now in prison.

All this, of course, is in accordance with the pattern established in the Soviet Union, where since 1940, employment has been dependent upon the presentation of a 'labour book', while unilateral termination of the labour contract on the part of the worker was prohibited. Absence without leave was punished with a wage reduction of 25 per cent for a period of six months, while the six-day week and the seven-hour day were replaced by a seven-day week and an eight-hour day. After the German invasion of Russia the remaining rights of the workers were eliminated. For all practical purposes, martial law took the place of labour agreements and social legislation. Not only was the worker obliged to remain, for the duration of the war, at the place of work to which he had been directed by Government decree, but he was to give up all holiday claims, to work overtime without restriction on the number of hours and with overtime pay limited to half its pre-war standard. In arms factories, absence from work without prior permission was interpreted as desertion and was punished with imprisonment up to eight years. All these regula-

tions were introduced for free, as opposed to prison or forced labour, which was handled according to the provisions of the criminal rather than the civil code. The end of the war did, it is true, bring a number of important changes. Although there were no public announcements to that effect, some of the wartime restrictions were allowed to lapse. Universal labour conscription was abolished, but some adolescents remained subject to conscription for industrial training and to direction of employment for four years after completion of their training; members of collective farms continued to be obliged to accept employment in industry for limited periods of time; and specialist technicians remained liable to compulsory transfer to any industrial plant in the Soviet Union. The labour book remained in force, and unauthorized termination of work rendered the worker liable to imprisonment. The decree of 1941 which laid down prison sentences up to eight years for unauthorized departure from arms factories, was known to be on the statute book as late as 1948, and it may still be in force. Moreover, severe penalties for minor breaches of discipline have remained in force. A decree of 1940, which was still on the statute book in 1949, provided for penalties of up to six months' corrective labour at the place of employment, after sentence by a court, for disciplinary breaches, such as absence from work without valid reason on three occasions in the course of one month, late attendance or unauthorized departure causing a loss of twenty minutes of working time. However, these penalties seem for some time to have been replaced by measures of 'administrative punishment', ranging from warnings and reprimands to dismissal or transfer to lower paid work. Similarly, the wartime obligation to do overtime has been eliminated and the total number of hours of overtime per worker has been limited to 120 hours a year and four hours in any two consecutive days. Yet while the overstrain on industrial labour exercised during the war has been relaxed, the Soviet worker's rights are few, while his duties towards the State and the management of his factory have remained formidable. The worker's status appeared to improve when in 1947 the practice of collective agreements was reintroduced, a practice which had gone out of use at the end of 1934. In fact, however, the new collective agreements are mainly concerned with creating conditions under which the production targets of the Plan can be reached or surpassed. They rarely contain any provisions governing the relation between employer and employee. Thus eight years after war and victory, the Soviet worker has remained what Soviet labour legislation had made of him since the first Five Year Plan came into operation in 1928: a hard-working labourer with many duties and few rights, as far away from the promised workers' paradise as were the industrial labourers in the early days of Western Europe's industrial revolution.

BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC PROBLEM

Austen Albu

Labour M.P. for Edmonton

A balance of payments crisis under a Tory Government is apparently required to convince the country that its economic structure is out of date. The complacency of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so frequently displayed in economic debates in the House of Commons, seems at last to have given way to an anxiety as great as any he voiced when in opposition. He gave urgent expression to this feeling in his recent talk to the National Joint Advisory Council for Industry when he drew attention to the underlying causes of our balance of payments difficulties. These were: that our present favourable terms of trade might not persist; that, if production is to rise, more raw materials will have to be imported; that large debts to the United States and Canada are now coming due for payment; that the United Kingdom should make funds available for investment overseas and be in a position to supply the plant and equipment needed to develop the sterling area; and that our reserves of gold and dollars are insufficient to protect us against fluctuations in world trade, that is, against a depression caused by some reduction in the present high level of American economic activity.

It is good that the Chancellor now admits that the favourable balance of 1952 resulted from a favourable change in the terms of trade and a reduction in the physical volume of imports, itself partly the result of the fall in production, particularly in textiles. The improvement in the terms of trade between 1951 and 1952 alone contributed over £300 million and will probably do the same again this year. It is difficult to believe that this movement can go much further; for, if raw material prices continue to fall, that can only be as a result of a further fall in world industrial production; and this would undoubtedly lead to a reduction in the prices of manufactured goods, which are our main exports. On the other hand, with the temporary exception of wheat, food prices are more likely to rise than to fall, and food represents over a third of the total value of our imports.

The condition of the trading accounts of the United Kingdom with the rest of the world as a whole is, however, only one aspect of our difficulties and that, for the time being, the least intractable. Little has been said

recently by official spokesmen of the gains or losses of the sterling area in its dealings with the dollar account countries, and the Chancellor's reference to the inadequacy of our reserves gave no indication of the speed or direction of their movement at the present time. He stated, what is well known, that they are higher than a year ago, but since the beginning of the year the very slow rate of increase has been barely maintained with the help of defence aid from the United States. There has been a drastic fall in the prices of some sterling area commodities, notably tin, rubber and jute, and it must surely be the case that, with the cessation of fighting in Korea, sales of these and other raw materials will decline. The consequent loss of dollar earnings will hardly be counterbalanced by the slight rise in the export of manufactured goods from this country, especially as these are largely in the vulnerable market of motor cars, in which difficulties are already appearing for the American industry.

These gloomy facts are not repeated with any desire to make political points, or for the fun of joining in the journalistic game of economic prognostication, but simply in order to emphasize that the maladjustment which has been developing in our trading relations with the outside world since the beginning of the century, and which was violently accentuated by two world wars, remains to-day as acute as it has ever been. Before the last war it was disguised by a considerable under-employment of resources and by some disinvestment at home and abroad; the installation of new plant and machinery was probably not keeping pace with depreciation, and certainly not with obsolescence, and our overseas balance of payments account was already getting into a condition of chronic deficit. Since the war, a position made vastly more serious by worsened terms of trade, by a loss of foreign investments, and by a long period of deterioration in the capital equipment of civilian industry, was precariously held by an increase in industrial and agricultural production of nearly one half; a reduction of the volume of imports by one tenth and an expansion of exports by three-quarters. Unfortunately, the expansion of exports, at a time when the world was crying out for all kinds of goods, took place to a large extent in products for which the permanent market was contracting, or was unlikely to go on expanding at anything like the same rate. This applied particularly to textiles; but also to motor cars and even to some capital goods. Before the war, the trend in the engineering industries had been away from the older, heavier branches and towards newer and lighter industries. The value of output of shipbuilding, textile machinery and railway carriage and wagon building declined by over a third from 1924 to 1935, while that of electrical engineering (including radio and telephones) rose by over two-thirds, of motors and cycles by nearly two-thirds, and of machine tools two and three quarter times. By 1948, ship-

building had risen six and a half times since 1935, textile machinery five times, railway carriages and wagons eight and a half times, while electrical engineering had risen five times, motors and cycles two and three-quarter times, and machine tools eight and a half times. To some extent these changes represented delayed home demands, but the exports of the older branches were about double their pre-war volume by 1951 and represented a substantial proportion of all engineering exports. On the other hand, over a fifth of all engineering exports since the war has been of motor cars, to which must be added the agricultural tractors made in the same factories by mass production methods. A recent survey by the Economic Commission for Europe came to the conclusion that the European demand for cars cannot be expected to rise for the next few years, and it is difficult to see how an increased world consumption of private cars can be expected until there has been a substantial rise in living standards. The same arguments must apply to agricultural tractors. So low are the standards of living of most of the world's population that, in any foreseeable priority of family expenditure, such expensive products as cars and tractors are bound to come very low down. This is not to say that the demand for commercial vehicles, and for the heavy tractors used in civil engineering or on large-scale agricultural projects, may not expand; but the numbers involved are small compared with those produced on the assembly lines of Coventry, Birmingham and Oxford.

Post-war selling was made easier by the absence of some of our main competitors, chiefly Germany and Japan, who have now returned to the market and have already seriously affected our exports of some specialized types of goods, such as printing machinery, which have done well since the war, as well as providing sharp competition in general engineering products and consumer goods. There has also been an extension of that process of industrialization of other countries which is the root cause of all our economic troubles. Textile production in India and South America; steel and engineering production in Brazil and the Argentine; intense development of heavy industry behind the 'Iron Curtain'; projects for starting up the manufacture of motor cars in India; all those are examples of developments which must tend to narrow the market for many of our traditional manufactures. Free-traders will, no doubt, argue that the new difficulties which we face can and should be overcome by keen competition in price and quality, and the Government's tentative moves towards de-controlled trade and sterling convertibility put it, temporarily at least, among those who believe that this is all that is required. The Chancellor's speech to the N J A C dealt only with costs, and not at all with the content of our industrial production. This was, no doubt, because he was addressing trade union leaders with wage demands pending, and there have been

signs in some recent official statements of a realization that, if the total value of exports is to be raised, their composition may well have to be changed. Meanwhile it is of obvious importance to try to find out what the maximum possibilities are for the sale of British goods in the world and how much the proceeds therefrom will pay for in imports.

Such an estimate has been made recently by Professor Austin Robinson in *The Three Banks Review*. He points out that our imports are now running at about a third in value of the National Income, a return to the proportion they were at the beginning of the century. Nevertheless, owing to the change in the terms of trade, the actual volume of goods we have been able to import has been about a tenth less than before the war. Examining the world demand for exports of manufactured goods and the shares of the chief exporters, Professor Robinson quotes figures showing that while world exports had by 1951 reached a peak of 72 per cent. above 1937, the United Kingdom share had fallen from its highest level of 23.3 per cent. in 1950 to 20.2 per cent. In the third quarter of 1952, world trade fell to 55 per cent. above 1937 and, taking all factors into account, he believes that it is likely during the next few years to recede still further, perhaps to between 40 and 50 per cent. over 1937. Of this trade he considers we shall be lucky if we retain a proportion as high as 20 per cent. Both these estimates may be unduly pessimistic, but if one takes the most optimistic figures which seem possible on Professor Robinson's analysis – world trade at 70 per cent. above pre-war and the U.K. share at 22 per cent. of the whole – the volume of our exports would be 96 per cent. above the 1937 level. Owing, however, to the change in the terms of trade, the proportion of our imports that must be paid for by direct exports has gone up enormously and, as a result, this volume of exports would barely enable us to pay for the same volume of imports as before the war. But this quantity of exports is certainly the upper limit, and a more realistic appreciation leads to the conclusion that we shall be unable to finance more than 80 per cent. of our pre-war imports; a lower figure than we have, in fact, been achieving in the last few years. It is extremely difficult to argue against this very careful analysis, nor does it deal at all with the even more serious problem of financing that part of our imports, mostly food and vital raw materials, which has to be paid for in dollars. The arguments here will be different ones, because so much of our dollar earnings come from the sale, not of manufactured goods, but of sterling area raw materials; but in the short term the difficulties of maintaining them at an adequate level will be even greater. These figures can give little satisfaction to those who dream of a freer movement of trade and currency between this country and the rest of the world. They lead in fact to the opposite conclusion: that we shall need to have an increasing discriminatory control over imports,

and, in addition to a drive to increase productivity, a carefully planned reconstruction of our industry, so as to provide both further substitutes for goods previously imported and an expansion of the special types of goods for which world markets are still growing.

These are the considerations behind the policy statement, *Challenge to Britain*, drawn up by the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party for discussion at its forthcoming Conference, and behind the more detailed economic study contained in the T U C *Interim Report on Public Ownership*. Whatever criticisms may be made of particular proposals in these documents, or of obvious omissions, they do clearly set out the seriousness of the problems we face and insist that any plan to deal with them will involve the sacrifice, not only of immediate material benefits, but also of many cherished habits and traditions. It is perhaps natural that the T U C's report, dealing only with the problem of the criteria for the extension of public ownership, should stress the necessity for sacrifice less; but, on the other hand, it has thereby been able to avoid the impression given by the Labour Party Executive's section on the social services that the full implications of the plan in terms of social priorities have not been worked out. Both documents stress the now universally agreed need for a much higher level of industrial investment in the basic industries and in selected manufacturing industries; but only the T U C attempts a numerical estimate of the increase in investment required over the next five years, and its figure of an average of £165 million, or 15 per cent above the 1952 level, is certainly a formidable one. Yet, as the T U C recognizes, even this level of investment may not be sufficient, if it cannot be carried out in the particular industries where it is most needed; and to the extent that it is required, not only for raising output; but also for improving technical efficiency.

The essence of both plans is selective industrial expansion to save imports and raise exports, and it is not surprising that the major emphasis is placed on the basic industries of agriculture, coal and steel. Little that is new is proposed for agriculture; there is a recognition that an increase in production depends on the improvement of the methods of several hundred thousand individual farmers. What is proposed is that there should be a more vigorous use of powers already existing for the taking over of neglected land by the Agricultural Land Commission or similar regional bodies. This would enable investment to be undertaken for the improvement of the land where this has been neglected; farm holdings to be consolidated; and some rents to be raised in order to promote the better use of land as well as to provide funds for improvement. The general view within both the Labour Party and the T U C is that this is a more practical proposal than wholesale nationalization, even if confined to rented land;

both for political reasons and because of the outstanding difficulty of suddenly building up an organization to exercise control and management of such a vast number of estates.

On the crucial question of coal production nothing new is offered; but the T U C is franker in admitting the failure of the Coal Board to achieve the level of investment it has been allowed, and in blaming this on the shortage of qualified mining engineers and experienced planning staff. Both statements envisage an expansion of steel-making capacity to 25 million tons a year by about 1960, which is 5 million tons more than is proposed in the industry's own second development plan; but this rapid enlargement is defended on the ground that it is from the metal-using industries that our major expansion of exports must be expected in the future, and that it is better to run the risk of an occasional surplus of steel-making capacity than that of a shortage when demand for steel-using products is high. As the T U C points out, a shortage of one million tons of steel a year can cause a loss of at least £250 million of engineering products; while a surplus of the same magnitude means only that some £50 to £60 million were invested too early. An increase of steel production involves an increase in the supply of coking coal, which is likely to be far more difficult to achieve than the increase in steel-making capacity. In fact, the whole industrial plan will fall to the ground if there is no substantial increase in coal production, or a most improbable improvement in the efficiency of its use. Both the Labour Party and the T U C need to do some further thinking on this problem; they might start with the revealing figures used to illustrate the paper read by Sir Hubert Houldsworth to the Manchester Statistical Society in February of this year.

Because of the traditional demand for public ownership, the Labour Party tends to pay more attention to the methods of control of particular industries than to the overall problems of economic planning. There is here a danger, for there are already signs of frustration arising out of the existence of powers without the knowledge of what to do with them. Summing up its section on the experience of public ownership, the T U C report says:

It should be added that when attention is extended to the relations between the public corporations (particularly the fuel and power industries), and to arrangements for deciding priorities in development both among the corporations and between them and the rest of the economy, further criticisms can be made. These, however, are largely matters of high economic policy which are the responsibility of the Ministers concerned, or of the Government as a whole through those Ministers. Whilst co-ordinating machinery is required in the fuel and power industries, it is mainly a question of the more positive use by Ministers of the powers they already have, or of their adoption of a different overall economic policy.

If decisions on priorities are difficult as between the relatively simple, homogeneous basic industries, how much more so must they be between the great variety of manufacturing industries on which the exports of the country finally depend? Planning has recently come in for a good deal of contemptuous criticism, and its opponents now profess to find it not so much objectionable as impossible. But the truth is that so far we have attempted no more than to maintain the Keynesian balance in our internal economy and to steer a course between the shallows of day-to-day trade overseas. No serious attempt has been made to forecast the future pattern of world needs for goods and to translate that estimate into investment priorities at home. It just is not true that some of the changes that will take place in the economies of different countries over the next, say, twenty years cannot be foreseen, nor that estimates cannot be made of the possible markets for various broad types of manufactured goods.

Meanwhile new techniques, based on what is known as 'Input-Output Analysis', are being worked out by statisticians on both sides of the Atlantic, with the object of determining the effect, through each sector of the economy, of a change in output in any particular industry. The elementary beginnings of the information required for this purpose were published officially for the first time, in a table of inter-industry transactions for the year 1948, in the *Blue Book of National Income and Expenditure* issued last year, and research is continuing both in the Government Service and in the Department of Applied Economics at Cambridge. This work needs speeding up and it is, therefore, good to see that the Labour Party proposes to overhaul the planning machinery of the Civil Service. This will involve very much larger numbers of people because the work of collecting the pure information required is very great and because the new techniques for working out the effect of changing demand in different sections of the economy are complicated and laborious. It is essential that the inevitable criticism of an organization set up for this purpose should not be allowed to result in half-hearted operation and inadequate staffing, which would certainly discredit the whole idea. Once such a planning organization has been set up, and has made a full study of the extent of the demand for different types of goods in the next few years, it may well be found that the need for steel or other metals is less than has so far been anticipated. The simpler products, in which raw material forms the biggest item in finished cost, will naturally be among the first manufactures of countries previously our customers but now building up their own industries. More and more we shall find the markets for these types of goods, whether they be consumer goods such as textiles or bicycles, or the simpler sorts of machinery and capital plant, becoming closed to us, and we shall have to replace them by the products of scientific

research and advanced technology. In these goods the material content in finished cost is very much lower, and skilled labour, technical and administrative overheads, and capital charges much higher. It is doubly to our advantage to encourage these industries: first, because they are likely to have a continuing market and secondly, because their expansion can take place without a commensurate need to import raw materials or raise more coal.

While some contribution to a reduction of our need for imports will be made by the change-over to the manufacture of products with a high conversion ratio, this will be offset by rising production; additional methods of import saving will therefore be required. An increase of agricultural production, so as to raise the proportion of home-produced food from a half to two-thirds would, at present levels of consumption, allow a further reduction in the value of imports of about one-tenth; but our present diet is not entirely satisfactory, and world food prices will probably continue to rise. In addition, we need a substantial surplus in our balance of payments accounts for investment abroad, both for political reasons and to develop non-dollar sources of food and raw materials, and to increase our gold reserves. We shall, therefore, have to continue the policy we have been pursuing since the war of replacing imported raw materials by home produced alternatives, and of exercising the strictest economy in their use by appropriate methods of design and manufacture and by scrap recovery and usage.

It has not been possible here to do more than outline the possibilities of the sort of analysis that should be undertaken by a real planning organization; but the results of such an analysis would almost certainly demonstrate the need for some urgent and drastic changes in our industrial structure. Forecasting is, however, only the beginning of planning, and the problem would still remain of putting the plans based on it into action. The Labour Party envisages a number of methods of doing this, only some of which involve complete public ownership, but fundamentally the method must be by the control and direction of investment. The basic industries, and most of the newer, scientific industries, require very large quantities of expensive plant. Apart from the fact that many companies may be unwilling to undertake alone large-scale capital expenditure for a fairly long-term purpose, they may have difficulty in raising the capital on suitable terms. It is on this issue that *Challenge to Britain*, perhaps not surprisingly, makes the least positive contribution. It does recognize that there are two problems: how to ensure the necessary level of savings in the community, and how to make sure that these savings are channelled into desirable forms of investment. The former is likely to be by far the more difficult. In a recent series of articles in *The Times* it was pointed out that

the combined cost of defence and the social services will during the next five years rise by £410 million. To increase national insurance benefits in order to compensate for the rise in the cost of living would cost about £130 million; to abolish all charges in the Health Service another £40 million; to make some reduction in the size of school classes and provide equal pay for teachers, a further £70 million. All these additional costs are foreshadowed in the Labour Party programme. Further, there is a recognition that the sort of industrial programme discussed in this article will need a considerable expansion of technical education; itself an expensive form of capital investment. Granted that some reduction in defence expenditure may be possible (though not without a reduction of commitments which cannot be suddenly undertaken) the total bill, including the requirements of investment at home and overseas, is obviously one that could not be borne without a very substantial increase in national production and a very considerable restraint in personal consumption. It is clear that a fairly rigid system of priorities will have to be established among desirable social objectives.

The methods by which savings can be created in the community are not, of course, independent of the channels through which those savings pass as new capital into industry. Orthodox economists bemoan the fact that wealthy private individuals are less and less able to combine the two functions of personal saving and selective investment; that their place has been taken by corporate bodies, whether they be companies investing their own profits, insurance companies investing other people's premiums, finance corporations investing funds provided out of bank credit, or investment trusts investing the small savings of their subscribers. The progress towards social equality for which the Labour Party stands, and the social policy which even the Tory Party supports, will inevitably prevent this process from being reversed and, under a Labour Government, it is likely to be accelerated. It is clear, therefore, that unless most investment is to take place out of the high profits of existing companies, and therefore be subject to no positive control either by the market or by Government policy, there will need to be an increase of Government-created savings, and of suitable institutions for their investment. These savings come mainly from taxation via the Budget surplus and, in so far as they derive from the taxation of companies, they are a transfer of the profits of industry for investment in accordance with nationally determined priorities, instead of at the will of the directors of individual companies. The growth of industrial financing from direct or indirect Government sources can thus ensure an evolution towards public ownership both surer and less disturbing than outright nationalization of particular industries; and one which will arise naturally out of a centrally deter-

mined economic plan. Present levels of taxation may not, by themselves, provide a sufficiently high volume of saving by the community, and it is difficult to believe that higher levels of the existing kinds of taxes would not have harmful results. Whether a completely new form of tax, such as a tax on the annual expenditure of an individual, irrespective of whether that expenditure had been made out of income or out of capital, would make a worthwhile contribution to the problem is worth investigation. More attention ought also to be paid to those forms of co-operative private saving which take place through insurance policies, pension funds and the like. Contributory and non-contributory pension schemes now cover about seven million employees in industry and the public service, and are growing fast. Their encouragement would provide an additional source of funds for investment. Consideration should also be given to a form of National Savings Certificate which, while carrying a very low rate of interest, would be guaranteed against changes in the value of money and could, therefore, be cashed when it had matured for a sum adjusted to take those changes into account. To suggest that the State might take over all the profits derived from the filling-in of football pool coupons instead, as now, only of the receipts from taxation and the postal services provided, or should indulge in loans on which only the lucky few draw any return, is presumably politically impossible. It is worth notice, however, that Social Democratic Norway is to-day financing not only the building of sports grounds, but also a substantial programme of scientific research and development, out of the proceeds of its football pools.

To put a programme of this sort before the electorate will require political courage, expository skill and – a united Party. There must be no blacklegs among the Party leaders willing, for the sake of personal popularity, to utter soft words in loud voices; telling the faint-hearted that there is an easy way out, one that they can quickly recognize and on which they can concentrate their propaganda. Given these conditions and provided that it is accompanied by clear measures of social justice and presented as a crusade for national independence and advancement, such a policy could win support among an electorate which has learnt a great deal of the facts of Britain's economic position during the last six years. One dominating question still remains to be answered: whether we really wish to improve our material well-being at the cost of leisure and of traditional habits of thought and work. If we do not, it is doubtful if we can avoid slipping back, because the cleverest, most energetic and most materialistically minded among us will then find opportunities in one of the rapidly developing countries overseas to realize their ambitions. It is the business of the leaders of thought in the community to make the choice clear: in a democracy the choice itself can only be made by the people.

FIVE YEARS OF THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE: II THE ADVANCE OF MEDICINE

Allendale Sanderson

Alone of the major social services commended by the Beveridge Report of 1942, the N H S was assumed to involve a constant and stable expenditure – increases in cost being compensated by decreases in the need for medical care as a comprehensive service, available to all, improved the nation's health. Earlier diagnosis, better treatment, and improved prevention and rehabilitation would prove a sound investment: 'a health service . . . will diminish disease by prevention and cure.' As Dr Ffrangcon Roberts ruthlessly pointed out (*The Cost of Health*, Turnstile Press, 1952): 'Things have turned out very differently. When the national doctor sent in his first bill the national patient received a nasty shock. But this was nothing to the consternation felt when in succeeding years the bill got bigger and bigger.' Some of the miscalculations of demand and cost were dealt with in last month's TWENTIETH CENTURY, where it was argued that the pent-up need for such things as dentures, spectacles, and hearing-aids ought not to have been so grossly underestimated, and that the imposition of charges probably anticipated rather than caused the fall in demand as accumulated deficiencies began to be overtaken. But false teeth, spectacles, and free wigs together account for only a very small part of the cost of the health service; and the attention paid to them, by those who lampooned the service, as well as by those who took the subject more seriously, should not distract us from the basic miscalculation implicit in the original Beveridge assumption that the health service would remain rock-steady amid a rising tide of other welfare costs. All the other parts of the Beveridge plan were nicely calculated, with the full panoply of actuarial and financial detail; benefits, contributions and cost were carefully related; and the effects of present and future demographic trends were allowed for in the time-table. Why then, when all else was so painstakingly – and (except, happily, unemployment) accurately – forecast, was health so hopelessly miscalculated?

That the Beveridge blueprint, and especially the timetable for old-age pensioners, was not followed exactly by those who built the welfare state, is irrelevant to this particular question. So also is the absolute amount (£172 m.) assumed by Beveridge for the annual cost of a comprehensive

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health service for Great Britain. What matters is that the figure was absolute; that the service was assumed to be self-limiting; that it would pay for itself in better health and increased production. It is not even relevant that Beveridge himself did not assume a 'free' service: like every planner for over thirty years – from the 1920 Dawson report, quoted last month ('the best means of maintaining health and curing disease should be made available to all citizens') to last year's Magnuson report to President Truman on the health-needs of the U S A ('democracy requires that the same high quality of service be made available to all men equally') – he agreed that one of the tasks and duties of a civilized nation is so to organize medical provision that there need be no financial or other bar to individual and collective health. Not even Dr Ffrangcon Roberts, in every sense the most serious critic of the N H S, accepts the scramble to take advantage of a free service as the root cause of the faulty reckoning of cost: 'Although abuse undoubtedly exists, it cannot explain the enormity of the miscalculation. It cannot be seriously maintained that the whole population has indulged in an orgy of selfishness and malingering.'

The root of wrong reckoning was probably four-fold, each pair of parts being inter-connected. Health is too often assumed to be an absolute and perfect state, a positive condition, and one which can be ideally attained and then maintained: whereas in fact there is no norm, and acceptable standards are bound to vary like, and probably with, the standard of living. This would seem to be the first fallacy; and the corollary would seem to be that preventive medicine, and prompt care in any lapses from the norm, will cheaply maintain us all in the ideal state once the backlog of disease and ill-health has been wiped out. These related assumptions may have been the basis of the extraordinary expectation that the cost of health would remain constant. If they were, they reveal a utopian philosophy of health comparable only with that of the political philosophers who invented the happy savage: the ideally healthy person or community, whether projected into the golden past or the rosy future, is a philosophic fiction which the aged Tennyson pilloried in *Loxley Hall Sixty Years After* with his bitter query:

All Diseases quenched by Science, no man halt, or deaf or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

That there was some such philosophy is perhaps borne out by the fact that Beveridge appears to have envisaged a hygienic equivalent of the social contract: the report states that in return for the benefits received 'the individual should recognize the duty to be well, and to co-operate in all steps which may lead to diagnosis of disease in early stages when it can be prevented.'

The second part of the fallacious reckoning was less philosophical, and should have been more practical. If the same care had been taken to study and project the trends of medical care as was taken to forecast the course of welfare payments and pensions, the monumental mistake would not have been made of expecting an absolute and constant sum for the health service. This is not to imply that the evidence existed for a precise calculation of the probable increases in medical costs: the subject had not (and has not yet) been studied sufficiently for any accurate prophesies, and existing provision was so haphazard and uneven that exact estimation for a more nearly ideal state of affairs was impossible. What was or should have been possible to foretell was not only that medical costs would increase but that they would go on increasing. The two factors which should have been allowed for, even if they could not have been calculated, are: first, the geometrically accelerating progress of medicine, which means that the number, complexity, and cost of medical procedures are growing and multiplying in a kind of beneficent spiral; and second, the increasing expectation of life, which means that instead of dying comparatively early and cheaply, people live on in what Dr Roberts calls 'a state of medicated survival', demanding an increasing amount of expensive medical attention. So, paradoxically, the famous successes of medicine are resulting in more, not less, work for medical men. We are thus provided with a particular, and particularly good, illustration of the general folly of thinking that it is possible to work oneself out of a job – and also the folly of thinking that an ideal and ultimately static amount of medical care and prevention can maintain the nation in an ideal and ultimately static state of health. Just as middle-class individuals before 1948 could have as much medical attention as they could afford, so as a second-class nation we now find ourselves in the same position. The finite cost of health which Sir William Beveridge assumed as automatic in 1942 had to be forcibly imposed by Sir Stafford Cripps in 1950.

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The first of these two articles started with the proposition that half the lies told about the N H S are not true. It is not a difficult proposition to defend. The question whether a revolution was really necessary was answered, so far as concerns the nationalization and rationalization of the hospitals, by reference to the recommendations of every independent authority which had investigated the question, from the end of the first to the end of the second world war. Dr Ffrangcon Roberts's book, *The Cost of Health*, already quoted, supplies a further and more general answer:

A hundred years ago medicine was a simple and cheap affair within the means of all classes except the poorest. . . . With the advent of scientific medicine the cost of treatment rose disproportionately . . . with the

result that the excess of the cost of ill-health over the individual's capacity to pay for it crept up the social scale, until by 1948 only a small minority of the population could afford to have a serious illness.

Even the richer community of the U S A cannot afford the mounting cost of modern medicine, and – against the opposition of the A M A in a campaign waged by methods more ruthless and more dubious than any the B M A ever used – successive advisors have advocated Federal action. The latest report – by the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation, under the chairmanship of Emeritus Professor Paul B. Magnuson – was presented just before the Republicans came in, and shelved immediately after. And small wonder, because, with an ex-president of the Rockefeller Foundation as vice-chairman, and ten leading representatives of universities, medical and dental schools, and hospital and nursing services, as well as four from farming, industrial and other 'consumers' of medical care, the Magnuson commission reported, after nation-wide hearings of evidence, that:

for most of those who now lack comprehensive health services, the reason lies in large measure beyond individual control . . . an individual may be fully convinced of the primary value of the best health service for himself and his family, yet not have available the money to purchase it or the arrangements to secure it. Hence the community – and particularly the most responsible community organization, government – must participate in the expansion of means to achieve health.

Various estimates have been made of the proportion which the cost of the N H S bears to other expenditure, and from figures compiled by P E P (*Planning*, June 15, 1953) it appears that, compared with pre-war we are spending between two and three times as much on health services – (1.3 per cent of the national income in 1938–9 and 3.3 per cent in 1951–2) – within a total social service expenditure which has increased proportionately very much less; and that most of the increase has taken place since the N H S started. Are we, then, spending more than we ought, and is the N H S primarily responsible for the rising costs? According to Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard (quoted in Sir James Stirling Ross's book, *The National Health Service in Great Britain*: Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, 1952) we spend proportionately less than the Americans: 4½ per cent of total consumption expenditure in 1950, compared with 5 per cent in the U S A. A different kind of comparison with other consumption was made by Mr Leslie Farrer-Brown in addressing the Institute of Almoners on March 13, 1953: 'the amount spent on the health service is little over one-third of the amount spent on tobacco and drink, and is over £100 m. less than the estimated amount spent on gambling.'

By far the most expensive part of the N H S is the hospital and specialist service: proportionately, and in a rising total too, it grew from 55.8 per cent of the total in 1949-50, to an estimated 62.5 per cent for 1953-4. But hospital costs have risen sharply, and astonishingly similarly, everywhere. According to the King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, the average weekly cost for an occupied bed in 159 voluntary hospitals rose from £3 19s. 7d. in 1938 to £8 12s. 8d. in 1946 and £11 4s. 0d. in 1947. For comparison, Swedish hospital costs trebled between 1937 and 1947, and in the U S A the national average cost per day of short-stay patients went up from \$8.60 in 1945 to \$13.09 in 1948, and in some instances the rise was substantially higher. The rise, then, is peculiar neither to this country nor to the N H S: it is the price of ever more elaborate and expensive medical advances, and the cost is made up mostly of salaries for the growing army of medical and ancillary personnel, which account for three-quarters of N H S hospital budgets.

A good illustration of the increase in the proportion of staff to patients is given by Dr Roberts, who quotes the case of Addenbrooke's Hospital at Cambridge, where with 170 beds in 1900 the staff amounted to the equivalent of 69 whole-time persons, or 1 to 2.4 beds: in 1950, when the hospital had 360 beds, its staff was the whole-time equivalent of 510, or 1 to 0.7 beds. The relation of such increases in staff to the increase in specialized work can be seen from the fact that University College Hospital, for instance, recorded 10,000 cases of diagnostic X-ray in 1935 and 33,000 in 1949.

Instances like this of a trebling of work, and therefore of staff, between the pre-war and post-war years show how large and rapid has been the increase of medical procedures, especially diagnostic tests. And the increase is due mostly to the genuine growth of medicine, though partly to inflation - to the demands of medical men themselves, rather than of their patients, for no one has suggested that patients have much chance of dictating investigation and treatment in hospital, whatever may be the case in general practice.

Before turning down the hospital service it is worth quoting the considered verdict of a disinterested observer, Dr O. L. Peterson, of the Rockefeller Foundation, who in his *Study of the National Health Service of Great Britain* agrees that the hospital services have been strikingly improved under the N H S: he judges that even by the highest American estimates of need we now have, numerically, nearly enough beds. This has been achieved without building a single new hospital since the war - and solely, therefore, by sensible reorganizing and combining the hospitals we already had. But hospitals are an unnatural, as well as an exceedingly expensive environment, and their development and improvement under

the N H S has been to some extent at the expense of other parts and functions of the service, especially of those which should aim to keep people out of hospital.

Turning to general practice, it is true to say that perhaps the first aim and the best achievement of the N H S has been to ensure that every man, woman and child can now have general medical care from a personal doctor. To see just how fundamentally important this is, it is worth quoting again the report of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the U S A.

One of the basic principles to which this Commission subscribes is that every person should have access to a personal physician. This . . . represents the cornerstone of the proper organization of personal health services . . . it actually exists for too few people.

Quantitatively, the story of the first five years of the N H S has been that the G P service is already more evenly as well as more widely distributed among the population. The fourth report of the Medical Practices Committee, dated January 1953, shows the steadily improved distribution of doctors:

In 1948 variations in the average list (of patients per doctor) in different parts of the country were wide. In Wales, to quote extreme examples, the average list per principal in Radnorshire Executive Council's area was 1,120, while in a part of Glamorgan it was over 8,000 in that year. In 1952, on the other hand, the averages of the same areas are 1,320 and 2,832 respectively.

The report gives figures to show that, in 'under-doctored' areas generally, there has been an 11 per cent increase in the number of doctors since 1948 and a fall in their average lists from 3,163 to 2,869. Conversely, in 'overdoctored' areas, nearly 10 per cent fewer doctors are practising, and their lists now average 2,010 compared with 1,648 in 1948.

Since payment to doctors is by capitation fee, these changes are as important to them as they are to their patients, because they mean that the strain of enormous industrial working-class practices must have been lightened.

Qualitatively, and by different quantitative measurements, the picture more usually drawn of general practice is even less reassuring. Practitioners complain not only of their loss of status, cut off from hospitals (to which the general practitioner says he is now just a signpost) and with no time or tools to do good medicine; but also of the public's exploitation of their services by making unreasonable and too frequent calls for trivial complaints, and by demanding medicines or certificates. Underpaid and overworked, the general practitioner felt slighted not only by his patients but by his more fortunate colleagues in consultant practice. Such were

some of the professional reproaches heaped upon the N H S, though rather less has been heard of them since the service, and perhaps the patients, settled down – and Mr Justice Danckwert's award made the Ministry settle up (to the tune of £28 m. 'back pay').

The public, however, was on the whole unaware of this deep malaise, until in a long article in the *Lancet* of March 25, 1950, Dr Joseph Collings pronounced, after a survey of over fifty practices worked by over 100 doctors, that 'the overall state of general practice is bad and still deteriorating', with surgeries ill-equipped and patients diagnosed and treated on perfunctory examination. Sir James Ross – a layman as well qualified as any to pronounce fairly – concludes in his book already quoted:

It may well be the case that while many doctors are working under discouraging conditions and physical strain, the service given to the public is as a whole not less good than hitherto and is much greater in extent though with unsatisfactory features. The simple fact is that general practice is carrying weaknesses of long standing, not due to the National Health Service but accentuated by it.

But it is arguable that, because the under-doctored areas tend also to be those with the worst health, such areas should ultimately receive more than just an average proportion of G P's. The death-rate in whole areas like Durham, Lancashire and South Wales is well above the average for the country, and so are their average doctors' lists. Places like Jarrow, Wigan, the Rhondda, have death-rates a third higher than England and Wales generally, and up to double the infant death-rate – which is usually considered the most sensitive index of health: yet their average doctors' lists are still about 3,000 patients, compared with 2,400 for the whole country and 1,500 or 1,600 for places like Sevenoaks or Paignton. The converse, of course, is true of healthy rural counties, such as Devon or Dorset, for example: here there are almost no 'under-doctored' areas and a substantial number which are closed to new doctors, yet these well-provided counties are well below the national average in their death-rates. Even allowing for the fact that, in rural practice, patients are not only fewer but farther between, whereas the G P in an industrial town has almost on his doorstep all and more than he can conveniently visit, there would seem to be a case for suggesting that unhealthy urban areas will still be under-doctored when the Medical Practices Committee has succeeded in attracting to them an 'average' proportion of G P's. It is not patients per doctor, but illnesses per patient, that should be the true guide to distribution. So we may have farther to go than we think if we are to ensure that personal medical care is available where it is needed.

Three visiting Deans of medical schools in the U S A, Drs Diehl, Chandler and Dorst (*Journal of the American Medical Association*, August

26th, 1950) traced the ills of general practice in this country back to an origin in the National Insurance Act of 1911:

Panel practice had the effect of stultifying the general physician, leading from initial security to an overemphasis on quantity of practice rather than quality of work. At the same time a small but powerful group of specialists took over most of the advantages and privileges which stimulate continued self-education and growth on the part of the individual doctor. The . . . National Health Service is accentuating the differentiation between specialist and general practitioner.

The date of the onset of the illness of general practice may or may not be disputable: but the aetiology certainly is. For it is much more than a mere coincidence that the greatest growth both of hospitals and of scientific (as opposed to purely empirical) medicine, also dates from about the same time. What has happened, in fact, is that medicine suddenly outgrew the single-handed practitioner and his simple tools and accommodation. Whereas a hundred years ago every doctor was a general practitioner, now too often only those who fail to become specialists go into general practice. As with the other effects and consequences of the advance of medicine, the position of the G P is strikingly paralleled elsewhere. The report of the President's Commission says this of the American G P:

It is often remarked that the general physician suffers from lack of a respected status among his colleagues and the public. . . . The deficiencies in the care provided by the general physician arise from such factors as the absence of a specified graduate education programme, the conditions under which he works, his small financial rewards in relation to those of his specialist colleagues, and his frequent isolation from the mainstream of medical developments [i.e. from hospital].

That commentary might well have been written, word for word, of the British G P, and not surprisingly the solutions recommended for America and for us are also similar. What the President's Commission calls 'group practice' is something more elaborate than those words mean here, for the concept seems nearer to our idea of 'health centres'.

Whether or not health centres are the right or radical solution for general practice, the failure to provide them is often instanced as the one major deficiency – as it was the one major innovation proposed – in the N H S. But the hold-up has been due not only to financial stringency (as Dr Ffrangcon Roberts calculates, the 2,000 health centres promised would have cost £374 m. at 1948 prices, excluding site values and cost of equipment) but also to the reluctance of doctors to enter and work some of the few centres which could be planned. This reluctance springs from two fears endemic among general practitioners: the fear of unfair competition (the body of Sheffield G P's forbade the chosen few from entering

the proffered health centre, because those few would thereby gain an advantage over their colleagues and rivals outside) and the fear of local government control (health centres under the N H S are to be provided and run by local health authorities). Some cheaper and more acceptable solution, then, will have to be found, because the idea is sound and holds promise of bringing together the three parts of the health service at present too rigidly separate. For the health centre was to have been the common ground where specialists and modern diagnostic facilities, family doctoring, and preventive clinics were to have met and joined in providing a comprehensive service to the patient.

In the interest of patients and practitioners alike, a fresh and determined effort is needed to rehabilitate general practice along health-centre lines. Properly worked, health centres would relieve hospitals, too, of much of the mounting out-patient load and of much of the unnecessary admission of patients for investigation; and the G P's work would be correspondingly enlivened by the opportunity to diagnose and treat, under real contact with consultants, those patients who need something more than just a bottle of medicine or a certificate. By participating in the staffing of preventive clinics the G P would also find restored to him the mothers and young children who, as uninsured dependants not entitled to the 1911 panel arrangements, had to be separately (and now perhaps anachronistically) provided for by local health authorities. With proper premises and equipment, some nursing and secretarial help, and the stimulation (and in holidays, the relief) of a group of colleagues in a health centre, the life of the G P – and of his wife – would become more tolerable. If central or local government cannot provide all the capital for health centres or a cheaper equivalent, then some other means should surely be urgently explored. Since individually and professionally they stand to gain so much, one would think that G P's themselves would take the initiative and the lead in pressing for or improvising health centres: but too often they or their representatives give the impression of alternately taunting the N H S for its failure to provide tolerable conditions of work, including health centres, and spurning the few efforts that have been made to bring health centres into being. Fortunately, if belatedly, five years after the start of the N H S (and more than thirty years after the Dawson report which first defined and advocated health centres), there are signs that something may yet be done. The allocation of the extra money under the Danckwerts award includes a sum to be used to encourage 'group practice', and several committees which have been sitting by the bedside of the ailing G P are about to start prescribing treatment for the restoration of general practice – but a lot will depend, as always, on the co-operation of the patient and his will to get better.

In these two articles only a few of the half-lies and half-truths about the N H S have been examined. As the most universally used of the social services, and the most expensive, it merits a much more thorough examination – and obviously did so before it was introduced. But perhaps sufficient has been said to show that many, even most, of the defects are due not to the N H S but to the pattern and speed of medical developments common to comparably civilized communities elsewhere. A proper question to ask, therefore, is how far the N H S has alleviated and how far it has aggravated a state of affairs which in broad effect was inevitable. At present there is little enough evidence on which to answer that question. But two important points stand out. First, if the kind of calculation had been made before 1948 that Dr Ffrangcon Roberts made recently in his *Cost of Health*, there would have been no illusions about the possibility of supply ever catching up with demand, and less disillusion when a ceiling had to be put upon expenditure. (The demographic facts and factors in this calculation should earn Dr Roberts the right to be regarded as the Malthus of the health service, though many will shy at his new version of the ethical doctor's dilemma – whether it is right, with limited resources, to save so many lives if they are to be merely prolonged in 'a state of medicated survival'.) Secondly, if as a nation we find ourselves back where we were as individuals before the N H S – able to have just as much medical care as we can afford – it is at least comforting to know that the N H S has made possible a better distribution of what the nation can afford. That this is a real benefit not even Dr Roberts can deny:

Of the reality of the direct benefit there can be no question. Despite the failings of the Service – the long waiting lists and the deficiencies in personnel and equipment – it must be admitted that by the pooling of resources and the more equitable distribution of facilities every individual can now obtain treatment which might otherwise have been beyond his means.

Beveridge and his fellow planners may have got their sums wrong, but they were right in their objective of a service accessible to all.

TO SEE THE WORLD RIGHTLY*

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The puzzles of philosophical propositions, of fictional propositions, general propositions, negative propositions, propositions about the past, even the puzzles about psychological propositions, are not removed by explaining the peculiar nature of the subject-matter of the sentences in which they are expressed, but by reflecting on the peculiar manner in which those sentences work. Mnemonic slogan: It's not the stuff, it's the style that stupefies.

This quotation is taken from an article called 'Philosophical Perplexity' which Professor Wisdom first published in 1936. It does not show his own style at its best; the mnemonic slogan, though characteristic, is less felicitous than most of his asides; but it gives a fair indication of what he conceives philosophy to be. The conception owes a great deal to Wittgenstein, but Wisdom's manner of developing it is very much his own.

This view that philosophical problems are, in a sense, linguistic is apt to rouse resentment among those who wish to have a reverence for philosophy. They would much prefer to hear that it was an enquiry into the ultimate nature of reality. But, as Wisdom himself points out, it does not greatly matter whether we say that the philosopher investigates the structure of language, or that he investigates the structure of facts. He is not interested in facts in the way that a scientist is; he is not concerned with predicting that this will happen rather than that, or even with finding explanations for things happening as they do. Neither has he a philologist's or a lexicographer's interest in language. It is not his concern that we must use these words rather than those to express whatever it may be, or that such and such a word should have the meaning that it has. His interest in words is an interest in the criteria which determine the validity of what they are used to express: and in the very same way he is interested in facts.

The problems of philosophy arise when we start to question these criteria. It is not that we do not understand the use of the sentences which they regulate or, what comes to the same, that we are unable to identify the sort of fact which these sentences express. It is rather that we become

* *Philosophy and Psycho-Analysis*, by John Wisdom (Basil Blackwell. 22s. 6d.). *Six Existentialist Thinkers*, by H. J. Blackman (Routledge. 15s.).

uneasy about the status of the criteria themselves. We set up a standard of logical respectability and condemn certain types of statement because they cannot satisfy it. Sometimes we are inclined to say that they really do satisfy it and only pretend not to. Analysis will strip them of their Bohemian disguise. But then the doubt arises whether it is a disguise. Perhaps the fact is that they are really not respectable. Or should we be more charitable and say that they are respectable after their own fashion? In this way we come to stress, and easily to over-stress, the differences between different types of statement, just as in another mood we are inclined to over-stress the resemblances between them.

Professor Wisdom brings out very well the way in which we are constantly tempted in philosophy to say that things are what they are not: and he shows how useful and illuminating such falsehoods may be. The corrective to them is the platitude that everything is what it is, a blunt instrument which, in the hands of a philosopher like G. E. Moore, can be a formidable weapon. Thus the sceptic's contention that we can never know anything, expect perhaps our own immediate sensations, is met with the common-sense reminder that there are many things of very different sorts which we in fact do know. The logical analyst's attempt to reduce one type of proposition to another, his suggestion that statements about nations are really about individuals, that statements about other people's experiences are really about their overt behaviour, that statements about physical objects are really about sense-data, is foiled by the defence that every kind of statement has its own kind of logic.

Resistance to the sceptic often takes the form of an appeal to intuition. But the intuitionist is the spoil-sport of philosophy. He is right in insisting that he knows what he knows. He is only ungallant in refusing to theorize about the way in which he knows it. For to say that one knows something by intuition is not to give an account of how one knows it, it is merely to asseverate that one does. Perhaps no account can be given. Certainly the attempt to give an account often leads to errors. But these errors can be instructive in a way that their pharisaical correctives never are. The sceptic and the analyst make assertions which appear outrageous, but an examination of the reasons which they give for making them may well increase our understanding of the subject with which they deal. They call our attention to points of logic which might otherwise escape our notice. What could seem more absurd, for example, than to say that we never really know anything about the past, that for all that anyone can prove, the world might have begun a second ago? But the philosopher who raises this doubt has reasons for it, and the setting out of these reasons brings important facts to light. We are made to see that remembering is not to be equated with perceiving, that the inference from present experiences

to past events is not deductive, and that if it is an inductive inference it is one of a peculiar sort, since nothing any longer counts as observing the event to which inference is made. To conclude from this that the inference is unjustified is no doubt a mistake: but at least the point is made that the question of its validity constitutes a problem. In the same way it may seem shocking to be told that moral and æsthetic judgments are neither true nor false, that they are merely expressions of feeling or incitements to action. But these paradoxes, and still more the arguments by which they are defended, enable us to see how very different value-statements are from straightforward statements of empirical fact. It is incorrect to say that there cannot be any reasons for them, but the way in which they are related to their evidence is different from the way in which a scientific hypothesis is related to its evidence, and different again from the way in which a statement of logic is related to its evidence. They are not exclamations nor are they commands, but assimilating them to exclamations and commands is a way of bringing out their peculiarity. How much less illuminating it is merely to say that ethical statements are descriptions of ethical facts.

It is the same with other philosophical problems, including the most persistent of them all, the problem of our knowledge of the external world. As Wisdom shows, in a note on the second edition of my *Language, Truth and Logic*, the sceptical approach to this problem develops out of the fantasy that we are all of us prisoners in separate cells, each being so shackled that he is obliged to rely upon reflections in a mirror which only he can see.

Some of the reflections come not from things happening at the time in the outside world but from pictures stored and even constructed in a mechanism built into each cell. This mechanism is not itself observable but from time to time it throws reflections of the pictures it contains into the mirror on the wall. And besides the mirrors there are sound-devices as well.

These sound-devices bring the prisoner messages which he interprets as coming from his neighbours: and when these messages, together with the visual images which seem to show how his neighbours are behaving, indicate that what they are seeing in their mirrors tallies with what he sees in his, he confidently infers that his mirror images are reflections of events in the outside world. When this condition is not fulfilled 'he will sometimes think that his mirror reflects the external situation, but often he will think that it does not'. It is assumed in this fantasy that the cells have windows 'opening out on to a common quadrangle', but also that it is physically impossible for the prisoners ever to look out of the windows and so see directly what is going on outside.

Now so long as the prisoners know that there is a world outside their

prison, they are justified in drawing a distinction between what appears in their reflectors and what goes on in the external world. In practice, since they will never be able to inspect the external world, they are concerned only with the series of reflections, but the theoretical distinction remains. It would not be purely theoretical if they were able to gain their freedom, for which they are at least entitled to hope. But this only shows how defective this simile is, as an illustration of our own condition. For if all experiences necessarily come to us in the mirrors of our minds, what knowledge can we ever hope to have of a reality outside? There is no possible way of observing things as they are other than observing them as they appear to us to be. If the distinction between appearance and reality is treated as a distinction between what is accessible to our senses and what lies beyond, reality becomes unknowable. It is to be doubted even whether there is any sense in speaking of it.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is not that reality is unknowable, but that the distinction between appearance and reality has been misconceived.

In the case of the prisoners, once they are confident about the pattern of mirror images they may expect, any question about what is going on in the quadrangle is unpractical. But in our case, once we are confident about how things will seem, any question about how things are is not merely unpractical, it is not a question. For there is nothing that we would call finding out that what in all ways to all people at all times seems to be so is, yet not so.

In this way, philosophers like Berkeley and Mill have been led to maintain that the distinction between appearance and reality is one that falls wholly within phenomena. It is not a matter of the way in which phenomena are related to something other than themselves, something itself unobservable, but a matter of the different ways in which they are related to one another. We are not cut off from the external world, for it exists in its appearances. To talk about the way things are is in the end reducible to talking about the way they seem. Physical objects are logical constructions out of sense-data.

This way of looking at the facts is a great improvement on the other, but it is not wholly satisfactory. For one thing, the claim that statements about physical objects can be faithfully translated into statements about sense-data cannot be made good. The definitive solution of the problem is still to seek. I think that Wisdom himself would say that there could not be a definitive solution.

After all [he says] our ultimate object is not to find a complete simile for the logic of matter any more than the poet's object is to find a complete simile for what he describes. It is to see it for what it is. Philosophy is not only less like discovery of natural fact than people once supposed, it is also less

like the discovery of logical fact than they next supposed, and more like literature which makes it again more like the discovery of natural fact, only now it is the rediscovery of familiar fact through the recall of familiar logic dressed in not merely unfamiliar but scandalous clothes.

Two of the fifteen essays which make up his book date from the period when Wisdom, like the rest of us who belonged to what was then known as the analytic school, believed that philosophy was like the discovery of logical fact. They are the earliest in date and still have more than a historical interest. Others, like those from which I have quoted, do something to justify the suggestion that philosophy is 'more like literature'. But this remark is not to be taken too seriously. Apart from a certain weakness for the catchy phrase, there is nothing 'literary' about Wisdom's philosophizing, nor is he rhapsodical in the way that some metaphysicians are. He deals in argument, even if the argument is sometimes rather loosely knit. His method is poetic only in the sense that he strives to convey insight rather than to furnish demonstrations. It is related to logic in somewhat the same way as the work of certain novelists is related to psychology. We can learn to understand people by reading text-books on psychology, but also by reading novels. The novelist's method is usually not scientific; he does not as a rule invite us to make deductions from general hypotheses; but his description of particular cases may be as illuminating as any scientific analysis. Similarly, Wisdom does not in these essays set about philosophy in the spirit of a scientist or a logician. He does not say: this is the problem; these are the suggested solutions to it: I believe this one to be correct; and because of this some of his readers complain that he does not give them what they want. Instead, by taking a variety of examples and going through them in detail he tries to show how we come to be perplexed about the logic of a given class of statements, and how different interpretations of it can be both attractive and misleading. If the method is successful, we are left with a better insight into the way our language works, and so into the nature of the facts which it describes.

Finally, there are essays in which Wisdom develops a theme which he has made his own: the connection between philosophy and psychoanalysis. There is a sense in which the philosopher's doubts are like the symptoms of a mental malady. It is in a way neurotic to maintain that one can never be sure that physical objects exist, never really know what other people are thinking or feeling, or even that they have any inner life at all, never really know anything about the future or the past. Not that a philosopher who says such things does not have his reasons for saying them, and not that these reasons are not serious. But his doubts are un-serious to the extent that they have no issue, to the extent that nothing is going to be counted as resolving them. The sceptic puts his requirements

so high that it is logically impossible that anything should satisfy them. In this way he resembles the madman whose fears cannot be exorcized: the fact that the room in which the madman says his enemies are lurking is shown to be empty, proves to him only that they have the power of making themselves invisible. There is also, according to Wisdom, a similarity in the method of cure. Just as the analyst induces his patient himself to probe to the sources of his trouble, to bring the underlying, unacknowledged, desires and terrors out into the open and see them for what they are, so in the case of the philosopher's neurotic doubts 'the treatment is the diagnosis and the diagnosis is the description, the very full description, of the symptoms'. I myself am not convinced that the parallel is so close as Wisdom wishes to make it. It sometimes seems to me that even after the very full description of the symptoms, there remains a logical problem to be solved. I agree with Wisdom that it was a mistake to try to identify philosophy with logic, but I still think that it is more like logic than he would have it. But even if his methods do not dispose of the problems on which they are brought to bear, there can be no doubt that they do a very great deal to clarify them. He has insight, and he has the ability to communicate it.

An interesting comparison might be made between Wisdom's work and that of the existentialists. The philosophizing of the existentialists is very much 'more like literature': argument is not entirely lacking in it, but it plays a very subordinate part. They also aim at enabling us, in Wittgenstein's phrase, 'to see the world rightly', but it is not at all, in their case, a matter of our being brought to understand the workings of our language. They deal on the grand scale with large metaphysical questions, the ontological status of man and his consequent destiny. They are philosophers with a message. The message varies from one of them to another, and so does the manner of presenting it. Kierkegaard is an ardent Protestant, Marcel a devout if independently-minded Roman Catholic, Nietzsche and Sartre are atheists. Jaspers and Heidegger pay some attention to the history of philosophy, Kierkegaard's writing is mainly rhapsodical, Sartre's work contains much subtle argumentation. But the same themes keep recurring: the peculiarity of man's position in the world, deriving from his possession of consciousness; the inadequacy of purely conceptual thinking to yield a full understanding of reality; the relationship between human beings presented in terms of struggle and tension; the fact of individual liberty and the responsibility which it entails.

Mr Blackham for the most part allows his six authors to speak for themselves. He attempts to summarize their views, itself a sufficiently difficult undertaking, but not to give a critical interpretation of them. He does, however, direct attention in each case to the salient points. In Kierkegaard

the emphasis is on 'ethical reality' and committing oneself by taking critical decisions; in Nietzsche on the will to power as the source of values and one's choosing to say Yes or No to life; in Jaspers on transcendence and self-realization and the obligation freely to become the self that one in fact is; in Marcel on concrete experience as the source of truth; in Heidegger on *Angst* as the revelation of what it means to be a human being in the world, projecting oneself towards death; in Sartre on the difference between things which exist in themselves, things which just are what they are, and conscious subjects which exist for themselves, being as conscious separated from their objects and yet nothing apart from them. Both Sartre and Heidegger are much exercised by the question of contingency, the fact that we find ourselves in a world which merely happens to be what it is: and all of them make much, perhaps too much, of the individual's responsibility for choosing his way of life.

The work of these writers is not well-known in England. With the occasional exception of Sartre, their style is rebarbative and their conception of philosophy alien to our tradition. But it has at least a historical interest, and Mr Blackham's book is therefore to be welcomed, though I wish he had been able to do more in the way of interpreting the strange pronouncements that he quotes. A point which he might have brought out more strongly is that the existentialists are in their way concerned with the same problems as occupy more academic philosophers, the problem of solipsism, for example, the problem of negation, the nature of consciousness, the freedom of the will, the justification of values. What is peculiar is their treatment of them, which hardly seems designed for the achievement of an intellectual solution.

In a postscript to his account of their respective doctrines, Mr Blackham champions his authors against the pettifogging critics who inhabit 'cool and sequestered academic groves'. He finds it to their credit that 'they are trying not merely to think but personally to live the situation of man embedded in the situation of their time'. What Mr Blackham presumably means by this is that these philosophers consider a certain course of conduct to be appropriate to the present time, and that they exemplify as well as recommend it. But what course of conduct do they recommend? For all the bravura with which their message is delivered it seems curiously lacking in content. To be told to live authentically is not to be told how to live.

THE ARTICULATE HERO: PHILIP MEADOWS TAYLOR

Michael Edwardes

The author, an historian who has spent some years in the East, is now engaged in University publishing in England

We have come, with the reiterative aid of Ernest Hemingway, to consider the Hero as merely the 'dumb ox', inarticulate, but strangely full of complexes. It is certainly no strictly twentieth century view. The literature of heroism is almost exclusively the literature of hero-worship, of interpretation and fabrication by facile third-parties. The Hero seldom speaks in the authentic voice, the pen paralysing the sword-arm, ink frightening more than blood. If he speaks at all it is with difficulty through clenched teeth, and tight lips; when he writes one knows instinctively that there are four fingers missing from his right hand. It is, of course, un-English to blow one's own trumpet, without doubt 'bad form' and the rest of the public-school ethos. But is this perhaps all part of the myth too? Is the man of action really mute in repose and not just playing the game?

The Victorian architects of heroism profited much by the silence surrounding the Hero. They were able, almost at will, to turn him into either a foundation stone or a flying buttress for the magnificent, and strangely holy, edifice of imperialism. How many of the popular heroes of Victorian imagery were shuffled into the pantheon by means of early death, the 'lost' diary and the letters to Mother? Only the Fitchetts and Kayes could tell.

Silence became a characteristic of the heroic anatomy. The strong silent man, *doing* things. Always engaged in that essentially Victorian occupation of either ruling the heathen or converting him. But also, and this too is another aspect of Victorian imperialism, always remote and alone, not one with anybody outside his 'own kind'. The primary heroism of the nineteenth century was the committal to exile. This spread the heroism thinly over all. It became part of everybody's baggage. Every white man's burden was his exile. Eyes were always turned away from the heat and the heathen towards England, and the time-tables of the P. & O.* On

* The theme of so much of the 'poetry of empire' is the melancholy of the exile. So much of it, too, is the deliberate addition of salt to an open wound. Nostalgia for even the fogs of London is unqualified and the fear of death is always present. It becomes not the fear of leaving this world but of never seeing the remote green grass of England again. W. T. Webb, a justly forgotten poet of Anglo-Indian

this stage, with the fearful scenery of nostalgia and sacrifice around him, the Hero looms larger than life. But only if he is silent and carries out his heroic actions with an arrogant minimum of fuss. The hero not by accident or human design but by the inevitable will of things.

It must not be thought that such circumstances were without their overtones. Through the lives of the Evangelical heroes there runs a nauseating hysteria. Little interested in the mechanics of ruling, for their day to day administration was often ramshackle and out of touch with reality, they became preoccupied with why they were there at all. They carried with them always the double weight of the inevitability of the Empire and a monstrous sense of personal inadequacy. Their arrogance was a combination of satisfaction in having God's mandate and the fear of sin, of not being good enough to carry out His will. In their quest for Biblical guidance and authority for their actions there seems to lurk a lack of sureness. A lack that often led them to the extremes of action. To the heroics of those in fear, not of earthly hurt and power, but of God's wrath.

A modern writer on Anglo-Indian social life has summed up this strange facet of the imperial hero.

The brooding in lonely places over obscure texts of the Old Testament and even obscurer commentaries thereon, the ever present sense of sin, the consciousness that one was a member of the elect and that all around were millions of doomed heathen, led to a strange tension in the minds of these men, so that even in their most heroic moments is evident a mental condition that seems occasionally unbalanced. Tears and groans, terrible outbursts of anger and sad moods of remorse, the temper of seventeenth-century Covenanters . . . alternating with a more modern sensibility were common at a crisis.*

The death of Henry Lawrence at Lucknow must have been like passing through a vale of tears. Descriptions of it reek of fiction, of the ridiculous exaggerations of Victorian melodrama. The truth is almost *Grand-Guignol*:

morbidity, crystallizes this almost pathological melancholy in 'The Song of Death' (*Indian Lyrics*, Calcutta, 1884):

My fellow exiles, fill your glasses,
We'll sing one song before we die;
The tiger in the jungle-grasses
Has sucked the peasant's life-blood dry.
but even so, the trumpets sound, the price of duty is inescapable,
Go, bind your son's to exile
To serve the captive's need.

The pack must be shouldered and all that is left is the empty gesture of bad poetry.

* Dennis Kincard: *British Social Life in India 1608-1937*. London 1938, p. 166. The book itself is diffuse and untrustworthy as to facts but is particularly brilliant in some of its interpretations of the Anglo-Indian mind.

He called all the garrison to his bedside and begged them to forgive him and to kiss him; he spoke of his wife and burst into tears . . .; he urged each of the soldiers to read their Bibles and at once 'these seemingly hard rough men were sobbing like children'. He died 'with the most beautiful expression of calm joy on his face'.*

The religious fanaticism of the Victorian Hero became, in the hands of the propagandists, a major virtue. Not only the sacrifice of exile, the trout-stream and tea and crumpets, but the subordination of the human to the divine. The Empire becomes a vast and holy thing: an immense structure cemented by blood. 'When an Empire is at stake,' said John Nicholson, the hero of Delhi, 'women and children cease to be of any consideration whatever.' And he was talking of *white* women and children.

In the hands of the Victorian journalist these blasphemous antics become sanctified. The Empire like a flame, purifies. Even the sordid and the criminal, the psychopaths and the merely mediocre come through with the improbable whiteness of a soap-flakes advertisement. Hodson of Hodson's Horse, an embezzler to say the most charitable of him, becomes a saint of the Mutiny and a pattern for little boys in country vicarages.

But before these men, before, too, the publicity agents of Empire, there had lived in India some men who came very near to the authentic hero. They lived and worked before it had been discovered that the British in India were there by divine intervention. Before, too, it had become necessary to give reasons for our dominion over palm and pine. These men, strangely enough, and not the Iron-sides of the Mutiny, were the scaffolding of the Imperial Hero constructed with such care by Rudyard Kipling.† They were the soldier-administrators so dear to his heart. Some were megalomaniacs like General John Jacob. Others were the material of fiction. Colonel William Steeman, the titular destroyer of Thugee, whose

* Kincard, *op. cit.* The truth is vouched for by various contemporary sources. A much quieter comment on the subject has come to light on the recent publication of *The Chronicle of Private Henry Metcalfe* (edited by Lieut.-General Sir Francis Tuke, London 1953). This private soldier who survived the siege of Lucknow says of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, 'And now about Sir H. Lawrence. On that day (July 12th, 1857), while sitting with his Staff in his room in the Residency, a shell was fired into his room but without doing any damage, except the hole it made in the wall. His Staff urged him to leave his present quarters for fear of any harm occurring to him but he treated the circumstances very lightly, saying they will never fire another shell into the same place, but on the next day a shell came into the exact place and exploded, and a splinter of the said shell hit Sir Henry in the groin and terminated his earthly career.' Metcalfe makes no mention of tears or of kissing the garrison.

† See my *Rudyard Kipling and the Imperial Imagination*. TWENTIETH CENTURY, June 1953.

Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official give some idea of how these men lived, was one of them. He, like the others, was never officially canonized.* They were the 'Old Indians' whose manners and tastes were not above reproach. Who had the distressing habit of noticing that there were Indians in India, and sometimes lived like them.

To the later Victorian, they were beyond the pale and, more often than not, inside the zenana. Moreover, many of them were not of the East India Company's service. They were free-lances in most senses of the word. Above all, a few were distressingly articulate. These men were in most cases discarded by the pantheon-fillers. They were too alive, too Rabelaisianly alive, to fit the mould of the Victorian hero. In many cases they were a dry-nurse of Vishnu by choice, not wishing to convert the heathen but, of all things, to protect him, even to learn something about his life and philosophy.

One of these men, one of the last of the adventurers, was Philip Meadows Taylor.

In the nineteenth century there are only two names that stand out from the almost uniform mediocrity of Anglo-Indian fiction: Rudyard Kipling and Meadows Taylor. They have, as writers, a number of things in common, but they are separated by one immense gulf. Meadows Taylor wrote from his own experience, an experience both rich and fantastic. What Kipling attempted (and failed) to do second-hand, Meadows Taylor succeeded in doing from the realities of his own life. His work has been unjustly neglected and would be worthwhile reprinting, even in our sophisticated age. For now that we no longer have an Empire in India, it should be possible for us to look behind the immense history-book puppets of Clive and Hastings and the other names we can no longer remember, at those of whom most of us have never heard: the real core of our Empire. The contribution to India that outweighs the damage of the great names, was made by the unknowns. Meadows Taylor was one of them who stood out from the anonymous and talked about his life.

He did so in *The Story of My Life*, published by his daughter in 1877, a year after his death. It is an important book, for it gives lucidly and with a certain indefinable charm, the story of the conditions in which the English lived and worked in India before and during the Mutiny. It is significant also, because it deals not with life in British India but in a native state. Divorced from so much of the unreality of Station life in the towns, Meadows Taylor moves nearer the real India than any other writer on Indian themes. This real India is not the slick rationale of the six-week journalist but a kaleidoscope without precision, an amalgam of the actual

* Except, perhaps, obliquely, in a recent novel by John Masters.

and the nuance. In his novels, Meadows Taylor came near to grasping its essence even if, at times, he exaggerated the degree.

Between Kipling and Meadows Taylor we can assemble two halves of the life of the British in India. In Kipling, the world of the hierarchy comes, despite his license to distort, into focus. Behind the sham facade of Kipling's men and women there lurk, uncomfortably, the other Indians. One of them is the India of Meadows Taylor. An India not of pomp alone but of pomp and poverty. Not of the soda-water intrigue between the sexes in the Hills, but the bloody intrigue of the Plains. Of revolution in the palace and death in the village. Not the Civil List but the empty belly. Of famine snatched from the dispatch box and the scrawled minute, and placed squarely between the dying eye and the parched well.

Meadows Taylor's life is itself the stuff of a thousand romances, that judicious blending of the prosaic and the improbable. Born in Liverpool in 1808, of a family with an imposing lineage and little cash, his formal education was limited and undistinguished. At the age of 14 he was indentured to a firm of West India merchants in Liverpool. Here he seems to have been a misfit, an episode he deals with in his autobiography with unusual reticence.

In 1824 an acquaintance of his father, a Bombay merchant named Baxter, offered to take him into the business as an apprentice with the chance of an eighth partnership at the end of it. This flattering offer was accepted and Meadows Taylor arrived in Bombay just before his sixteenth birthday. Here he found the mighty merchant house of Baxter to be nothing more than a small retail shop, and the manager with no knowledge of his coming. He was not, fortunately, without connections in the province, his mother's cousin, William Newman, being Chief Secretary to the Government. Newman obtained through Sir Charles Metcalfe, then Resident in Hyderabad, a commission in the Nizam's army for his protégé, and in December 1824 Lieutenant Meadows Taylor joined the 6th Infantry at Aurangabad.

At this time the country was moving towards a settled and orderly rule. The mechanisms of government by delegation were beginning to appear. The old excitements of plunder and rapid advancement, products of chaos and anarchy, would soon be gone for ever. The straight-jacket of the Victorian imperial ethos was only just out of sight. Soon the vast monolith of dispatch boxes would be erected, the hierarchy ordered and the rewards of merit become silver and enamel.* But in Hyderabad there was still time.

* 'Papa has a Rajah and a Star of India to play with, while Mamma has the warrant of Precedence and Hill Captains. . . . ' Aberigh-Mackay, *Twenty-one Days in India*.

The Nizam's army, which was actually under the control of the Resident, was officered from two sources, the East India Company's army and 'local' officers appointed by the Resident. With these were left-overs of the old military adventurer type and the mixed offspring of the Company's officers. Before the coming of the steamship, when a man spent his life in India without leave, many officers lived alone in semi-Oriental state and enjoyed the pleasures of the harem. Others married the women of Indian royal houses, though mainly of the Moslem aristocracy. The Eurasian product of these unions played an important part in the history of British India.*

In 1828 local commissioning for the Nizam's army ceased and the Company's officers took the higher commands. However, officers in the Nizam's army were continually employed by the Resident in civil administration, and Meadows Taylor, who by this time was fluent in a number of Indian vernaculars, became firstly Superintendent of Bazaars at Bolarum and then Assistant Superintendent of Police. This gave him his first acquaintance with Thuggee, and might be called the foundation of his literary career.

Lord William Bentinck, who became Governor-General of India in 1828, offered, on the death of the Nizam in 1829, in exchange for a large sum of money to withdraw military officers from civil employ. This was accepted and Meadows Taylor returned to his regiment, despite the efforts of the Resident to retain him in a police appointment. It was only the new Nizam's strong sense of their prestige value that persuaded Bentinck not to remove the British officers from his army altogether.

In 1832 Meadows Taylor married Mary, daughter of the great banker, William Palmer, a figure of sinister importance in Hyderabad.† In 1837 he left for England on a three-year furlough.

1837, apart from the accession of Queen Victoria, is an important date, for on his arrival home he found himself famous as the author of *Confessions of a Thug*. His journey to England is one of the most interesting episodes in *The Story of My Life*, for he made his way by Arabia and Egypt, and in a style much like the later and more publicized travels of Richard

* Kincard, *op. cit.*, p. 160, alleges that Meadows Taylor kept 'a well stocked harem' and quotes a visit by his [Kincard's] grandfather when 'the old gentleman was particularly satisfied with the newest recruit to his household, a fifteen-year-old Maratha girl who was uncommonly skilful at "mulling" his eyebrows'. The truth of this statement is open to doubt, but the circumstances are by no means untypical of the times.

† Sir Patrick Cadell's introduction to his edition of the *Letters of Meadows Taylor to Henry Reeve*, Oxford, 1947, gives some of the history of this remarkable man.

Burton. He even intended a journey to Mecca but was defeated by the Consul at Jeddah.

In his life in Hyderabad he had, through speaking Hindustani, as he says, 'like a gentleman', gained remarkable insight into the habits and customs of the people. Little or no racial antagonisms seemed to exist at that time. He even consulted astrologers and records the truth of their prophecies. Hyderabad was still in a state of anarchy. Life was not always agreeable. Thugs, a strange cult of stranglers dedicated to the goddess Kali, roamed the countryside. Meadows Taylor was a pioneer in the investigations from which Sleeman reaped his reputation. It was only his removal from his police post in 1829 that prevented him from being the first to disclose the practice of Thuggee.

Confessions of a Thug is not really a novel but a piece of brilliant reportage. Journalism of reality, in fact, where Kipling's was the journalism of imagination. It has the naive style of the unvarnished record of real events. Ameer Ali, the main figure of the book, was one of the actual Thugs, turned informer, interrogated by Meadows Taylor when a police official. The *Confessions* has something of the 'Old Indian' attitude to life. It creates the adventurer's age which saw the foundation of an Empire. It is a work of horror, masterly in its almost total lack of emotion. There is nothing to appeal to the later Victorian imperialist. There is neither morality nor ideals, nothing but the relentlessness of murder. But it is a mirror of life.

With the success of the *Confessions*, Meadows Taylor ceased to be a reporter of events. The book is an isolated fragment of reality. The next step is to the historical novel. He wrote three of these describing the story of India from 1657 to 1857:—

Tara 1863, which is concerned with rise of the Mahratta power in India and the blow they struck against the Mogul in 1657.

Ralph Darnell 1865, which shows the rise of British power consolidated by the Battle of Plassey in 1757:

and *Seeta* 1872, which described events in the Mutiny of 1857.

These three novels (there was a later one published in 1875), with periodical work and a short history of India, comprise his literary work. The novels are long and to modern readers not free from dullness. The greatest of them is *Tara* and with it he seems to some extent to have drained his inspiration. *Seeta*, which is concerned with aspects of the Indian Mutiny, has passages of immense conviction and power; it is probably one of the best interpretations of the real effect of this much perverted episode. Even here his knowledge of India fails him. A high-minded English official is made to marry a high-caste widow: a circumstance of extreme improbability. Perhaps his blind spot was that with all

his awareness of India, he knew only the Muslim aristocracy and little of the rules of Hindu caste.

Even this supremely articulate hero must make the sacrifice in the best tradition. Renouncing a promising literary career he returned to India in 1840 to play a minor, but important, part in the suppression of the Mutiny. Only in 1860, with his health broken, did he retire to take up his literary career again.

Meadows Taylor was not without his predecessors. Morier and his immortal hero, *Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, W. H. Hockley with his two novels *Pandaruig Hari* and *Tales of the Zenana*. With these two the Meadows Taylor of the *Confessions* must be classed. The *Confessions* is the picaresque novel grafted into reportage. With his historical novels, Meadows Taylor, breaks with this tradition. He gives the background of events in immense detail and with convincing realism. The hero moves in his context, and though his stature may be reduced his reality increases. The Evangelical megalomaniac is yet to take the stage, man's law is still the law he makes himself. There was still in Meadows Taylor the dedication of conscious responsibility, of recognition that Indians themselves were real and worth every attention. Already, like Kipling, he was out of touch with the times. *Seeta* on its publication merely made Anglo-India uncomfortable. Mixed marriages, oh my dear!

There was no longer a place for men of Meadows Taylor's beliefs and standards, the withdrawal into the racial Ark had begun. Everyman and woman carried their England with them like the Old Man of the Sea. Even when their supreme laureate, Kipling, comes, the fabricated heroes of the middle Victorians will have tarnished and have been put in the attic. Now, both the articulate hero and the inarticulate are dead. But it is the Meadows Taylors we should remember with gratitude. The men who said 'I wanted to bring India nearer to England - to bring its people nearer to our people', for it is *their* ambition that should be ours to-day.

ACADEMICISM AND JONATHAN SWIFT

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Professor Quintana's book on Swift* first appeared seventeen years ago, and is now reprinted. In the meantime it has become a standard work; in the sense, that is, that it must figure at the top of all the reading-lists that conscientious university-lecturers give to their students. As such it is fair game for the irreverent. The don is a traditional butt, and Professor Quintana is not only a don but an American don. The English don, it is understood, may sometimes be cynical and corrupt; and so he may be a figure not of farce but comedy. But the American don, owl-eyed through his pebble-lenses, is by tradition sheer slapstick. 'The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift' is plainly an academic book - that is, in common acceptance, earnest, exhaustive, pedestrian, largely irrelevant but, for its minor virtue of accuracy about facts and dates, indispensable. And I have seen it treated in just this condescending way.

But this is much less than fair. And in fact this way of regarding the academic is already out of date. For if in fact the academic approach to literature is as inadequate as this, then it is no longer a laughing matter. The professional poet has already disappeared from the literary scene, and the professional man of letters is following him into the grave. Mr Cyril Connolly is nearly the last of them, and the demise of *Horizon* marked the end of a period; it is our sense of this that makes so many people recall *Horizon* with such superfluous nostalgia and over-rate it so consistently. It becomes more and more difficult, and will soon be impossible, for a man to make his living as a literary dilettante in the capital. Public indifference to good literature, sharpening into hostility, has driven the man of letters out of Hampstead and Chelsea; he has retreated into his strong points in the Universities, not just to Oxford and Cambridge but to Leeds and Liverpool and Manchester. Even the poet nowadays is likely to be a don; at any rate his centre of operations is less and less London, more and more one or other of the University towns. And instead of the professional man of letters we have the professional critic, the young don writing in the first place for other dons, and only incidentally for that supremely necessary fiction, the common reader. In other words, an ever greater proportion of

* *The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift*, by Ricardo Quintana. Methuen 21s.

what is written about literature, and even of what literature is written, is 'academic'. And in these circumstances it is no longer possible to shrug an amused shoulder at the painstaking pedant, fulfilling at best a necessary menial function. Literary standards are now in academic hands; for the free-lance man of letters, who once supplemented and corrected the don, is fast disappearing from the literary scene. His last foothold is in the literary page of the Sunday papers, where he is limited to a few hundred words each week.

In the days when he flourished, it was widely held that there was a natural division of literary labours. He took up where the scholar finished. The scholar, that is, collated and edited the texts; compiled bibliographies; sought out documents, established facts, and corrected dates. The man of letters was the critic who examined, appreciated, and judged what the scholar put before him. This division of labours never really worked. The literary historian, for instance, fell at once and noisily between the two stools; he needed on the one hand, the scholar's diligence and patience, on the other hand, the critic's subtlety and imagination. Those 'facts' that were to be the scholar's peculiar province soon turned out to be facts of a very special sort, disturbingly protean and (oh word unlovely to a scholar's ears) subjective. Countless post-graduate theses traced the influence of such and such a writer upon such another; but despite desperate endeavours to pretend otherwise, it soon appeared that 'influence' was not a fact as the natural scientists understood facts, but something dependent on the sensibility of the reader. Conversely, if literary fact was to be the province of the scholar, literary value was to be that of the critic; but it soon turned out that the value of a work often appeared only when it was set back in the context of the period which gave it birth, and that called for a wealth of historical information which the man of letters, for the most part, had no time and no chance to accumulate. The unwilling don found himself forced back time and again into the morass of value; the shivering critic braced himself distastefully for a plunge into a sea of facts.

The uneasiness of the alliance was soon apparent from the frayed tempers on both sides of the fence. If the man of letters took 'don' to mean 'pedant' (consider, even now, the flavour of the epithet 'donnish'), the don took 'critic' to mean 'journalist'. Social and economic changes pressed hard on both classes, and do so still; but the don was let off more lightly. It was inevitable that one class would have to take over the business of the other. At one time it seemed that the man of letters might encroach on the scholar; and Edmund Gosse, for instance, appeared as a literary historian. But it was inevitable that in the end the don would have to become a critic, instead of the dilettante becoming a scholar. And in fact, this has

happened; not only literary facts but literary values are now in the keeping of the don – as a glance at the Third Programme will show.

If literary criticism and literary scholarship can no longer be kept apart as mutually exclusive activities, they can still be distinguished as differences of emphasis. And I get the impression that, as the prejudice against criticism has waned in academic circles, the quality of literary scholarship has improved. It is rarer now than it was twenty years ago to find painstaking scholarly accounts of writers with whom the scholarly authors, however 'accurate', have plainly no sympathy; or books about literature written on the maddening and nonsensical principle of never venturing a value-judgment.

Professor Quintana's book was one of the first and is still one of the best of these works of critical scholarship. It is obvious that his intention was not in the first place critical; he did not set out principally to assess the enduring value of Swift's vision. But he does not flinch from passing judgment when necessary – his comments on Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels* are worth volumes of more fine-drawn writing on the same topic; and if in his summings-up Professor Quintana seems sometimes to stop short just when his argument is growing in interest (as at the end of his Book V), he is admirably cool and level-headed so far as he goes. His book is certainly not exciting, and it could never be described as brilliant. But, as he points out in his Preface, for brilliant, exciting (and excitable) writing about Swift, one need go no further than to Thackeray's lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century; and Thackeray's brilliance has done almost as much harm as good. If it brings Swift to life for anyone who reads the lecture, it also brings to Swift a tendentious mythos which he has had to live down ever since. There is no lack of frustrated creative talent ready to follow Thackeray's finger-post, to pretend to be outraged while really fascinated, or to parade its own all-embracing compassion with a trumpet of 'There, but for the grace of God . . .' It is true that a scholarly coolness can sometimes freeze into immobility those figures on which it plays. But there is no danger of that with Swift. The emotional temperature rises as soon as his name is mentioned, and if there was ever a writer who could profit by level-headed coolness in his critics, that man is Swift.

The pedant is as common as ever he was. And now that willy-nilly so much writing about literature is in academic hands, his activities are more dangerous than ever. But he has changed his habits. Twenty years ago he was to be heard asserting that his business was with hard facts, that questions of value and technique were not his affair, and that criticism therefore could be left to the impressionistic journalist. Now the pedant is proud to call himself a critic; he prides himself on evaluation and analysis; he aims to be penetrating, not informative. In certain fields, in

mediaeval literature, for instance, the pedant still appears in one of his old disguises, as the philologist. He masquerades elsewhere as biographer, bibliographer, literary historian. But his most favoured dress nowadays is that of the professional critic. Mr John M. Bullitt* seems to me a good example of the pedant as critic:

The intellectual temper of Swift, the variety of his interests and the background of his ideas have been more thoroughly discussed than his technical accomplishments. The present volume has concentrated on the latter aspect of Swift's art. . . .

That is to say, it is to be first and foremost a work of criticism. The secret of Mr Bullitt's critical method is simple: it consists of calling one thing by as many different names as possible. Thus, he uses the word 'diminution', which, he says, 'may be described briefly as the use of any "ugly or homely images" which are intended to diminish the dignity of an object.' This is succinct enough, even if it required no great penetration to connect it with the technique of satire. But for Mr Bullitt this definition is too 'broad', and also, as we quickly realize, too brief. He has already drawn upon Mr Kenneth Burke (the high priest, incidentally, of this method of criticism) to explain that in the process of diminution, professions and actions are 'converted downwards'; and he could bring himself to introduce the term at all only by explaining that what he is talking about 'is a common literary device which was discussed in rhetorical handbooks under the Greek title, *meiosis*, meaning, literally, "belittling" or "diminution"'. He proceeds happily:

But a more specific meaning is suggested when we recall Puttenham's description of it as the 'disabler', a figure useful to express 'derision and for a kind of contempt'. Specifically, then, diminution is any kind of speech which tends, either by the force of low and vulgar imagery, or by other suggestion, to depress an object below its usually accepted status. Diminution may be accomplished in a variety of ways. A similarity may be drawn between an object and one which is universally acknowledged to be inferior; the comparison results, of course, in the primary object absorbing the contemptibility of the secondary object. Diminution may also be effected by dwelling upon certain physical characteristics of a person and then, by *synecdoche*, equating the whole object with that one part. Diminution may be expressed in innumerable other forms; it may appear as direct abuse, irony, *litotes*, and so on. The following paragraphs touch primarily on some types of diminution which Swift used in direct satire.†

They 'touch' in fact on two such types. The first is 'the attribution of

* *Jonathan Swift and the Anatomy of Satire. A Study of Satiric Technique*, by John M. Bullitt. Harvard University Press (London: Geoffrey Cumberlege) 25s.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 45-6.

failure and impotence to an opponent'. This means that Swift implies his opponents are ineffectual. (Mr Bullitt's use of italics is masterly: when he is being more than usually trite he throws in a couple of italicized words, as much as to say, 'Watch this, it's difficult.' A pair of cagey quotation-marks is a variation on the same technique.) The other type is 'bestial diminution'. This means that Swift, when he dislikes someone, is apt to compare him with a rat or a toad. That is the end of 'diminution', or 'converting downwards', or 'the disabler', or 'meiosis', or 'belittling', or 'diminishing the dignity of objects', or 'depressing an object below its usually accepted status', as also of its sub-classes, *synecdoche*, direct abuse, irony, *litotes*, 'attribution of failure and impotence', bestial comparison. And if you think you know irony when you see it, you must wait for Mr Bullitt's next section, which will take you through 'eiron' as applied to Socrates, 'meaning something like "sly-foxery"', and the 'eironeia' of the Nicomachean Ethics, to 'praise-blame inversion', which is Mr Bullitt's own happy contribution, and so to Wynken de Worde, to Puttenham's 'the dry-mocke', to Quintilian, and to Bailey's Dictionary (6th ed., 1733) – the upshot being, apparently, that Swift's satire is frequently ironical.

The engaging thing about pedantry of this sort (which is far from being peculiar to Mr Bullitt) is its bare-faced temerity. It takes for its model, as also for much of its vocabulary, the rhetoric-books of the sixteenth century by Hoskyns, Sherry, Wilson, Puttenham and many others; and it stays remarkably close to these. Just as Puttenham likes to give an English alternative for his classical terms ('ironi or the dry-mocke', 'meiosis or the disabler'), so 'converting downwards' or 'sly-foxery' are put forward as alternatives which add nothing to the discussion except an illusion of homely folksiness, a pawky peasant-wisdom. Our fathers took the rhetoric-books (Puttenham's perhaps excepted) as the classic example of pointless pedantry in literature; but that opinion is now quite out of date, and there is a thriving academic industry in the United States based upon the revival of this vocabulary, facsimile reprints of the texts, and emulation of them in criticism of the present day.

The pretext for this is the oft-repeated rule that it is impossible to see the abiding value of any author except by seeking him first as he appeared to his first readers, and by discussing him in their terms. Mr Bullitt, as a matter of fact, has not even this excuse. There is plenty of evidence that Swift was as irritated with the rhetoricians as our fathers were, and the best Mr Bullitt can do to counter this is to ferret out a couple of complimentary references to eloquence, which is hardly the same thing. On the other hand, Swift was writing before the æsthetic theorists of the later eighteenth century began, following Shaftesbury, to inquire about the

nature of 'the ridiculous'.* But Mr Bullitt gets round this in a very ingenious if unscholarly way, by quick work with the term 'neo-classic', which he uses to cover everything from Ben Jonson to Akenside. Swift consistently overplayed his role as the plain man; and anything in the nature of psychological and æsthetic theory was a study too refined to suit this affectation of no-nonsense commonsense. The only comments by him that can by any stretch of interpretation be related to these fields of speculation, are therefore bleak and meagre. But Mr Bullitt, having dropped over Swift this fabricated bracket, labelled 'neo-classic', can eke these out by supposing that in such and such a matter he would agree with Hobbes, on another point with Lord Kames, and so on. There is a sense in which, for the good critic, all the writers of the past must seem to be contemporaries of each other and of the critic; there is another sense in which each of them must be kept always and precisely in his own period. But Mr Bullitt's method is neither the one thing nor the other, neither historicism nor its opposite. He gives himself the best of both worlds, and us the worst. He puts Swift in his period, but interprets that period so loosely that it gives the critic all the elbow-room in the world.

This question of 'historicism' in the critical appreciation of past literature is one of the perennial controversies in literary study, and is at the moment being heatedly debated by Mr F. W. Bateson, the editor of *Essays in Criticism*, and Dr Leavis, the editor of *Scrutiny*. Dr Leavis, I think, is in the right of it when he maintains, if I understand him aright, that the question, when argued in the abstract as a principle of critical method, is sterile and insoluble. For it depends upon a paradox inherent in the process of sympathetic reading: if we read properly a piece of past literature, that work must seem somehow both of its own day and of ours, at the same time irremediably past and continuously present. It is only in the examination of some specific work that one may argue whether a disputed interpretation leans too heavily on a knowledge of the historical context, or does not lean upon it enough. Professor Quintana's argument, that Swift's was essentially a seventeenth-century mind surviving into an eighteenth-century context, strikes me as an excellent example of historicism at its best, an insight that marks a real gain in our appreciation of what Swift stands for, what he must mean to us.

The work of Dr Leavis and his collaborators in *Scrutiny* over the past twenty years is of enormous importance to anyone seriously interested in

* If Swift knew anything about this aspect of Shaftesbury's work (and it is worth remembering, as C. S. Lewis has insisted, that Swift and Pope, in contrast to Addison, had a very narrow range of interest), he would be likely to side rather with his old associate Berkeley, who ridiculed all this side of Shaftesbury in *Alciphron*.

the future of British and European culture. And in our period, when the treasures of that culture are passing more and more for safe keeping into academic hands, it is one of the most hopeful signs. For it means that the most mordant and salutary criticisms of academicism have come, and are coming, from inside the academic world itself. All the attacks launched by men of letters upon the don and 'the academic mind', have paled before the severity of Dr Leavis and his colleagues, who are dons themselves.

Nowadays *Scrutiny* is as severe and rancorous as ever; and this is puzzling and disappointing to many who think themselves in sympathy with its aims. Surely, they think, the revolution has been effected; Mr Eliot's poetry, for instance, is now studied not only in our universities, but in our schools; Mr Eliot's methods of criticism, systematized and elaborated by Mr I. A. Richards, Professor Empson, Dr Leavis himself, and several talented American critics, are now those most in vogue. Why, then, must the voice of Dr Leavis still cry in the wilderness? Can it be that he enjoys that role?

Perhaps he does. But this attitude derives from a misunderstanding about the whole situation. It is not, nor was it ever, a question of getting a particular body of poetry, or a particular battery of critical principles, 'accepted'. What sort of acceptance is it, anyway? It is no longer fashionable to laugh at *The Waste Land*; but does that change of fashion really witness to an increased understanding of the nature of Mr Eliot's poetry, or of poetry in general? One may doubt it. The pedant is a very adaptable creature, and can be as comfortable with Mr Eliot's 'objective correlative', Mr Empson's 'ambiguities', and Dr Leavis's 'complexity', as in the older suit of critical clothes that he has now, for the most part, discarded. Dr Leavis, in fact, has every reason to be as disgusted as ever; for his enemies, the pedants, have only pretended to change sides, and they fight him as fiercely as ever, but in uniforms they have captured from his own regiment. Indeed this whole metaphor, of changing sides, and conducting campaigns, as if criticism were a sort of gang-warfare, is misleading in the extreme. The critic's eye should be on his target, which is the particular piece of literature he wants to explain and evaluate; let other critics conduct what antics they please, he need attend to them only if they get in the way, if they get between him and his text. By the same token, there are no fool-proof methods of criticism. Any method, however shaky its basis in theory, is justified by results. The wrong approach can give the right results. Hence Dr Leavis has no method. It is his self-styled disciples who have constructed a method which they put forward and practise as his.

The sort of critical pedantry that is characterized by appeal to, and renovation of the terms of rhetoric, is only a sub-species. And for that

matter one cannot rule out the possibility that even with this unpromising 'method', a true critic one day may get results. The one feature that really distinguishes the critical pedantry of to-day is the high price set upon complexity. Because certain talented critics have shown that certain pieces of literature are more complex in their strategy than had appeared, it is taken as an axiom that the more complex a work, the better. The many works of literature that are distinguished for their massive simplicity, the directness of their approach, and the unaffected lucidity of their language, are in our day neglected or underrated. No poem, it seems, can afford to be innocent of irony. A young poet declares that poetry must be more, not less, difficult. And the danger of reading into a poem more than it really contains, is pooh-poohed.

If this pedantry is at the moment more characteristic of American than of British criticism, that is only because the Americans have been pushed further down the road on which our own feet are set. In the United States, the retreat of poets and critics to the universities began many years ago. Here it is only just beginning, but there is no question but that it must continue – the institution of the Third Programme is an implicit acknowledgment of that. There is no reason why this increasing academicism should be calamitous. It might very well be a wholly welcome development; for dilettantism has its own vices, from which we have suffered sufficiently in the past. Not every don is a pedant. But pedantry is certainly his besetting temptation; and as things are, the common reader must be more on his guard against pedantry than ever before.

ON APPEARING IN JAPANESE TRANSLATION

Donald Keene

It not infrequently happens that a British author receives in the post a copy of one of his works (perhaps it is not always clear just which one) in Japanese translation. Sometimes the only clue as to which end of the mysterious volume is up is furnished by the frontispiece, a blurred photograph of the author, or perhaps by his signature painstakingly reproduced from a letter in which he has refused permission for a Japanese edition of his book. Was that, I wonder, the case with Thomas Hardy, whose own copy of the Japanese version of *Jude the Obscure* I once purchased? How astonished he must have been at the thought of his Wessex characters talking Japanese! And what must Joyce's reaction to the Japanese *Ulysses* have been? There are indeed few European works of importance, even of the most untranslatable sort, which have not been translated into Japanese during the past fifty years, and the European reader may well envy his Japanese counterpart, who can easily obtain inexpensive translations of many thousands of foreign books.

Needless to say, the quality of the translations varies a great deal. Japanese critics seldom seem to worry about the accuracy of translations, and few of the foreign authors whose works have appeared in Japan possess the knowledge or even the curiosity to ascertain how faithfully their words have been rendered. It is perhaps assumed that the proverbially diligent Japanese spare no efforts to obtain accurate versions of foreign texts, whether they be *Cranford* or *Ulysses*, the *Nibelungen Lied* or *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Such confidence is not wholly justified, at least in my own experience. During the past year I have twice appeared in Japanese translations, and unlike most foreign writers I am able to check the accuracy of the Japanese versions. In both cases I have found many errors, some of them amusing, but others which have made me rather anxious about the degree of Japanese understanding of foreign works, as revealed by their translations.

My début in the Japanese literary world was in a book of letters written by several friends and myself in 1945, just after the end of the war with Japan. We had fondly imagined that there would be a great demand for a study of the conditions and personalities of post-war Japan and China written by intelligence officers who spoke the languages involved. We were soon freed of this misconception, and the manuscript copies gathered

dust in obscure places. One copy, however, found its way to Japan, and after many false alarms the translation finally appeared at Christmas of last year, complete with pictures of the authors and even biographies.

When I picked up the volume and skimmed through its pages, the memories of eight years before came back most vividly. Here were our hopes for the Japan of the future, here the account of the entrancing experiences of our first days in the Far East. Later in the book came less agreeable realities – the war criminals whom I was obliged to investigate, the assassin who conversed with me in such polite Japanese, and my increasing doubts and fears. As I read these pages I thought that whatever the value of the book for its Japanese readers, it was certainly the best possible memento for me of unforgettable days.

As I passed from a quick perusal of a paragraph here and a paragraph there to more detailed examination, I began to notice rather curious elements in the book. For example, the casual final salutation 'yours' which we all had used, was uniformly rendered by a rather poetic Japanese phrase with much the flavour of 'I am a thing of thine', certainly not an accurate evocation of our relations. Other words and phrases seemed so unusual that I wondered uneasily what I could have been thinking when I wrote them. The discovery of these obvious mistakes impelled me to ferret out my copy of the original manuscript. Comparing the two I became even more clearly aware of the translator's irresponsibility. Many sentences and even whole paragraphs were omitted, sometimes so clumsily that the antecedents were lost and the train of thought made impossible to follow. English constructions which are difficult to render into Japanese were unceremoniously changed, and dependent clauses dropped with careless abandon. On the other hand, metaphors which made no sense in Japanese were literally translated, and anything which partook, however faintly, of the nature of romance, was emphasized and expanded: a casual remark that a friend's wife was good-looking was given in translation the accents of the cry of a smitten lover. What, I wondered, would my friend think if he read the book?

On the whole, however, my first appearance in Japanese print was far more enjoyable than the second. On the latter occasion an article which I had published in an American magazine had come to the attention of the editor of the leading Japanese literary journal, and he decided to publish it in translation. At the beginning of May, I received a polite letter from him informing me that 'in anticipation of my permission' a translation of my article had been made, and a few days later the May issue of the magazine with the article arrived. I had written a rather violent attack on Japanese methods of literary criticism, and should have much preferred not to have published it in Japan, if only because my chief target was

a work by the dean of Japanese letters. After my initial experience with Japanese translators, I dreaded the possible distortions of my words, and as I read the article my heart sank, for in each paragraph there was a major mistake. Sometimes my arguments were so mangled by the translator as to become nonsensical: thus, I found myself saying something like, 'A is an excellent scholar, but B is given to wild conjecture. We must therefore distrust A.' In several instances, mistakes in translation were reinforced by a translator's footnote, explaining that the original author had 'clearly' made a slip of the pen. A Japanese reading my attack on Japanese literary methods could only conclude from the translation that Japan has very little to learn from the West.

I wrote to the editor in protest, pointing out some of the more serious mistakes. He answered with another polite letter which unfortunately served only to increase my previous apprehensions about Japanese translations, for he mentioned a seeming error which had not merely irritated the author, as in my case, but had actually created international tension. In the concluding paragraph of his letter he took the occasion to inform me that while right-wing elements in Japan were 'fanning up an anti-British fever' because of the 'cold treatment' accorded in this country to the Japanese Crown Prince (a distortion of another variety), the entire nation was seething with anti-American fever because, among other things, Mrs Roosevelt on a recent visit had stated that it was *tōzen* for the atomic bomb to have been dropped on Japan. Now the word *tōzen* is rather ambiguous, for it may mean such different things as 'just', 'proper', 'deserved', and 'natural', with the last perhaps the most common used to-day. I do not know what Mrs Roosevelt actually said, but being well acquainted with her deep humanitarian convictions, I am reluctant to believe that she said that it was 'only natural' that the atomic bomb was dropped, or that the Japanese people 'deserved' it. She may have said in response to a journalist's question that it was 'proper' for the Americans to have dropped the bomb under the circumstances. If this is so, the use of the word *tōzen* to translate the word 'proper' was most unfortunate, and could only serve to anger the Japanese. Most of them are absolutely convinced that no people suffered as much as they did during the war, and take solace from the fact that only inhuman methods of warfare had forced their surrender. Any suggestion that China or several European countries suffered more, or that an opposed invasion might have brought even greater suffering than the atomic bombs, is likely to arouse hostility, let alone the intimation that the use of the bombs was 'natural' or 'deserved'. A mistranslation of this sort may well have been calculation by persons desirous of stirring up anti-American feeling; if it was innocent, it is all the more to be deplored.

I do not wish to give the impression that the Japanese are completely incompetent when dealing with foreign languages. On the contrary, it is because so many of them have attained general proficiency in English that the difficulties arise. The tradition of reading and writing several quite distinct and difficult forms of literary language in addition to the ordinary colloquial may also be responsible for the Japanese feeling that the mastery of English depends largely on a dictionary. Although most educated Englishmen hesitate to write French, a language very close to their own, many Japanese write English with supreme confidence and generally disastrous results. In translating from English there is apt to be the same self-assurance, and the same cavalier disregard for elements which lie beyond the translator's competence. In justice to any translator from English to Japanese, however, the great dissimilarity between the two languages must be stressed. Sometimes common words of one language can be translated only by awkward paraphrases in the other, and the temptation to change or omit is very strong. Again, although the rich variety of honorifics of Japanese may easily be flattened out into the more democratic English, when English is translated into Japanese every remark must be given by the translator its level of politeness, and this too may alter the impression of an otherwise exact translation. In reading the Japanese of my letters I was often surprised to discover that I was represented as using familiar and even abrupt language towards people with whom I had actually conversed in the politest terms I could muster. Thus, by translating something as innocuous as 'This is a book' into abrupt language, remarks I made to a Japanese dignitary could be made to seem quite insulting.

Appearing in Japanese translation is likely to be a rather trying experience for a foreigner who knows the language. However, it should be noted that most Japanese authors would be very grateful if their works appeared even in similarly distorted English versions. This is not very likely to happen, for, in contrast to the Japanese eagerness to learn of recent literary developments in England and elsewhere in the West, and the widespread knowledge of English in Japan, the British public remains on the whole indifferent to the contemporary cultural life of Japan, and the number of persons familiar with Japanese is perhaps indicated by the fact that this year no more than three undergraduates are reading Japanese in the British Isles. Until we can point to some more impressive achievements we remain in a poor position to criticize the work of Japanese translators, however inadequate it may be.

BOOK NOTES

MALLARMÉ. By Wallace Fowlie. (Dennis Dobson, 1953, 30s.). Mallarmé is for some a religion and for others a hobby; the religion that which centres on the figure of the artist as hero, priest and saint, the hobby that of collecting and sorting pieces to fit into the jigsaw of still incomprehensible poems. The mystery of *L'Après-midi d'un faune* and *Hérodiade* being nowadays no more than the legitimate mystery which belongs to a certain kind of poetry, the poems themselves being generally acknowledged as the work of a major poet, the supposition continues that if the nuts of other poems could be cracked we should find new and perhaps even more rewarding kernels. But most of the poet's commentators are so concerned with the cracking that the kernel is forgotten; nobody bothers to notice whether the shell is full or empty. And the earnest seeker who moves from one year's output of exegesis to the next is likely to feel, amid so much disagreement and even direct contradiction, that the nut has not been cracked after all.

Ten years ago the hobby was felt to be a little out of tone with the religion. Mallarmé had suggested more than once that he did not wish his poems to be treated as nuts, so the pioneers of exegesis used to preface their determined onslaughts with excuses half shamefaced, half self-righteous. There is no longer any need for this. Provided the reverent tone is maintained, no grip on the text is barred. So the game continues. From time to time a major figure appears; after Camille Soula, who had no method but daring and independence, came Charles Mauron with a little psycho-analysis and a good deal of natural penetration; Emilie Noulet, who began by elucidating the syntax of the more difficult poems but could not help moving into more conjectural interpretations; then Gardner Davies, drawing upon a knowledge piled up in daily frequentation of the texts to furnish enough verbal parallels to establish a specifically Mallarméan semantic. These pass the chain of language through their fingers link by link. We can see what they are doing and admire or spurn. Others, themselves spurning a too *terre-à-terre* preoccupation with words, fly off into heavens of their own which may, here and there, bear some resemblances to Mallarmé's. Others again limit their suggestions to permutations and combinations of other people's ideas.

Mr Fowlie is not quite in the last class, but where he exercises independence he tends to fall into the last but one. His experiments are not

controlled experiments. He has many of the pedant's drawbacks and is lacking in some of the virtues of the scholar; his thinking has all the fleecy cloudiness of the dilettante, yet his aesthetic perceptions are not sharply sensitive. He has read all the books but he has not worried enough about them. The intellectual problems have all the edge taken off them by the comfortable kind of neo-platonism which can only blunt the mind. The modern reader must feel, at the outset of a chapter on 'The Value of the Symbol', that there is hard work ahead; he is at once relaxed and disappointed to read that 'we say "symbol" rather than "metaphor" because of its deeper significance, because of its closer relationship with the experience of life, because of its more challenging mystery.' He knows how he is expected to read; the rest will make few demands and offer few prizes.

But if the writer is to be deep and mysterious, that is no reason to be palpably inexact. We turn to the chapter on *Toast funèbre*, a poem whose theme is obvious to the point of banality, but whose detail has set the commentators at loggerheads. We find that Mr Fowlie has introduced yet another possibility of dissension: 'Si ce n'est que la gloire ardente du métier' is to mean 'if it is only the popular glory of the writer which is sought'. *Ardente*, a word glowing with approval and quite empty of irony, to slide into the derogatory *popular*? This time, at least, we need not puzzle long. Mr Fowlie has added a quite original and gratuitous full-stop at the end of the previous stanza. With Mallarmé's punctuation re-established, *si ce n'est* resumes its traditional concessive function and *ardente* its normal emotional tone. Mallarmé is saying that nothing remains of Gautier, unless it is that the radiant glory of his craft still shines forth from the tomb. No doubt the new punctuation was a slip, but one which suggests a linguistic obtuseness confirmed in other places. Mr Fowlie is not a trustworthy guide to the Mallarméan maze.

His own respect for language is not noteworthy. Images are spoken of as clear and *irrefutable*. The didactic attitude adopted by *animus* to *anima* in Mr Fowlie's exegesis of the *Prose pour Des Esseintes* is referred to in the sentence: 'Erudition was promulgated during the island peripatetics'. Unpoetic and irrelevant images are suggested by sentences as clumsy as:

As time is confused or compared with the draperies of the room (both time and draperies contain an oblivion), so the abundant hair around a woman's face is seen to harbour time as contrasted with her eyes reflecting only the present moment.

Mr Fowlie's vice is to present feelings as if they were ideas and to manipulate both with the same instruments. He quotes Mallarmé's letters about his mental illness as if they were contributions to an argu-

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ment: 'At the age of 23, he felt like a corpse or an old man. He feared idiocy and used to observe his traits in a mirror.' Altogether this is a book to make specialists impatient and seekers after knowledge wonder what knowledge there is to be sought.

J. M. COCKING.

ONE MAN'S MEAT. By Ludovic Kennedy. (Longmans, 13s. 6d.). This modest title expresses Mr Kennedy's uncertainty about the wisdom of publishing extracts from his diary. There may, indeed, be readers for whom such casual snippets, ranging from anecdotes about Ashridge College to a comparison of driving techniques in England and France, are poison. But most will find them agreeable reading, for they reflect a winning and flippantly intelligent personality. Mr Kennedy seems to lead a happy life – an unusual thing for a writer. Yet he is slightly anxious about life, at the same time as he enjoys it, and in some extracts his anxious whimsicality amounts to a true literary attitude, although it makes him shy away from the description of major emotions. He seems to be a writer without a subject, but should he find a subject, the many qualities present in this book will no doubt ripen into something more than the rather light entertainment he gives us here.

J. G. W.

THE MYSTIQUE OF MODERN MONARCHY. Percy Black. (Watts and Co. 8s. 6d.). Professor Black is a Canadian who disapproves of the fuss made about the British Monarchy. The visit of the then Princess Elizabeth to Canada prompted him to analyse the excitement and loyalty aroused by an institution towards which he himself feels indifferent. The resulting little book is certainly a pioneering effort; Professor Black grapples with a problem of collective psychology which has so far been largely taboo, and he makes some telling points about the triumph of unreason, snobbishness and 'conspicuous submission'. But, alas, his study leaves almost everything to be desired. It has two great weaknesses. In the first place, he does not state the case for the Monarchy strongly enough, before demolishing it; he is outside the phenomenon, he has no imaginative grasp of it and his arguments have, at times, the obtuseness which comes from total incomprehension. In the second place, he writes such vile English that even when one agrees with him, as the present reader often does, one feels that his ideas are discredited by the hideousness of their expression. For instance,

Men hate to release, to give up, to abandon, to lose – even if the loss be that of the deadweight of dull, familiar unreason. So human ingenuity marshals what reason it can, mates it with the slough of our dear preconceptions, and lulls us into the murky depths of rationalization.

Can a man capable of such sentences, and of many others just as bad, be right on any issue? This kind of thing is just as vicious as the sentimental articles published at the time of the Coronation. We also note that Professor Black believes in reason with the wholeheartedness of one of the simpler eighteenth century philosophers. He no more asks himself what reason is than Miss Crawford questions the rightness of the Monarchy. He may, of course, be correct in stating that the present enthusiasm is a last flaring up of emotion before the end, but how depressingly he puts it:

THE DAY WHEN REASON REIGNS

On the day when reason zealously enters the minds of men, the monarchy as a primitive social institution will crumble. A violent revolution will not be necessary, nor will even a minor revolution. By itself, monarchy will simply fade away. And reason, raised to its rightful place in the unending evolutionary pageant, will be a more lofty diadem than men ever dreamed.

For then each of us will be a self-reliant sovereign.

We can only hope that when this day dawns the new rational monarchs will write more like Descartes than like Professor Black.

J. G. W.

THINKING AND EXPERIENCE. By H. H. Price (Hutchinsons' University Library. 25s.). The common man, whose century this is, has repeatedly surprised his sponsors by showing that there is no need to talk down to him. All that is necessary is to give up the esoteric mumbo-jumbo behind which the highbrows have sheltered themselves from the common man since the eighteenth century. He is perfectly capable of appreciating the best in the arts, in literature, in philosophy, and even in politics, provided that he is not distracted from it by pretentiousness or condescension. And here, thanks to the enlightened policy of Hutchinson's University Library, is the best that could possibly be offered to him as an example of contemporary English philosophy, in a form which he can not only understand but enjoy.

Professor Price is a philosopher in the tradition of Hume, not only in the sense that he has the highest regard for Hume as a master, but also in the sense that he can write English. In this respect he is the superior even of his other revered model, Lord Russell, who expressed his profoundest advances in a form which the common man could never hope to understand, and has now taken to writing dazzling pot-boilers in enchanting prose which must surely be designed to conceal from the common man the evanescence and frivolity of their content. Professor Price does not attempt to dazzle, like Russell; nor does he digest, summarize and simplify other people's philosophies, like Joad; nor does he set out to explain what philosophy is, like any number of hacks, comprehensible

and incomprehensible. No: he teaches his reader philosophy by the simple trick of philosophizing – a trick altogether too simple for all too many contemporary philosophers.

There is not a word in this book, as there was scarcely a word in its twenty-one-year-old predecessor, *Perception*, that cannot be easily followed by accepting a few elementary definitions at the beginning, and paying strict attention to what follows. The vigour and imagination of the language makes this no hard task. Paragraph after paragraph, and chapter after chapter works up with easy and inevitable grace to its memorably-expressed conclusion, which is none the less exciting, like the *dénouement* of a good detective story, for having been obvious all the time – as soon as you look back on it. 'It is the capacity of making mistakes, not the incapacity of it, which is the mark of the higher stages of intelligence,' Professor Price tells us; and at once we knew it all the time. 'Perhaps dreaming is more natural to the human mind than waking life is'; perhaps indeed it is. The common man will welcome the wit of: '... these great Empiricists (Berkeley and Hume) sometimes preferred to be clear rather than empirical.' And he will not fail to appreciate the exquisite irony (and scrupulous fairness) with which Professor Price summarizes and concludes a chapter on some philosophers' views of how we think: 'Human talkers are indeed multi-purpose instruments! ... These admirable thermometers are calculating machines as well.' Hamlet could hardly have put it better.

It would be hard to find a word wasted or misplaced in this graceful demonstration at first hand of what a philosopher is, what he seeks to do, and how he does it. Professor Price never seeks to press on the reader an answer to any of these questions. But two final quotations will show how he makes the answers clear:

If I had always lived among very taciturn and very absent-minded philosophers, who took little or no notice of their physical environment and talked only of the works of Fichte and Hegel when they did talk, I should acquire no ostensive definitions and should never learn to think in words at all. I might learn to expect that the sound 'dialectical' would probably occur pretty soon when the sound 'Hegel' had been uttered. But this would only be a special case of sign-cognition, like expecting the sound 'puff-puff-puff' when you hear a steam-engine whistling.

This slightly irreverent attitude towards high-minded metaphysicians is made even more explicit in the unexpected obviousness of this:

... it is a misfortune for a philosopher to be too clever. It is the human mind in general, and not just the minds of highly intellectual persons like himself, which he is supposed to be studying.

Perhaps all that remains to be said in commending Professor Price to the common man is that he has been heard to sum up his theory of ethics in the proposition that the only morally good thing in the universe is speed.

C. M. W.

BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC PROBLEM. By C. A. R. Crosland (Cape, 12s. 6d.). Mr Crosland used to be a teacher of economics, and is now a politician. The transformation is a familiar one to-day, which in Mr Crosland's case is not yet complete. It is an interesting and important type of transformation, too, since it represents for this country one symptom of the beginning of government by professionals: not professional politicians, that is, but professional specialists in the theory and practice of particular branches of state-controlled activity, which were formerly managed at the top by amateur all-rounders. The current trend of government is increasingly to entrust the Ministerial direction of departments of state to professional specialists instead of to statesmen in the old sense; and this trend is common to both political parties, though each still prefers different types of specialization. Thus, Conservative governments place ex-officers of the armed forces at the head of service departments, but avoid professional economists, whom they distrust, at the head of departments concerned with trade and finance. Socialist governments do exactly the reverse for the same reasons; and this is one of the few important differences left between them, and one which may itself disappear when the Welfare State has sufficiently evened out the fashionable trends of thought at (say) Sandhurst and the London School of Economics. But this will hardly happen in our time. Meanwhile Mr Crosland is an interesting sample for study as a potential President of the Board of Trade or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He is still, as has been said, at an incomplete stage of transformation from a professional economist into a professional politician. This is to say that lucid and rigorous argument still predominates over political dogma in his writing to a creditable extent. The dogma is there, but its occasional emergence almost takes the reader by surprise. It is sufficient to place Mr Crosland fairly precisely in the political spectrum, and this is itself a relevant factor in assessing the value of his argument. A few salient indications, in order of occurrence, are these: the three Socialist Ministers who resigned in 1951 miscalculated (p. 35); the loss of Abadan in 1951 could not have been foreseen (p. 36); the Tory campaign against austerity was discreditable (p. 49); the Americans 'stumbled' into a recession in 1949 (p. 53); the 'favourable out-turn in 1950' (not, be it noted, the government of the day) lulled people into 'a sense of false security' (p. 64); the groundnuts scheme was the subject of political misrepresentation

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the banking magazines publish foolish talk (p. 175), and the 'City experts' have learnt nothing and forgotten everything (p. 203). All this is illuminating, and what it amounts to is a disguised election address stating roughly: 'I am a moderate Socialist without too much theoretical nonsense, an intellectual but not devoid of the common touch, loyal to the party leaders and ready to supply orthodox but reasoned digs at the usual bogies: a vote for Crosland is a vote for British radical common-sense.'

In fact, however, not one of the above quotations is supported by any proof, and one at least is demonstrably false. The most disturbing feature of the book is precisely its periodical descent into politicians' logic, which may get by on the election platform, but disfigures the work of a writer from whom we are entitled to expect academic standards of reasoning. On a political platform, for instance, we might be impressed to hear that:

nothing effective can be done about the under-developed territories, from either a welfare or an economic point of view, without American funds – a fact which should be remembered by those who think that a humanitarian concern with the backward peoples is quite consistent with a strongly-developed anti-Americanism.

But what, in the name of formal logic, is inconsistent there? Why should I not, if I choose (which I do not, but many do), maintain that nothing can be done about such-and-such without the determined assistance of so-and-so, and at the same time savagely criticize so-and-so for failing to admit the fact or to do anything about it? Mr Crosland (the politician) has to be read with care to guard against such pitfalls; but Mr Crosland (the economist) is well worth reading.

It should be added, lest the emphasis in this review should mislead, that nine-tenths of the book is written by Mr Crosland the economist. These nine-tenths constitute a clear and thorough exposition of his subject in layman's language; and the language (though marred here and there by unnecessary and inaccurate borrowings from other languages) is lively and readable. The examination of Britain's economic future (conveniently summarized under three heads on p. 76) would probably be accepted in its general outline by any serious student. Only the intrusive political dogmas will repel those who do not belong to Mr Crosland's party; and one-tenth, in a book of this kind, is not an excessive proportion.

C. M. W.

REASON, ROMANTICISM AND REVOLUTION. M. N. Roy. Vol. I, pp. 307 (Renaissance Publishers, Calcutta, 21s.) If Socialism in India ever shakes off its present ideological confusion and emerges with a distinctive philosophy of its own, one may hazard the guess that Mr Roy

will be claimed among its spiritual fathers. That day, in all probability is not yet. The no-man's-land between Gandhi's disciples and the Communist Party is presently filled by strange hybrids, among whom one may without disrespect class Mr Nehru. Yet there are signs that the intelligentsia is in search of something new, and Mr Roy appears ready to provide at least a hint of future revelations to come.

His aim in the present work, of which only one volume has so far appeared, is ambitious, perhaps excessively so: nothing less than the outline of a philosophy of history which shall throw light on the history of philosophy. For this undertaking Mr Roy, an amateur in science and history though a veteran of revolution and counter-revolution, claims the spiritual sanction of Vico, Hegel, Marx, Whitehead, and modern sociology-cum-psychology. No Indian authors appear in his pantheon which is rigorously closed to representatives of theology and metaphysics. In nineteenth-century Russian terminology he would have to be classed as an extreme 'Westerner'. India is to-day evidently undergoing something akin to the spiritual trouble which tormented the intelligentsia under the Czarist regime. In this turmoil Mr Roy can at any rate claim the merit of having made his own position crystal-clear: no more uncompromising statement of the Western, humanist, rationalist and liberal faith has been penned anywhere in recent years.

Although the author stoutly claims descent from Marx, and even puts forward a slightly amended version of dialectical materialism (with Engels replaced by Whitehead), his essay is in fact a restatement of the classical rationalist position in its most rigid form, so much so that one finds oneself entertaining the heretical question whether there is not perhaps something in the Indian situation to-day that compels such an attitude on the part of a 'progressive'. Needless to say Mr Roy would reject such an insinuation as sceptical relativism of the worst kind. For to him the humanist philosophy is quite simply the expression of mankind's striving as such: a set of eternal verities rooted, by a strange quirk, in the biological flux of evolution and in the historical process by which 'man makes himself'. Any other philosophy, and *a fortiori* any approach to theology, is sheer obscurantism and not worth serious attention.

So uncompromising an attitude is to-day rare; perhaps it is only possible in India (a relativist heresy?) In any event Mr Roy is in the thick of the battle, on the ideological and the political front: his book is both an essay and a political pamphlet, as well as a primer in Western history and philosophy. As much space is devoted to abuse of Luther, Calvin, Loyola, Rousseau, Robespierre and other enemies of freedom, as to a rapid, and not always very careful, exposition of rationalist philosophy in the context of Western history since the Greeks. The aim is to show that

freedom is the logic of history, just as Hegel said it was, and that the essence of human striving has always been the same: to enlarge the area of liberty. As for political conduct through the ages, Mr Roy – who once helped Lenin to found the Comintern and later directed the first Communist uprising in China – comes down firmly on the side of the Whigs, the Encyclopædists, the Girondins, and Lord Acton. Anything not in conformity with their standards is trenchantly condemned. After the savage treatment meted out to the Jacobins it is not difficult to guess how the Bolsheviks will fare when he comes to write his second volume.

By academic standards this is a strange concoction: crude, amateurish, disjointed, badly organized, badly written and full of potted history for beginners. Is it therefore unimportant? Not necessarily. Mr Roy has long been a major figure in Indian (and Asian) political life. His appearance in the guise of philosopher and historian may not herald that advance in the realm of theory which he clearly hopes to initiate, but it is a portent of some kind. The chief organizer of the Shanghai insurrection of 1927 has written a tract for Liberals whose confident tone at least strikes an unusual note. Is this a fore-taste of India's reply to the challenge of Mao's China?

G. L. Arnold.

INTRODUCTION TO FRENCH LOCAL GOVERNMENT. By Brian Chapman. (Allen and Unwin. 18s.). Mr Chapman's study of French local government is doubly welcome. First, it is written throughout with an eye on the background of English students of politics. In his introductory chapter, Mr Chapman tries to set the stage for the English reader by drawing his attention to some of the fundamental differences between French and English systems of local government. It is possible to quarrel with some minor points – the comparison between modern France and mediæval England, for example, seems rather forced and is not particularly helpful – but the general approach is excellent. Mr Chapman also includes a chapter dealing with the administrative Courts and the Conseil d'Etat. Here the difficulties of conveying clearly how the system works within the scope of an introductory study are almost insuperable and the trees do somewhat obscure the wood. It would have been worth while making the book rather longer and providing some practical examples showing the precise functions of the Conseil d'Etat in relation to local matters. Indeed, other chapters would have gained, too, from a somewhat less summarized treatment. Mr Chapman's book is welcome also because it is the first attempt in either English or French to describe how French institutions really work. There are numerous French treatises on administrative law which give a tidy picture of a centralized system of administration

but all too often they are almost meaningless to the English reader, unused to logical structures in politics, and to the ease with which French minds can separate theory and practice – and even ignore practice altogether.

Mr Chapman has tried to avoid this purely formal French approach and to provide an account of French local government in which the emphasis is on function as well as on form. Naturally, since his book is intended for readers without any prior knowledge of the subject, he devotes a good deal of space to descriptions of the different organs of government, electoral systems and so on, but he has endeavoured where possible to complete the general picture with the particular example. He has tackled the confusing system of local taxation and given an admirably clear and comprehensive account of the precise way in which local taxes are assessed and levied. The pages dealing with the rôle of the *Préfet* and the importance of the human factor are excellent. They would have been even more valuable if Mr Chapman could have included a few more specific examples. No doubt Mr Chapman is right in principle in his contention that, being essentially State services, these do not belong, properly speaking, to his book at all. Nevertheless, the concise summaries which he gives of the rôle of the *département* in their administration would have gained from examples showing how, in practice, government departments and *Préfets* work together, or fail to do so, and exactly what the *conseil général* or the *conseil municipal*, really does in these fields. This is asking a great deal of course. Anyone familiar with French political institutions, either national or local, knows how incredibly difficult it is to obtain accurate information on detailed points. In this particular field, Mr Chapman is a pioneer and can find little to help him in French writing on the subject. But the many readers who will find this an invaluable introduction to French local government will look forward to seeing further studies by Mr Chapman.

DOROTHY PICKLES.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

DEAR SIR, – I take for my text the sentence in your editorial (July 1953), page 5), which reads:

When Mrs Trilling, in her article in this issue, gets carried away to the point of equating the Soviet Union with 'absolute evil', the non-American reader feels embarrassed. He feels that this is the same extravagance which makes it difficult for some American Liberals to turn their backs on Hiss, and which makes McCarthy a respected member of the Republican Party.

I am not too concerned at the patently absurd statement that McCarthy is a 'respected member of the Republican Party'. The whole case against the United States *qua* McCarthy would collapse if Europe could be convinced that the Wisconsin Senator is not regarded as 'a respected member' of any substantial group in American life, including the Republican Party. I am concerned, however, that in an editorial designed to bridge the ever-mounting differences between the American and the European, particularly between intellectuals, you have unintentionally, perhaps, epitomized the basis of these differences.

Let me examine the implications of the phrase, 'the non-American reader feels embarrassed'.

Does the non-American reader feel embarrassed at Mrs Trilling's equation of the Soviet Union with 'absolute evil' because the statement is untrue? Or is it valid but should be left unsaid publicly at this time or at any time? Is it merely a dispute on the level of rhetoric in which the American capacity for 'extravagance' is set off against the British penchant for understatement? Or is it a philosophical dispute about absolutes? Mrs Trilling's analogy cannot be dismissed on the vague and dubious ground of its 'extravagance', particularly since nothing so embarrasses an American reader as the extravagance with which Senator McCarthy is treated as an example of 'absolute evil' by the most respectable sections of the European press.

From your stricture, there also follows another question. You describe the non-American reader as 'embarrassed' by Mrs Trilling's 'extravagance'. What non-American reader do you mean? Assuredly, the inhabitants of Kohyma, if polled, would agree that the Soviet Union is equitable with 'absolute evil'. Assuredly, the Czechs in the uranium mines, the Rôumanian slaves on the Black Sea canal, the rebellious workers of East Germany and Poland, the millions living in satellite countries, and the hundreds of thousands who have fled into exile (and who knows, perhaps, even Beria) – assuredly, if they read Mrs Trilling's statement, would feel little discomfort at any equation of the Soviet Union with 'absolute evil'. I am sure that there were moments during Hitler's ascendancy when nobody, whether he lived in Auschwitz or Belsen or lived through the Battle of Britain, would have hesitated to equate Fascism with 'absolute evil'. I ask you, therefore, what non-American readers are you talking about?

I freely concede that moral equations are often difficult to accept. It merely depends on a person's experience as well as his ethical sense. A few years ago, an American trade union leader, addressing a group of exiled trade unionists from Eastern Europe, flamboyantly declared: 'We will not fight either for Standard Oil or for Stalin.' To which, a one-time

leader of Polish labour muttered, 'If only I had a chance to fight for Standard Oil against Stalin.'

I have just returned from a trip to Europe during which I heard the 'new' line expounded by European intellectuals and 'Foreign Office experts' that this is no time for 'extravagance' about the Soviet Union. It is a line which coincides with the still faint murmur among some 'non-Americans' I talked to in Europe that post-Stalin Russia may be in the process of 'liberalization'. It sounds just a little like the days following Stalin's promulgation of the 1936 Soviet Constitution.

I wonder whether you would be good enough to re-examine your editorial and explain to your unembarrassed American readers why Mrs Trilling has been 'carried away' when she views the U S S R as 'absolute evil'. If we are not agreed on the hypothesis that Soviet totalitarianism, like Nazi totalitarianism, is an 'absolute evil', then I fear that conversation across the Atlantic will grow increasingly tortured. The language of Western humanism contains a vocabulary of tolerance, scepticism and philosophical uncertainties. I feel, however, that its moral principles cannot be subjected to infinite interpretations. The roots of Western humanism are anchored deep in a soil which has nourished liberalism and flowered into modern democracy, weeds and all. There is even room for moral relativism among those who live by some of the rules. But if it is an embarrassment to hear that totalitarianism is utterly immoral, we may - all of us, whether in St Germain, Bloomsbury or New York - soon be intoning with Mr O'Brien, 'Absolute evil is absolute good.'

Yours sincerely,

ARNOLD BEICHMAN.

American Committee for
Cultural Freedom, New York.

[Since Mr Beichman has lifted the discussion to this plane, we may perhaps be forgiven for suggesting that some of the answers to his more sweeping questions are to be found in the writings of Professor Reinhold Niebuhr, who has of late had occasion to warn his American fellow-countrymen against the temptation to identify their own cause with 'absolute good', and the enemy - whoever he happens to be at the moment - with 'absolute evil'. At a more mundane level it may be objected that Americans are not alone in seeing the dangers of totalitarianism, Soviet or otherwise. It is always dangerous to build foreign policy on metaphysical abstractions. Alternatively, if the sufferings of enslaved East European workers are to be the criterion, what of the feelings of Koreans sprayed with napalm? Might they not regard both parties to the war which has devastated their country as 'absolutely evil'? This is not to suggest that there is not a profound and genuine issue between ourselves and the Soviet Union, but to guard against the importation of theological absolutes into human affairs, and the resultant loss of perspective. - EDITOR.]

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EDITORIAL

ANNIVERSARIES change their meaning with the lapse of time and the consequent lengthening of perspective. In this country, the anniversary of Munich is no longer related to urgent controversies over alternative courses to be followed. It has become a debating ground for historians, not a test of political allegiance. One no longer hears the merits of Mr Chamberlain's policies discussed; it is assumed that they had none. Their former defenders, if not altogether silent, are without influence. Munich, by common consent, was a failure; hence there is no disposition to challenge the dictum that it was ~~also~~ a betrayal. Yet fifteen years ago there were many who took a different view. Even the Labour Party censured Mr Chamberlain only after he had signed the fatal terms surrendering the Bohemian bastion and the liberties of Central Europe; before this its leaders had taken good care not to appear as 'war-mongers'. Pacifism was still immensely strong, and even among Mr Chamberlain's critics there were many who felt that the country – and the Commonwealth – needed this humiliation to re-discover the will to resist. War in 1938 might have split a nation still uncertain whether armed resistance to Germany was really the only course left. That is the true defence of Munich – though at the time it could not be voiced. All the other arguments – the alleged gain of time, the impossibility of defending Czechoslovakia without Russian aid, and so on – are either spurious or dishonest. This one is not.

Yet if the standard defence of Mr Chamberlain's policy no longer commands support, it does not follow that his opponents have been proved right in all their assumptions. The chief of these – that Britain could decisively influence the balance of power in Eastern Europe – was actually disproved within a year of Munich. For it was then that Britain and France took up arms on behalf of Poland – and failed to protect their ally from destruction. War was declared in the name of Polish independence, yet the Western Powers stood idly by while Poland was overrun. It has been argued that the 'phoney war' actually played a major part in undermining France's capacity to resist a year later. Certainly the Anglo-French declaration of war, while it did nothing to save Poland, freed

Hitler from the odium of having to launch an unprovoked assault in the West. A sudden, unmotivated German onslaught on France might have stimulated the national will to resist; by May 1940 this will had been corroded by eight months of nervous tension and the perfidious slogan 'Mourir pour Danzig?' Thus there are grounds for doubting whether in 1938-9 the Western Powers had a valid choice open to them. If it is true that in 1938 they could not have saved Czechoslovakia, it is no less true that a year later they signally failed to save Poland. Yet the decision to declare war was undoubtedly right, if only because the Soviet-German Pact left Hitler free to attack in the West at the moment of his choice. There are times when it does not greatly matter what one does, because alternative courses will yield identical results. If a situation is allowed to deteriorate until this point has been reached, the defenders and the opponents of a given policy may each, with some show of reason, claim to be right. Since Britain and France were in fact unable to defend Eastern Europe from Germany, would they not have done better to admit it? That was the long-range argument underlying the policy miscalled 'appeasement' which Mr Chamberlain sought to follow. Its weakness was the failure to realize that for Hitler the conquest of Eastern Europe was only a stepping-stone to the grand military assault on the West. There was no 'national' justification for the Nazi policy of destroying Czechoslovakia (the true 'national' solution would have been autonomy for the Sudeten Germans - which Hitler rejected). Bohemia was needed for the assault on Poland, just as Poland was needed for the subsequent 'crusade' against Russia. And all the resources of Eastern Europe and the Ukraine were required to feed the German war machine in the long anticipated climax in the West. The alternative to the Chamberlain policy of letting Germany involve herself in Eastern Europe was the Churchill-Roosevelt policy of defending Eastern Europe against Germany with the help of Russia. That, too, failed because Russia emerged from the war as a Great Power, and because 'world revolution' was easily transmuted into revolutionary imperialism. No policy can succeed if it is based on misconceptions, and Anglo-American misconceptions about Russia at Yalta were the equivalent of Anglo-French illusions about Germany at Munich. In each case the Western Powers overrated their influence and underestimated their opponent's capacity for enforcing his own solutions. Either Germany or Russia had to dominate Eastern Europe, and the destruction of German military power decided the issue in Russia's favour. Conversely, the only way to right the balance now is to allow Germany to rearm.

It does not follow that this is desirable; it might be preferable to let a disarmed, unified and permanently neutralized Germany become a buffer between East and West. But decisions as to what is preferable, on moral, social and political grounds, should be distinguished from decisions as to what is practicable. There are any number of excellent reasons for not helping Germany to rearm, notwithstanding the recent victory of moderate conservatism in the West German elections and the relative failure of the nationalist Right; but there is no reason for pretending that German national aspirations can be squared with the present political and territorial settlement in Central and Eastern Europe. The Russians have foolishly staked their German policy on the success of Soviet Communism in the East Zone, and the collapse of their German satellite must therefore shake their whole position throughout the region. Yet Germany cannot be kept permanently divided, and above all the Western Powers cannot afford to see German nationalism turn against them. It does not follow that the resulting deadlock is unbreakable; what does follow is that the Russians must be offered a *quid pro quo* to induce them to withdraw their troops and leave their German lackeys to their fate. It is the business of statesmanship to discover the best means to this end - with as little speech-making and 'open diplomacy' as possible.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN QUARREL

G. F. Hudson

The correspondent of a British newspaper, commenting on the crisis in the United Nations Assembly over the nomination of India to the political conference on Korea, remarked that 'this is the first time that the British Commonwealth, together with many European states, have openly opposed the United States on a question of a general policy.' If he had been writing after the vote was taken, he might have added that it was the first time that Britain and Russia had combined their political forces to out-vote America in the United Nations on a matter which the American Government regarded as of vital interest to itself.

This episode, following as it did immediately after the cessation of hostilities in Korea, and soon after Russia's move to counter the Western proposal for a Foreign Ministers' conference to discuss Germany by insistence on bringing in the affairs of Asia, has been of profound significance. The harm that has been done to Anglo-American relations cannot be undone merely by a few soothing speeches or press editorials designed to assure everyone that all is well. The damage is not, indeed, irreparable, and the shock may even in the end lead to a definite improvement of understanding between London and Washington, but this can only be brought about if there is a serious endeavour for readjustment, for in so far as the recent quarrel has reflected deep underlying divergences of policy, similar conflicts are likely to recur with ever more disastrous consequences. Such readjustment, however, will require in both countries a dispassionate retrospective review of the painful events of August 1953, for the purpose of comprehending how the dispute arose and how situations of the same kind can be avoided in future. This scrutiny is all the more necessary, at least as far as public opinion in each country is concerned, because the circumstances caused both Governments to advance in justification of their respective attitudes pretexts which did not correspond to their real motives.

The whole story of the August crisis has to be seen in the context of the world situation as it existed during the last phase of the Korean war. In effect the armed struggle in Korea was an extension of the conflict between the N A T O and Soviet blocs in Europe, for though N A T O as such did not cover the Far East, and the fight there was being carried on

by authority of the United Nations, the three Great Powers of N A T O – America, Britain and France – were in fact the three leading states of the group actively resisting aggression in Korea. In other words, the Korean war was a sector in the world-wide front for the containment of the Russo-Chinese alliance; the violent expansion of the Communist power bloc was being opposed by the Western democracies in Korea, just as it had been in the mountains of Greece or the streets of Berlin, the difference being that on the shores of the Pacific resistance involved, as it had not in Europe, full-scale warfare. As far as military co-operation went, the coalition stood up well to the ordeal; the Allies operated without serious friction under a unified command, held a line against heavy attacks, and remained together in the field until the cessation of hostilities. It seemed reasonable to expect that they would maintain a similar unity and strength of purpose for diplomatic bargaining in the post-war peace conference, the more so since America, Britain and France had recently reached complete agreement on a common policy to be adopted if Russia should consent to a conference on the problem of Germany.

There were, however, two complications with regard to the Far East which did not exist in relation to the affairs of Europe. In the first place, the fact that one of the two 'sides' in the Korean war was the United Nations as an organized body had produced a strangely contradictory (and quite unprecedented) constitutional situation. The United Nations, through its appropriate organs, had authorized military assistance to South Korea and had appointed a Commander-in-Chief for the United Nations' armed forces; the member states actually participating in the Korean war, therefore, represented the United Nations in the fullest sense. But the membership also included Russia and other Communist states, who had throughout the war given moral and material support to North Korea and China, providing the armaments without which the latter could not have carried on the war at all. Further included in the United Nations membership were a number of 'neutrals,' of whom some had given moral support to the constitutionally adopted policy of the organization and had reasonably good excuses for not sending any troops to Korea, while others – and notably India – had taken up a very equivocal position between the two camps. Thus at the end of the war, the United Nations comprised states which had fought on its behalf, states which had assisted its enemies, and states which had remained neutral, all retaining equal and unimpaired rights as members of the organization. This situation held possibilities of serious trouble if attempts were to be made to bring in as representatives of the United Nations at the peace conference states which had defied or ignored its decisions.

The second complicating factor in relation to Far Eastern affairs was

the difference of opinion between Britain and America over Chinese representation in the United Nations, and the closely related question of the residual Chinese Nationalist régime in Formosa. The British Government – and in this matter the replacement of a Labour by a Conservative Cabinet made virtually no difference to the policy – took the view that China's seat in the United Nations should be transferred unconditionally to the Peking Government, and that no support should be given to the Nationalists in Formosa. The American Government, on the other hand, held that the Chinese Communists should not be seated without giving guarantees of good behaviour, and that the containment of Communism in the Far East involved the preservation of the Chinese Nationalist remnant in its island stronghold. It is not here relevant to discuss the merits and demerits of the rival arguments; it is sufficient simply to point out that the divergence of policies has been a fact of international relations since the spring of 1950. It must further be emphasized that, since Russia had from the outset been vigorously pressing for the seating of Communist China, any British diplomatic activity in support of this cause must lead to a Russo-British combination against America – a grouping of powers which would cut across the line of division created on all other major issues by the 'cold war' between the Soviet Union and the Western democracies. Already in 1950 the British canvassing for votes in the United Nations to bring about the seating of China had produced considerable tension between London and Washington, but it had been temporarily relieved by the British undertaking to suspend advocacy of Peking's claim for the duration of the war in Korea. This only meant, however, that the question was bound to come up again as soon as fighting had ceased, and the signs in the summer of 1953 were that the difference of opinion between Britain and America had become more, and not less, sharp with the passage of time. The British were more than ever convinced that a settlement with China was possible if Peking were given full international recognition and all support for the Nationalists were withdrawn. The Americans, on the other hand, having lost thirty-five times as many men killed in Korea as the British, were deeply embittered against the Peking régime, and the electorate had in November 1952 returned to power the Republican Party, which was much more deeply committed than its rival to a 'tough' policy in the Far East.

Meanwhile in Europe, following the death of Stalin and the revival of Western hopes of better times, a new initiative had been taken for the relaxation of international tension. The Foreign Ministers of America, Britain and France, after meeting for consultation among themselves, had proposed to Russia a conference on the German question. In its reply the Soviet Government had strongly objected to the procedure adopted

by the Western powers. The Soviet note complained that it was contrary to international usage for three powers to request a conference with a fourth after previously concerting a common policy. In other words, to use language which was to become fashionable a few weeks later, the Russians demanded a 'round-table' and not an 'across-the-table' conference; they wanted scope for a diplomacy designed to play off the Western powers against one another. But the manner of the Western approach was the natural outcome of several years of political conflict in which the Western powers had only been able to resist the blackmailing tactics of Russia, particularly in Berlin, by maintaining a firm unity among themselves. They fully realized that the defence of Western Europe depended on the solidarity of the nations combined in the North Atlantic alliance, and that it would be highly dangerous for them to bargain with Russia except as a *bloc* with a policy agreed in advance. On the German question, America, Britain and France had in fact succeeded in working out an agreed policy, and they were resolved that any meeting with Russia should be a two-side, across-the-table conference, whether the Russians liked it or not.

If, then, this was to be the shape of the table for a discussion of the affairs of Europe, where the opposition of the two worlds had not so far involved a clash of arms, it was only to be expected that it would be even more emphatically two-sided in the peace conference which was to follow the war in Korea. A peace conference was traditionally an occasion on which ex-belligerents bargained with each other across the table, instead of shooting at each other across the battlefield, but still retaining the alignments on which the war had been fought. There was nothing surprising, therefore, in the words of the armistice agreement signed on July 27th, 1953, which declared:

In order to ensure the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, the military commanders of both sides hereby recommend to the governments of the countries concerned on both sides that within three months after the Armistice Agreement is signed and becomes effective, a political conference of a higher level of both sides be held by representatives appointed respectively, to settle through negotiation the questions of the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Korea, the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etcetera.

The term 'both sides' was used throughout the text of the armistice agreement to designate the belligerents in the Korean war, and there can be no doubt that the agreement contemplated a peace conference of traditional type between the governments which had actually taken part in the war. As the wording of the text had been very carefully considered and as Britain had been represented at the headquarters of General Mark

Clark, who signed as Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations' forces, it must be assumed that the British Government had given its consent to the formula, by which it was in any case legally bound. Two days later, however, Lord Salisbury, as Acting Foreign Secretary, made a statement of British policy in the House of Lords which involved a considerable departure from the conception of a conference of 'both sides.' Speaking in a debate on the international situation, he said:

As regards the composition of the conference, it seems clear that those who take part must necessarily include the North and South Koreans, the United States, who were entrusted by the United Nations with the unified command, and the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union, both of which have a common frontier on the Korean peninsula. We ourselves, of course, expect to play a part, and we think that Australia too, and also India, as a great Asiatic power with special responsibilities in the Korean Armistice, should be there.

Lord Salisbury thus proposed to bring into the conference two powers, namely, Russia and India, which had not taken part with combat troops in the Korean war. It might have been held that Russia should be invited both as one of the five formally recognized Great Powers (the other four being in any case belligerents in Korea) and as a quasi-belligerent (since she had kept the war going by supplying North Korea and China with indispensable armaments). But Lord Salisbury preferred to urge Russian participation simply on the ground that Russia was a close neighbour of Korea, and conveniently ignored the fact that another state with the same qualification was Japan, whose attendance he did not recommend. He found it less easy to supply a good reason for the candidature of India, who was neither a formally recognized Great Power, nor a quasi-belligerent, nor a neighbour of Korea. She could only be nominated as 'a great Asiatic power with special responsibilities in the Korean armistice.' These responsibilities, however, were of a non-political character; they could have been discharged by any neutral state acceptable to both sides – originally the Allies had proposed that they should be entrusted to the International Red Cross – and if they had been assigned to Switzerland or Peru, nobody would have suggested that they established a claim to be represented at a political conference. The only sound basis for the candidature was in fact that India was 'a great Asiatic power.' But if the peace conference was to be extended to include Asian neutrals – for which the armistice agreement did not provide – then Japan, as a nation much more directly concerned with the future of Korea, had a comparable claim to participate.

The British Government's desire to bring India into the conference might be explained as a gesture of Commonwealth solidarity, a move to

demonstrate British goodwill towards India and assure Delhi of the British Government's wish to enhance India's international prestige. But in a matter of such importance it was hardly to be supposed that Britain would take a stand merely to please India, without giving thought to the effects which India's presence at the conference would be likely to have. It is clear that much thought had indeed been given to this point, and on the day after Lord Salisbury had expounded the views of Her Majesty's Government on the composition of the conference, Mr Butler, as Acting Prime Minister, gave the House of Commons a slightly indiscreet glimpse of what it was hoped to achieve at the conference:

*The aim and object of the political conference will be to make progress with Korean problems, but we hope for something further. . . . We hope that the success achieved and the atmosphere created, against the background of the general situation in Asia – where we hope to see the same sort of relief of tension as we hope for in Europe – will lead to consideration of the other outstanding major problems of the Far East. This brings me to the question of Chinese representation in the United Nations. This matter, strictly, can be decided only by the United Nations, and not by the political conference. All the political conference can do is to make agreed recommendations.

As if to underline the significance of Mr Butler's statement, the Indian Prime Minister gave a press conference in Delhi on the same day, when he was reported as taking an 'unequivocally positive line' on the need to admit the delegates of the Peking Government to the United Nations; until this was done, he declared, the United Nations could never function effectively, nor would Far Eastern problems be settled.

On the main issue of controversy between Britain and the United States, Delhi's mind was thus decisively made up, and Mr Butler's speech showed that it was the British intention to bring up just this issue at a certain stage in the proceedings of the conference. Such was the consideration which determined British views on the composition of the conference. If Russia and India were added to the belligerents, it would appreciably alter the balance of the conference and heavily reinforce the British policy when the question of Chinese representation in the United Nations was introduced, since both Russia and India were committed to support for the seating of the Peking delegates. For an initiative in the matter at the conference, however, India would be in a much better position than either Russia or Britain, for a Russian proposal would be in effect a demand from the 'other side,' whereas a British proposal would be too much of a defection from the Western camp; but India, as a friendly, impartial Asian neutral, could suggest a compromise formula, which Britain and Russia could then accept and commend for consideration to the United States. This would amount to very strong political pressure on the American delegates; they would lack at the conference that phalanx

of Latin American supporters which normally gives America such a strong position in the United Nations Assembly, and would be in danger of diplomatic isolation, with the reproach of obstructing an otherwise attainable peace settlement. In such circumstances it might be anticipated that America would have to yield and that the objectives of British policy would be included in the 'agreed recommendations' of which Mr Butler spoke.

The defect in this otherwise well-conceived diplomatic design was that its success depended on American consent to the inclusion of India in the conference, and at the time when Lord Salisbury first proposed Indian participation American consent had been neither sought nor given. If America refused consent, it might still be possible to get India into the conference by outvoting America in the United Nations Assembly, but in that case the conflict would be likely to produce so much American antagonism that India would have little chance of successfully playing her intended rôle at the conference. On the other hand, by publicly nominating India for a seat at the conference, the British Government put itself in a position from which it could not withdraw; having once declared that India ought to be at the conference, Britain had to go through with it, even to the point of challenging America to a vote in the Assembly, or incur the reproach of humiliating India by first proposing and then dropping the candidature.

Later, when the crisis developed, the British maintained that they had been given no inkling from Washington that the candidature of India would be unacceptable to America. A British correspondent wrote from New York on August 22nd:

The shattering thing about the American stand against Russia and India is that there was no hint of it until three days ago. It was then sprung on America's friends and allies in the most public manner, leaving no opportunity to settle differences behind the scenes.

It appears that there had indeed been discussion of an invitation to Russia in diplomatic exchanges between London and Washington. The United States was not unwilling to bring Russia into the conference, partly because it might be helpful in the general context of Western relations with Russia, and partly because the presence of Russia could not really alter the character of the conference as a two-side negotiation between the belligerents. In the end America supported the invitation to Russia, insisting only on the condition that Communist China and North Korea should ask for it – a clause which was intended to make it clear that Russia represented the enemy states. It was to India, however, that the American Government really objected, and there is no reason to believe that Britain was ever encouraged to suppose that India's presence

would be welcome. The Americans feared India's anticipation in the conference for exactly the same reason that the British wanted it – because India would be Britain's political ally against America and, as an Asian neutral at a round-table conference, would be particularly dangerous to the American position. The British determination to pack the conference for the advantage of British policy was therefore met with an equally strong American determination to unpack it for the advantage of American policy, and the dispute had to be carried to a vote in the Assembly. The Americans might have tried counter-packing by accepting India and additionally nominating Japan, and Mr Cabot Lodge in his speech to the Assembly in fact claimed that Japan had as good a right to attend the conference as India; but this course would have involved the risk that India might get the necessary number of Assembly votes while Japan might not. The American Government therefore preferred to oppose the nomination of India and muster all its political resources in the Assembly to defeat the candidature. In the event America succeeded in preventing the two-thirds majority required for nomination, but could not avert a simple majority in favour of India, who received the votes of the Soviet, Asian-Arab and Commonwealth blocs (with the notable exception of Pakistan) and of several European states.

In this public contest neither the British nor the American representatives revealed the real reasons for their respective attitudes. The British sang the praises of round tables, as compared with oblong ones, and declared their belief that India would make a valuable contribution to the conference, without indicating what they expected that contribution to be. The Americans, reluctant to offend India and her backers more than was absolutely necessary for opposing her candidature, merely argued that the conference must be a two-sided affair, with no place for a neutral. They also tried to divert from themselves on to South Korea some of the unpopularity they were incurring, by declaring that President Syngman Rhee had threatened to boycott the conference if India attended it – a line which exposed them to the gibe that the United States had evidently become a satellite of South Korea. In reality the American objection to India was quite independent of the attitude of South Korea, though the views of the two Governments had much in common. The South Korean Foreign Minister, Pyun Yung-tai, declared in his speech to the Assembly:

Perched on a branch of the tree of freedom, India is constantly hatcheting at its trunk to please the enemy of freedom. . . . If India openly stood with the Communists it would be different. We should then be sorry to lose India so definitely. But we would prefer it to having a betraying and scheming India on our side.

The American delegate did not use such uninhibited language, but Mr Pyun's denunciation fairly expressed a very widespread American attitude towards India. The United Nations correspondent of *The Times* wrote from New York on August 12th that 'India's position for some reason is viewed with increasing suspicion in this country.' The words 'for some reason' are typical of British unawareness of the extent to which Indian behaviour in relation to the Korean war has aroused resentment in America over the last three years. Commonwealth ties, and the basic Indo-British accord on policy towards China, have caused British opinion to condone India's refusal to send troops to Korea after the Indian delegate on the Security Council had concurred in the decision to resist the aggression. But Americans have not been so ready to make excuses for India; they have taken the Korean war much more seriously than the British and see India as a defaulter and deserter from the United Nations. The friendly relations between Delhi and Peking, which Britain approves as preparing the way for a *rapprochement* between China and the West, appear to many Americans as collusion with the enemy, and some of Mr Nehru's pronouncements on world affairs seem to them indistinguishable from the incitements of the World Peace Congress. Even without the specific reaction of Mr Dulles to what was plainly a British tactical manoeuvre, there could not have been any favourable response in America to a proposal for the attendance of India at a conference to end the war in Korea. The British may deplore the American tendency to classify mankind too sharply into friends and enemies, but it is a hard fact of international relations, of which British policy must take account. It is useless to proceed on the assumption that all Americans who do not take their opinions from the *Washington Post* are merely figments of a bad dream. If 'realism' is to be the criterion, Senator Knowland is just as much a reality as Mao Tse-tung.

The obvious lesson of the recent crisis is, of course, that better liaison is necessary between London and Washington, and that each Government should in future take more care not to commit itself publicly to a course of action without consultation with the other. But it is not enough merely to consult when political aims are basically different; a supreme effort is needed to reconcile the Far Eastern policies of the two countries. For if they are not reconciled, and if their conflict emerges again in the United Nations, or at an international conference, as it has already emerged indirectly over the Indian nomination, the result can only be a grave weakening of the Anglo-American alliance, on which in the last resort the security of the free world depends. Britain cannot continue for long, in a period of global conflict, to have two separate foreign policies: one for the region of the North Atlantic and another for the Pacific; to combine with

America in order to resist Soviet expansion in Europe, and to combine with the Soviet bloc in order to thwart American policy in the Far East. The British Government, with bi-partisan support, may be fully convinced that its aim of seating Communist China in the United Nations is the right one, and it is fully entitled to press its view with the utmost vigour in direct negotiation with America; but as long as America is not persuaded to take the same line, manoeuvres to exert pressure by forming diplomatic combinations inclusive of Communist states against America can only lead to disaster. Lord Salisbury in the debate of July 29th wisely remarked that 'the purpose of foreign policy and diplomacy and negotiations between countries is to ease off differences and try to obtain the policy that one wants.' But his practice was not equal to his precept, for in the sequel he did not get what he wanted and instead of 'easing off' differences with America he accentuated them. May he or his successor have better luck – and better judgment – next time.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN QUARREL: ANOTHER VIEW

Sebastian Haffner

I wish to take issue with Mr Hudson on two points of fact and one point of policy.

Of the two controversial points of fact the first is his statement that the Korean war was 'in effect' an extension of the conflict between the N A T O and Soviet blocks in Europe and that the rôle of the United Nations only provided a 'complication' in the basic pattern. I believe that this is standing the matter on its head: the only legally and diplomatically relevant aspect of the Korean war is, in my opinion, that it was a United Nations action; questions of ideology, containment, etc., may have been among the subjective motives of some of the belligerents, but they can play no part in the question how the United Nations as such – which alone has any standing in the matter – can or should wind up the Korean war and prevent its renewal.

The second controversial point of fact is Mr Hudson's assumption that there exists 'a world-wide front for the containment of the Russo-Chinese alliance', based on an 'Anglo-American alliance, on which in the last resort the security of the free world depends'. This assumption confuses what (perhaps) ought to be (or ought to have been) with what is. It can easily be shown that no world-wide containment front based on an Anglo-American alliance exists or has ever existed; and to proceed from the fictitious assumption of an existing global and comprehensive Anglo-American alliance against the Communist bloc is to get the whole setting of relations between Britain and America, and of either of them with other nations, wrong from the start.

Finally, the controversial point of policy emerges most clearly in Mr Hudson's statement that the British Government, where it disagrees with America on a major question of policy (such as the seating of Communist China in the United Nations) is entitled only to press its views in direct negotiations with America; 'but as long as America is not persuaded to take the same line, manœuvres to exert pressure by forming diplomatic combinations against America inclusive of Communist states can only lead to disaster'. This amounts to saying that Britain should renounce the diplomatic freedom inherent in her national sovereignty, and accept the status of a voluntary satellite of America; which could be justified only by

arguing that the obvious British interest in good relations with America supersedes every other British interest – even, if it comes to the point, the British interest in the preservation of peace. I doubt whether such an argument can be sustained.

I

Every major war bears differing aspects for the various nations and states involved in it, and it is open to them, for their internal purposes of maintaining their fighting morale or sorting out their war aims, to stress one or the other of them; but the statesmen who have to negotiate a peace settlement must discard all such subjective interpretations and stick to the objective legal and diplomatic framework within which the war was fought.

For example, the Second World War was for many people in the West a war between democracy and fascism, and this aspect cannot be dismissed as wholly illusory, since the existence of democratic or fascist institutions in many countries clearly depended on the outcome of the war. Nevertheless, legally and diplomatically the Second World War was fought not between democracy and fascism, but between the Governments of a number of geographically defined States, and could or can only be ended by a treaty between these Governments or their legal successors.

Similarly, the Korean war meant different things to different belligerents, and from an historical point of view it would be a fascinating study to disentangle its various aspects. Even from this point of view, however, it would be a great oversimplification to say that the Korean war was merely, or essentially, an extension of the East-West conflict in Europe. Most European N A T O members felt their interests only very remotely and indirectly affected by the Korean war, and correspondingly only made tardy token contributions to the U N forces, or none at all. Even for the Americans, intervention in Korea was not in the first place primarily determined by those general considerations of 'containment' which had inspired the Truman doctrine and the conclusion of the North Atlantic Treaty. The parallel with the Berlin air-lift and military aid to Greece was never pressed, and neither was it popularly accepted in America. After all, before June 1950 the Americans had decided and publicly proclaimed that South Korea lay outside the security perimeter within which they proposed to contain Communism. Their chief special motives for intervention in 1950 – apart from loyalty to the United Nations, which was a real factor – were a feeling of responsibility for the fate of the Republic of Korea, which had been set up under American auspices and American occupation; strategic and political anxiety for Japan in case of a success of the North Korean aggression;

and, in some cases, a hope that the Korean war would provide an opportunity for reversing the outcome of the Chinese civil war. None of these motives played any part for Britain, whose chief interest, apart again from the strong wish to see the United Nations establish itself as a real deterrent force against aggression, was to secure a claim to American assistance in case of an attack on Hong Kong or – more remotely – Malaya. As for France (who can hardly be numbered among ‘the leading States of the group actively resisting aggression in Korea’) her determining motive in making a token contribution to the defence of South Korea was the hope of persuading America to regard Indo-China henceforth as the Second Front of the Korean war.

All this remained in the realm of subjective motives and speculations. Legally and diplomatically, neither Britain nor France, nor any of the other contributories to the United Nations Command in Korea, not even America, was or is an independent belligerent with conventional belligerent rights and status in Korea, nor is the Korean war a conventional war conducted and controlled by single or allied State Governments. The fact that as individual States neither America nor any of her fifteen ‘Allies’ in Korea is or ever was at war is most strikingly illustrated by the fact that none of them has ever declared war, which, in America, would have been the constitutional prerogative of Congress. Even less can it be maintained that N A T O was or is at war in Korea. N A T O has never had the slightest say, either militarily or politically, in Korea; probably there exists not even a file ‘Korean War’ at N A T O headquarters. The only ‘belligerent’ in Korea is the United Nations, as such.

The United Nations, however, is a very peculiar kind of ‘belligerent’. It embraces, as Mr Hudson correctly points out, ‘States which had fought on its behalf, States which had assisted its enemies, and States which had remained neutral, all retaining equal and unimpaired rights as members of the organization.’ What is more, with the military proceedings terminated, aggression suppressed, and an armistice concluded, all these States can and do claim a part in the peace-making under the auspices of the United Nations. In other words, as soon as the actual fighting is over, the United Nations ceases to be a ‘side’ in the war and becomes again the all-embracing forum where angels, sinners and neutrals alike meet on equal terms to negotiate the peace. However, so far from being an anomaly, this is undoubtedly the state of affairs which the United Nations Charter consciously envisaged and provided for. If there is any anomaly, it is that the actual Governments of China and North Korea are not at present seated in the United Nations, and that therefore the notion of the United Nations confronting some outside ‘enemies’ as a ‘side’ can arise at all.

The state of affairs envisaged by the founders of the United Nations was undoubtedly that the United Nations was to be a universal organization of all sovereign States. At the same time, the United Charter quite clearly foresees that aggression and other breaches of the peace will from time to time occur, and that in these cases the United Nations as a body will, through its appropriate organs, have to take action to ‘suppress’ aggression. Since the aggressors or other disturbers of the peace can hardly be expected to ‘suppress’ their own actions, the Charter therefore calmly assumes as a normal occurrence that from time to time various member States of the United Nations will confront each other as belligerents, with the United Nations giving its blessing to one side and withholding it from the other; it also assumes (Article 48) that at such occasions some member States will be ‘neutral’. But it never assumes that such disturbances will necessarily end the membership of the aggressor of the day, nor does it demand that aggressors must necessarily be punished beyond the incidental punishment inflicted in suppressing the act of aggression. Even less does it assume that the United Nations as such will become forever identified with those of its members who, on any particular occasion, have at its call brought another unruly member or members to order (the next time, some of *them* may be the aggressors, and some of the former aggressors may act as the forces of order). When the act of aggression itself is suppressed and the rough-house ended, everybody is supposed to resume his seat, and the United Nations itself to resume its more normal function ‘to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes’ (Article 1).

There can be no doubt that this is the general picture of United Nations ‘wars’ envisaged in the Charter, and the only question that remains is whether the provision is wise or foolish. In my opinion, it is wise. It will obviously always be unpopular with those member States who in each single case happen to have acted as policemen on behalf of the United Nations. They will, very humanly, wish to perpetuate their status of moral superiority, and to cash in on it in the actual peace settlement. It is, however, just this wish which has, in other recent wars, poisoned both the procedure and the results of the peace-making, and which must be curbed as much as aggression itself if peace, in a society of sovereign States, is ever to become possible again. In former times, such a curb was often provided by the unasked-for intervention of powerful neutrals (such as America after the Russo-Japanese war in 1905, or France, Germany, and Russia after the Sino-Japanese war in 1895), or by the calling of general peace conferences in which belligerents and interested neutrals formed new alignments in the light of their post-war interests, such as Vienna in

1814-15, Paris in 1856, and Berlin in 1878. (Mr Hudson is wrong in thinking that 'a peace conference was traditionally an occasion on which ex-belligerents bargained with each other across the table instead of shooting at each other across the battlefield, but still retaining the alignments on which the war had been fought'). The United Nations is only providing a modern variant of the kind of setting which has nearly always been found indispensable for successful peace-making, and which has always been distasteful to the unslaked hatreds of frustrated belligerents, the vindictiveness of victims, and the self-righteousness of victors.

If no United Nations existed and statesmen had simply to use their common sense in agreeing on the composition of a peace conference dealing with the Korean war and the controversies in Asia which form its background, whom would they choose to attend such a Conference? Obviously the three world Powers with strong Asian interests: America, Russia and Britain; obviously the three Asian Great Powers: India, China, Japan; possibly some of the middle Powers in Asia, like Pakistan and Indonesia, and some of the middle Powers bordering on the Pacific, like Canada and Australia; and in addition, since Korea is the focal point of the actual conflict, the two Korean Governments. This, with the regrettable omission of Japan, which I do not defend, is exactly the kind of conference which Britain, with the backing of the majority of the United Nations General Assembly, and in entire conformity with the spirit of the Charter, has suggested, and which America, by mobilizing the Latin American bloc-vote, has for the time being prevented - an action reminiscent of Russia's habitual abuse of her veto power in the Security Council. It seems fantastic to call such a conference 'packed'. And it is a mere quibble to quote against it Article 60 of the Korean armistice agreement in which the two military delegations who concluded the armistice 'recommend' a meeting of the 'two sides'. Generals are qualified to make military arrangements for the cease-fire, not to determine, by their 'recommendations', the composition of the peace conference; still less to prejudge its character by their choice of political terminology.

To sum up this first argument about facts: the Korean war was not a war by an anti-Communist coalition against the expansion of Communism. It was a United Nations war against aggression as such, in which the only issue was the formal one of suppressing one Government's attempt to get something from another by violence. It is an irrelevant coincidence that in this particular case the aggressive Government happened to be a Communist one, and that therefore the voluntary policemen who curbed the aggressor on behalf of the United Nations came chiefly from the anti-Communist camp. We know now,

better than ever before, that, given half a chance, the anti-Communist South Korean Government would have as willingly committed aggression as the Communist North Korean one - in fact, it seems quite possible that it may still do so. In that case, the United Nations will be equally committed under its Charter to call on its member States to suppress the aggression, and in that case, political human nature being what it is, it will probably be mainly Russia and some of her Allies who will be eager to oblige. It will then not be difficult for the Americans to see the point that such a voluntary service to the United Nations gives Russia no right to identify herself and her Allies with the United Nations as such, to exclude neutrals from the subsequent peace conference, or to lay down the law as to how that conference should proceed, what it should talk about, or how long it might last.

In the meantime, Britain has done a service both to peace and to the authority of the United Nations by trying to bring about a Korean peace conference in the spirit of common sense and of the Charter. And in so doing, she has also, however little this is at present recognized, done the best service in her power to the maintenance of British-American good relations in Asia. For a common desire for peace and a common allegiance to the United Nations are the only basis on which such relations can at present rest.

2

This may seem a tragic statement. For it is manifest that this basis is becoming dangerously weak. But it is, I am afraid, the plain truth. It strikes the eye that the global and comprehensive British-American alliance, of which Mr Hudson speaks as if it were a fact, does not exist and looks at present less likely than ever to come into existence.

There is so much loose and slipshod talk about the British-American 'alliance' going on in the press of both countries that it seems useful to define the limits of the alliance with a little exactitude.

The only specific alliance that exists between Britain and America is embodied in the North Atlantic Treaty - a defensive pact which obliges the two countries, as well as twelve others, to regard an attack on any of them 'in Europe or North America' as an attack on themselves. This alliance is clearly limited in three ways. First, in its geographical scope: It only covers the 'North Atlantic area'; secondly, in its definition of the *casus fœderis*: It is strictly defensive; thirdly, in its definition of mutual obligations: It is exclusively military and does not amount to a political alliance. It was at one time hoped that N A T O might assume a confederal character, so that its Council and Secretariat might acquire a co-ordinating function in foreign policy as well as in defence, but this has

not come about and looks to-day less likely to come about than ever. In the absence of such a development, there is no obligation under the North Atlantic Treaty for its members to pursue joint or parallel foreign policies even in the Treaty area, let alone elsewhere. Nor is N A T O – as nobody has more frequently stressed than the Secretary of State who signed the Treaty on behalf of America, Mr. Acheson – directed against any one particular nation. Its *casus fœderis* would arise equally if one of the fourteen signatories were attacked by, let us say, Germany or Yugoslavia, rather than the Soviet Union. It is true that at the time of the conclusion of the Treaty, the chief danger of attack came from Russia and this danger was then the chief motive in bringing about the Treaty. But political constellations shift during the life-time of such long-term defensive Treaties, and it is their very nature that their point can wander, like the point of the compass, according to the changes in the possible sources of danger. Similarly, what might be called the intensity of life of such long-term defensive Treaties is liable to undergo fluctuations during their life-time according to the rise or fall in international tension. It is, in this context, interesting to note that two of the most important N A T O members, Britain and France, have still concurrent defensive alliance treaties with Russia, which have in recent years become almost lifeless, but which are still as valid as the North Atlantic Treaty itself and would doubtless acquire new vitality if the specific danger against which they were concluded – a German attack – should ever revive. They might also play a part in any comprehensive European-Russian security system and exchange of mutual guarantees, such as was recently suggested by Dr Adenauer.

Beyond the North Atlantic Treaty, there is a common bond between Britain and America – as well as France – in their joint occupation of Germany and Austria. The still existing tendency of these three Powers to co-ordinate policies with regard to Germany and Austria can be traced back to the establishment of the quadripartite Control Councils in 1945. Whether this habit – which does not rest on any formal obligation – can and will survive the differences which have shown themselves this summer between Britain and America in their fundamental ideas about a German and European settlement remains to be seen. In any case I find it difficult to accept Mr Hudson's confident assertion that 'on the German question, America, Britain, and France had in fact succeeded in working out an agreed policy' and would meet Russia as a bloc. Any comparison between British and American ministerial declarations on Germany, since Sir Winston Churchill's speech of May 11th, seems to me to show a profound divergence of aims, which has only been flimsily papered over by the agreed communiqués of the Washington meeting in July.

Beyond N A T O and the remains of the joint occupation arrangements in Germany and Austria, there is only one formal link between Britain and America: their joint membership in the United Nations. The strength of this link depends on the sincerity and depth of the British and American allegiance to the principles of the Charter, and also on the question whether both nations interpret these principles in the same way. At present, it seems that they do not – as the dispute over the Korean peace conference indicates.

With this, the short list of Treaty links between Britain and America ends. It is true that there is also a very large amount of diplomatic business always being conducted between Britain and America – probably a larger one than between any other two nations – over numbers of questions which have nothing to do either with the North Atlantic Treaty or with the consequences of the joint occupation of Germany and Austria, or with the United Nations. But this does not prove the existence of any world-wide British-American alliance or containment front. It rather arises from the fact that the foreign interests and commitments of Britain and America are more extended and more overlapping than those of any other Powers, and that in consequence there is more danger of friction between these two States than between any two others, unless a constant attempt at accommodation, compromise, and agreement is maintained. It is possible to argue *from this very danger* that a comprehensive British-American diplomatic alliance *ought* to be fashioned, because in the case of Britain and America, if I may quote something I wrote myself two years ago, 'the only alternative to unity is friction; and unity does not come by itself but must be willed and organized'. But it is quite another thing to pretend that a global alliance *does* exist, and to build political arguments on that fiction.

In particular, it seems apposite to stress two large subjects on which a British-American alliance, or diplomatic understanding, does *not* at present exist. They are, first, policy in the Pacific and Asia; and secondly, the general attitude to the incidence of Communism on diplomacy and international relations. So far from Britain and America being agreed on a 'world-wide containment of the Russo-Chinese Alliance', their disagreements on policies in Asia generally, and relations with Communist States in particular, are to-day the sharpest irritants in their mutual relations.

The idea of constructing a defensive alliance in Asia and the Pacific on lines corresponding to those of the North Atlantic Treaty in Europe and the Atlantic has several times been raised in British-American conversations in recent years. It has always been dropped at an early stage because the obstacles were soon seen to be insuperable. America has never been

willing to make an attack on British possessions or dependencies on the mainland of Asia a *casus fœderis*, and without such an obligation a Pacific Treaty with America would obviously be worthless for Britain. Britain on her part has never been ready to join America's *de facto* alliance with General Chiang Kai-shek, because this amounts in her view to an intervention in China's internal affairs and a threat to rekindle the late Chinese civil war, and would therefore deprive any general Treaty of which it formed a part of its clearly defensive character. However, since non-recognition of the Chinese Communist Government, and the hope of seeing the result of the Chinese civil war reversed, form the pivot of American policy in Asia, a Treaty which presupposed recognition of Peking would be unacceptable to America.

As regards the attitude to Communism in international affairs, the difference between Britain and America is subtler and has, to my knowledge, never formed the subject of diplomatic conversations. Nevertheless it also forms an element which separates Britain and America, and not (as Mr Hudson assumes) one which joins them together; and the very fact that it is so elusive and so hard to pin down to clear-cut businesslike terms makes it particularly dangerous to the amity between the two Powers.

Britain, of course, no less than America, rejects Communism (or the form of Socialism which is practised in Russia and usually goes under that name) as a political and economic formula for the management of her own affairs; and Britain no less than America recognizes that Communist parties in other countries are often used as agents for the extension of Russian power and have, from this point of view, to be watched with vigilant care. But Britain, unlike America, does not see the whole of present international life dominated by an ideological struggle between Communism and anti-Communism, and she cannot make the containment of Communism the over-riding principle of her foreign policy. Still less can she regard the subversion of established foreign Governments, whether Communist or not, as a legitimate aim of the foreign policy of any country. The international tension which in recent years has developed in relations with Russia is, from the British point of view, due not to Russia's being Communist and not even to Russia's favouring the establishment of Communism abroad, but exclusively to certain Russian policies which threatened (or still threaten – the question is undecided) to extend Soviet domination into areas of Europe and the Middle East whose freedom from the domination of another Great Power is a vital British interest. If Russia shows signs of willingness to abandon these policies, this is of the greatest interest to Britain, and if the possibility of a peaceful accommodation with Russia in Europe should be coming into

sight, there is, from the British point of view, no reason to perpetuate a 'cold war' merely because Russia is Communist or maintains close relations with foreign Communist parties. Moreover, it is a British belief that, wherever Communist Governments are in power outside Russia, the natural and inescapable pressure of the national interests of these countries constantly militates against their fond belief that the interests of all Communist governments are automatically identical; and that an objective and businesslike relationship with them, based on strict considerations of interest, is the best means of aiding that pressure.

All this is at present anathema to American official opinion. Unlike Britain, America agrees to the full with Lenin's opinion that a collision between Communist and Capitalist States is inevitable. Unlike Britain, she regards the ideological antagonism between Communist and non-Communist States, and between Communist and non-Communist Parties, as the master factor in present world politics, to which everything else has to be subordinated. Unlike Britain, she regards any compromise with Communist States as 'appeasement' and considers the attempted subversion of Communist Governments by every means short of war as both a right and a duty.

These differences in the British and the American attitude to Communism were not important as long as it was a question of resisting active Russian pressure and attempts at expansion. On the need for this Britain and America were agreed. But the differences are bound to assert themselves if and when active Russian pressure is withdrawn; on the questions of whether to accept or reject a possible peace settlement 'based on facts', and whether or not to start a campaign of counter-pressure and political counter-aggression, Britain and America are in profound if inarticulate disagreement.

3

With all these difficulties and imperfections admitted, it remains true – and to this extent I am in full agreement with Mr Hudson – that the maintenance of good relations with America, and the avoidance of open political conflict, is a British interest of a high order. It still remains questionable whether it is the highest and overriding British interest. Mr Hudson seems to imply this when he argues that Britain, when she fails to persuade America in private, should still abstain from exerting pressure upon America and from forming diplomatic combinations against her inclusive of Communist States.

This is quite arguable, especially if one assumes, as many people do, that Russia is only manoeuvring to separate Britain from America in order thereafter to resume her interrupted offensive against Western

Europe and the Middle East. There are, however, also some arguments on the other side. Put quite generally and in the abstract, they are three.

First, Britain's powers of persuasion in private British-American discussion would become weakened to the point of being nullified if it should become accepted British doctrine that Britain, if she fails to agree with America in private, must still follow the American line rather than oppose America jointly with other countries in public. Britain's voice will carry no weight with America if America knows in advance that Britain is bound to follow her anyhow in the end, and that she runs no risk at all in disregarding private British pleas or reasonings.

Secondly, there are not many conceivable diplomatic combinations with which Britain could hope to impress America in case of a really serious and unbridgeable disagreement if Communist States were once and for all in advance excluded from them. It is true that, with the revival of Germany and Japan and the consolidation of India, the idea of a 'Third Force' is no longer quite so hopelessly utopian as it was in the late 'forties; and certainly the neglect of direct British relations with Japan, and to a lesser extent with Germany, creates a regrettable and avoidable weakness in the present British diplomatic over-all position. But even a combination of Britain, Western Europe, Japan and India would be extremely vulnerable if it tried to cut loose from America and oppose her, while remaining on terms of unmitigated hostility with Russia and China. It would be extremely hazardous to envisage any open separation of British policy from American, and any British opposition to America, unless it could be accompanied by at least a tacit understanding on the matter at issue with the Communist Powers. And only a known British ability and preparedness to achieve such an understanding can, if all else fails, make America pause before pursuing policies which conflict with vital British interests.

Thirdly, it is obvious that such a course can only be envisaged if the dispute with America is one on questions of the utmost gravity. In fact, one might go so far as to say that it would be justified only if the matter at issue is ultimately one of peace or war. In that case, however, I should find it hard to argue that the British interest in good relations with America must supersede the British interest in peace, and that Britain should rather follow America into a war which she regards as avoidable and unjustified than join company with the Communist Powers in discouraging America from following a path that leads to war.

All this is speaking in the abstract. It has, however, some bearing on the concrete situation of to-day. I cannot help feeling that all through his article Mr Hudson tends to write of 1953 as if it were 1948. At that time, Russia and Communism were clearly on the offensive in international

affairs and endangered the peace; to-day that role has rather been taken over by America and anti-Communism, while the troublemakers of five years ago are, temporarily at least, quiescent. Mr Hudson's article seems to me a symptom of the difficulties which many people encounter in realizing this important change and adjusting themselves to it in time.

Even so, British policy has already, in an instinctive and largely inarticulate way, made some reflex movements; and it is quite possible to argue that, beneath the surface, a tacit community of interest between Britain and the Communist Powers is already, without anybody's conscious endeavour, establishing itself both in Europe and in Asia.

What is happening to-day in Europe is that both Britain and Russia are, independently of each other, groping towards possibilities of turning stalemate into settled peace, while America is trying to prevent this; and what is happening in Asia is that America is drifting towards turning a precarious armistice into renewed and extended war, while Britain as well as Russia and China are, independently of each other, trying to prevent this. In both Continents, Britain is finding herself separated from America, and acting in unsought concert with Russia, over the all-important question of peace. This, incidentally, disposes of Mr Hudson's charge that Britain's European policies are incompatible with her Asian ones.

It might be said that this has little to do with Britain's backing of Indian participation in the Korean Peace Conference. Let us see.

Mr Hudson has argued with much acumen that behind Britain's insistence on India's participation in the Peace Conference lies a deep-laid plot to manoeuvre America into a position where she would have to choose between admission of the Peking Government to China's seat in the United Nations and total diplomatic isolation. I wonder whether he does not overrate the Machiavellian statecraft of the Foreign Office. If one applied his own yardstick, however, one could equally well argue that behind America's insistence on an across-the-table Conference of belligerents only (coupled with the American alliance with Mr Rhee, Mr Rhee's threat to resume hostilities after a failure of the Conference within ninety days, America's threat to leave the Conference after ninety days, and the American-sponsored sixteen-nation declaration that 'in all probability' a renewal of hostilities would not be confined to Korea) lies a deep-laid plot to engineer a full-scale war in Asia, which would 'in all probability lead to World War III.'

I, personally, hesitate to credit the State Department, any more than the Foreign Office, with the kind of Bismarckian gifts of exact plotting and hair-trigger scheming which would be necessary for this kind of manoeuvre. I fear, however, that present American policies in Asia inherently tend to have war as their natural outcome, and that America

may be unable, and perhaps only half-willing, to control and check them at the point of crisis. Even assuming the most virtuous determination of the American Government to keep the situation under control, the matter remains explosive. Mr Rhee is flaunting his war-like intentions with an almost comical frankness, quite unprecedented in any statesman within living memory. There is not the slightest reason to doubt his earnest will to aggression. America, by making an alliance with him in full consciousness of this, has put herself into a position where she will find it difficult to leave him unsupported if he translates his words into deeds. Mr Rhee's declared *casus belli* is the failure of the Korean Peace Conference within ninety days; and success within ninety days, which is improbable in any case, becomes humanly speaking impossible if the conference is arranged in the manner on which America insists. Behind all this stands an American public opinion which, while certainly not consciously wanting war, equates every real move towards peace with 'appeasement', feels vaguely ashamed of the Korean armistice, refuses to recognize the Chinese Government, and approves the alliance with Mr Rhee and General Chiang Kai-shek, the only two statesmen in the world to-day who have a strong and declared interest in war, and whose aims are in fact unattainable except through war. It is a situation in which British opinion is fully justified in taking alarm.

Since Britain has been quite unsuccessful in persuading America off her course in private, the question remains whether public action should be delayed till crisis is actually upon us. It may be admitted that it would then have a heavier shock effect, as well as a more passionate backing from public opinion at home, in Western Europe, and in the Commonwealth. On the other hand, the kind of action which would then in all probability become necessary might indeed gravely prejudice British-American relations for a long time. There is something to be said for warning America in good time, and with some discretion. This the British Government has done by showing, on the one hand, that it regards the present American policies in Asia as sufficiently dangerous to make an open diplomatic split, and even a joint vote of Britain and Russia against America in the United Nations, necessary; and by choosing on the other hand for this demonstration such a seemingly minor, esoteric, and to the general public meaningless issue as the participation of India in the Korean Peace Conference.

It is at this moment impossible to say whether the State Department has taken the hint. If it has not, the sharper disputes that are bound to follow will make the clash over India appear irrelevant and unimportant in retrospect. If it has, the British stand has served its purpose and must be regarded as a major diplomatic achievement.

REFLECTIONS ON WORLD GOVERNMENT

Lord Birdwood

In the last week in August some five hundred pilgrims under the banner of a movement known as 'Federal World Government', representing twenty-seven nations, assembled in Copenhagen. As a member of the British Parliamentary Group it was my experience to move through the spacious corridors of Christiansbørg in a confused state of exhaustion, exasperation and fascination. Whatever may be the anomalies of a brotherhood of amateur world crusaders in conference – and they were obvious – there was certainly never a dull moment.

I find that when I confess to an interest in this least understood of international 'isms', many of my friends slightly raise their eyebrows as if in mild protest. The lengthy title somehow suggests all sorts of vague dangers. For some there is the faint suggestion of fellow-travelling. Others suspect the passing interest of the political dilettante, while others quite frankly regard it as the monopoly of cranks. And yet when you pin thinking men and women down to the issues at stake, they usually end up by confessing that one day the world will follow the crusaders.

Before I turn to the Copenhagen Conference and our activities between August 22nd and 29th, it will be of interest to set out briefly the story of the Movement and the various organizations which at present work on parallel lines in its propagation.

The Movement is young. In 1938 Clarence Streit published his book *Union Now* in America which attracted attention in many countries. In the same year Lord Beveridge launched his 'Federal Union'. So far as Parliamentarians are concerned it may be regarded as having sprung from a meeting in London at Bedford College in 1951. As a result there appeared The Founding Resolution (1951) setting out the principles and powers of a World Government. Included was a brief statement headed 'Freedom from Want' which called for the establishment of an overall Development Authority to assist the peoples in under-developed countries. Bravely this portion of the Resolution spoke of the *elimination* of illiteracy, squalor, hunger, malnutrition and preventable disease. The next year, 1952, Great Britain was again the host. This time the Conference fastened on to a tangible landmark in the future history of international relationships; namely the revision of the United Nations Charter due for consideration

in 1955. Three organizations were now interested in the proceedings. The oldest of these is the World Movement for World Federal Government (W M W F G) which represents the views and demands of ordinary citizens all over the world. Those demands could be regarded as governed by the simple motive of self-preservation. 'Freedom from the Fear of War' is to be the fulfilment of all their aspirations, although they have many far-reaching schemes for ordering the world in equity and progress once the bogey of war is removed. The W M W F G was celebrating its fifth Congress at Copenhagen; and under the leadership of its massive President, General Riisen Larsen of Norway, their members constituted the largest numerical bloc at the Conference. With them were the Parliamentarians.

The World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government (W A P W G) came into being in 1951, largely on the initiative of some enthusiastic members of the British Parliament. If the W M W F G be regarded as expressing the will of the people, the W A P W G studies the means by which these hopes will one day be translated into reality. Theirs is the task of suggesting the machinery which will end war; and if they really knew the practical answer the whole Movement would have received international attention out of all proportion to the publicity which it enjoys to-day. Lastly, there were groups from certain unofficial organs, the World Student Federalists, the Crusade for World Government, Federal Union, and others. We were perhaps too many of too little knowledge striving to achieve too much. Yet undoubtedly the Movement has now caught the eye. Each annual meeting shows some progress from the position of the previous year and a greater number of men and women are turning from mere curiosity to an appreciation of the infallible logic of a federal world.

As a Parliamentarian my own interest lies rather more with the contemplated machinery than with the actual propagation of the gospel. Each man interprets these matters according to his own nature. For example, some are lucky enough to possess that latent sense of universal brotherhood which requires only a little direction and encouragement to make them pilgrims on a life's crusade. Others regard the repetitive appeal to the emotions as so much extravagant oratory dependent on quantity rather than quality for its success. They would hold that the louder an obvious morality is stated the more it tends to become a slogan. For them – and I confess I am on their side – only the analytical inquisitive approach is effective. Give me a man who will face the practical contemporary difficulties of a World Government and indicate a possible means of overcoming them, and I will follow him more readily than one who repeats constantly that a third world war will destroy our civilization.

Let us then examine the measures which we advocate and round which

our discussions have taken shape. At the London Conference in 1952 two schools of thought emerged. There were those who wished to replace the United Nations in 1956 by an entirely new structure, and there were those who sought merely to adjust the Charter so as to give the existing U N O greater strength and authority. The views of these two groups were expressed in separate plans, known as plans A and B. It has proved quite impossible to present both plans to a plenary conference of all those interested and take a vote on which method is to represent the accepted decision of the World Government Movement. And so it was decided to work on both plans simultaneously, the implication being that in 1955 plan A would be presented to the United Nations, with plan B as an alternative if plan A was refused.

We will turn to the main proposal under these two plans. Plan A sets up a World Legislature of two Chambers, the Upper Chamber to consist of one representative from each nation, the Lower to consist of representatives of the nations in numbers proportionate to population. An Executive Council would be appointed from the Legislature to whom it would be responsible. The recommendation was that it should be appointed either from both Chambers sitting together or from the Lower Chamber only. The veto would disappear. Here we face an important matter of principle. The proposals as they stand set up a Legislature based broadly on a system of counting heads. Weightage is not given to Powers who by virtue of their experience in democratic government or their economic strength might be regarded as deserving of a greater representation as compared with others of overwhelming numbers who are young in experience. It would be satisfactory if a gauge of the national educational standards could govern these matters. That seems impossible, and in the event, economic strength is as fair a substitute, bearing in mind that a nation of sound economy enjoying a moderate standard of life can probably claim at least full adult literacy.

Under plan A the most drastic measures concern the hopes surrounding the creation of an International Police Force. The conception is not new and the late Lord Davies devoted many years of his life to the propagation of a creed seeking to establish International Law supported effectively by International Policemen. Within recent years there have been occasions when only a small force applied at the right moment could have rescued situations and implemented U N decisions which have been disregarded by those concerned. The U N decision to partition Palestine at the end of 1947 is but one example. There are many obstacles to be overcome which hitherto the advocates of World Government have hardly had time to consider. Those concerned are busy men and time prohibits measured debates and decisions. The recruitment, training and location of a world

police force are matters which need to be thought of in the light of our experience of international defence problems since the end of the War: and since these problems all relate to the division of the world by two rival ideologies it is difficult to apply our experience to a situation which disregards the division and presupposes universal acceptance. An international force assumes an international budget from which it will be paid and equipped. If such a force were to be established to-day the United States, by reason of its greater financial support of the U N O as compared with others, would be in a position to play by far the largest part in the command, organization, and equipment of the force. Yet surely this is the one aspect of our future plans which demands complete equality in representation?

We hear much of the difficulties of recruitment. My own view is that just as the French Foreign Legion never has to wait long for its recruits, so there would be little difficulty in the nations themselves furnishing their effective quotas. It is a matter of loyalty to international rather than national interests. The spirit of adventure which has called men to a soldier's life in the past can surely be invoked for an appeal in the name of more purposeful and serious adventures? It would seem that the most practical method of achieving the end must lie in an extension of the existing proposals known as 'the Acheson Plan'. Nations must supply the forces and be prepared to send them when and where directed by a supra-national authority. It would obviously be unwise to use troops from Asia in Europe or vice versa: and there would emerge a police organization on a regional basis.

The idealist will be tempted to ask if all this talk of policemen and force is not but a readjustment of the old evil of settlement through war to a new setting. We are only attempting to disguise old methods in the sanctity of international clothing. I myself have been attracted by the contention that the day on which we are able to set up an effective international police force will be the very day when it will no longer be required. Yet it is for this very reason that it would seem logical to press on with our plans for policing the world. After all, we have recently claimed to build up armies with a view to creating conditions which will dictate settlement by negotiation; and an international police force claims just this same psychological process as the logic for its existence.

The other prominent features of plan A will be familiar to all who think over the problem of U N Charter revision. One obvious reform is the need to break down the system of exclusion in membership. The door must be thrown open to all, whether we like their methods or not. Indeed it is only in association with those whom we dislike that we can hope to exert our influence. This is the principle that Britain observes in her recognition of Communist China and we seek to establish it in the realm of World Government.

I will not attempt to define the measures of reform which the advocates of the less drastic process contemplated under plan B visualize as a more practical method. Naturally in this case no Legislature on an elected basis is involved. But it would be of use if I indicated the kind of arguments which have influenced the more cautious protagonists of the Movement. I think we need first to have established firmly in our minds the fact that those who seek World Government within our time are comparative amateurs so far as their knowledge of the existing U N machinery is concerned. The special agencies of U N O already have a great range of practical achievement to their credit. That being so it would seem folly to set about the creation of parallel organizations performing the same kind of work. Nor indeed is anyone within the World Government Movement, with the possible exception of Lord Boyd Orr, capable of producing constructive practical plans to cover a situation in which U N O could be scrapped one day, to be followed by its successor, a Federal World Government, on the following day. The greater must therefore surely evolve from the lesser. Thus the role of a World Government Movement, whether it be Parliamentarians or ordinary citizens who are concerned, becomes that of creating and educating international opinion. In doing so we press for certain, obvious reforms, such as the abolition of the veto, the opening of membership to all and – though this is contentious – the change in location of U N O to some place other than New York, where in a quieter atmosphere the sense of domination by one great power may be dissipated. But beyond constantly airing these matters all the World Government Movement can attempt is to prepare in outline suggestions representing careful thought, and place the responsibility for their consideration and implementation on the shoulders of U N O itself.

This was my own conception of the task before us at Copenhagen and it only remains to record some of the features of a very stimulating week against a background of typical Danish friendship and hospitality. I imagine that the majority of those present were quite conscientiously determined to put national sentiments behind them in so far as these could be regarded as clashing with the main purpose. And yet it was quite impossible not to pick up a point where it obviously challenged the national traditions in which one had been reared.

We were set off to a flying start with a full meeting in the Town Hall. Recitations, music and speeches launched us on our way. A solemn fanfare played on enormous ancient Viking horns added a dramatic note which was not ineffective. An American gentleman who in the capacity of a parson had read the lesson to us in the cathedral in the morning appeared as an oratorical senator in the evening. At one point he boomed

some not very tactful sentiments at us about the passing of the days of kings and queens. The first plenary session was somewhat delayed by the overwhelming hospitality of the three large Danish breweries who entertained the entire conference at lunch-time. Even the imperturbable good nature of Mr Clement Davies was disturbed, and after his admonition from the chair we were on the whole punctual at our meetings. From the plenary session we divided into three commissions, two to study and develop plans A and B, and a third to report on the ways and means by which a World Government could set about assisting under-developed territories. It was here that my own particular interest lay. We were left with one day and a morning to produce a report; and we owe it to Mr Dean Andrews of America that a comprehensive resolution was presented advocating the setting aside of funds made available by progressive disarmament for the establishment of a World Development Fund. There was a tendency to oversimplify the whole problem and treat it merely as a matter of a rich Western world giving bountifully to an impoverished underfed Asia. Indeed Western concern for Asia sometimes seemed to overlook the wisdom of Asians also helping themselves. From this point it was easy to drift into the labyrinth of argument which surrounds the different interpretations of colonialism; and there were obvious opportunities for some talk at cross purposes between diehard imperialists and ignorant sentimentalists. One gentleman caused a mild diversion by trying to interest us in 'Geo-economic Regionalism', a subject on which he had written a book. I am prepared to offer service and support to a Federal World Government but I cannot see myself developing into a loyal geo-economic regionalist!

I am not so sure that we faced up sufficiently to the political implications of a federal world. It will certainly be disastrous if power is ever surrendered to a supra-national authority without the previous understanding and sanction of the man in the street: and in arguing out our differences of approach we might ourselves have developed a clear idea of the obstacles which will have to be overcome once the United Nations really get down to the revision of the Charter. Instead the whole course of the Conference was tactfully directed towards the technical rather than the political aspect. In his opening address Lord Boyd Orr lent his great authority to the campaign for the growing of more food and, at least within the commission which dealt with under-developed territories, this practical approach was always in the background. It is Lord Boyd Orr's view that we will be far more successful sitting round a table with the Russians and discussing a world plan to produce food than we will in searching for agreement on political issues. It is the logic of hope, for out of the former might one day emerge the latter.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE GERMAN REVIEWS

G. L. Arnold

The West German elections have confirmed a tendency, already noticeable in the summer, for German opinion to rally to three distinct viewpoints: the Socialist Left, with what is now clearly a pacifist and parochial programme; the Christian Democratic centre, with its ideological and political stake in a West European confederation; and the forces of traditional conservative nationalism. Since the latter are largely identified with the Protestant middle class and peasantry, while the Bonn Government is solidly backed by the Catholic Church, we are back in the state of affairs, so dear to Germans, of each major political grouping having its *weltanschauliche* counterpart. It is clear now that the attempts made after the war to break through these traditional alignments have failed. Dr Schumacher's dream of turning the Social Democratic Party into the great all-German national democratic movement – 'neither Rome nor Washington nor Moscow' – has come to nothing, the Protestant middle class (from which he stemmed) preferring its old reactionary orientation. Trade unionism, pacifism, attachment to democracy, and a mild longing for the welfare state, can rally the working class but not the nation. That was to be expected; what was less certain, but has become obvious during the past year or so, was the failure of liberalism to make a political come-back. Now that the so-called Free Democratic Party has become a vehicle of conservative nationalism, while the remaining liberals are wringing their hands or taking refuge in the Social Democratic Party, it is no longer possible to doubt that liberalism – except here and there in the south-west – is no longer a political and moral factor in Germany. Its surviving adherents can still hope to act as a leaven in the mass movements to their right and left; as a separate political force they clearly have no future.

This development has so many non-German parallels that one might be tempted to discount its significance, were it not for the completeness with which liberal thinking, as well as liberal statesmanship, has gone out of fashion in contemporary Germany. A few months ago the *Merkur*, which must be counted among the few genuinely distinguished European periodicals in existence, published some reflections on the classical liberal

doctrine of society, demonstrating its flawlessness, but also, alas, its incompatibility with modern democracy. Anyone sufficiently Kantian and rigorous in his basic assumptions to hold the doctrine in this form must necessarily conclude that it remains valid only if undiluted by the smallest concession to welfare planning and other consequences of democracy. Not surprisingly John Stuart Mill appears in this light as one of the grave-diggers of liberalism. For once you have abandoned the notion that the State exists solely to safeguard the rights of the individual, there is no halt on the slope leading to socialism, corporatism, totalitarianism and all the other characteristic modern abominations. Here is liberalism as the Fathers envisaged it, and as Professor Hayek and the theorists – but not the practitioners – of Republicanism in America still envisage it in their more hopeful moments. And here presumably is one reason why it no longer draws a mass following in Europe.

Among the few periodicals which consistently maintain a liberal attitude, the fortnightly *Gegenwart* published in Frankfurt-on-Main conserves an honourable place. Its last pre-election issue gave prominence to the threat represented by the nationalist revival now in progress under the protective wing of traditional conservatism. That the revival is meeting with so little resistance among the large class traditionally known in Germany as the *Gebildeten*, i.e. all those in possession of a formal education, is a circumstance much deplored by liberals. In this particular instance it is discussed in a reflective but rather melancholy manner which somehow contrives to suggest that the phenomenon is both world-wide and beyond cure. There is a tendency to argue from the very special case of Germany, where *Bildung und Besitz* – education and property – formed a highly class-conscious common front against democracy and labour. The phenomenon is unique and deserves the attention of historians. For the essayists of the *Gegenwart* the current anaemia of German liberalism is primarily due to the erosion of the humanist tradition, itself the offspring of eighteenth-century enlightenment and its impact on the secularized Protestantism of the middle class. But why did the reversal of this world-wide process bear such startling fruit in Germany of all places?

In America it may be different; the leading ideas dating back to the struggle for independence have retained more vitality, probably because the nation as a whole is still closer in time to the religious sources. But one cannot be sure how long the words freedom and self-government will conserve their magic, now that three-quarters of the population in the United States have become salaried employees who work under supervision. A recently published work asserts that America's 'limited democracy' cannot resist the economic environment much longer, and forecasts a tyranny more ruthless than anything yet known. . . . The form of Socialism predominant in the West proclaims its faith in democracy, but it too has

been affected by the European current which renders all spiritual values relative. . . . One cannot foresee how the absence of an ideology will ultimately affect the masses, considering the burden of their labour and the uncertainty of the future. . . . The totality of the State results from the nullity of the individual. . . . The concept of a special organ in the body politic, charged with the conservation and renewal of culture, has disappeared; the organ has withered, where it was not forcibly extirpated. . . . what was once the university is fragmented into specialist educational establishments, held together only in externals. . . . One has to go to countries which are still economically and technically backward in order to form a notion of the might of an independent spirit. . . .

As will be seen from this lament there is still a public in Germany for semi-philosophic journalism, and this might seem to controvert the pessimism of the writer. But he knows his countrymen better than we do, and we must take it that conditions are as bad as he says they are. But are they equally bad all over the Western world? No doubt there is a general problem of preserving traditional culture under the conditions of industrial society; it may even be insoluble. (Industrialism and contemplation don't mix well, and culture suffers where 'leisure' is devalued to mean no more than getting fit for the next day's work.) But that the political and social consequences of this process must everywhere be similar to those in Central Europe during the past generation seems an unwarranted conclusion. It is not yet clear why and how liberalism and nationalism conflicted in nineteenth-century Germany, but conflict they did, and the suggestion may be hazarded that it is this historical circumstance, rather than any world-wide failure of nerve, which accounts for the more depressing aspects of contemporary German culture.

The latest issue (September) of the excellent *Europa Archiv* continues a lengthy and well-documented study of French Union problems by Professor Raymond-Jean Guiton, of Paris. Previous articles in this series had dealt with Indo-China, Algeria and Tunisia; the current one – part seven of the whole – is largely devoted to Morocco; it thus rounds off a scholarly discussion of a subject usually treated with a mixture of fantasy and prejudice by apologists for the conflicting official and nationalist viewpoints. Nothing remotely resembling this compact and masterly analysis of a sprawling and intricate subject has, so far as one knows, appeared either in the periodical literature of this country, or in the various Chatham House publications. Perhaps the Germans, now that Western Germany is in the Schuman plan union, are more interested in French North Africa; or perhaps they are less unwilling to digest scholarly writing. Whatever the cause, they now have access to a statement, at once authoritative and independent, of the French viewpoint. The September issue of *Aussenpolitik*, sometimes mistakenly regarded as semi-official, but

in fact independent and delicately poised between liberal-conservative and nationalist viewpoints, carries an interesting study of recent British official documents by Dr Michael Freund, with special reference to British policy before and after Munich. Its conclusion – that the British guarantee to Poland was primarily designed not to protect Poland, but to make sure that Hitler involved himself in an East European war before turning against the West – should provide fresh ammunition for a controversy which has of late threatened to become the preserve of party polemics.

The *Zeitschrift fuer Geopolitik*, formerly issued by Vohwinkel in Heidelberg and now published by the C. W. Leske Verlag in Darmstadt, really deserves an article to itself. It is still in the tradition of the Haushofer school of 'geo-political' planners, whose pre-eminence under the Nazi régime came to an end when Albrecht Haushofer – the founder's son and heir – joined the resistance movement and was involved in the catastrophe which befell its more active members after the failure of the July 20th. plot. The school may thus be said to have a split personality on the subject of Hitler's Third Reich, whose *Goetterdaemmerung* coincided with the expulsion of the Germans from eastern and south-eastern Europe. It has never renounced its basic tenets (evolved by geographers like Ratzel and military specialists like Karl Haushofer around the turn of the century, and confirmed by Mackinder's well-known 'heartland' thesis); on the other hand, the plebeian character of the Nazi movement, its monstrosities and – worst of all – the failure of its projects, have combined to induce a mood of caution, if not always of repentance. At the moment the editors are mainly engaged in staking out claims to a less one-sided solution of the German-Slav problem, with some assistance from East European emigrants who believe that peaceful co-operation between Germans and East Europeans in re-drawing the present frontiers is both possible and necessary; all of which would be admirable, were it not for an occasional whiff of something more traditional and less pacific. For the rest, the July/August and September numbers contain much useful material on East European territorial and economic changes, and some information on structural problems in Latin America: another traditional field of German expansion, though of a less catastrophic kind.

Among the more encouraging features of the German scene must be counted the readiness of at least a section of the German reading public to support serious periodicals. The *Merkur* (which incidentally defines itself as a 'German periodical for European thought') regularly carries philosophical and quasi-scientific contributions by some of the leading authorities of the day, in addition to a good deal of literary criticism, current affairs comment, and book reviewing. Recent issues have included

essays by Ortega y Gasset, on the present situation in philosophy; by Professor Arnold Gehlen, on the cultural significance of modern technology; by Dr Georg Picht, on the Platonic doctrine of cognition; as well as lengthy review-articles on specialist works dealing with early European history, modern historiography, etc. Though addressed to the generality of educated readers, such writings are plainly intended to do more than merely acquaint the public with the opinions of their authors; they are themselves part of a continuing discussion on these topics, a discussion carried on with sufficient seriousness to suggest the thought that Germany may gradually recapture something of its former leading position in the intellectual world. There is an agreeable absence of humbug in these writers, and no fear of pulling idols from their pedestals. Among the lighter contributions in last July's issue one's attention is favourably arrested by a refreshingly candid discussion of that intolerable bore, the late Léon Bloy, whose ill-tempered verbal assaults on his creditors were responsible for the posthumous myth that he had founded a new school of 'Christian socialism' (another one!). As the reviewer of some German translations of Bloy's writings points out, Bloy never managed to dissociate his personal grievances from the alleged evils he is castigating, while his frenetic style betrays the propagandist even when he is trying (and failing) to write a novel:

Bloy's spiritual locus is the æstheticism of the late nineteenth century. That he prefixes its derivatives with Christian symbols does not alter their character. His latrinomania – he is fond of images drawn from the excremental sphere and the processes of decomposition – does not contradict his æstheticism either. It is simply a camouflaged form of preciosity; the natural counterpart of Bloy-Marchenir is Oscar Wilde-Dorian Gray: with this difference that Wilde respects the limits of æstheticism, while Bloy outruns its possibilities. In consequence Wilde is the better stylist. One does not in his writings encounter phrases such as 'two screams and two beings lie in each other's arms,' or 'one more embrace, beloved, if you are still capable of it.' Add: 'I was just pondering on the third person of the Trinity when a hand fell on my shoulder', and you have all the elements of Bloy's stage management as a writer.

Let us turn to the diaries. The most frequent, indeed the central, theme of the two volumes is the remark: 'not a penny in the house'. Doubtless a matter of interest to the author, but what of the reader? One does not want to know how much or how little a writer is earning, but what he is thinking; but Bloy strictly speaking never thinks. The diaries are an unending sequence of lyricisms; lyricisms of invective and of self-commiseration share in about equal parts. One pole is marked by declamations such as 'the loathsome age-worn edifice which in life bore the name Queen Victoria of England.' The other pole consists of variations on the theme 'abandoned and betrayed by all men'. The natural link between both is supplied by the claim to be 'at home only in the Absolute'; then there is

chronique scandaleuse genre: 'I have just learned of the death of the vile Buddhist Charcot. While he lay dying at night, the inmates of the Salpetrière are said to have hopped about as though crazy with delight.' Bloy clearly writes for the sole purpose of satisfying his resentments.

'I am not writing for the public, I write only for God.' The counterpoint is supplied by his constant complaints about the conspiracy of silence against him. Although he is not writing for the public he constantly writes letters entreating reviews of his works; when they turn out to be unfavourable he complains of 'commercial damage' . . .

Still, one might argue that he did find readers and admirers. How is one to account for this? Jaded palates crave strong stimulants. Dorian Gray collected rare stones and fabrics, Bloy discovers the stimulus of the 'Absolute'; to be exact, of the Absolute in the form of terrorism; he characteristically regrets the passing of the Inquisition; note also his interest in bomb attempts. . . .

It is perhaps no coincidence that the *Merkur*, which is edited in Munich, though published by the *Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt* in Stuttgart, takes a critical side-wipe at Bloy who, although a French phenomenon, has his admirers among Catholics. Munich is still the scene of a genteel *Kulturkampf*, now robbed of much of its former bitterness by the fact that South German liberals and Catholics are thrown together by common resistance to the revival of reactionary nationalism in the North. *Hochland*, the leading Catholic periodical – also edited in Munich – is as firmly on the side of the angels as any publication in Germany, including the less erudite and much more left-wing *Frankfurter Hefte* (Catholic, too, but pro-Socialist and critical of the policies of the Bonn coalition). These two combine to give a kind of intellectual distinction to the Christian Democratic cause which has no present-day counterpart on the Socialist side. It is odd that a movement cradled in Hegelian thought – however diluted by the philosophical naïvetés of the worthy Engels – should nowadays be incapable of supporting a single readable periodical. German Social Democracy is intellectually stagnant, even compared to the British Labour Party, which is saying a good deal. For intelligent writing on Marxism, post-Marxian Communism, modern sociology, and similar subjects, one has to turn elsewhere. The July *Frankfurter Hefte* gave prominence to a critical discussion of Socialism and Communism by Dr Stoessinger, himself a neo-Marxist; in the August *Der Monat*, Dr Borkenau – not unknown to readers of *THE TWENTIETH CENTURY* – devotes some stimulating pages to a critical analysis of Pareto's sociology, a subject already discussed by him in book form, in 1936, at a time when Mussolini's prestige could still be invoked to support Pareto's claim to have discovered something new and important. Such writings would once have found a place in a periodical of the Left, but present-day European Socialism – for the phenomenon is not confined to Germany – seems unable to attract brains.

Hochland and the *Neue Rundschau*, the latter published by the S. Fischer Verlag in Frankfurt-on-Main, take front rank among periodicals specializing in solid reading matter; *Hochland* corresponding in type to the *Dublin Review*, save that it now comes out monthly and devotes some attention to the arts. Although recently reinforced by the appointment of a Protestant advisory editor – a reflection perhaps of parallel developments in the political sphere – it is still very much the oracle of the Catholic élite. If its metaphysics are not to everyone's taste, its lucid and scholarly treatment of contemporary philosophical, scientific and literary questions is a model of its kind. The August number includes an essay on medical psychology by a leading practitioner (and theorist) of the subject, whose style incidentally suggests that a large part of the existentialist vocabulary has been quietly appropriated and Christianized by the able apologists of the Roman Church, along with Freud's discoveries and other innovations once considered dangerous. The *Neue Rundschau*, No. II, 1953, is less revealing. Its 150 beautifully produced pages are largely given over to the more recondite aspects of literature and the arts, including the inevitable biographical note on Kafka by Max Brod, without which no issue of this otherwise admirable but faintly Mandarin periodical would be complete. A lengthy and ecstatic essay on Socrates and Plato, by Helmut von den Steinen, exhibits a Bacchanalian style suggestive at once of Nietzsche and of Stefan George, but does not advance our understanding of the subject. It is odd to find a distinguished periodical so insecurely perched among the debris of the aestheticist period.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE FRENCH REVIEWS

Bernard Wall

As could have been foreseen, the subject of the Rosenbergs attracted the attention of French literary reviews in the course of the summer. There is no question of going back to the much debated issues of that execution in these notes. But if we consider the different reactions of the two best-known writers who are actively involved in politics – Jean-Paul Sartre and François Mauriac – it may be possible to make a vignette of a certain intellectual climate.

The July issue of Sartre's *Temps Modernes* leads off with a four-page editorial on the subject of the Rosenbergs.

On the evening of June 19th the Rosenbergs were dead and America could breathe. . . . This assassination is needed to measure the amplitude of the ignoble American good conscience. For . . . this *affaire*, which turned Europe upside down, never even existed for the United States. What certitude! What silence! Dreyfus, who was innocent, was also condemned. . . . But 'the Affaire' divided France. Over there who did it bother outside a handful of 'Reds'? Where were the liberals, the democrats?

As we see from the first paragraphs, *Temps Modernes* is, to use the current catchword, *engagé* to the hilt. Sartre's point – for we cannot dissociate Sartre himself, as editor, from the editorial – is not that the execution, as the story was related in the Press, was the occasion for revolting vulgarity. He does not build up the case in favour of a reprieve, though it was a strong one and could have been telling even after the event. He states, categorically, without any proof, that the Rosenbergs were innocent and were therefore murdered. Now this seems to the present writer a striking instance of that confusion of qualifications that constitutes a very serious argument against the value of *Temps Modernes* as a review. Sartre's distinctions have been won in the field of philosophy and the writing of plays and novels. He is not a historian, even of the present, and when he comments on what happens thousands of miles away, in another country, his knowledge is presumably of newspaper level only; it is the knowledge of the average man. Indeed he probably knows less about American law than the ordinary educated American. He has a right to say that the Rosenbergs should have been spared. But he is in no better position to know whether they were innocent or not than

Mr John Foster Dulles would be in trying to determine how much Sartre's Existentialism owes to Heidegger's. One ought not to need to make such an obvious point – but Sartre has a considerable following in France, and such confusion of mind is by no means uncommon in Paris when politics are discussed.

But to continue;

There are some kinds of filthiness that one needs to be able to bear within oneself to be able to ascribe them to others. . . . We saw a flourishing demonstration in two stages. First: the Rosenbergs are guilty: Second: reprieve them so that we can sing your praises. . . . Ah, What manœuvrers they are! Reprieve the Rosenbergs because they are guilty! Whereas they were killed because they were innocent!

Why did 'America' murder these innocent people? America, of course, is 'afraid'. Eisenhower is a liar when he says that the Rosenbergs have perhaps, by their actions, killed tens of thousands of innocents. 'He is lying because he knows that even if they were guilty it wouldn't be true.' Naturally, *Temps Modernes* is not unaware of what was going on in Berlin and Eastern Germany at the time of the Rosenbergs' execution.

We don't forget it . . . but the contrast is overwhelmingly against you. The execution of Goettling is brutal and stupid, and the Berlin revolt is serious for a régime which governs in the name of the people. But what is the *rapprochement* between this murder in the course of a riot and the long, conscious and deliberate assassination, supported by the whole apparatus of morality and law, the cold-blooded murder of the good and the just, this lie in the full light of day, this abject masterpiece of pure conscience . . . ?

The conclusion of the article is much what we should expect from the general trend:

Reprieve them, at least one of them, President. Reprieve Ethel! She is a woman. One for you, one for us. One for MacCarthy and for your dogs – one for Europe. One for the sake of the example and the terror, one for tactics and the conscience of mankind. . . .

No, it didn't happen. And now go on talking in your jargon of 'American leadership of the free world'. Your 'free world' isn't ours.

Whatever one's sympathy with Sartre's heartfelt and human passions, one cannot help feeling that *Temps Modernes* is not an impressive vehicle for political judgments. It is a pity that it has to make them so extensively – more than half the articles in the July number are devoted to public issues. Though they are written in an exciting way and attract one's attention, one cannot help wondering at the back of one's mind how accurate those pieces are and what qualifications their writers have. This question mark applies in the present reviewer's mind to Claude Bourdet's statement on events in Morocco – *Le Complot Juif-Glaoui* – to *Police Secrète à l'Américaine* by Stetson Kennedy (an account of the activities of the

Ku-Klux-Klan and the F B I, and of the collusion between those two American organizations), a concluding piece on the Slansky trials, and a *chronique* entitled *Opération-Gâchis*, written by a young Frenchman who had appalling experiences in a parachute regiment which was sent out to the Far East. We are told little or nothing about the authors, and one does not accept the veracity of such assertions on faith.

François Mauriac's platform, *La Table Ronde*, is much more literary than *Temps Modernes* and Mauriac fights most of his public battles in leading articles in the *Figaro*. His *Bloc-Notes* in *La Table Ronde* gives only sketchy reflections of his preoccupations. The August number of the review takes us back to Mauriac's thoughts in June. It evokes the bitter controversy in which he became engaged over events in Morocco for instance:

June 13th. Yesterday, at X . . . a day of total fasting which some hundred French Catholics have resolved to carry out, united in prayers and penitence with Islam (it is the last day of the feast of Ramadan). Thanks to Massignon, communities abroad have joined in with us. The sweetness of this long day without the refuge of meals. The blessed sacrament exposed in the low attic room which serves as a chapel; a familiarity beyond imagination: 'If you knew the gift of God . . .'

And

June 23rd. I hand in my resignation from the Council of the Order of the Legion of Honour. At six o'clock received the visit of the press attaché of the Israeli legation. I told him that as I saw things, it is part of our vocation to bring together Israel and the Arab world. . . .

Nor, of course, did the Rosenberg affair pass Mauriac by:

The Rosenbergs. I held out for a long time. I had already given my signature twice; but for my conscience's sake my heart was not in it, as they say; fear of being a dupe of the Communist game, a state of mortal sin . . . of the French in all that has to do with justice. . . . But now I have been won over. . .

July 7th. Last evening I presided over the Catholic meeting for the revision of the Rosenberg trial. . . . A large gathering in spite of the weather. In the crowd I caught sight of the old American who almost broke down my door the other day so as to plead with me not to take the chair at this meeting. Jean Lacroix affirmed energetically that the Rosenbergs were not victims of Reasons of State – that Reasons of State, on the contrary, worked in their favour – and that in reality they were lynched. But except for that moment, the general tone of the meeting was what I had hoped and showed that care was taken not to offend American susceptibilities. . . .

The current issue of the solid and ever-readable review from Marseilles, *Cahiers du Sud*, presents a team of writers – Michael Carrouges, Jacques Audiberti, Stephen Spriel, Guy Palmade and Michel Butor – on *Nouveaux Aspects d'une Mythologie Moderne*; including an exhaustive analysis of the failures, achievements and possibilities of the contemporary literature of prognostication, or Science Fiction. This is the kind of field which French

reviews are singularly well equipped to explore, for they are able to see a perspective that the Americans and the British, who are either embogged in Science Fiction or else treat it as beneath contempt, may ignore. It is a subject that well deserves sociological study. The articles in *Cahiers du Sud* remind one of George Orwell's study of boys' school fiction in England. Various aspects of 'S F', as it is called, are scrutinized, from its historical origins with Edgar Allan Poe and Jules Verne down to the innumerable volumes from America that have now reached France, complete with glossy covers representing men in space suits and girls in bikinis. Indeed the exhaustiveness of these studies is all the more commendable in that the overwhelming mass of 'S F' has been written in the English language. The present writer cannot think of a single book about the future that is not duly mentioned. Wells, of course, is given a place of honour. *Brave New World* and *1984* are listed in their turn – though they are not 'S F' strictly speaking, being less concerned with what is actually going to happen in the future, than with using the future to castigate mankind's ways here and now. (They stem from the tree of Gulliver.)

Unfortunately most science fiction is deplorably badly written, and most popular authors have failed to negotiate even the elementary obstacles. Once they have allowed for atomic rockets, super-television and the peculiar bodies and habits of people on other planets or in the time to come, they imagine they have finished – they then confect a contemporary American plot, with air battles between Bad Men and Good Men fought with a Korea technique, and a heroine who is only the familiar blonde with low I Q who married her boss.

But, writes Stephen Spriel:

I would like to end up on a note of hope. . . . The hope that from these novels, which are still generally of little value, may emerge the embryo of a new literature. Of course I am not dreaming of an overflow of science fiction into our already sorely-tried brains. I have in mind a refinement – it is already noticeable – of this type of writing as a whole. But still more the achievement of an organic integration of the scientific attitude into our æsthetic life and subsequently into our feelings. I am convinced that Science Fiction shows us one of the ways. I also believe that its literary impact can make it an ideological weapon whose value is increased by the fact that – when neither too soft nor too stereotyped – its scientific framework prohibits it from adopting any extreme reactionary position. Well contrived science fiction, i.e. the adventure novel of every type of revolutionary (view), far from growing into an intellectual vice like detective stories, may become an intellectual virtue; the constant and methodical exercise of the creative imagination for the exploration of the future.

Or may it not well be, on the metaphysical plane, that science fiction is a concrete realization of the time machine, a subtle form by which ages yet to come are invading our modern age? May not this tidal wave of pictures and ideas and facts that have come from the limbo of duration, this flow of the

latent forces of the mind, be a kind of vast psychical storehouse of things to come?

Michel Carrouges uses words that are even stronger:

It is dizziness which comes from being faced with the incommensurable future that inspires in different people both the enthusiasm for, and resistance against, the great literature of anticipation. But nothing can eclipse its prophetic power, not even the foamy extravagances with which it is apparently adorned. Confronting us, indestructible before they are born, rise the magnetic capitals of times to come.

Meanwhile *La Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Française*, whose resurrection by Gallimard in January this year was much criticized in some circles in Paris, now seems to be thoroughly on its feet and moving from strength to strength. Behind it, of course, is the biggest publisher in France and probably – at least by qualitative measures – the most significant literary *maison d'édition* in the world. In the course of the present year more and more well-known writers have been drawn to contribute to it by the editors, Jean Paulhan and Marcel Arland. As it is detached and 'purely literary', the success of this review may well mark the end of the epoch whose principal preoccupation was *La Résistance*. It cannot be denied that the July number contains a more striking list of articles and stories than any other periodical – by Jean Giono, Roger Caillois, the late Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Louis de Broglie, Maurice Blanchot, Marcel Arland, Paulhan, Henri Thomas and many others. The book reviews are well 'nourished', and there are translations of the Italian poet Giuseppe Ungaretti, a writer who has been associated with French literary movements for well over a quarter of a century. Paul Claudel is represented by a continuation of his well-known radio 'entretiens' with Jean Amrouche.

Jean Giono's piece appears to be the beginning of a new novel – the title is *Angelo*. Those who remember Giono's novels of rustic life, which were such a success in the 'thirties, and the author's peculiar mystique of nature (an unusual thing in France; it reminded one of American writers such as Thoreau, Whitman and, indirectly, Melville), will be astonished by this new work if they have not realized that Giono has undergone an extraordinary change, as was shown by *Le Hussard sur le Toit*, a novel which the critics hailed with enthusiasm last year. The first few chapters of a new book, here published, are about the same *hussard*, a handsome and aristocratic Piedmontese officer who escapes to France – the time is the period before the Risorgimento. Not only the subject matter, but even the style, reminds one of Stendhal – the hero seems almost too like Fabrice del Dongo to be true. Such a volte-face in a writer's style and manner in the middle of his career is a very strange phenomenon. But this piece maintains the standard of *Le Hussard*.

STOCK-TAKING IN THE IRISH PROVINCES

Hubert Butler

On the principle of 'ex pede Hercules' a small Irish town of 10,000 inhabitants is quite a good place to study the tangled loyalties of our country. For Ireland is run by countrymen, who reveal themselves with fewest inhibitions in rural surroundings. The revelation is of more than Irish importance, for our emigrants never quite forget the domestic pattern. Senator McCarthy does not really surprise us, and Jimmy Walker, the famous Tammany mayor of New York, was one of our own, returning once or twice to Kilkenny, the town of his childhood. Men very much like these world figures, reduced in size, still walk our streets. Perhaps Providence tries them out as small-scale models in tiny towns. Will they work? Yes, they do! And then they are recast in a gigantic, transatlantic mould.

Our town, which has been admirably described by the novelist Francis Hackett, was built by the Normans. It is dominated by the now empty castle of the Dukes of Ormonde, by the thirteenth-century Protestant cathedral, by two other large Protestant churches, St Mary's and St John's, and a number of modern Roman Catholic churches, convents and monasteries. It is, as one would assume, a stronghold of institutional Christianity and it is not surprising that ecclesiastical considerations often intrude into the deliberations of our public bodies.

For example, not long ago the residents of Asylum Road informed the corporation that they would like the name of their street changed. The corporation discussed it at great length and two names were suggested, Nuncio Street and Berkeley Street. For the Papal Nuncio had recently visited the town and his name had been inscribed on the Roll of Freemen; Bishop Berkeley, the philosopher, had been born near the town and, like Swift and Congreve, educated at Kilkenny College.

The principal champion of Berkeley was a councillor who goes as near Communist views as it is wise for an Irish official, and that is not far at all. A great deal of middle-aged unorthodoxy in Kilkenny is aristocratic in origin, for the old Countess of Desart, who was wealthy and philanthropic, started, some forty years ago, political economy classes. Before the classes were taken over by the local seminary and safely harnessed to the Papal Encyclicals, some disturbing, though ancient, books were handled, and the views of Robert Owen are not unknown to our citizens.

Anyway the councillor's suggestion, because of his 'Red' associations, was regarded with suspicion; it was privately whispered that Berkeley himself was a 'kind of Communist' (and in fact *The Querist* is full of subversive and even equalitarian suggestions); there were outraged letters in the local press and a hasty retreat by the Berkeleyites; a prominent citizen who had seconded the proposal hurriedly explained that he had only done so 'to start a discussion'. The liveliest of the letter-writers argued:

Philosophy is all very well for the gentry, but for the working class people of Upper Patrick Street the Faith of Our Fathers and a reasonable rent for the new council houses are more to the purpose. And why should a Protestant bishop be commemorated in Kilkenny when the Blessed Oliver Plunkett would certainly not get a street named after him in Belfast?

The street was without more ado called 'Nuncio Street'.

It is sadly characteristic that our local Protestants held aloof from the controversy, though a couple of years ago they had canvassed the academies of Europe and America in the name of Berkeley for funds to build a new hall at Kilkenny College. Though they are influential they are cautious and do not believe in 'getting mixed up in things', and they chose to forget that Berkeley had expressly stated that 'the Protestant gentry' could not flourish 'exclusive of the bulk of the natives' and that he would not have relished a purely sectarian homage.

Only one eccentric Protestant, suspected like the councillor and the great Bishop of Cloyne of being a Communist, took up the cudgels for Berkeley and said that it was a disgrace that in the States a town of a quarter of a million had been called after him, though he had never lived there, while the town where he had been born and bred grudged him a single street. 'Also the Blessed Oliver had no connection with Belfast, while Berkeley had the closest with Kilkenny'.

The councillor who had first proposed Berkeley saw he was getting into bad company, but a lucky chance soon gave him an opportunity of restoring his reputation. Something was said at a Dublin meeting by the eccentric Protestant at which the Papal Nuncio took offence, a special meeting of the corporation was held to denounce him, and the 'Red' Berkeleyite joined cordially in the denunciations.

But the Berkeleyites had underestimated their strength. A few weeks later Mr de Valera was addressing an election meeting at Cloyne, at which he bestowed the highest of praise upon Bishop Berkeley. 'He was,' he said, 'the first economic Sinn Féiner . . . a wonderfully cultured, enlightened and kindly gentleman, who rose high above the prejudices of his class, and loved his country and his people.' He quoted a series of observations from *The Querist*, which do, in fact, justify Mr de Valera's claim to be a practical exponent of Berkeleyism. Berkeley was, like de

Valera, a strong believer in economic self-sufficiency and had asked for 'a wall of brass a thousand cubits high round Ireland'. He would have supported de Valera in his demands for native wheat and sugar, bacon and boots, which have for many years drawn upon de Valera the hostility of the majority of the bishop's co-religionists.

I do not know whether, after all this, the Protestants of Cloyne gave their vote to Mr de Valera's candidate (he was unsuccessful), but I think that the Taoiseach spoke from his heart and that Irish nationalists, even extreme ones, are usually ready to acknowledge the part played by Protestants in the building up of the Irish Nation. It is our trump card, but we usually play it shamefacedly and without conviction. Alternately we betray the Protestant nationalists, who were all, to a man, minority-minded people, by being too ingratiating and sycophantic. Protestants, who think that to be respected in Ireland they have to suppress their Protestantism or qualify its demands are very blameworthy. If occasionally our liberties have been slighted, it is more often due to our failure to stand up for them than to any intolerance of the majority. For the re-christening of Asylum Street only a tiny gesture towards Berkeley and towards Ireland was needed, but we could not give it and this infinitesimal defeat was symbolic of the larger ones we meet, and have still to meet on the national scale.

But I think it is easiest to continue our investigations on the parochial scale.

The Kilkenny of Francis Hackett's novel vanished a generation ago. In those days he described it as 'an invalid community, a poor emaciated creature with two big bulges on it that ate up its strength'. One of these bulges, the British garrison, has now gone. The bulges no longer ring through the valley; the well-groomed officers and men from Berks and Notts and the Buffs no longer fill the empty pews of St Canice's, St. Mary's and St John's. The Protestant ascendancy still thrived in those days, and the well-drilled Sabbath observance of the military perhaps gave to the reformed churches a spurious illusion of immortality. A new Presbyterian Church was built and St Mary's was entirely re-roofed.

Hackett would no doubt say that we ought to be spiritually healthier for the removal of Bulge No. 1, and perhaps we are, but the operation has shaken us terribly and no new tissue has grown yet over the scars. The Presbyterian Church has been closed for many years. So, too, is St Mary's and our Church has not the money to cut the ivy from the collapsing Tudor tombs of the merchant families in the graveyard, or the energy to organize a gang of parishioners with slashers, hoes and mowing machines. Yet St Mary's is in its way famous and contains much of beauty and interest. Seven years ago Mr O. G. S. Crawford, the Editor of *Antiquity*,

made a series of photographs of St Mary's and the other antiquities of our town. The photographs are carefully preserved and it may soon happen that these will be the only records of a beauty that has ceased to exist. The literary records of local Protestantism are also disappearing. I think you would have to go to Dublin, for example, to reconstruct the story of the Reverend Peter Roe, who was rector of St Mary's in the Napoleonic days. He was famous for his war with the Kilkenny Players and their supporter, the bishop, a more literary, less Puritanic figure. What denunciations against the theatre, 'that gilded bait to lure souls into Satan's net', once poured from that now crumbling pulpit! You can only find them in the National Library to-day, and there too I was glad to find the Kilkenny Players' reply, delivered from the stage by Sir Robert Langrishe, in a prologue to one of Otway's plays; here are four lines of it put into the mouth of an imaginary Dr Cantwell, who is none other than the rector of St Mary's (Cantwell, suitably enough, formerly de Canteville, is a still common Kilkenny name):

'When alms are given, let *me* dispense the boon!
Heaven smiles upon my works and mine alone'.
(As if the canting hypocrite would say,
'There's but one gate to Heaven and I've the key!')

And two lines from the players' answer:

'Tis *yours*, grave sirs, to preach, 'tis *ours* to play,
Heedless of what a meddling priest may say'.

The players, of course, won, and for twenty years during their two annual seasons Kilkenny was the rendezvous for the fashion and intelligence of Ireland. It was said that mothers of marriageable daughters found Kilkenny next best after Bath for finding suitors. There were many English visitors. For example, William Lamb, the future Lord Melbourne, brought Lady Caroline there to distract her from her fatal passion for Byron, and despite the rector of St Mary's huge sums were handed over every year to the charities, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, of the town.

The material decay of St Mary's is not half so sad as the decay of that lively spirit of intellectual independence that once alarmed its rector. The Kilkenny gentry who supported the Players could not be called anti-clerical or disloyal to their church, for the bishop was on their side, but their solidarity did not depend on sheepishness. Were they so easy and confident because of their broad acres still untouched by land acts, or because less was expected of them in the way of acquiescence when the pews of St Mary's were still filled with disciplined young worshippers from Berks and Notts and the Buffs? Anyway they did not tolerate

'meddling priests' and 'canting hypocrites' in their own ranks and they would have endured them even less outside. But nowadays Rev. Father Cantwell, P P, has it all his own way. At a mere nod from him Little Theatres (the famous one at Birr for example) close their doors and struggling rural cultural societies begin to quake; no Langrishe rises from the meekly resentful ranks to say:

'Let us with mirth put by their weak attack,
Retort in rhyme and laugh their follies back!'

But sadder, stranger than St Mary's are the derelict country churches. A few months ago I climbed on the cemetery wall of an empty Protestant Church in North Kilkenny and looked in through the broken panes. It had been closed for eighteen years, but the hassocks, the coconut matting, the plum-coloured pew cushions still looked and smelt as those things always do. The hymn numbers for the last service still hung in the rack. Plainly it had died undramatically and by easy stages. The services had grown rarer and rarer, and the last still enduring interval had never been certified as death. It was not exactly optimism that had kept the hassocks there till they were unsaleable, but some embarrassment about writing 'Finis' to a story whose ending seems so inadequate. At the least it still registered an unaggressive protest in a land of conformity, like that other Kilkenny church of Graignamanagh, where the poachers used to hide their salmon under the heating apparatus till lately the caretaker betrayed them.

At this point I can hear some 'broadminded' Englishman, like Shaw's Tom Broadbent, probably a Liberal and an agnostic, saying:

Don't be dog in a manger! Make a generous gesture to the Roman Catholics whose churches are overcrowded and give them your empty St Mary's and the rest. Aren't they Christians too? Or sell them to the Romans and get a little cash in hand to pay your curates a living wage.

How hard it is to reply except by suggesting that often broadmindedness in England is the result of imperial expansion, as it was in the Rome of Juvenal, and there can be no counterpart to it in our contracting community here. Long ago, like the Syrian Orontes, the Liffey and the Ganges and the Jordan flowed into the Thames. In a short walk round Holborn you can see the premises of a dozen different sects. You can read in the Coronation Number of the *Psychic News* that Queen Victoria herself subscribed to their beliefs. For an Irishman it is all very exhilarating, but very alien. The pattern of life here is less exciting but less confused. The only cleavage that really counts is the schism of the Reformation. And that gulf will never be bridged if we underestimate its depth and vastness.

Yet many Church of Ireland people, and also urbane unbelievers among

the Anglo-Irish are now anxious to repudiate all kinship with the more vulgar, esoteric or intolerant of the Reformation's children. Yet we cannot do this without falsifying our pedigrees and invalidating the title-deeds of Irish Protestantism, and of its embarrassing offspring, Urbane Unbelief.

Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson, whose revealing and attractive book on Ireland, *The Last of the Irish R.M.'s*, was recently published, expresses a prevalent mood of cultivated Anglo-Ireland better than anyone I know. He is an Urbane Unbeliever (the sect is now so well established that they deserve capitals). He says that while he believes in contraceptives and divorce and considers Catholic dogma 'an elaboration of superstition and speculation', yet one must admit it is 'the chief bulwark between civilization and Russian Communism' and 'it works'. He generalizes like this: 'Irish Catholics do not think about their religion but accept it blandly, which is not so unreasonable, for after all one's supernatural beliefs are entirely a matter of personal taste'. And he explains that when he visited his old home in Co. Mayo, now a convent, it was only from loyalty to his dead grandfather that he shuddered when he found an altar in the drawing-room and a stained glass window pierced through the wall. 'I am no bigot, and the difference between a Protestant and a Catholic is to me little more than the difference between a man who likes marmalade and a man who likes jam, but, etc.' The reference to marmalade reminds me of an old Russian verse in which a young lady argues in the same way: Sasha loves chocolate, Masha loves jam. Why am I to blame because I love a soldier?

Sir Christopher's amiable Protestantism, smiling its rueful goodbyes, is not, I am sure, a native product, though it has a wide vogue among our post-war immigrants, our returned natives, and more rootless Dublin intellectuals. It is not so much their disbelief in dogma that is un-Irish as their delusion that dogma doesn't matter. Sir Christopher's is the adjustable, all-purposes Christianity of empire builders and constitutional monarchs, as wide as their horizons and as deep as their ankles. Religion is valued not for its truth, but for its function as a social cement, a 'steadying influence' (that is one of Sir Christopher's phrases).

Some of our Dublin Protestants apostasize in a more sophisticated way. They would like to lean out across the strife-torn centuries, across the disputatious rabble of Baptists, Marxists and Vegetarians and touch the cool finger-tips of Rome, the Eternal Mother – provided they are under no obligation to believe a word She says.

These ideas might be a mild stimulant to religiosity in what our Catholic bishops describe as 'Pagan England'; in a small Protestant community struggling for survival they plainly act as a deadly narcotic.

Obviously, if we are to reach any real moral unity in Ireland, it will not be by repudiating our past, whether we belong to the Roman or Reformed Churches, or by reinterpreting it in terms of contemporary politics. The Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, Dr Davey, has stated the problem well:

The unity of the Church will come quickly enough once men have become independent enough to think for themselves and humble enough to let others do the same; and it will be a unity, not of intellectual or æsthetic standpoints but a moral unity of brotherhood, tolerance and sympathy – in short of love.

Substitute 'Ireland' for 'the Church' and this statement will be equally true. But I should explain that Dr Davey's books were recently burnt in a main square of Belfast by a crowd of angry Presbyterians shouting 'Hallelujah!' To-day in Ireland it is by no means easy to be independent and to think for oneself.

THE NOVEL ART: II

David Paul

This is a further extract from a forthcoming study of the novel.

Since the word 'irony' is to be used as something of a code-word in this exploration of the art of fiction, perhaps it is best, before using it any further, to consider its origin and functions in the light of the brief biography given to it in the Oxford English Dictionary. Socrates may fairly be claimed as the first exponent of irony, and since no one has surpassed his skill and subtlety in the use of it, perhaps he is a sufficient example in himself. His practice, to describe it as simply as possible, may be said to have been the employment, by experience, of the innocent approach. He knew that he knew more than his interlocutors, at least to the extent of knowing that theirs was purely conventional knowledge, of no fixed value in itself. He knew to begin with that they knew less than they supposed. His purpose was always to establish this fact, to show, by demolishing conventional knowledge and putting a question-mark in its place, that real knowledge must begin from a point of ideal ignorance.

It is this device, with a different purpose, which the creative writer has to employ again and again in one form or another: the new approach to old and common experience. The poet has to struggle continually to keep innocence of approach, but if his innocence is statically preserved, or applied again and again to the same range of experience, it loses its meaning. Yeats contrived, by an innocent approach in old age to what are called the facts of life, to re-vitalize his poetry. The contrivance was very largely conscious and deliberate on his part. The vitality is genuine, up to a point where, in some of the last poems, it takes on the quality of an electric charge. It is not so much that the voltage is too high, but that it begins to be applied in too mechanical a fashion. It is not the artifice of a device but the habitual and unchanging use of it which leads to atrophy of meaning. Proust's great virtue as a writer was his discovery of an absolute innocence of approach to certain acts of common experience – falling asleep, kissing a girl's cheek, eating a cake, or suffering from temporary deafness; his great vice is the habitual and mechanical employment of this approach, once he had become a past master, a virtuoso in the use of it. Freshness of impulse is as necessary as a conscious formula to the making of a work of art. But it is only the formula which will submit to analysis. What is the basic formula of the novel, if there is so simple a thing?

The novelist has to begin from common knowledge and from a set of acceptable conventions, but his work must appeal to the ignorance of his readers, since they cannot want to read what they know already. Having begun with what the common reader knows and accepts, he must go on by revealing what he did not know about it. The devices by which this can be achieved may be many, but for the purposes of the novel there is one above all others, whose use and application may well be infinite. It is the employment by an experienced exponent (the author) of an innocent or ignorant protagonist (the hero, or heroine). This is the basis of the novel from Cervantes to Proust, and one need name only the first examples that come to mind – *Emma*, *Tom Jones*, *David Copperfield* – to see how variously it can be applied within its most elementary limits. But it shows up more nakedly in the work of a writer who was a novelist only for extra-fictional purposes, in the work, for example, of Voltaire.

In no sense was Voltaire more of a monkey than in his methods of adopting and applying the common formulae of fiction, poetry or drama. Nearly every one of his stories and novels centres in the innocent young man, the Huron, the natural caught up into the artificial complex of civilization. His hero rarely if ever carries any interest in himself, as does a Tom Jones or an Emma Woodhouse. Voltaire is interested only in the purposes to which he can put him. *Candide* is a novel written more or less strictly to a formula with a purpose, that purpose being the conduct of Voltaire's private polemic against a ridiculous world. Really it is no more than the skeleton of a novel, but for that very reason it repays consideration and can stand as one kind of pattern of the anatomy of fiction. In conception at least it is a work of genius, though in execution it is the work of a brilliant journalist writing on impulse and in far too much of a hurry.

As his hero Voltaire chooses an ignorant young hopeful who is simply to be put through his paces, to be exposed to some of the chief impacts of the known European world of Voltaire's day (they are chosen with a sharp but catholic eye) and even transported to the still new, half-known and half-legendary world of South America. The plot is no more probable than that of many of the stories in the Arabian Nights, on the pattern of which it is more or less transparently stencilled. But Voltaire's purpose is far from being merely to switch the willing reader into a fantastic world. From the materials of his own experience, personal and vicarious, of the known world, he constructs another whose steep improbabilities and violent transitions present the reader with what he knows (and Voltaire uses the staple facts and headlines of his day – the central European wars, the Lisbon earthquake, a notorious execution, the question of Jesuitry, the cracking feudal monarchies, the Eldorado of South America) in a form so difficult

to recognize at first sight that he is compelled to reconsider what he knows in the light of this new and startling presentation of it. Voltaire obtains this effect by securing together a number of heterogeneous events on the chain of one experience, and precipitating them into the steep perspective of a smooth yet swooping narrative. It is a masterly conception, and in spite of one or two bad lapses, *Candide* remains a model of narrative. What ever else he was, Voltaire is here sufficiently an artist to achieve, intermittently, the creative artist's primary aim, whether in prose or verse or paint; that is, to present the familiar in terms which seem totally fresh and newly conceived. It is an aim which a near contemporary of Voltaire's, Pope, realized with far greater finesse and finality in a different medium, in *The Rape of the Lock*. The episodes of the card-game, the coffee-table in that poem have this quality of total and permanent newness. The difference is that whereas the Rape, like *Candide*, was conceived on impulse and written in a few days, it was laboured over and twice re-written over a period of months.

It is curious to speculate how far Voltaire's story-telling art is self-inventive and how far it is based on conscious or subconscious memories of classic models. *Candide* not only recalls the Arabian Nights; its matter and manner awake persistent if unplaceable echoes of Petronius and Apuleius. And this must make one wonder how far the art of the story is a matter of conscious tradition, and how far it is based on archetypes in the human mind which, when called upon, spontaneously create the same or similar patterns of narrative. This is obvious and important enough when applied to examples of the great basic types, to which *Candide* may fairly be claimed to belong. Where it becomes much less obvious it may be equally important to trace, for example, a similarity of motive, purpose and pattern in works which at first sight have no superficial resemblance or relationship. The medieval tale of Patient Griselda, and two novels, *La Princesse de Clèves* and *Mansfield Park* are remote enough from each other in time, circumstance and treatment. There can be no serious question of conscious influence from one to the other. Yet each is concerned, in its own way, with the same theme, an ordeal of feminine purity. The loyalty of Griselda is subjected to all the tortures which the enquiring irony of a jealous and suspicious husband can devise. The austere idealism of the *Princesse de Clèves* – fidelity to the marriage vows, whatever the cost – is subjected to almost irresistible siege by a noble and passionate lover, and resists, even at the cost of her life. The guileless purity of Fanny Price encounters, resists and survives all the pressure which an experienced, determined and fashionably irresistible lover can bring to bear; and in her case there is a double irony, because it is her inexperience, her simple dislike of her lover's ways and her slowness to understand them which proves to be her

strongest armour, stronger even than her moral condemnation. Each story is a mirror of a different personality in a totally different period. The trials imposed diminish in scale from one example to the next, and the force of character or affection required to withstand them is consequently modified. (The ordeal of Fanny Price may seem slight indeed by comparison, but her nervous weakness, her extreme timidity are kept constantly in the reader's mind. She is presented not so much for admiration as to be felt with. To condemn her on the score of 'dullness' is as naïve as to condemn a portrait because the sitter happens not to be good-looking. She may be less attractive material than Elizabeth Bennet, but the material is manipulated with a correspondingly greater skill). Each of these stories shows up, across a gap in time, an astonishing evolution in morals and manners. But however much its effects may vary, the motivating force to all three is fundamentally the same. The ordeal is one of the basic themes of the novel, as of tragedy; and where it is not merely an ordeal of incident – an adventure story – it must be a moral ordeal, involving a conflict between a personal idealism and a testing irony of accident or of deliberate opposition. Idealism and irony, mutually opposed to the farthest possible limits, are perhaps the two supremely essential elements of the novel, so far as there are any fixed essentials at all.

To return for a moment to Voltaire. *Candide* too is an ordeal in its way, or a series of them, comically but not insensitively viewed. The callousness of Voltaire is that of a squeamish man in a ruthless world. But where, in the same work, is the idealism? Perhaps it is not so essential to satire, whose aims are primarily negative and destructive. If it goes far beyond those aims it ceases to be satire. Nevertheless the satirical attack must be made from some standpoint. If the standpoint is not fixed, if the attack is carried out from continually varying angles, the attack may seem the more thorough and the more agile, but the satire as a whole loses perspective. Voltaire's agility may be excessive, and the great fault of *Candide* is that it does in its latter half become unfocussed. It threatens at certain points to become a mere caricature – and a careless and cursory one – of the picaresque novel. The moral perspective of the satire is consequently blurred but it clears again, to converge triumphantly in the sentence: '*Il faut cultiver son jardin*'. The triumph is the more complete because it is so tidy an anticlimax. No pronouncement could be quieter. The metaphor is as precise in itself as it is satisfactorily vague in its application. Moreover its meaning is inherent to a tradition of French thought, so that coming where it does it is a recall to a true order, as inevitable as it is unexpected. It is a neat reflex of a saying of Pascal's (who was in many ways Voltaire's temperamental opposite) to the effect that all the troubles of humanity arise from the inability of men to sit still in a room. Voltaire's dictum is

modest but impossible to contradict. It is situated at a point where opposites can meet.

Voltaire may seem an odd proposition, either as a model or as an ancestor of the modern novel, but his work, with all its imperfections, is still contemporary. It forms a part of the continuous present, whereas Rousseau's novels are a part of the continuous and important past. The two great classic novelists, the two in whom the elements of idealism and irony attained the most nearly perfect balance, Stendhal and Jane Austen, owed that sense of balance chiefly to what they inherited – and refused to renounce – from the eighteenth century. And the eighteenth century from which they inherited was the age of Voltairean scepticism and mischievous common-sense, rather than its obverse, the age of inflated enthusiasm, of Rousseauist ideals and Rousseauist dogma, the more unquestionable because it was subjectively absolute. From a moral, religious and literary point of view, Jane Austen's work is a development of the time of Johnson. Stendhal carries over into the nineteenth century a mind and temperament formed by the study of man according to eighteenth century principles – on a study of de Tracy, among other forgotten writers. But he was temperamentally as volatile as a Boswell, and it was only in middle age that he brought himself to order and attained that balance which was the making of the novelist. He kept to the end, and indeed intensified his sense of human passion – the last of his works, *Lamiel*, is the youngest in heart – but it was more and more controlled by a sense of reality. '*La vérité pour moi a un charme qui saisit d'abord.*' His position is best illustrated by his dismayed dislike of the romantics – of Chateaubriand and Delacroix, for example – and his equal dislike of the frigid classicism of an Ingres. Passionate idealism and objective reality were of equal importance to him. Neither could ever be sacrificed. His work stages an equal and unending contest between the two. Where one element predominates at the expense of the other – parts of *La Chartreuse* are too high-flown, parts of *Lucien Leuwen*, notably the long, long stretches of garrison life at Nancy, are too insistent on the pettiness of reality – the work suffers in consequence.

Perhaps the existence of Stendhal and Jane Austen as near contemporaries is enough in itself to constitute a classic age, along with the minor but perfect contribution of Constant. But they were lonely figures whose chief impulse was a considered reaction from the common tendencies of their day. Together they can be seen as forming a classic obverse to the romantic medal. Certainly, whatever their limitations, which must never be forgotten, they constitute a model by which the novelists of the nineteenth century can in many ways be judged. Whatever the virtues and energies of their successors – whether one thinks of Balzac, Hugo, Flaubert or of Dickens, George Eliot, Hardy – none of them offers the same tension

of qualities in nearly perfect balance. In content or scope they have as much and often more to offer, but what they offer is sometimes a jumble of contradictory qualities, and is never presented with that same degree of permanent precision. They will not withstand the same amount of indefinite contemplation.

Dickens is in a way the most individual and most typical novelist of his age. He created a wider and more international following than any other. Perhaps his most central work is *David Copperfield*, and in the abstract its pattern seems to offer perfect opportunities for the contest between idealism and irony. David, like a Stendhal hero, is sufficiently akin to his author without being identical. His world, through which he is supposed to travel from innocence to experience, is a self-consistent, self-created world which yet has sufficient congruity with the real world to carry the reader into it. But once the reader is inside, what happens? He can only travel round it as round a raree show, a museum – Mrs Jarley's Waxwork Show is a comic and unconscious epitome of the author's method – and come out by the same door he went in. *David Copperfield*, like all the best of Dickens, is an amazing show, a rich round-up of human curiosities, but no more than that. At the end David himself is the same impervious innocent he was at the beginning. He may have moustaches and a successful career in his favour, but with Agnes beside him, ever pointing upward, he is mentally and morally unchanged from the small boy who sat by his mama as she gazed up timorously at Mr Murdstone. *Great Expectations*, one of the last works, written to a similar pattern, is sometimes supposed to show considerable development. There is greater expertise and economy, more coherence in the presentation. There is irony too, of a kind. But it is crude and mechanical, entirely inherent in the plot. Pip progresses from a scared orphan to a bumptious and hopeful adolescent, to a resigned and sensible young man. But his progress consists of three steps, or three bumps, dictated by the promise of a fortune and the disappointment of it. *Great Expectations* shows Dickens's consciousness of the need for a sense of real moral development, but it fulfils that need only in the most elementary fashion.

The fact is that Dickens conceived life in terms of a continuous performance, and even to the end could not really imagine it otherwise. This is as true of the last as of the first works. All the characters in *Great Expectations*, from Miss Havisham to Wemmick, are continuous performers, only more efficiently and economically directed than the performers in the earlier works. The only non-performers, Pip and Estella, take on the quality of passive spectators, and their emotional development might be said to consist of how much they have been affected by the performance as a whole. In a way they are the least memorable characters in the book.

Dickens's really central and genial achievement consists and remains in his performers. Such figures as Mrs Gamp and Micawber can only show change, like music-hall comedians, in the increased brilliance or the signs of decay in their performance. When real change, dictated by the plot, overtakes them, it can only be in the form of catastrophe. It is as if one's favourite comedian were to have a fatal heart-attack or to announce his entering a religious order in mid-performance. It is this quality which dictates an unreality of relationship between Dickens's characters. Often they seem to be concerted performances, double or triple acts, say, rarely beyond that number (the double act seems to be Dickens's favourite) and one is almost tempted to wonder what their real relationships might be behind the scenes. Where the performances are not comic and concerted, they tend to be a lonely and mysterious ritual, devised by some inner compulsion which is never completely explained or understood. The effect is all. Dickens's characters are so busy carrying out their compulsions that they have very little time, except at melodramatic moments, to be affected by each other. Each one is bent on fulfilling his own ritual, perfecting his own 'act'. Edwin Drood is as much a ritualist in his behaviour as any of the minor oddities in *Bleak House*. To the end Dickens remained the great theatrical innocent.

In Dickens's contemporary and opposite, Thackeray, the elements of irony and idealism are present in abundance. The only trouble is that they are never allowed to mix or inter-act. They never even meet. They are shut off from each other by a thick cotton-wool cloud, a wadding of sentiment. Certain characters and experiences are exposed to the unmitigated action of irony while, beyond the cloud, certain other characters, such as Colonel Newcome, are singled out for the unmitigated radiance of pure idealism. But the cloud tends to spread, the irony rusts into cynicism and the ideal is befogged with sentiment. Thackeray the cynic and sentimentalist, in spite of a Regency air which blows a certain conviction through his best-known novel, was the sufferer, par excellence, from the Victorian disease of refusing either to acknowledge distinctions or to accept resemblances which were forbidden by some inner moral taboo, however much they might spring to the naked, disinterested eye. The result, underlying an impressive surface precision (he had the draughtsman's eye for appearances) is a moral and emotional muddle which may be of great interest to the psychologist or historian, but is so contemporary and personal in its application that it cannot offer much, to-day, to the common reader.

A favourite novel of Thackeray's – and of the period – *Jane Eyre*, together with its counterpart, *Wuthering Heights*, offers as clear an instance as might be found of the saving virtues of irony. Time has widened the gap between

the two novels, and it is now difficult to think of them together. Yet they not only sprang from the same hearth, but from a similar basic impulse. The Rochester-Jane relationship is a close parallel with that between Heathcliff and Catherine. Each of the male figures is the realization of a personal dream, matured slowly out of childhood. Rochester remains a figment of that dream; outside it he cannot exist. In order to believe in him one has to see him from the point of view of a short-sighted, intense and romantic young governess. *Jane Eyre* is the unabashed and unquestioning fulfilment of a girlish dream, realized with a force and conviction which go some way, but not all the way to carrying the reader who is *not* a governess into the dream. There is of course a strong quality of dream in *Wuthering Heights* as well, but it is visionary, impersonal. The author approaches her subject with the freedom (unpredictable and disconcerting in its movements) and the enquiring innocence of a disembodied spirit. Personal passion is completely liberated and detached. The content is viewed from all angles by an all-seeing eye, and so it is seen in three dimensions. It is, too, a ruthless eye, unsparing of physical detail. Whereas Rochester emerges as the longed-for knightly fulfilment – a little damaged, a little unsound morally perhaps, but still a Lancelot – Heathcliff emerges as something much more than a demon lover. He may be that, but he is a human being as well, as complete in his own right as Valmont in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* – to whom he bears a very fleeting resemblance.

We know nothing of Emily Brontë's opinion of *Jane Eyre*, though we know a good deal about Charlotte's opinions of her sister's work. They are the views of a voluble, sententious and opinionated elder sister. Perhaps Emily's view was expressed in a silence which seemed to accept what it might have annihilated. Knowing its author, she may have seen into and through the book to a greater degree than anyone else could. Certainly the two must have recognized in each other's work a common wish with a startlingly different fulfilment. The necessity and the virtue of that wish in the first place must not be forgotten. The conventional deprecation of 'wish-fulfilment' in the 'thirties, besides being a shallow reaction to the impact of Freud, was the sign of a dispirited era, of a low ebb, a decay in creative writing. Every work of art – and the novel perhaps more than any other – has to be the fulfilment in some sense of a personal wish. The quality of the wish, the degree to which it has survived a testing irony, is all.

EDINBURGH, ELSINORE AND CHELSEA

J. G. Weightman

One good effect of a Festival is that it brings different works of art together in the spectator's mind. If mental indigestion does not result, one helps another to be assimilated, as wine helps food, and food wine. We, being delicate of purse and intellect, limited ourselves to a two-course meal; an evening performance of *Hamlet*, a matinée of *The Confidential Clerk* and a glimpse of Renoir in between. This was entirely enjoyable; neither the windy bustle of Princes Street, nor the horror of the Waverley Station, smoking like a dragon's pit beneath the Castle Mound, nor the various forms of scone which the pleasant inhabitants serve up as material food, could mar the pleasure.

We had gathered from newspaper criticisms that *Hamlet* was very unsatisfactory and *The Confidential Clerk* a complete success. But we were agreeably surprised by *Hamlet* and rather disappointed by Mr Eliot.

Why so many complaints about the setting in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland? I admit to never having seen *Hamlet* performed in a theatre (except when Jean Louis Barrault pranced his way through Gide's translation at the Théâtre Marigny) and so have no comparisons to guide me. I was therefore free to be impressed by the poetry of the bare platform, projecting darkly into the hall and surrounded by draughts and an odour of divinity. When the Prince sat there, handsome and forlorn, he was Man, meditating on the farthest terrace of the world – as Valéry says of Pascal, '*sur une terrasse opposée à l'univers et saisi par le vent très âpre de l'infini*.' Of course, there were many exits and entrances, some rather comical, but when *Hamlet* is done on the stage, the extras must go through a lot of wooden-faced perambulation, and to have them marching up an aisle is no worse than sending them in from the wings. No, the setting was, if anything, an advantage; this anonymous shelf was the elemental spot where all great dramatic action takes place. And it is strange how elemental all Shakespeare's situations are, in spite of indications of local colour. The grave-yard scene, for instance, is enhanced by the grave being obviously a mere hole in the floor and the skull being polished through long use. If the presentation is slightly ramshackle, the poetry glows all the more brightly, just as classical ballet is most moving, not in full dress performance, but when rehearsed in bleak rooms by girls in head-scarves and

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darned tights. It is not that 'more is left to the imagination', as the saying goes; it is rather that the central artistic truth can be seen more clearly. An identifiable female person in an everyday setting is suddenly transmuted into a wonderfully generalized system of movement, which is much greater and more purely feminine than the person herself. Words, which might have got lost among the properties, conjure up all graves and all skulls.

Hamlet, of course, conjures up everything; so much so that the spectator emerges in a state of great excitement and some confusion. It is many years since I read any of the higher Shakespearean criticism – I dimly remember a *Hamlet* legend and the Oedipus complex – and so am regrettably unaware of up-to-date opinion about *Hamlet*'s madness, or his relations with the other characters, or the supposed state of corruption of the text.* All I can offer are the simple reflections of a superannuated school-boy, looking at a play he once knew almost by heart. The school-boy confusing his parts of speech, would like to say: 'what a hugger-mugger!' Shakespeare throws in a tremendous amount – a ghost, a play within the play, a stabbing and a corpse, feigned and true madness, a graveside meditation, a funeral, a fight, poison, four deaths in one scene and an army with banners. In this avalanche of elemental situations it is not easy to see what he is trying to do. The ostensible theme is *Hamlet*'s hesitation about revenging his father's death. But *Hamlet* does not hesitate; he does not even begin to do anything; he neither plans an uprising nor proposes murder (except when he accidentally comes upon the King at prayer). He feigns madness which is exactly the way to lose the confidence of all parties. He is shipped off, unprotesting, to England and then returns, quite relaxed, having apparently forgotten his father's murder. After a rather surprising explosion about Ophelia, he is reconciled with Laertes, and the conclusion is brought about by the King's attempt to kill him. And this attempt is, itself, just as clumsy and uncertain as *Hamlet*'s own fumbings. Now all this may be the Great Untidiness of life, admirably suggested by art. But at times there is, perhaps, more untidiness than art, or – shall we say? – more particular than general art, and the spectator (to borrow a phrase from Mr Eliot) does not quite know what emotion to register. Why has *Hamlet* not succeeded his father? If the Ghost is real, why is he not visible to Gertrude, as he is to Horatio? Why does Polonius give such sensible advice to Laertes and then appear as a complete fool, although at the same time the first counsellor of the realm? Why, when the play scene ends in an uproar, does the Court not suspect the King's guilt? Why does *Hamlet* agree to go to England? Does the King suppose that he will get

* The editors of *The Twentieth Century*, dismayed by this confession, have put me through a course of reading, described in a postscript.

away with the murder of Hamlet in the duel? Is Hamlet's death really tragic, and is the rhetoric which accompanies it justified?

At several points in the play one is left wondering, and the wonder is not always æsthetic obscurity; it is sometimes puzzlement. The work is a splendid bundle of loose ends; each scene has a kind of rightness, like the episodes in *Alice in Wonderland*, but they do not quite fit together. What are we supposed to think or feel about the whole thing? Shakespeare is the one writer whose intentions and personality cannot be deduced at all from his verse. All other writers suggest in their work what they think about it and about life. But Shakespeare is inscrutable; he says everything, perfectly, and more or less on the same level. The clearest example of this is *Henry V*, which puts the arguments for and against war into deathless verse, without choosing between them or even suggesting that there is a contradiction; Shakespeare seems to be just as much in favour of Henry's gratuitous aggression as he deplores its necessary consequences. Similarly, in *Hamlet*, are we sure which parts are sops to the groundlings, which are to be taken seriously, or that the whole thing is not a leg-pull? The play is littered with truth, but what are we to do with this truth? Shakespeare has so much verbal genius and psychological intuition that he can take any liberties; he can even write badly, when he chooses. All this can make him as infuriating to people of classical tastes as he was to the elderly Voltaire. A French friend of mine, who knows Racine by heart, recently came away from a performance of *King Lear* in despair, and at Edinburgh, during an interval, I bumped into an Italian ex-colleague who said: 'Really, your Shakespeare! Whenever he thinks it's time for the actor to shout, he sticks in a bit of rhetoric, like "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?"' If he wrote, "... , ... , ... , ..." [three unprintable words] it would come to the same thing.' 'Sh-sh,' I said, 'This is the Assembly Hall.'

However, I thought I saw a pattern which justified that particular piece of ranting. Shakespeare crams poetry into the mouths of all his characters, and occasionally, when they are minor ones, it chokes them. But everything Hamlet says is relevant to his character, if we take him to be a powerful, bewildered mind, whose spiritual disease is not so much prompted by his father's death and his mother's hasty remarriage, as stimulated and confirmed by them. It is life which is rotten and beautiful, and the rottenness of Denmark, Ophelia's beauty and Horatio's friendship merely occur to feed Hamlet's neurosis. Shakespeare, using, no doubt, the incidents of the old play, puts him into contrived situations, just as he hands him a skull, so that he can meditate aloud on the horror of life, the nature of suicide, his own unworthiness, the fickleness of women, the consolations of friendship, and so on. It is characteristic of the neurotic that he bullies his weak adversaries - the Queen and

Ophelia - and is impertinent or evasive with his real enemy: the King. He is a troubled soul before he is given the task of avenging his father, and that task simply makes him behave more erratically, so that he can secrete a greater range of poetry, as he shows how totally unadapted to life he is. Only a neurotic would think of feigning madness in his situation; only a neurotic would stage a play to confirm guilt already well established. He is a great misanthropist (far more complex than Molière's rather wooden *Alceste*), totally unfitted for action, except when it is forced upon him, as in the fight; and, at every point in the story, he naturally precipitates his dilemma into words. He does not develop throughout the play; all that happens is that he gets more and more off his chest, so as to be empty and ready for death, when the time comes. In this sense he is not a tragic figure, because we do not see his death coming to him through the converging lines of his character and his destiny; it is rather an accident, which puts an end to the performance. The centre of the play is a sustained, poignant, pagan meditation on life, around which incidents are arranged, always poetically, if not always with complete dramatic conviction. But, as I have said, we have no means of knowing whether Shakespeare himself is behind the meditation. His virtuosity is so great that it suggests complete detachment rather than vast personal experience. No other writer, at least in English or French, seems to come even within reach of him in respect of word mastery. He goes through language like a plough through rich loam.

There follows the elementary principle that the speaking of the words is all-important. Some actors bark them in gruff and manly fashion, others chew them strenuously, others make the traditional Shakespeare noise, others again throw them away. To some extent, all these tendencies were exemplified in the Old Vic cast, but not very seriously; the soldiers and officers were unduly gruff, Laertes tended to chew, the Shakespeare noise occurred on all sides from time to time, and the Queen (whom others have praised) and Hamlet, occasionally, tended to underplay. It must be very difficult to achieve the suppleness and sensitivity of voice which suggest poetic discovery of the words as they are being spoken, while at the same time, indicating the general rhythms and keeping the dramatic sense on the move. Shakespeare's compromise between realism and sublimity demands more of the actor than Racine's unbroken formality; but both, I think, need to be overspoken, rather than under-spoken, because with both language is always full and round; the problem is how to speak them fully without any visible strain. The King (Laurence Hardy), whom others have criticized, rather unfairly, for being every inch a villain, managed to do this. So did Osric (Timothy Bateson), Polonius (Michael Hordern) and the First Grave Digger (Edgar Wreford). So did

Richard Burton as Hamlet, superbly well, during three-quarters of his rôle. A faint Welsh accent gives a flavour to his rather light voice; he also has an occasional wild Celtic glint and – like Sir Laurence Olivier, from whom he has obviously learnt much – a vigorous, elastic presence. But, like Sir Laurence, he falls short in intellectuality. He did not suggest acute mental torture. The soliloquies were nicely, not greatly, spoken. As a silent, touchingly handsome figure he was most effective; when he began his monologues he did not quite live up to his appearance; he did not become a great poetic imagination, feeling its way through language; he uttered the lines as if he were remembering them, not inventing them. 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh' and 'To be or not to be' misfired completely. He played with words – as Hamlet should, all the time – only in the humorous back-chat with the other characters. He seemed to depend on the presence of others and was much more successful in the semi-soliloquies – the address to the praying King and the graveyard meditation.

The two main female parts were strangely played. Miss Fay Compton, as the Queen, was a chaste, respectable woman, doing her best in distressing circumstances. Miss Claire Bloom as Ophelia was, I regret to say, an almost total disappointment. She is very beautiful, and far from being an indifferent actress, but she tries too hard. She overacted her farewell to Laertes, flashing him radiant glances, like a musical comedy star saying good-bye on a station platform. Later she failed to establish any contact with Hamlet, and later still, in the mad scene, she lay on the floor and sang full-throatedly. Surely Ophelia is a more passive, less brittle, character than this, and even in madness indecent but gentle. She should not scamper, twittering, from the stage. Miss Bloom certainly has a presence, but it seemed far too uneasy for the part.

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The acting of *The Confidential Clerk* calls for no comment, because it is perfect. Miss Isabel Jeans and Miss Margaret Leighton put back their heads and spout their words deliciously with many an Edith Evans slur and squawk. The men are equally good; Mr Denholm Elliott even achieves the miracle of looking, moving and sounding exactly like a young Mr T. S. Eliot. The whole performance is impeccable. It is the play itself which disappoints; it entertains while it lasts, but instead of growing in the memory it contracts.* This is surprising, because several critics have spoken of its profundity. Mr Alan Dent, of the *News Chronicle*, has gone into raptures and Mr Eliot himself, taking a leaf out of a book by Gide, has said that any good work has far more in it than the author himself knows.

* In the next article, Mr Richard Findlater gives a rather different appreciation.

Shall I proclaim my stupidity by confessing that I found *The Confidential Clerk* a limpid, and almost straightforwardly didactic play? It is a trim, vicarage lawn, compared to the Nordic forests of *Hamlet*.

The main theme is that of vocation, and the lesson is that you should know yourself. We are all, in a way, foundlings, and have to come to terms with the parents we happen to have, and with ourselves. If you cannot be a genius, you may be a decent, second-rate artist. If you are not an artist at all, you can still play your little part in life with self-knowledge and (Christian) humility. The exceptional person, who is painfully aware of the burden of existence and the inadequacy of personal relations, can become a priest or a saint. It is, in other words, almost exactly the theme of *The Cocktail Party*; there, the married couple came to accept each others' limitations and Celia went off to die a martyr's death; here, four characters make progress towards self-knowledge in the lay world and a fifth turns towards the priesthood.

The verse which Mr Eliot inaugurated in *The Cocktail Party* again proves an admirable medium for the rendering of modern conversation. Mr Eliot has certainly invented a form. What is doubtful is the quality of the content he puts into it. After a slow opening, the first two acts achieve a kind of momentum. They contain two or three excellent poetic passages; in one, Mr. Eliot writes about the beauty of pure form and seems to be confessing that his passionate love of poetry is accompanied by a sense of inadequacy as a poet; another is a delicately inhibited love scene, which, at first sight, appears daringly incestuous. However, there is a distinct fall in the third act. Mr Eliot adopts the clumsy solution of bringing in a new character to facilitate the *dénouement* and all seven sit down to argue the matter out, without remarkable wit or any glimmer of poetry. Apart from the patches of lyricism in the first two acts, the play seems to have no real density. It is embarrassingly full of echoes of other dramatists, including Wilde and Shaw; they, belonging to the late nineteenth century had a grand manner, which allowed them to get away with the preposterous; Mr Eliot – does the fault lie with mid-twentieth century Chelsea? – is not grand; unless I completely misunderstood him, most of the time he rises to nothing more than resigned whimsy, which irritates, because we are expecting something better. The jokes about women not understanding each other, herbal salads, the Higher Thought and so on, are very mild, to say the least, and rather old-fashioned. Worse still, the play perhaps contains failures of taste and sympathy. When Mr Eliot uses the metaphor of the 'secret garden' to describe the inner life, is he deliberately forcing us to rehabilitate a soiled image, or is he serious? When Lady Mulhammer gets a laugh by saying that her lover was run over by a rhinoceros in Tanganyika, is the audience then supposed to blush and feel that it has been

trapped into vulgar mirth? Mr Eliot is sophisticated enough to play such tricks. But when Lucasta describes her mother flatly as a prostitute who drank gin and laid bets, no ambiguity is possible. The mother, like a character in Victorian melodrama, is cast into the outer darkness of the unrealizable, where neither Shakespeare, Shaw nor Wilde would have left her. And is there not something unbearably coy in introducing an oblique reference to the priesthood, after a feeble joke about the badness of a church organ?

These weaknesses are not counteracted by a too deliberate attempt to make the play end on an unresolved tragic note. Mr Eliot is said to be smuggling spirituality into the commercial theatre. What is the point, if only a rather shamefaced curate steps out of his Trojan Horse? The first and second acts had promised more.

Postscript:

It is always an impertinence to put pen to paper; when the subject is *Hamlet*, the impertinence is colossal, in view of the first-rate books that have been written on it. I have just read Dover Wilson's *What Happens in Hamlet*, Granville Barker's *Preface to Hamlet* and Ernest Jones's *Hamlet and Oedipus*, and from the hundreds of references in these works, I see that even more people have written about the play than I had suspected. My few naïve remarks will fortunately be lost in this tremendous chorus. Therefore, I can perhaps add that, like everyone else who deals with *Hamlet*, I do not entirely agree with any one of the other critics; I agree and disagree with them all. Mr Eliot has declared in an essay, quoted at length by Dover Wilson, that *Hamlet* is 'almost certainly an artistic failure' and that it is full of some stuff that Shakespeare did not manage to bring to light. But an artistic failure which has been so successful must surely be counted a success; and although Shakespeare may not have said what he wanted to (how can we know?), he said so many other things that *Hamlet* is the most quoted work in the language after the Bible. It is true, however, that the effect of the play is not clean and finished. *Andromaque* and *Phèdre* are, in comparison, efficient tragic machines, which do their work on us and leave us gasping and relieved. *Hamlet* produces no catharsis; we are left cluttered up with poetry; life has been extraordinarily poeticized, but not in any sense resolved, as it is by Racine. I cannot agree with Dover Wilson that the dramatic structure is perfect. His book, like Ernest Jones's *Hamlet and Oedipus*, is a magnificent essay in detection, but it is, in parts, overingenious. His solutions of the political problems are hardly convincing and his account of the play scene, in which he gives initiative to the strolling players, surely erroneous. The most impressive book is Ernest Jones's, which partly justifies Eliot's criticism by arguing that the basis of the play

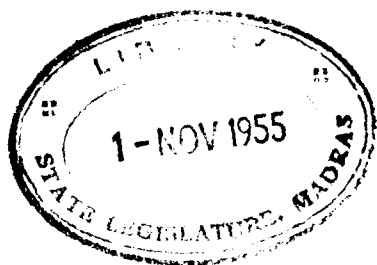
is an Oedipus complex in Shakespeare, of which he himself was naturally unaware. The case is put with great subtlety and many striking details are adduced as proof; the comparisons and contrasts with *Julius Caesar* are particularly remarkable. To be convinced, one has, of course, to accept the Oedipus complex as a fact, which is difficult, not because it is shocking (it no longer is), but because it is so limiting. It seems definitely to be one factor, but can it account for everything? Is Jones not implying that if Shakespeare had been psycho-analysed, he would not have written the play, and in any case that his awareness of life was not fully adult? If Jones's explanation is true and complete, it diminishes the play for me, as it does for one of the correspondents he quotes.

But psycho-analysis has not yet put an end to the hobby of inventing or collecting interpretations of *Hamlet*. For those who still indulge in it, I can quote a recent French contribution which has just been passed on to me. In the review *Esprit* of February this year, Jean Paris has an article on *The Three Mysteries of Hamlet*. He pooh-poohs the Oedipus complex and resolutely 'élargit le problème', as the French are so fond of doing, to express it in Hegelian terms. The central hero of the play is young Fortinbras, not Hamlet. The fundamental deed to be avenged is not the murder of old Hamlet by Claudius, but the killing of old Fortinbras by old Hamlet. Hamlet, Laertes and young Fortinbras are three aspects of one idea, 'the Son', deliberation, action and completion. They also represent three degrees of initiation, like the three knights of the Graal: Percival, Gawain and Galahad. The play as a whole represents the chaos of Renaissance thought after the breakdown of Medievalism, under the onslaughts of Copernicus, Montaigne and Machiavelli, who are 'the invisible actors' of the drama. This chaos is resolved by the return to positive affirmation in the person of young Fortinbras. *Hamlet* is, therefore, the expression of a social, spiritual and cosmic transition from the death of one civilization to the birth of another.

Another kind friend has handed me Madariaga's *On Hamlet*. The thesis here is that Hamlet was a great Renaissance egotist, who slept with Ophelia through selfish desire – not at all the mild, Puritan English gentleman that Dover Wilson and others would like to pass off on us. Madariaga, like all other critics, claims that his explanation makes Hamlet's character crystal clear. Again I disagree. Egocentrism and Renaissance flamboyance can account for a lot, but not for everything. If Hamlet is the typical Renaissance hero, why does he – in Madariaga's version – feel remorse for having slept with Ophelia, especially as he is 'hardly a Christian at all'? And is Ophelia quite as loose as Madariaga makes her? Madariaga carries his healthy Continental cynicism a shade too far, until it becomes another kind of mistaken certainty. But he is

surely right in saying that many of the discrepancies in the text cannot be ironed out and come from Shakespeare's indifference and superabundant intellectual vitality. In this respect, Madariaga is more at home with Shakespeare than anyone else; if Bradley, Dover Wilson, Eliot, Jones, Madariaga and Shakespeare could be imagined sitting together in the Mermaid Tavern, only Shakespeare and Madariaga would be completely at ease.

Other books are piling up; Wilson Knight, Spalding, Cairncross, Stoll, etc. One may go to Edinburgh and come away again, but clearly, once in Elsinore. . . .



THE CAMOUFLAGED DRAMA

Richard Findlater

Mr T. S. Eliot's new play *The Confidential Clerk* – first staged at the Edinburgh Festival this August, four years after the production of *The Cocktail Party* – seems likely to be even more successful at the box-office than its predecessor, and its prosperity may be fostered by the playgoer's sense of Mr Eliot's condescension in being so persistently straightforward. No libations here, or all-knowing Strangers; no sermons on salvation, and propaganda for the saints; not a hint of the *Third Floor Back* – indeed, *The Confidential Clerk* was hailed in Edinburgh (I write before its London production) with relief, surprise and delight as an unmistakable farce. The names of Robertson Hare and Lady Bracknell have been freely invoked by critics, and comparisons have been made with Wilde and Labiche, rather than with the *Ion* of Euripides, to which the author has acknowledged his debt. Where *The Cocktail Party* made its home in the shell of a modern comedy of manners, *The Confidential Clerk* masquerades as a kind of Aldwych farce; the formalized plot is resolutely thick, where that of *The Cocktail Party* was precariously thin; the characters have theatrical substance, and the situations are sprung with deliberate precision and mounting absurdity; the note of portentous piety, hitherto inseparable from Mr Eliot's plays, is virtually inaudible; and the verse is even more dexterously presented as eloquently colloquial prose. In the theatre it is notably well acted, and provides very good entertainment. But we expect more of England's leading dramatist: has he more to give? Like *The Cocktail Party*, the new play is written on different levels of attention, and it seeks what Eliot once described, in an essay on Marston, as 'a kind of doubleness in the action, as if it took place on two planes at once'. There is, indeed, 'an under-pattern, less manifest than the theatrical one' (I quote from the same essay), and beneath the comedy about the parentage of bastards lies a drama about the fatherhood of God. So, at least, it seemed to one observer of the play in Edinburgh; although this underlying meaning may well be one of which – as Eliot said of Marston – the author was not fully aware. Eliot indeed has, as it were, exalted this unconsciousness as a principle of dramaturgy, and in his public statements he has emphasized, with studied detachment, that his plays are larger than his own intentions. He said of *The Cocktail Party*, in 1949:

Whatever the play's message is, it is much a matter of what message the audience finds in it as what message I put in it, and if there is nothing more in the play than what I was aware of meaning, then it must be a pretty thin piece of work;

and he has made a similar disclaimer of responsibility for the contents of *The Confidential Clerk*. One of the results is the temptation, in the theatre, to multiply the ambiguities of the plot. The consciousness that all around them lie immensities of experience – surely Mr Eliot is meaning more than *that!* – gives a crossword puzzle fever to intellectual playgoers, who snap up clues with hungry solemnity all through this crypto-farce. Such a guessing game seems to be one inevitable effect of his methods. Mr Eliot, in fact, has plenty to give besides entertainment; but it is debatable whether he has chosen the right disguise.

Before picking up some of the clues, let us look briefly at the plot of the play, which is all that many satisfied playgoers will see in the theatre. A successful City financier, Sir Claude Mulhammer, engages as a new confidential clerk his illegitimate son Colby Simpkins, whose paternity is kept a secret, for the time being, from Sir Claude's feather-brained wife, Lady Elizabeth; from Lucasta Angel, Sir Claude's unhappy, illegitimate daughter; and from Lucasta's bouncing fiancé, B. Kaghan, a foundling who never knew his father and mother. During the course of the play, Lady Elizabeth claims Colby Simpkins as *her* illegitimate son, whom she 'mis-laid' twenty-five years before; she had put the missing boy in the charge of Mrs Guzzard, of Teddington, who has brought Colby up as her nephew. In the third act, an investigation is conducted into the relationships of the cast by the retired confidential clerk, Eggerson (a key-figure in the play), with the help of Mrs Guzzard. From it emerge the following facts: Colby is the son of neither Sir Claude nor Lady Elizabeth, but of Mrs Guzzard herself; Sir Claude's son died with his mother (Mrs Guzzard's sister) in childbirth; Lady Elizabeth's son is B. Kaghan, whom she has always despised as a vulgarian; and the play ends with Colby's surrender of his position as Sir Claude's heir, despite all entreaties, to follow in the footsteps of his father, 'a disappointed organist' – and, by inference, to become a son to Eggerson (whose boy has been 'missing' since the first world war).

Such a summary can only indicate the main lines of action, and here I have space only to unravel a few skeins of meaning. It is notable that the density of the farcical plot emphasizes still more clearly Eliot's concern with the *pattern* in human lives, the mysterious operations of destiny which bring the soul to a moment of choice. 'Greek tragedy is the tragedy of necessity', W. H. Auden has written, 'Christian tragedy is the tragedy of possibility.' *The Confidential Clerk* which, like all Eliot's plays, is a religious

drama, is a tragi-comedy of choice: all of his characters choose their destiny in the moment of crisis. The most significant choice, perhaps, is that of Colby (in whom we may find echoes of Celia in *The Cocktail Party*): Mrs Guzzard, who appears in the last act as an alarming fairy godmother, asks Colby whose son he would wish to be – Sir Claude's, or the son of a 'dead, obscure man'. Colby rejects Sir Claude, and thus chooses his own inheritance: he must, like Lord Monchensey and Celia Coplestone, work out his own salvation. This will lead him not, like Harry,

To the worship in the desert, the thirst and deprivation,
A stony sanctuary and a primitive altar,
The heat of the sun and the icy vigil,
A care over lives of humble people,
The lesson of ignorance, of incurable diseases,

nor, like Celia, on a 'terrible journey' to final crucifixion on an ant-heap, but to a post as parish organist in a London suburb.

Yet there are hints that Colby's future may lie in other directions. Eggerson, who seems to be his spiritual father, *knows* that Colby is going to take orders; he is, one feels, doomed to celibacy; and Lucasta describes him as a creature apart from common humanity:

You're either an egotist
Or something so different from the rest of us
That we can't judge you.

Is Colby a saint in the making? Is his 'music' a symbol for another kind of harmony? This matters little to the progress of the play in the theatre, for the revelation of his inner life – his 'secret garden', as it is described in one of Eliot's favourite images – stands in its own right as a moment of emotional and theatrical truth. (As acted by Denholm Elliott and Margaret Leighton, it is indeed the most memorable scene in the play.) But on second thoughts – and *The Confidential Clerk* provokes these relentlessly – there is an obvious parallel between the symbolic garden of Colby's private music, and the actual garden of Eggerson's private life, to which Mr Eliot draws attention. Colby says to Lucasta:

What I mean is, my garden's no less unreal to me
Than the world outside it. If you have two lives
Which have nothing whatever to do with each other –
Well, they're both unreal. But for Eggerson
His garden is a part of one single world.

The achievement of 'one single world' is a major theme in all religious drama; and when Colby walks out of Sir Claude's life in the third act of *The Confidential Clerk*, we may perhaps suppose that he is on his way to it. No precise meaning is, I think, to be attached to Eggerson or to Mrs

Guzzard, though in this climax of the play they both assume a supra-naturalist importance; these characters are among Mr Eliot's most successful inventions, and their haloes are more impressive than those of Aunt Agatha (to whom Mrs Guzzard bears some resemblance) or Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, because they are revealed in the texture of the play itself and not by formal, oracular statement.

The Confidential Clerk is also concerned, like *The Cocktail Party*, with vocation and salvation, but these themes are implied or disguised in the action without indulging in the pompous solemnities of Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly:

You understand your metier, Mr Quilpe –
Which is the most that any of us can ask for.

Sir Claude is a disappointed potter, who has given up his passion for ceramics:

Because I came to see
That I should never have become a first-rate potter.
I didn't have it in me. It's strange, isn't it,
That a man should have a consuming passion
To do something for which he lacks the capacity?
Could a man be said to have a vocation
To be a second-rate potter?

While Colby believes he is Sir Claude's son, he believes that he too must accept *his* disappointment as a musician, and he 'fights' the moments when:

the thing I cannot do,
The art that I could never excel in,
Seems the one thing worth doing, the one thing
That I want to do.

But with the discovery that he is the son of a disappointed musician, Colby accepts his 'second-rate' vocation: to Sir Claude he says

You have your father before you, as a model:
You know your inheritance. Now I know mine.
It's no longer a question of ambition!

The plot involves, too, a discussion of make-believe and reality, in the lives of Sir Claude and Lady Elizabeth; of art as a substitute for religion (Sir Claude's ceramics in a private room); of the acceptance of the human condition and the incomprehensibility of other people (Sir Claude's own empirical philosophy, which is turned against himself); the drama of human responsibility; and, of course, the questions of paternity, heredity and fatherhood in God – for what, ultimately, do all these topsy-turvy relationships – whose reality is questioned with a Pirandellian confusion-matter, beside the fact that, as Lady Elizabeth reminds us, 'we are nearer to God than anyone'?

There can be no relation of father and son
Unless it works both ways,

Colby announces. Here, as elsewhere in *The Confidential Clerk*, the author releases – consciously or unconsciously – vast and disturbing suggestions, beyond the literal statement of the text.

There are densities of meaning, then, in Mr Eliot's new play which entitle it to some consideration not only as a money-making farce, but as a religious drama. More than one visit is clearly required to assess its value, and I could cheerfully devote an entire issue of *THE TWENTIETH CENTURY* to a discussion of its place in Mr Eliot's work. But it is already obvious, I think, that *The Confidential Clerk* may be ranked as another brilliant failure, another experimental stage in Mr Eliot's progress towards the creation of a great contemporary play. For although the play is designed with laborious cunning as an intricate theatrical machine, which works on two levels at once, the author ultimately fails to resolve the action on both its planes; and once again he fails to achieve the emotional unification of the play's meaning, the direct illumination of experience with the intensity of high drama. Eliot's elaborate mystification, justified here by the pretext of the farce, is designed to energize and universalize the play's action inside the naturalist convention, but it does not work in the theatre with the necessary light and heat of effective poetic drama. Writing of Massinger, Mr Eliot said thirty years ago: 'The poetic drama must have an emotional unity, let the emotion be whatever you like. It must have a dominant tone; and if this be strong enough, the most heterogeneous emotions may be made to reinforce it.' What *The Confidential Clerk* lacks in the last resort is precisely this 'emotional unity' – achieved for example, in *Murder in the Cathedral*, within a very different dramatic convention.

Yet it goes without saying, I think, that Mr Eliot's failure is of considerably greater importance to the future of the English drama than the easier successes of other, luckier dramatists who can touch the audience's hearts without destroying their preconceived ideas. Slowly and deliberately, he has created a new kind of theatrical language which, as he shows in *The Confidential Clerk*, has a flexible, anonymous and lightly hypnotic power; and in the search for a dramatic convention to express the complexity of contemporary experience he has moved away from the trappings of the Chorus, rhetorical and lyrical interpolations, and the direct intervention of the author, leaving behind him a trail of abandoned poetic properties. He has found, and held, an audience in the 'commercial' theatre, and by disguising his subject as carefully as he disguises his verse, he has tried to solve the problems of the lack of moral, æsthetic and social

conventions that can be shared by a contemporary audience. Beginning in revolt against the naturalism of the proscenium stage, he has returned to work inside its limitations, seeking to give them depth and intensity, fashioning his Trojan Horses under the sponsorship of Mr Henry Sherek. In this process *The Confidential Clerk* marks a further stage, and at the same time illustrates the dangers of his method.

'It seems to me', Mr Eliot said in 1949, with the magisterial diffidence of a reluctant oracle, 'that we should turn away from the Theatre of Ideas to the Theatre of Character. The essential poetic play should be made with human beings rather than with ideas.' Moreover, he has made it clear that 'the essential poetic play' should sound as if it were written in prose: 'a present-day audience, which realizes that it is listening to a play in verse, cannot be expected to have the right attitude to what I am trying to do.' To adjust the attitudes of such an audience, therefore, the essential poetic play must be accommodated inside the picture-frame stage, the naturalist prose drama, and the unholy trade of modern show business. 'If the poetic drama is to reconquer its place, it must, in my opinion, enter into overt competition with prose drama', Mr Eliot has said, and it is with this competitive spirit, for one, that he was imbued in writing *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*. In such a contest, he has decided, the best chance of success is to impersonate one's opponent, and his two post-war plays may thus be regarded as ingenious experiments in theatrical camouflage, in which a religious drama is presented to the secular groundlings of to-day under an increasingly heavy disguise.

Yet the failure of *The Confidential Clerk*, it seems to me, illustrates the dangers of this disguise, most of all the danger that it may be only too successful. Has the camouflage proved too much for the poetic competitor? Is Mr Eliot's victory a Pyrrhic one?

I have before my eyes [he says] a kind of mirage of the perfection of the verse drama, which would be a design of human action and of words, such as to present at once the two aspects of dramatic and of musical order. . . . To go as far in this direction as it is possible to go, without losing contact with the ordinary everyday world with which drama must come to terms, seems to me the proper aim of dramatic poetry.

With this mirage before him, is he content to leave a large part of his audience unaware that they have watched anything but a melodramatic farce? How far can he afford to go on compromising with 'the ordinary everyday world'? I am reminded of Sir Claude's declaration in *The Confidential Clerk*:

If you haven't the strength to impose your own terms
Upon Life, you must accept the terms it offers you.

It is time for Mr Eliot to impose his own terms upon the theatre he has conquered from within.

BOOK NOTES

THE PATTERN OF COMMUNIST REVOLUTION, By Hugh Seton-Watson. Pp. 368 (Methuen & Co., London, 25s.) Some months ago the experts were startled and a little irritated by the appearance of Dr Borkenau's *European Communism*, a work of remarkable insight and argumentative power, yet so sweeping in its conjectures and so lacking in critical apparatus as to leave the reader breathless and bewildered. Professor Seton-Watson has now countered this irruption into the academic field by a more conventional study, which will be of great value to the student and should dispel whatever factual ignorance still befogs the discussion of these issues. It is no criticism to say that he looks at Communism from the outside, where Dr Borkenau conveyed something of its inwardness. A certain dryness is the price to be paid for the avoidance of conjectural enthusiasm, and though a few errors have slipped in, this is the most reliable and scholarly introduction to the subject yet to make its appearance.

It is, moreover, the work of a genuine historian, which is to say that it side-steps the pseudo-sociological approach now fashionable in the United States, with its emphasis on abstract 'patterns' divorced from their backgrounds. In this respect at least it challenges comparison with Mr E. H. Carr's monumental *History*. But where Mr Carr looks at the Russian Revolution through the pince-nez of the Leninist old guard, Mr Seton-Watson is concerned to discover lessons which Liberals and democratic Socialists can employ to buttress their defences against the flood from the East. His objectivity never deserts him, but he would not claim to be neutral – as indeed no one can be. If there is a criticism to be made of his approach it is that here and there he unwittingly overrates the significance of Communist activity, as in his treatment of the Weimar Republic's failure which makes too much of the pathetic Spartacist revolt and similar sectarian enterprises, and too little of German middle-class hostility to democracy.

A more general criticism is suggested by the respective treatment of European, Russian and Asian events since 1914. Mr Seton-Watson is concerned to distinguish the typical pattern of Communist revolution in backward, agrarian countries, and to set it off from the orthodox democratic labour Socialism of the West. But so much space is devoted to a chronological account of political events since the First World War that

there is a danger of the main point being overlooked. It cannot be said that the arrangement of the book is ideal: a clear juxtaposition of Communist policies in East and West would have done more to establish the thesis. Even so, the introduction and the concluding chapter provide material for a genuine analysis of Leninist-Stalinist patterns of revolution-making. It is odd, however, to come across a comparison between the European working class of early capitalism and the proletariat of 'for example Egypt or South Africa' (p. 340), and a suggestion that the conditions reflected in the Communist Manifesto are currently duplicated in the so-called backward countries. This is to underrate the agrarian question which makes modern Asian politics so explosive, and so different from those of nineteenth-century Europe. It is the impact of industrialization on countries which have never managed to solve any of their basic problems that accounts for most of these modern tensions.

G. L. ARNOLD.

SOVIET DOCUMENTS ON FOREIGN POLICY. Selected and edited by Jane Degras. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. P. 500 (Geoffrey Cumberlege at the O.U.P., 42s.) This is the third and final volume in a documentary series whose value to the student no longer requires emphasis. Covering as it does the years from 1933 to 1941, it enables the reader to thread his way through the maze of Soviet foreign policy during the period of Germany's gradual conquest of European *Lebensraum*, down to and including the assault on Russia in June 1941. The concluding item in this collection, suitably enough, is Stalin's broadcast of July 3rd, 1941, with its indignant reference to Hitler and Ribbentrop as 'treacherous monsters' and its welcoming gesture towards the Anglo-Saxons. It was the end of an epoch, and the beginning of another and scarcely less convulsive one.

For the historian there inevitably arises the question how far Soviet foreign policy can be understood in abstraction from the strategy and tactics of the Comintern. This subject is to be dealt with in separate volumes edited by Mrs Degras, who must be getting a little weary of her labours. Her editorship is of such a high order that one hesitates to cavil, but the present rather bleak collection of speeches and documents would have benefited from an introduction and a few footnotes. As it is, one follows the change-over from Litvinov to Molotov, and the development of Molotov's disastrous policy in 1939-41, in ignorance of the underlying pattern. Perhaps that cannot be helped, but it leaves a lacuna which is not entirely made good by Mr Beloff's parallel studies in the Chatham House series on Soviet foreign policy.

Such hints as do emerge come to us not from Litvinov's and Molotov's

interminable orations, but rather from Stalin's comparatively brief utterances in January 1934 and March 1939. Mrs Degras has rightly singled them out, for it is here that even the non-expert reader can grasp something of the inwardness of Soviet policy during the years preceding the outbreak of war. Perhaps the strongest impression they leave is the certainty that Stalin cannot at any time have taken Litvinov's 'collective security' talk seriously. Already in 1934 he was certain that war was coming, and in March 1939 he declared that it had virtually broken out, though the major Powers were not yet engaged. In retrospect this looks like commonsense, but the impression of blunt realism is somewhat spoiled by the Ribbentrop-Molotov interlude, which showed the Soviet Government not only cynically allied to German Fascism, but ready to wallow in short-sighted opportunism of the naïveté kind. Molotov's speeches during this period also display an animosity against the Western Powers – and notably against British and French Socialists – which was quite absent from his earlier utterances on the subject of Hitler Germany.

In general one emerges from a study of this volume with the impression that Germany throughout bulked much larger in the Kremlin's calculations than any other factor – save the need to gain American support against Japan. The weakening of Soviet-German co-operation after 1933 caused not merely alarm but something like bewilderment. The Kremlin seems never to have understood that war with Russia was integral to the Nazi programme – indeed its principal objective. In the Soviet view, which was rooted in Lenin's instinctive preference for Germany as against the West, any estrangement between the two countries could only be temporary and due to mental aberrations on the part of Nazi ideologists like Rosenberg. It seems never to have occurred to them that Hitler might impose his 'Austrian' outlook on the Prussian military caste. Nor was this traditional attitude dispelled by the war. In June 1941, the Kremlin's rage knew no bounds, but for all that Litvinov was not restored to his former post, and there was little cordiality in the official attitude towards Britain and America. Germany could become either a partner or a victim. The Atlantic Powers were beyond the Kremlin's reach, and also beyond its mental ken. This explains why, for all Hitler's infamies, Russia is still busy trying to win allies in Germany, from generals to university professors. Germany has a fascination for the Russian mind which other countries cannot match.

G. L. ARNOLD.

RESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

DEAR SIR, - I should agree with Mr David C. Williams that McCarthy, and even more McCarthyism, are menaces in America. I am sorry that I do not consider his analysis in your August issue adequate as to the nature of the menace or its underlying causes.

I shall not claim space to debate this except to correct, or at least amplify, a reference to myself. I do not remember that I ever advocated the dismissal of Communist teachers on the ground that they were, in a technical sense, a security risk. I do hold that men and women, who give allegiance to the Communist Party with its assertion of dictatorial power over their minds and consciences, by that act of allegiance disqualify themselves as teachers in a democracy. The risk is not primarily to the security of the United States as a nation but to truth, honour, and sound thinking.

My position on the subject is substantially that of Professor Sidney Hook, who has argued it at some length in certain chapters of his book, *Heresy, Yes - Conspiracy, No*. Both Mr Hook and I would agree that some attempted cures of Communism among our teachers are worse than the disease. We do not think there are many Communist teachers in America's public schools. I can, however, testify from experience in New York that Communists achieved dominant power in the Teachers' Union, then connected with the American Federation of Labour. They still are the principal force in an independent teachers' union which is now much on the defensive.

Sincerely yours,
NORMAN THOMAS.

39A GRAMERCY PARK,
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EDITORIAL

A CLOUD of uneasiness has lately settled over the economic scene. It is not that the danger signals are obvious, but rather that people are having difficulty in interpreting what signals there are. The Coronation boom has passed, the holiday season is over, and to all outward appearances we are safely moving through an 'odd' year for the first time since the war. Yet the uncertainty remains, and was well illustrated by the curious reactions to the recent lowering of bank rate from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent. To some people this was an encouraging signal, a sign that the crisis of the gold reserves was over. To others it was a necessary stimulus for industry and came none too soon. And to others again it was a stimulus we could well do without.

The fact is that evidence can be gathered to support all these conflicting arguments. For those who are convinced that the economy is stagnating, one need look no farther than the recent behaviour of bank advances. For well over six months industry has been content with its present level of loans and has exerted little or no pressure on the financial system for more help. And while the Government and its growing number of agencies have raised almost twice as much on the London capital market in the first nine months of this year compared with 1952, industry has been well content with raising about a quarter less. Many expansion schemes have been successfully completed and though for a time the Budget concessions stimulated a number of capital schemes, industry as a whole no longer seems overwhelmingly expansion-minded. There are certainly no signs of expansion in the battle for exports either. For something like nine months shipments from these shores have brought in much the same amount of foreign currency every quarter. The slow painful rise in our gold and dollar reserves, it is true, has been tinged with some hope, but it has still taken seventeen months to replenish some two-thirds of what was lost in that dramatic ten-month drain in 1951-52. Moreover, without American aid we should have had an overall deficit on gold and dollar account in both August and September.

These are the depressing features. There are others which are much less so. Industrial output is now reaching out towards peak post-war

levels. As recently as the early summer one could hear people talking of a recession in trade. Yet, as we now know, by that time production was already running at the peak 1951 level and the impulse was spreading from the consumer trades to the engineering industries. The boom which hit the television industry before the Coronation, and which was fully expected to spin into a slump immediately afterwards, has continued throughout the summer and autumn. Lancashire is now acutely short of workers and unemployment figures are sinking towards new low levels. In short, industry has taken on a new lease of life and stimulated a minor boom on the Stock Exchange at a time when most stock-brokers were safely away on holiday. Thus the economy is at present like a curious chequerboard. Both inflationary and deflationary signs are equally clear cut.

As the winter approaches we are poised between what seem to be opposing forces, with the depressing thought that whatever we do may be insignificant in the face of a down-turn in activity in the United States. This is again beginning to colour all economic thoughts, and although most Americans are looking through to the summer of next year without much anxiety, 1954 as a whole is still causing some heartburning. What we can do about it, particularly since nothing may happen at all, is not easy to see. The optimists are talking in terms of a 'rolling adjustment' in the American economy, in which one industry after another would face a slight recession in trade, but in which the total level of activity would not suffer too much. This would be the reverse of what happened here this summer and might be absorbed with little more than a slight pressure on the gold and dollar reserves. But the fact is that the reserves are woefully inadequate to meet anything but the mildest of recessions in the American economy. The key to our economic future remains three thousand miles across the Atlantic. It is a situation that few people over here seem confident enough to interpret at present.

MODERATION AT MARGATE

Charles Hussey

Six weeks before the Margate Conference the Labour Party was anxious, depressed and sore. The rehashed policy served up by the Executive Committee as 'Challenge to Britain' had done nothing to inspire the Party or to impress neutral observers; the quarrel between the Bevanites and the right wing looked as though it might lead to some kind of organizational rupture; and Mr Attlee with his inexhaustible patience appeared to the rank and file and to the outside world to be doing, as usual, nothing at all to pull the Party together. Some members of the Party were dreading Margate. They saw the Bevanites convincingly exposing the Socialist hollowness of 'Challenge to Britain', and though they would certainly lose every vote on every important issue they seemed likely to win every debate against a platform which had lost such star performers as Morrison, Dalton and Shinwell by the disfavour of the constituency parties.

Moreover, it was to the advantage of the Bevanites to continue their struggle for more radical policies. At the beginning of summer the Conservative Party was enjoying for the first time in years the warmth of public favour, largely due to Sir Winston Churchill's peace initiative, Mr Butler's avoidance of financial crises, and the freeing of staple foods from rationing. The chance of the Conservatives ruling for years to come then looked to be fairly strong. Now in a lengthy period of Conservative rule the men who would stimulate the enthusiasm, and perhaps command the loyalties, of the Labour movement would not be the responsible and moderate leaders but the aggressive and colourful group led by Mr Aneurin Bevan. And it must be recalled that Mr Bevan's chance of succeeding Mr Attlee as Leader of the Opposition has always appeared to be far stronger than the likelihood of his becoming Prime Minister.

Then, quite suddenly, the situation appeared in a different light. The Gallup Poll confirmed what Labour agents had been reporting to headquarters: that the Government was again losing support in the country and that if an election were held in the near future Labour's chances of victory would be excellent. Sir Winston's 'peace offensive' had petered out – had perhaps been the victim of Lord Salisbury's lukewarm advocacy at Washington; public sympathy with the Government's distinguished

invalids was turning into anxiety about their physical ability to carry the strenuous responsibilities of office; and the delight of the housewife on finding that desirable foods could be freely bought was turning to dismay at her inability to pay for as much of them as the family wished to consume. Though according to the official index the cost of living had remained remarkably steady, the changed pattern of spending after the freeing of meat, eggs and bacon was creating an illusion that it was rising steeply. Against this background, the Bevanites saw that the tactics which would serve them well with Labour condemned to years of opposition would inspire no confidence in a Party believing that with a moderate programme it could win an election that might easily come within a year.

Then came the Trade Union Congress at Douglas. Mr Bevan's supporters have always hoped that as the right-wing Titans fall before the scythe of compulsory retirement at the age of sixty or sixty-five, they will be replaced by younger men with more radical views or less authority to resist left-wing pressure in their unions. Last year a Bevanite resolution had imposed on the General Council the unattractive duty of preparing a list of industries suitable for nationalization in order of priority. The General Council, however, disobeyed Congress, confident that the Bevanite victory was a mere accident and that the 1953 Congress would pardon its disobedience and accept an Interim Report arguing cogently against the further immediate nationalization of anything except water supplies. The General Council was right to be confident. It won sweeping victories and on the one important occasion when it failed to get a clear majority of all the possible votes, the million abstentions were found to be due not to any calculated unwillingness to support the Council but to the failure of Mr Arthur Deakin's dockers to record their card vote.

Just before Margate, Mr Attlee moved himself to action. He made a speech strongly critical of the Government's foreign policy, and of America's too. Mr Eisenhower's Administration has given Labour the opportunity it has always wanted to slip out of the tighter shackles of the foreign policy riveted on it by Ernest Bevin. The delegates arrived at Margate pining for unity, eager to get the Party into fighting trim, and not caring greatly what minor amendments were made in the policy document, provided that it was genuinely accepted by all elements after the debate and the vote. Mr Bevan had made it clear, a day or two before, that this would be the case as far as his faction was concerned. The keynote was sounded at the rally held on the eve of the first session. Mr Bevan was in his most genial mood and Mr Attlee talked of fellowship in terms which never fail to move the Party on such occasions. Then the

Press learned that Mr Morrison was not going to oppose Mr Arthur Greenwood for the Treasurership of the Party, a position which would have given him *ex officio* the place on the Executive which the constituency parties had last year denied him. Mr Morrison's bid for the Treasurership was backed by some of the big unions which not only desired to restore his prudent counsel to the Executive but also wished to remove Mr Greenwood who, instead of smiting the Bevanites, had been using the influence of a beloved veteran to effect a reconciliation. At the last moment an arrangement was made by which Mr Greenwood remained as Treasurer and Mr Morrison went back to the Executive under a new rule providing that the Deputy Leader of the Parliamentary Party should, like the Treasurer, be entitled to a seat by virtue of his office. The compromise was received with tremendous relief by the conference which realized now that the way to unity was clear.

The debates at Margate were then far less acrimonious than had been feared. The leading Bevanites, as loyal members of the Executive which had accepted 'Challenge to Britain', had to remain silent while their less gifted friends battled on the rostrum – usually with little hope of amending the document in the ways Mr Bevan and his colleagues had tried and failed to do in committee. There was no real sting in the attack, and the platform had no difficulties in repelling it. The conference ended with Mr Deakin and Mr Bevan actually exchanging cordialities, and the delegates left Margate feeling that the Party was sweeter than it had been for two years and that the truce between the factions might last for a useful period of time. The Bevanite delegates could believe that their struggle had been worth while: Mr Bevan, they feel, has been proved right by events. The Tories themselves have toned down the arms programme, and the one priority mentioned in 'Challenge to Britain' is to restore the cuts in the Health Services at the earliest opportunity. The agreed foreign policy is much to the liking of the Left, especially the opposition to the immediate entry of Germany into E.D.C. All the Bevanites have been restored to the Executive, and Mr Gaitskell, Mr Bevan's chief opponent, has succeeded merely in being the best loser. The post-conference issue of *Tribune* was as full of brotherly love as the *Methodist Recorder*.

One curious incident disturbed the delegates towards the close of the sessions. Mr Tom O'Brien, the affable and somewhat ingenuous retiring Chairman of the T.U.C. (a position achieved not by merit but by seniority) made some mysterious remarks in his fraternal address which he unwisely amplified in an interview with the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr O'Brien hinted at a suggestion that the trade union movement might withdraw its counsel from the Labour Party at the conference level and exercise

it in the privacy of committee. No doubt some such threats have been heard in Smith Square, and Mr Deakin in an unwise and unguarded moment at Margate had implied such a step. No doubt the trade union movement, freed from complete loyalty to a Labour Government, would feel easier when Labour was in office and its co-operation was sought in a wage freeze. No doubt, too, it could negotiate more freely with a Conservative Government if it were to loosen its political ties. But the effect on the Labour Party would be disastrous. One cannot believe that the threats were ever more than a private piece of blackmail. After the *Guardian* interview, which Mr O'Brien attempted half-heartedly to repudiate, Mr Deakin came to the rostrum to savage his colleague; and at the time of writing Mr O'Brien has still to face the collective wrath of the General Council. Did Mr O'Brien let out of the bag a cat which Mr Deakin thought had been drowned? Or had he got the wrong cat?

The Labour Party Executive has now the task of beating 'Challenge to Britain' into an election programme. Perhaps not very much can be done to give it an attractive form. The election, however, may be more easily won by attacking the Tory record than by presenting a constructive alternative. Labour hopes, too, that Mr Eden, though by common consent a nice man, may not inspire as much confidence as Mr Attlee would do, if that was the choice of Prime Minister with which the electorate was faced. Mr Bevan's moves will now be watched with great interest. If he is wise his potential strategy will be to move towards the centre of the Party, leaving to the left of him the fellow-travellers and pacifists who have been clinging to his coat-tails. Mr Bevan must know that the Labour Party cannot be led from either wing but only from a centre-forward position. His hope now must be to secure one of the highest positions in the next Labour Government. He must aspire to be Mr Attlee's inside left, just as Mr Morrison must be his inside right, or if Mr Morrison loses his fleetness, Mr Gaitskell. But the way for Mr Bevan is hard. It must be galling to him that the post of Foreign Secretary, from which he could show whether he is capable of high statesmanship, should be vacant and that he should have so little chance of filling it. With all the difficulties that the American alliance creates one just cannot imagine Mr Attlee appointing a man who has made himself anathema to the Americans. The other post Mr Bevan might fill, that of Chancellor, is apparently destined to go to Mr Gaitskell. Nor can one imagine that Mr. Morrison would willingly return to the Foreign Office, so that Mr Bevan might become Leader of the House, a position in which his talents could be displayed most effectively.

All this is based on the assumption that Labour will win the next election and that Mr Attlee continues to lead the Party. There is no

hint at the moment of his unwillingness or inability to do so. And the Party needs him. Without him the Margate truce would not have been so easily attainable. Mr Attlee is regarded by the public as a right-wing leader, but actually he takes care to remain plumb in the centre of the Party. Criticism of his leadership has come chiefly from the right, and has harped on the theme that he has been unwilling to strike the Bevanites a mortal blow. One stabilizing factor he lacks, however: a heavyweight anchor such as Ernest Bevin was. The trade union movement has not sent a first-class leader of one of the powerful unions to the House of Commons – the excellent Mr Robens is too junior and his union too flighty. Some observers have been wondering whether Mr Deakin might not yet inherit another segment of Ernest Bevin's mantle. He has developed remarkably as a politician in the past year or two and is beginning to win affection. Mr Deakin is now nearing the end of his trade union career and it would be a pity if he were to go into the obscurity of retirement into private life or on the board of a nationalized industry.

FREEDOM IN THE UNITED STATES

Francis Biddle

United States Attorney-General 1941-1945, until recently national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action

There is a good deal of difference of opinion among Americans at this time about the state of our freedom, particularly our freedom to think, to speak, to write as we please, without censorship or political consequences. It is no wonder, therefore, that even more confusion on this subject should exist among Europeans. Is there a panic, a 'witch hunt,' a movement in the direction of obscurantism, even of fascism, particularly in the last few months, coming to a head in the United States? Or are the Congressional Committees, as Miss Rebecca West would have us believe, falsely denounced for witch-hunting, when in reality they are but inquiring into corrupt practices 'within the Civil Service'; or showing a commendable curiosity with respect to the Soviet spy-ring, closely knit and competently functioning within that service?

I mention Miss West's articles (which appeared several months ago in the London *Sunday Times*) because this sort of thing would appear to be her special expertise. A careful observer, trained to report on facts, with a flair for putting her finger on the motive and meaning of treason, Miss West nevertheless exhibits a confused and misleading point of view as to what is going on in this country, and displays little sense of the complexity of the issues, or knowledge of the historical background which might have made them less unfamiliar. Nor can her information be said to be accurate. She announces, for instance, that 'in April, 1948, Communists shot and very nearly succeeded in killing Walter Reuther, who was then President of the United Automobile Workers and had been trying to preserve the union from infiltration.' That statement has no foundation in fact. No one knows who shot Walter Reuther, as his brother Roy told me when I asked him last May whether he had read this extraordinary statement of Miss West's (the articles had just been published in the *United States News*). Miss West, after discussing Trotsky's murder, indignantly suggests that it is not 'a matter for complacency that many educated people should be unperturbed by such nauseating events . . . but are moved to protest by such relatively unimportant flaws in investigatory manners.' Such a reaction parallels the views of one section of the American

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public - the citizens who can't quite stomach McCarthy, but nevertheless are for him - but it is hardly accurate reporting. The Congressional investigations have not merely displayed bad manners. They have been at times notoriously disregarding of traditional decencies and have been perhaps the chief cause in the present trend towards reaction which would lump Liberals and Socialists with Communists.

Miss West's casual dismissal of the invasion of civil liberties by Congressional committees is as inaccurate an account of what is happening here as what she tells us is accepted in London, in Paris, in Rome, where

everybody knows that the United States is in the grip of anti-Communist hysteria; that people of liberal opinions are being dragged before inquisitorial committees and are defamed and insulted on the unsupported evidence of informers of the lowest character, and in consequence lose their employment and their standing in the community; and that free speech and thought have been banished from the soil of America.

She adds:

this account of the United States has the slick coherence of a Goebbels lie.

I have dwelt on Miss West's reporting because I am convinced that both pictures, the one in her own mind and the lurid exaggerations she imputes to Europeans, are false. If Miss West, with her personal knowledge of the United States, and her experience in journalism, can so casually varnish the investigations and dismiss the elements of fear, of hysteria and of panic, and the indifference to American traditions of freedom, which most objective observers have found to exist, it is not improbable that, on the other extreme, liberal-minded Europeans have built in their minds the outline of a country gripped in the wave of a fascist reaction.

II

Neither picture is true. The story is complex. It cannot be written with a sweep of over-simplification, or with the impatient zealot's eager insistence on the blackest picture. The United States is a vast country, a coalition by no means tight or tightly co-ordinated of many races, religions, origins, and therefore of conflicting traditions and points of view. It is essential to understand our present attitude to civil rights, as well as to civil liberties, to racial prejudice as well as to censorship, in order, so far as possible, to see the national picture steadily and to see it whole; and for that purpose it is important to know a little about our history and tradition in these fields, particularly in the last fifteen years; to compare the national reaction after the first world war with that after the recent war, beginning in 1945; to recognize the forces of liberal

thinking and liberal criticism which are more evident in America, in many ways, than they have been in a long while, even as the expressions of reaction and obscurantism appear to be more shrill and, in some sections of the community, more influential. And finally, all of these things must be considered against the wave of political and economic conservatism which appears to be lapping on the shores of many countries of the Western world.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in a recent article, has suggested that one of the chief sources of the curiously distorted picture of the United States lingering in the minds of so many Europeans, the picture of a timid and conformist nation frightened by ruthless capitalism, is created on the one hand by Hollywood and on the other by such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, and Upton Sinclair; and that, as Sinclair himself has recently pointed out, this *was* the picture of an America a generation or two ago, before the New Deal and the Fair Deal, but now no longer true. I agree; and add that Americans are highly conscious of the vulgarities and silliness of much of the Hollywood production, and that there are signs that Hollywood has at least begun to realize, from immensely diminished earnings from pictures that are not successful, that writing for the adolescent and moronic minds does not pay. And as for the intellectuals – are not the intellectuals always, or almost always, against the ugliness and tyranny and conformity of the world they live in – God bless them: Dickens and Zola and Flaubert and Silone? And probably American intellectuals even more so because they are more isolated in the strong tides of a still (intellectually) primitive country flowing about them, though much less so now that they have discovered their own roots, and have stopped imitating European literature and art, although at the same time acknowledging its source and origin in their creative work. American intellectuals have always felt isolated; Thoreau and Emerson and Melville; Sargent and Ryder and Whistler and Eakins; Henry Adams, Edith Wharton and Henry James.

Professor Schlesinger points out a present cause of misunderstanding which I do not remember having seen suggested before, and which seems to me to explain a good deal: the difference between the Communist Party in Italy or France, and the Party in America, which actually is 'an instrument of conspiracy, of which the operations have been synonymous with subversion and treachery.' In the United States the Party got a brief foothold in some Government offices, and, for a time, dominated a considerable number of labour unions, particularly in the CIO. I emphasize this distinction because it helps to explain the present mood of fear, timidity and suppression. The fear is of the infiltration by what is in effect a closely knit and well-organized cell, working under the orders

of a ruthless organization dedicated to a world domination which cannot be achieved without first destroying the United States. I do not share this anxiety, but that it still exists as a sincere belief in very large sections of the American public is indubitable. That it has, or more accurately had, some causal reality, I do not deny. But that it should be so widespread, so close in some minds to the shadow of a panic, so persevering in spite of the readily ascertainable facts, is to be explained not from these facts, but from the emotional glasses through which they are seen.

III

Consider these facts. The Communist Party in America never was a political party in the true or significant sense of the word, never elected under its party label a State Governor, a Congressman (the only fellow-traveller was drastically defeated after a few terms) – no members of the forty-eight State legislatures, no mayors – nothing. It was never remotely as successful as the Socialist Party, whose doctrines of State ownership are rejected by the average American, but which was able to poll one million votes when Debs ran for President in 1920, and elected mayors in such leading cities as Bridgeport and Milwaukee. Last April the Federal Bureau of Investigation estimated the membership of the Communist Party at 24,796. Communists have been cleared out of the leadership of almost all the labour unions where ten and even five years ago they were strong and created a real threat, particularly in industries engaged in the war effort. (It must always be remembered that the rank and file in many of these unions were not Communists but were willing to follow the leadership of such men as Harry Bridges, not because he was a Communist, but because of the very great improvements he had brought about in the living conditions of longshoremen.) The threat was sabotage. That threat is largely in the past. American labour leaders have driven out the Communist leaders, have broken their control, have turned labour at large overwhelmingly against them, without help from the Government, or Congressional committees, or Senator McCarthy.

For a brief while many script writers of moving pictures became Communists, particularly during the war days, when we were fighting side by side with the Russians, whose heroism in defending their homeland from invasion had become the admiration of the world. But there was very little Communist propaganda in the pictures, unless we include the romantic nonsense that found expression in the mild nostalgia of Joseph E. Davies, in *Mission to Moscow*, after his return as Ambassador. There was enough, however, for the Un-American Activities Committee to make a field day in the autumn of 1948, by calling such 'expert' witnesses as Mr. Jack L. Warner, of the famous brothers, who believed that 'people with

un-American leanings . . . have been writing . . . types of . . . un-American principles'; Mr Louis B. Mayer, who would never permit in a picture 'anything detrimental to the American Government or the Congress'; Miss Rand, who could tell when a picture was loaded with propaganda, because one of the Communist stock tricks was 'to show these people smiling'; Mr Adolph Menjou, who felt that a Communist director could 'subvert' a picture 'by a look, by an inflection, by a change in the voice'; and Mr Sam Wood, a prominent director and producer, who was of the opinion that constantly showing 'a dishonest banker or Senator' indicated the Communists at work. (Mr Wood died a few years after giving this testimony, and provided in his will that legatees before receiving any legacies must file affidavits that they were not members of any organization declared by the Government to be subversive.) The investigation caused deep resentment in the Press and public. 'Neither Mr Thomas (the Republican Chairman of the Committee) nor the Congress in which he sits,' the *New York Herald-Tribune* said editorially, 'is empowered to dictate what America shall think.' But the Congressmen had got what they wanted – free and broad publicity. 'When we put on the Hollywood hearing,' Mr Thomas told State Senator Broyles, who had come from Illinois to consult him, 'we put on a hearing that couldn't have been improved upon if it had been staged out in Hollywood by a moving picture company.' No wonder the producers from Hollywood and the Congressmen saw eye to eye from the beginning.

In education the effort to infiltrate and to dominate was more cohesive and organized, and certainly more brutal, but hardly more successful. Just as no 'propaganda' films have been produced which by the furthest stretch of the imagination could be said to have had any effect in furthering the great drive, so the attempt to mould the mind of the young through educational techniques, chiefly centred on the New York schools and colleges, has not resulted in creating young Communists, or in turning out a corps of youthful American Marxists. A few professors in the great universities were sympathetic, a small handful joined the Party. And if there was an effervescence of enthusiasm for the new faith in the 'thirties and 'forties, it tended to go flat at the end of the war, and is now a thing of the past. And the reasons are obvious: information about slave labour camps, and events such as the rape of Czechoslovakia, have killed the dream once cherished by some utopians. Henry Wallace's Progressive Party was overwhelmingly defeated in 1948 (it has now virtually disappeared); American liberals (led by *Americans for Democratic Action*) pushed the fight against Communism, no longer content to let reactionaries pre-empt this field; and liberals everywhere realized at last that one totalitarianism was as vicious as another.

IV

It is hard for an outsider to understand, since the threat is so much less to-day than it was a few years ago, why the fear is so much more potent. The fear is mixed with irritation which soon resolves into hatred: irritation that we have been wrenched from the pleasant and uncomplicated ease of an undisturbed self-sufficiency – isolationism, to be exact, which was gradually disappearing in the expansion of a single world; but this suddenly, overnight, was gone, and we were unwillingly plumped into international leadership of the West, unprepared, disliking the rôle, badly fitted for it, nostalgic for a past which was still tempting us, even though for some years it had never quite existed in reality. Pearl Harbour took place less than a dozen years ago, and in this brief moment of history we have had to assume world responsibilities into which Great Britain could gradually grow over two or three centuries. After the war we had rather naïvely assumed that, for a time at least, we could attend to our own affairs. We had signed, with the other Powers, the new peace constitution setting up the United Nations – we had great faith in the magic of written constitutions – was not that enough? peace should follow automatically. But Soviet policy would not permit any such easy solution; and our hatred of the U S S R rose again and became more bitter. Was this cold war to go on indefinitely?

A sceptical Europe would point out that all Western Europe is closer to invasion by the Soviets, to being overrun, to bombing – if these things ever come; but that Europeans have not exhibited the same sort of immature nervousness that characterizes so many Americans, whose mighty country is so much further removed from Russian bases of operation. Perhaps for that very reason the nervous dread is greater in America. During the bombing of London it was reported that people sent out of the danger zone, for one reason or another, developed neuroses – they were not facing the reality of danger, and a sense of shame and fear developed. If the reluctance to re-arm for the common defence became more insistent among isolationists, another danger had to be developed to satisfy their feeling of escape and of guilt, and they reacted almost automatically to the spurious threat of 'internal infiltration by the Communists.' It is certainly true that a large percentage of those who are trying to persuade the country that American institutions are being undermined by Soviet doctrine are fundamentally opposed to adequate rearming, to foreign 'isms,' to the United Nations, to the defence of the West. In a very exact sense of the word, psychologically as well as politically, they are reactionaries.

But all of this does not fully explain the present mood of the country – fear of Russia merging into fear of revolution, fear of change, fear of

thinking, fear of being called a Communist, which is perhaps the worst fear; even if we take into consideration the case of Alger Hiss, particularly shocking because Hiss seemed to represent the essence of the best in Young America: idealistic, clean-cut, liberal, highly trusted and highly responsible for so young a man, his life devoted to the service of the public . . . The Hiss case accounts for a good deal of the mood of confusion, and there have been other espionage cases coming on top of it. The story is a continuing one, and we are apparently not yet used to the idea that American spies are active in the United States, forgetting that they were numerous and active during our Revolution and in the Civil War. Yet all this is not enough to explain why the mood has lasted. Are we continually going to live in this obsession, like a lady looking nightly under her bed, looking indeed under every bed on every floor in the house, for a burglar? . . . Britain had Klaus Fuchs and Allan Nunn May, but I can find nothing like this blind dread in England or in Canada: the immensely complicated and meticulously minute federal loyalty tests, from 1947 to 1953, covering everyone: janitors, charwomen, clerks in the Poultry Branch of the Department of Agriculture, stenographers, postmen (Mr Richardson, the Chairman of the Loyalty Review Board, testified in 1950 before a Senate Committee investigating Senator McCarthy's charges of Communist infiltration in the State Department that the loyalty investigations had not produced 'one single case' of espionage); the purge on some of the college campuses; a flood of State sedition laws, laws against Communists appearing on the ballot - in Indiana the ballot must not shelter any political party which advocates force or violence, or 'which is affiliated or co-operates or has any relation with any foreign government' (1945); the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950, the Communist Control Law requiring all Communists to register and depriving them of passports, overwhelmingly adopted over President Truman's veto; city ordinances requiring Communists to register with the police - and to move on; loyalty oaths sweeping the country, oaths which are not merely prospective (that the Government employee or professor in question *would* support the Constitution), but retroactive (that he never *had* joined the Communist Party, or any of the organizations listed by the Government, in spite of the fact that the Party had never been declared illegal): oaths which were in reality traps for later criminal actions for perjury; Socialist books burned in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and *Soviet Civilization*, by Corliss Lamont, burned after a meeting friendly to Russia had been broken up by a mob, in Chicago in 1953; the State Department withdrawing books from American libraries overseas, and the Republican Administration, on more than one occasion, bowing to the will of Senator McCarthy, apparently because it believed

that his 'crusade' to 'purge' the country had too strong a popular support to be ignored; listing by *Red Channels* of writers and actors in the television and radio industries who were suspected of being fellow-travellers, and many of whom as a consequence lost their jobs, without trial, without even any investigation; a Special Attorney-General, charged under the Maryland law to keep his eye on subversives, taking the names of persons attending a United World Federalist rally. . . .

V

The great American tradition is the tradition of tolerance.

Those who won our independence [once wrote Mr Justice Brandeis], believed that the final end of the State was to make men free to develop their faculties. . . . They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will, and to speak as you think, are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of truth.

From Thomas Jefferson to Justice William O. Douglas the leaders of American thought who are remembered, and who will be remembered, have steadily, and on the whole successfully, insisted on that open basis for our democracy.

Yet there is another American 'tradition' which with shame we must remember and admit, manifesting itself at irregular intervals in waves of religious and racial intolerance of Catholics, of Quakers, of Jews, of Negroes, of Spanish Americans, and other minority groups. For over a hundred years we have seen these waves of blind prejudice rise and threaten and disappear: the anti-Catholic Nativists, resulting in the burning of Catholic schools and churches in Philadelphia in 1844; the anti-foreign *Know-Nothings* a few years later who in 1854 could count on eight members of the United States Senate, and almost half the lower House; the *American Protective Association*, formed in 1887, to preserve the public schools from the menace of 'Romanism'; the *Ku Klux Klan*, the masked vigilantes who flogged and lynched Negroes after the Civil War, and again in 1920, a movement which was, as Frederick Lewis Allen has noted, 'as in the case of the Red Hysteria [of 1920] . . . conceived in fear, perpetuated fear and brought with it all manner of cruelties and crimes'. Sometimes the 'movement' of intolerance would centre around individual leaders, twisted prophets or would-be dictators, the 'spiritual' ancestors of Senator McCarthy, peddlers of hate: Senator Watson, a Baptist from Thomson, Georgia, candidate of the Populist Party for Vice-President in 1896, publishing his indecent absurdities about Catholics, about Negroes, about Jews; Father Charles E. Coughlin, with his

'Christian Fronters' and 'Christian Mobilizers' in 1938, following the tactics of violent anti-Semitism popularized by Hitler a few years before.

Yet it is a curious and comforting fact that the country has never been less stirred than at present by racial or religious prejudices, and minority groups, particularly Negroes, never as fully accepted into the common life. Lynching has virtually disappeared. For many years Negroes have been admitted to Northern educational institutions, and now, largely as a result of decisions by the Supreme Court on test cases brought during the past dozen years, they are also being accepted by white as well as Negro Southern colleges and universities. The Negro vote, under the impetus of similar decisions, has enormously increased in the Southern States, and there is now a general awareness that it must be accepted as a political fact. Segregation has substantially gone in the armed forces. For the first time in our history a Negro has been elected to the Board of Education of Atlanta, Georgia. This slow progress towards absorbing a vast minority of the population – about 10 per cent of the total – with ethnic roots so different from the majority, compares not unfavourably with the record of other countries.

And it is also true that certain of our civil liberties are more respected to-day in the United States than they have been at other similar periods of strain. Such periods usually come after war, and in many respects the events that began with the first World War and lasted into 1920 had more of the aspects of a panic than anything that has occurred since 1945. Nearly 22,000 persons were prosecuted under sedition and espionage laws from 1917 to 1920, and 877 were convicted. And for what? Professor Zechariah Chafee, of the Harvard Law School, has thus summarized the cases, in his authoritative *Free Speech in the United States*:

It became criminal to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues, to state that conscription was unconstitutional, although the Supreme Court had not yet held it valid, to say that the sinking of merchant ships was legal, to urge that a referendum should have preceded our declaration of war, to say that war was contrary to the teachings of Christ. Men were punished for criticizing the Red Cross and the Y M C A, while under the Minnesota Espionage Act it was held a crime to discourage women from knitting by the remark, "No soldier ever sees these socks."

Nothing like that happened in World War II or is occurring now, and nothing like the infamous Palmer raids in January 1920, at the height of the hysteria over war and revolution (when thousands of aliens were arrested for deportation, many without warrants of arrest, their property illegally seized without search warrants, men and women dragged from their houses at night and herded incommunicado often under intolerable conditions). There has been nothing to-day resembling the ousting

of the five newly elected Socialist members by the New York Assembly, also in 1920, without any charge against them except that they belonged to the Socialist Party, which, it was alleged, had embarked upon a programme calling for the 'overthrow of our form of government'. Certainly there have been no mass raids on aliens, although the rigid and often arbitrary decisions of the State Department, and the conditions imposed by the McCarran Immigration Act, have in many cases created unwarranted and cruel hardships. Although the first peace-time sedition law since 1798 was adopted in 1940, the eleven Communists who were convicted under its provisions in 1949 were given a fair trial by Judge Medina, who, to quote the Circuit Court of Appeals which sustained the conviction, was 'sorely tried for many months of turmoil, constantly provoked by useless bickering, exposed to offensive slights and insults'. The trial was in sharp contrast to the trials of twenty-nine years before, after the first World War, where judges openly displayed prejudice in charging juries. And only a comparatively small number of Communists – less than fifty – have to date been indicted under the Act.

VI

As to Congressional investigations, which have played a very valuable part in the American political scene in the past, and have led in many instances to much needed legislation or to prosecution of dishonest Government officials, they are, as the term implies, inquiries into facts on which legislation can be based. They are not subject, therefore, to the rules of criminal procedure designed to protect the defendant. But to-day they are being used as trials, under the guise of investigating Communism. Not a few professors called before Congressional committees have refused to testify, pleading the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution, which says that no one 'shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself'. This is of course a very precious right, and asserting it involves no presumption of guilt. Two reasons for claiming this right not to testify are usually involved in these cases: first there is the fear of later prosecution for perjury, where a flat statement about some comparatively unimportant fact, resulting from confusion or inaccurate memory, may subject the witness to criminal action. (The prosecution of Professor Owen Lattimore appears to many persons who have carefully followed the records – the long, gruelling, prejudiced examination of circumstances which occurred many years ago – to be an example of this. The Senatorial Committee which was investigating him acted more like a prosecution attorney than an unprejudiced agency trying to get at the facts fairly and objectively.) But what influences men to decline to testify even more than this fear is the belief, well-founded on

what has frequently occurred, that they will be asked to furnish the Committee with the names of their colleagues or acquaintances believed to be Communists or to be in any way sympathetic with Communism. Can one blame anyone for hesitating to testify under these circumstances? Decent men resent their Government forcing them to act as stool pigeons.

We tend, I think, to exaggerate the place that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, a Republican and a Roman Catholic who was re-elected last autumn for his second term, plays in the present swing in the direction of arrogance and intolerance. The march of events was clear long before he turned up to put himself in charge, as it were, of the forces of reaction. Before very long we shall be wondering how so limited a human being could have risen so quickly to the surface. The Senator is shrewd, tough, unscrupulous and inordinately ambitious. His eye is undoubtedly on the Presidential race in 1956. Like Goebbels he knows the effectiveness of holding to a single issue – and how much easier it is to handle Communism than anti-Semitism! – and literally refuses to discuss anything else. It is all so simple: Do you consider Communism a danger in the United States? Should it not be exposed and removed? And is not that the job of legislative committees? The Senator is extraordinarily successful in forcing the opposition to discuss the issue in these terms, in *his* terms. That he has tempted so many to follow him would seem to indicate that there exists a deep-seated sense of frustration and resentment which finds relief in anti-Communism.

It was this kind of leadership which, though he mentioned no names, Mr George F. Kennan, our former Ambassador to Russia, must have had in mind when he referred to certain forces in America which

tell us to remove our eyes from the constructive and positive purposes and to pursue with fanaticism the negative and vindictive ones . . . and . . . make a semi-religious cult out of emotional-political currents of the moment . . . designed to appeal to men's capacity for hatred and fear.

It is not without significance that Mr Kennan's remarks were made, on May 15, at the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana, one of the great Roman Catholic universities, at a ceremony marking the dedication of the new Hall of Liberal and Fine Arts. The Church has taken no stand on this issue. Catholics are divided, as are other men. A few priests have, with a certain violent enthusiasm, supported the Senator; a few well-known Catholic laymen and priests have criticized him. Until recently a majority of Catholics have kept silence on the large issue of intolerance.

To the disappointment of many of his supporters, President Eisenhower has hitherto avoided making any direct attack on Senator McCarthy. He has repeatedly expressed himself as being unwilling to discuss personalities. Congressional elections are hardly more than a year

away, and it would appear that they will be exceedingly close. The Republican Party is divided, and in any such 'show-down', unless carefully picked and timed, the political results would probably increase the existing division. Yet the President, even if at times he seems to miss opportunities for exerting his leadership, was never more popular or more powerful than he is to-day. Most observers feel that eventually a clash between the two men is inevitable.

It is not easy to predict the immediate future. Should the armistice fail in Korea and war continue, bitterness against the Communists will rapidly increase. Given, however, a period of relaxed tensions the strident voices of suspicion and hatred will find less to feed on, and the normal good sense of most of the people – an easy-going and friendly people who find it difficult to remember and sustain bitterness – will gradually reassert itself. For the first time in as many years as I can remember a very large number of citizens have become aware of the values of those freedoms which for so long they had taken for granted because they had not been challenged on a scale broad enough to touch almost every group in the community. But now they have, and the community is becoming aroused – and angry.

SOVIET FARM POLICY

By a Special Correspondent

I

The Soviet economy is now in process of being adjusted to the new political situation created by Stalin's death. His successors have apparently found the economy so seriously unbalanced as to require drastic new legislation. Throughout September the press and radio devoted a large part of their output to statements on a planned revision of Soviet agricultural policy which is to bring food production and consumption into line with the industrial development of the country. In less than a month official documents running to some 100,000 words have been published, including the report given early in September to a plenary session of the Central Committee by N. S. Khrushchev, the newly appointed first Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party; the decree adopted by the Central Committee on the basis of his report; and three executive orders issued by the Council of Ministers and the Central Committee, on stockbreeding and deliveries, on potatoes and vegetables, and on machine tractor stations.

The new policy was already foreshadowed by the statements made before the Supreme Soviet in August by Malenkov, the Prime Minister, and Zverev, the Finance Minister; but the gravity of the situation was not fully disclosed at that time. It is not without significance that it has fallen upon Khrushchev, on the occasion of his first appearance as the principal officer of the Party, to be associated with so important a measure as the recasting of Soviet agricultural policy. Specialists in astrology and Kremlinology will remember Malenkov's sharp criticism at the Nineteenth Party Congress a year ago, of the views then held by Khrushchev, and will perhaps deduce the existence of an antagonism between the Prime Minister and his comrade-in-arms which may be the beginning of another round in the battle for political supremacy. Less confident observers of Soviet affairs will conclude that too little is known to justify speculation of this sort. The statements and decrees that have been made known in the course of the past month are not the work of any one man, whether Party Secretary or Minister of Agriculture, but the outcome of debates and controversies conducted over years among the leading men of the Soviet hierarchy. Ever since the régime was established agriculture

has been its child of sorrow, and no Soviet leader of any standing could afford to keep aloof from discussion when its future was considered. For any decision taken by Government or Party in the agricultural sphere was bound to affect at least half the population of the country. Many of the recent utterances on agricultural questions had been heard on previous occasions, e.g. at the inauguration of the Three Year Plan, announced in April 1949 by the Council of Ministers, on the development of animal husbandry in collectives and state farms. It was evident even then that while industrial production had recovered to its pre-war level, the output of foodstuffs, and of animal produce in particular, was lagging behind. For the first time since the end of the war, the gulf apparent ever since forced industrialization and collectivization drove the two main sectors of Soviet society apart in the early thirties had widened. This is still the main problem.

While some of the criticisms that were made at the time of the 1949 announcement can be found once more in last month's statements, much has been added by agronomists and politicians familiar with the problems of the countryside. Among them one particularly discerns I. A. Benediktov, once again Minister of Agriculture. Since he was reinstated at the Nineteenth Congress to full membership of the Central Committee he has been among the main contributors to the discussion on agricultural questions. Before the war Benediktov had become known as the chief architect of the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition. He has now returned to his favourite creation, and Moscow is likely to see another huge agricultural show next year. During and after the war he served for some years under A. A. Andreev, who during the latter part of the war was People's Commissar for Agriculture and in 1946 became Chairman of the Council for Collective Farm Affairs charged with the task of eliminating the infringements of the Collective Farm Statute of 1935, which officials and members of the collectives had allowed to occur while controls temporarily slackened. In the late 'thirties Andreev, who had long been the Party's spokesman on agricultural policy, went on record as a protagonist of the small operational unit, the so-called 'zveno', of some five to ten workers, rather than the large unit of the 'brigade' in which up to a hundred members of a collective farm work in one team. This was at a time when, after the sacrifices of the collectivization period, Government and Party felt obliged in the face of rural resistance to make some concessions to the peasants. Things were different when most of the scars of war had disappeared and a new attempt to complete the process of socializing the countryside seemed justified. In 1950, fifteen years to the day after the Collective Farm Statute had been promulgated, the press began to prepare the way for a new change in

farm policy. On the initiative of Khrushchev, Andreev was attacked by *Pravda* in an article entitled 'Against the Perversion in the Organization of Labour in the Collectives'. He was criticized for the support he had given to the small operational unit in the collectives, now described as inefficient and inimical to the development of mechanization. Ten days after he had thus been publicly taken to task Andreev admitted his errors and published a recantation.

Khrushchev, who at the end of the second world war had been Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Ukraine, now became the main protagonist of a campaign for the systematic consolidation of collective farms. In Kiev province, on Stalin's seventieth birthday at the end of 1949, he laid the foundation stone of the first agro-town which was to take the place of four old villages. Khrushchev saw the road to socialism in the rural areas not merely in the replacement of the 'zveno' by the 'brigade' system: he wanted to merge small collectives into large ones, and villages into agro-towns, thus bringing the physical and social units of the countryside under the control of the organs of Government and Party. When the more radical of his views, such as the resettlement of collective workers in agro-towns, which *Pravda* had publicized in March 1951, caused concern among some leading agronomists of the Party, *Pravda* dissociated itself from the article. An editorial note declared it to have been merely a contribution to the discussion of agricultural problems. Yet genuine discussion was limited to the provincial press. In Armenia, Arutinov, the local first Secretary of the Party, described Khrushchev's ideas as being closer to fantasy than to the real requirements of the collectives. In neighbouring Azerbaidzhan, Arutinov's criticism was followed by a vigorous attack from Bagirov, the first Secretary of the Party in that republic and a Bolshevik of long standing. In the face of so stubborn an opposition, the Party never endorsed the more radical of Khrushchev's views. Thus legislation on the merger of collectives has never been made known. Yet before the end of 1950 the number of collectives was reduced through amalgamation from some 254,000 to 123,000, though some of them were merely integrated on paper. In the more densely populated agricultural areas the process of concentration went even further. In the Moscow district, for instance, the number of collectives was reduced in the course of 1950 from 6,000 to 1,500; the average size of the collectives increased from 400 to almost 2,000 acres of arable land, and the average number of families rose from 40 to more than 160 per collective. At the same time the organization of the Party was strengthened. While early in 1950 only one of every five collectives had a primary Party organization, at the end of the year the Party controlled four out of every five collectives.

It fell upon Benediktov, the former Deputy of Andreev, as Minister of Agriculture to announce the results of the campaign on which Khrushchev had staked his political reputation. But at the Nineteenth Congress, in October 1952, Malenkov disowned both factions. While he rebuked Andreev and his supporters for setting up in the collective farms small work teams in place of production brigades, he blamed Khrushchev and his associates for suggesting that the village population be congregated in large agricultural townships. To-day, protagonists and opponents of the programme for the concentration of collectives are among the chief architects of the new agricultural policy, which is remarkably free from dogmatism and leaves room for development in more than one direction.

To the outsider these differences in policy may appear as internal squabbles among ambitious rivals; some writers have tended to ascribe them to the conflict between ideology and expediency. All such interpretations appear too simple in the changed situation after Stalin's death. For all its lack of ideological flavouring, the new policy should not be regarded as a purely pragmatic venture. Historical analysis, while disclosing differences of temperament and ambition, or disagreements on timing and approach, reveals at the same time a large measure of political uniformity of thought among the leading personalities of the Soviet scene. At no time since the great purges has there been a public challenge to the political concept that underlies Soviet farm policy and its changes. It is with this fact in mind that the new agricultural programme must be viewed.

II

As Khrushchev precedes his statement of policy with a detailed account of present conditions and past failures, the same procedure may well be followed here. The Party Secretary leaves his audience with a picture of a badly unbalanced farm economy. The Central Committee summarizes his findings in these words:

The enormous potentialities of large-scale socialist agriculture are still poorly utilized. The yields continue to remain low in many collective farms and districts. The increase in the productivity of agriculture, the development of animal husbandry, the production of potatoes, vegetables and fodder crops do not conform to the demands of the national economy. The lag of these and a number of other important branches of agriculture retards the further development of the light and food industries which satisfy the essential requirements of the population, and seriously impedes the rise in the income of collective farms and collective farmers. Especially unsatisfactory is the situation with regard to the development of animal husbandry.

Although a coherent official account has been lacking so far, Western

students of Soviet affairs have for many years been critical of Soviet farm practices and agricultural policies. By comparison with Khrushchev's statement, their criticism has been mild indeed. Although in contrast to previous examples his account was given in a businesslike manner, remarkably free from personal attacks and ideological embroidery, the Party Secretary left no doubt about the gravity of the situation. It is true that he appeared reasonably satisfied with current achievements in the production of grains and industrial crops; but even here a closer scrutiny hardly justifies optimism. Leaving annual fluctuations apart, crop acreages since the inauguration of the first Five Year Plan have merely kept pace with population trends. An improvement in the national diet is therefore dependent upon a rise in crop yields. On this point Khrushchev was notably brief, but since Malenkov's statement last August there can be no doubt that the practice of recording harvests in terms of 'biological yields' led to exaggerations and unjustified optimism. Malenkov then denounced as 'incorrect' the practice whereby the yields of grain and other products were assessed not on the basis of the amounts actually harvested, but on the basis of apparent yields. If allowance is made for this statistical distortion it appears that at no time since 1928 has the output of grains available per head of population risen above the low pre-revolutionary level. In these circumstances the supply of bread and fodder grains can hardly have been ample. Output, like acreage, has but kept pace with population increase. Even this modest result has been achieved only at great cost in men and material. If the violent fluctuations of the rural population during the revolutionary periods of 'war communism' and collectivization are left out of account, some 25 million peasant households at the opening of the plan era provided the meagre food supply of 160 million people. To-day some 20 million families, with the help of some 600,000 tractors, produce an equally meagre diet for approximately 210 million people. The shift of labour to industry has been disappointingly small and the cost of industrial effort to replace farm labour has been disproportionately great. The drift of population from the land, though heavy in times of distress, has been smaller than might have been expected in a country whose industrial revolution was carried out in less than one generation.

Even more disappointing are the results of twenty-five years of Soviet planning in livestock farming. In this sphere indeed the failure has been continuous and complete. The modest gains achieved before the Revolution, and again before the inauguration of the first Five Year Plan, have never been recovered. In the words of the Central Committee's report 'the State plans for increasing the number of cattle go unfulfilled year after year'. Last year alone the cattle population dropped

by more than 2 million. The number of cows falls short of the pre-war level by 3.5 million, and compared with 1928 it has decreased by almost 9 million. While in 1940 nearly every peasant household had a cow, to-day almost half of them no longer possess one. Though not admitted by Khrushchev and the Central Committee, this latest wave of illicit slaughtering has been the kolkhoznik's answer to the Government's attempt to transfer, under the Three Year Livestock Plan, privately owned farm animals to the collectives. The position is little better in regard to pig, sheep and poultry farming. At no time since the first Five Year Plan was inaugurated has the pre-1929 livestock population been reached. Whilst during this period the human population increased from some 160 to 210 million, the total number of productive animals (in livestock units) declined from 70 to 62 million. The loss might have been made up in part through increases in milk yields and carcass weights, but unhappily such improvements have not occurred. In Khrushchev's own words 'for more than ten years, milk yields in the collective farms have not exceeded 1,000-1,170 kilos per cow' (compared with e.g. 2,800 kilos in the United Kingdom). In Siberia, 75,000 tons of butter were produced in 1913, but only 65,000 tons in 1952. Similar failures are reported in respect of carcass weights and fodder yields. Haystacks on collective farms provided only 960 kilos per head of cattle last year, compared with 1,100 kilos before the war. Even in terms of the grossly inflated 'biological yields', fodder grains yield only half, and potatoes and beet only two-thirds, of what is harvested in this country.

Although in contrast to previous practice statistical information is now more plentiful it is still far from comprehensive, and an analysis of the past record and present state of Soviet farming must fall lamentably short of similar attempts in the case of countries far less developed than the Soviet Union. Many of the published data are still given in percentages related to ambiguous or unknown bases and thus defeat any attempt at systematic tabulation. Moreover, much important information is still withheld. It is a matter of conjecture whether this is due to considerations of security or to a desire to conceal the degree of economic mismanagement. Be this as it may, despite the lack of vital information it can be said with certainty that the present national diet of the Soviet citizen is smaller in quantity and poorer in composition than it was before the first Five Year Plan came into force in 1929. Whilst at 200 and 150 kilos respectively, the average consumption of flour and potatoes is approximately as high as in 1927-28, the same cannot be said of meat and dairy produce. Sugar is probably the only foodstuff consumed in larger quantities than before rapid industrialization and collectivization began (11 kilos instead of 6 kilos in 1926-27). As millions of industrial

workers and officials are likely to be better off now than their fathers were twenty-five years ago, the main burden has fallen on the rural population. And it is here that the Soviet régime continues to meet its insurmountable barrier to progress.

The reasons given by Khrushchev for this failure are manifold and cannot be listed in full. Passing mishaps must be distinguished from long-term causes. A long wet winter delayed last year's ploughing and sowing, and unfavourable weather this year caused delays in harvesting potatoes and other root-crops. Moreover, the ill-considered decision last April to halve the retail prices of potatoes and vegetables must have unbalanced price relations in the kolkhoz markets to such an extent that *kolkhozniks* understandably reduced their output and delivery. The dislocations caused by these failures of nature and men, though serious, are unlikely to be of more than a temporary nature. But there are other and more important adjustments to be made.

The causes of failure in livestock farming are officially sought largely in administrative mistakes, such as the use of incorrect delivery norms and dates, the insufficient use of mechanical power in fodder fields and cattle yards, the lack of incentives to collectives and *kolkhozniks*, and the shortage of technically trained staff and political leaders in collectives and machine tractor stations. Some of the details in the long list of errors and omissions given by Khrushchev are revealing indeed. Since the calendar year has been used for planning purposes, collective farms have become accustomed to keeping large numbers of unproductive livestock beyond the census date of January 1st, thus causing a glut of poor meat early in the year instead of delivering fat beasts at the end of the season. It seems almost unbelievable that it has taken Government and Party fifteen years to recognize the effect of a change in delivery dates. An equally disastrous result has been caused by the practice of fixing livestock delivery quotas in accordance with the number of livestock on each farm, and of laying down high compulsory delivery quotas and tractor rates for the well-run farms, while letting the badly-run farms off lightly. These practices had been condemned by the Government before the last war, when it decreed that delivery quotas be fixed on an acreage basis. Yet the Ministerial officials thought otherwise: 'As soon as a collective farm rises above the level of its neighbour, the procurement officials prune it, just as gardeners prune shrubbery in the parks'.

The lack of such material incentives as high procurement prices and low compulsory delivery quotas is also considered one of the reasons for the lag in the output and marketing of potatoes and vegetables, and for the low efficiency of machine tractor stations. While mechanization in the growing of grains and technical crops is considered satisfactory, the

same is not true of fodder crops and animal farming. As a result of this unbalance seasonal fluctuations in labour requirements occur which cause delays during the hay harvest and the periods when potatoes, roots and vegetables are planted and harvested. Nothing could illustrate more vividly than the seasonal labour fluctuation the failure of Soviet planners to arrive at a balanced farm economy in which man, tractor and horse are utilized fully and evenly throughout the year.

Much of the blame for these shortcomings goes to the weakness of professional and political leadership. The majority of *cadres* are reported to have an inadequate technical background and training. Less than one out of five chairmen of collective farms has higher or secondary special education. Similarly, the overwhelming majority of directors, chief engineers and chief agronomists of machine tractor stations have no higher education. Almost one-third and two-thirds, respectively, of the directors and engineers of tractor stations have had none but elementary education. This seems an odd state of affairs in a country in which industrialization and technical education have had high priority for the better part of twenty-five years. The answer lies in the preference given by the professional class to office work and in the high turnover of technical men. Although agricultural planning is a matter of years rather than months, in many collective farms the chairman changes twice or three times a year. Nearly one-third of all chairmen work in this capacity for less than one year. On the other hand, out of some 350,000 trained agricultural specialists with higher or secondary education only 20 per cent. work in machine tractor stations or collectives. Another quarter are employed in administrative work, while the official report cannot account for the remaining half.

How attractive a job a specialist with secondary education must hold in the Soviet Union may be gauged from Khrushchev's statement that during the year each collective farm submits to the district agricultural department some 10,000 statistical indices, or eight times as many as before the war. The process of 'depersonalization' has indeed gone a long way. The Ministerial bureaucracy appears even less effective than the regional departments. In the Russian Federal Republic, which holds more than half the livestock and three-fifths of the sown area of the Soviet Union, the Ministry of Agriculture, instead of being engaged in the production of potatoes and vegetables, restricts its activities to problems of bee keeping and animal trapping. 'This sounds like a joke [adds Khrushchev] but unfortunately it is not a joke but a fact'. Nor is the state of the Party and its work in the rural areas any better. Many of the leaders of rural Party *cadres* have only a slight knowledge of agriculture, and more than one-third of all secretaries of rural *cadres* have worked

in this capacity for less than one year. As a result the Party is weak in the rural areas. It disposes of only one million members, plus two million members of the Communist League of Youth. This is indeed a small proportion out of a rural population numbering almost 130 million people.

III

These then were the conditions which the new rulers of the Soviet Union confronted when they succeeded Stalin. While they can hardly have been taken by surprise, the temporary absence of a recognized central authority must have made them acutely aware of the dangers inherent in the situation. It should be recorded that, contrary to the previous practice of patching up weaknesses in economic planning in *ad hoc* fashion, the new rulers not only dealt swiftly with the urgent matters of the moment, but promptly designed a coherent agricultural strategy which shows a remarkable degree of self-confidence. Far from being afraid that concessions might undermine their authority in the countryside, they made liberal use of economic incentives without loosening for a moment their political grip on the rural population. The apparent confidence in the success of the new programme is even more striking than the frankness with which the mistakes of the past are recorded. If the new strategy leads to success it may well do away with some of the causes of the periodically recurring recessions of the farming industry. But will it succeed? Consideration of this question requires a brief glance at the technical, economic and political measures that are contemplated to raise farm output and rouse peasant interest without losing control in the countryside.

In the technical sphere the emphasis is on measures likely to improve the output of animal produce and thus to restore the balance lost through the over-emphasis given in the past to grain production. First priority is naturally given to a substantial increase in livestock. Cow and cattle figures are to be raised by 5 and 9 million, respectively, before the end of next year. At the same time pig stocks are to be raised by 6 million, and flocks of sheep and goats by 35 million. These are ambitious aims, though they fall short of earlier targets. The goals for milk yields and carcass weights, and for total meat and milk output, are equally ambitious. Market supplies are to rise between last year and next year from 3 to 4 million tons of meat, and from 10 to 14.3 million tons of milk. There is no chance of success in this field unless fodder supplies are increased very substantially. Provision is therefore made in the new plan for an extended production of fodder grains, fodder potatoes and green fodder. Concentrates are to be produced and stocked in larger quantities than in the

past, and silage pits are to be built. The mechanization of arable farming is to be fostered by a greatly increased output of farm tractors. Production and consumption of fertilizers are also to be raised substantially. The yields of potatoes and roots are to be improved through planting by the square-cluster method, which is common practice in developed agricultural countries and which allows the mechanized cultivation of plants throughout their period of vegetation. The supply of vegetables is also to be encouraged in every possible way.

Though ambitious by Soviet standards, most of these targets are modest if compared with Western results. In the United Kingdom, for instance, the density of livestock is seven times, the output of milk per unit of land eight times, and the application of fertilizers almost twenty times as great as in the Soviet Union. The success of the programme is largely dependent upon the economic measures which go with it. The concessions which the Government has made to the collectives, and to farmers in their individual capacity, specify in detail what was promised in summary fashion during the budget debate. Hitherto the cultivation of industrial crops was three-and-a-half times as rewarding as livestock farming. Now the financial balance is to be altered in favour of animal husbandry. This is to be achieved through substantial price increases. Procurement prices for compulsory deliveries of livestock are to be increased to 5.5 times their previous level; those for milk and butter are to be doubled, and those for vegetables and potatoes raised by 25 to 250 per cent. Simultaneously, the prices payable for voluntary sales in excess of compulsory deliveries are also to be raised. Other economic concessions include the reduction of delivery quotas and the abolition of delivery arrears; advance payments and grants in aid; incentives in kind and sales of consumer goods in exchange for farm products; higher wages and premiums for workers in machine tractor stations. Contrary to recent official pronouncements, collectives are encouraged to produce the bricks and tiles required for the building of workers' cottages and cattle sheds.

While these and other economic and technical projects are likely to bear some fruit in the years to come, it would be hazardous to assume the likelihood of as quick and as large an improvement in farm output and food supplies as Malenkov and Khrushchev have promised in recent speeches. It is true that these promises did not go beyond what was laid down in the fifth Five Year Plan, but it must be remembered that the Plan targets for the farming and food industries were over-ambitious and that agriculture fell far short of expectations during the first three years of the period. It can be said with certainty that at the end of the current Plan period in 1955, farm income and food consumption, though

increased above current levels, will be well below the targets fixed at 40 per cent. and more above the levels reached in 1950.

The cost to the Exchequer of the various economic programmes is estimated at 15,000 and 35,000 million roubles, respectively, for the current and for next year, while the additional income due to go to the farming industry is estimated at 13,000 and 20,000 million roubles, respectively. No official information on total farm income is available, but it will probably be increased through these economic concessions by approximately 10 per cent. This is more than collectives and kolkhozniks could have hoped to gain, but it is still far less than industrial workers have achieved through six successive retail price reductions. The financial outlay is justified officially by way of reference to the 'fundamental principle' of material interest in socialist society. It is a departure from previous political doctrine and economic practice that the individual kolkhoznik is singled out for preferential treatment in this respect. The Government seems to have learned its lesson. Discrimination against the individual farming household and his privately-owned livestock, as intended under the Three Year Plan of 1949, was bound to lead to disaster in the livestock industry. As before in Soviet history, the Government has been forced, not by organized resistance but by the unequivocal non-co-operation of 20 million individual families, to retreat from its previous position and to brand as 'pernicious' the practice of infringing the interests of collective farmers with regard to livestock in their private possession. Khrushchev, who only three years ago had been urging the 'hard' policy, summed up the present official attitude in these words:

Only people who do not understand the policy of the Party can think that the productive livestock possessed by a collective farmer's household, within the limits envisaged in the Collective Farm Statute, represents a danger to the socialist system. The personal ownership of livestock is not a hindrance but a help to the commonly owned animal husbandry, and consequently is of benefit to the collective farmer, to the collective farm and to the State.

Those who may conclude that a lasting change of Soviet political philosophy has taken place in the agricultural sphere will, however, be disappointed to find that the concessions to the individual farm household are clearly considered of a temporary nature only. Khrushchev hastened to assure his audience that these measures are considered expedient merely as long as the consumers' needs cannot be satisfied by the communal enterprise of the collective farms.

The time will come when the development of commonly owned animal husbandry will reach such a level that the personal demand of the collective farmer for livestock product will be fully satisfied by the common

enterprise, and then it will be unprofitable for the collective farmer to have livestock in his personal possession.

So as to make his position clear beyond any doubt, Khrushchev added with reference to the Baltic States, where all individual farms have not yet been transferred to collectives, that there could not be two opinions on this matter: 'we want gradually to liquidate the system of individual farms and to set up collective farm settlements. But it would be a mistake to show haste in the practical solution of this problem'.

This then is the political concept of the architects of the new farm programme. So as to make sure that it will become effective, the post of the useless and despised deputy director of the machine tractor station, who was formerly in charge of political work, will be abolished. In his place a team of Party instructors headed by a secretary of the District Party Committee will be attached to every tractor station. In this way the Government hopes to intensify the work and to tighten the control of the Party in the countryside, and to extend the Party *cadres* beyond the 76,000 collectives in which they are organized at present to all 94,000 collectives. In addition, an appeal is being made to former members of work teams in machine tractor stations, and to some 50,000 members of the Soviet intelligentsia, to strengthen the work in the rural areas. When on former occasions industrial workers and intellectuals were sent into the country they went empty-handed, extorting grain or waging class warfare in the villages. This time their arrival as organizers or technicians is to coincide with a wave of economic concessions to the farming community. Time will show whether these measures will set in motion a movement which will gain further concessions from Government and Party, or whether the régime will be able once more to reverse its policy and to sacrifice the interest of the individual peasant in the name of collectivization.

THE SAINT-SIMONIAN EXTRAVAGANZA

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If the Saint-Simonian movement as it developed from 1825, the year of Saint-Simon's death, to 1831 deserves to be remembered partly for its contribution to Socialist thought and partly as a portent of present-day totalitarianism,* during the remaining two years of its existence it survived as one of those eccentric sects which fascinate by their very grotesqueness.

By 1831 the movement had been turned by the fantastic Prosper-Barthélemy Enfantin into an authoritarian church, of which he was at once Messiah and Pope. About the same time there began to appear, alongside a social doctrine which still bore a certain resemblance to that originally propounded by Saint-Simon, a specifically religious doctrine of which Saint-Simon had known nothing. God, Enfantin decided, was All: 'All is in Him, All is by Him, All is Him.'† Nothing could be less novel than this; but when the pantheism of the Saint-Simonians blended with another of their ideas, that of 'the rehabilitation of matter,' a creed emerged which was not without originality. To Saint-Simon himself 'the rehabilitation of matter' meant no more than 'to work in this life for the increase of the well-being of the human race,' 'to procure for the human race the highest degree of felicity which it can attain during its terrestrial life.' To the pantheistic Saint-Simonians it meant something more. If God is All, then, they argued, He is also the material universe. He is also Man, and Man in his physical no less than in his spiritual being. The divinity of material and bodily existence was the central dogma of the new religion. With much typographical exertion the point is hammered home: 'THE MOST STRIKING, THE NEWEST, if not the most important aspect of the general progress which humanity is called to make TODAY consists in the REHABILITATION OF MATTER, a rehabilitation which can take place only in so far as a new religious conception shall have reintroduced into the providential order and into God Himself that element or rather that aspect of

* Cf. 'The Saint-Simonian Portent', THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, October, 1952.

† E.g. *Exposition de la Doctrine de Saint-Simon, Première et Deuxième Années*, edition of 1854, Paris, p. 410.

universal existence which Christianity has smitten with its reprobation.'* Such a change will mean a prodigious enrichment of human living: 'The conception which rehabilitates matter, by reintroducing it into God Himself, not only installs man in possession of an existence which Christianity has denied him; it further enlarges the field of his love and of his intelligence; of his love, since it leaves him nothing to fear or hate; and of his intelligence, since in summoning him to know God it summons him to know ALL.'‡

The social attitudes, the hierarchy of values, the whole emotional tone of the Saint-Simonian movement began to change. The rational organization of an industrial society, about which in the past the Saint-Simonians had thought and written so much, came to interest them less and less. The sentimental yearning which had always been the deepest source of their activity now became fully conscious, dominating all their thinking and dictating all their fantasies. Love, they were convinced, would henceforth permeate all human affairs. The society of the future would be a society bound together by love; and it would be guided and governed by a priesthood which would consist of men and women pre-eminently endowed with 'intuition,' 'sympathy,' 'love.'‡ In these developments of latter-day Saint-Simonism a large part was undoubtedly played by women.§ Women came to be far more strongly represented in the Saint-Simonian church than in any other social movement of that time. They were to be found at every level of the hierarchy and they formed the bulk of the audiences at the public 'prédications.' Yet if women were attracted by the new religiosity, as they had not been by the earlier schemes for the reorganization of industry and banking, they did not themselves produce any of the ideas which went to make up the Saint-Simonian mythology. What happened was that the presence of a number of attractive young women in the movement stimulated some of the men, and particularly Enfantin, to wild flights of pseudo-mysticism which in the end almost all the women rejected.

* Ibid., p. 404.

† Ibid., p. 414.

‡ Ibid., p. 478. At this stage the Saint-Simonians were inclined to think that artists would make the best priests; cf. Marguerite Thibert, *Le rôle social de l'art d'après les Saint-Simoniens*, Paris, 1926. Few artists were attracted. An exception was the composer Félicien David: and even he declined to produce a symphony on the theme, 'To each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works.'

§ Apart from the general works on Saint-Simonism, the role of women in the movement, and the nature of Saint-Simonian feminism, are discussed in the following monographs: Marguerite Thibert, *Le féminisme français de 1830 à 1850*, Paris, 1926; Ch. Patureau-Mirand, *De la femme et de son rôle dans la société d'après les écrits Saint-Simoniens*, Limoges, 1910. J. Ivray, *L'aventure Saint-Simonienne et les femmes*, Paris, 1928, contains interesting anecdotes.

Though in all his writings Saint-Simon had said scarcely a word about women, the Saint-Simonians were convinced feminists. Already in 1828 it was agreed that the Saint-Simonian era would be marked by the complete emancipation of women. In this there was nothing surprising. There had been feminists during the French Revolution and sex-equality figured in almost all the schemes of social reorganization produced around 1830. But the Saint-Simonians were feminists after their own fashion. So far from minimizing the differences between the sexes, as feminists commonly do, they greatly exaggerated them. In their eyes women were the embodiment of one side of life: of affection, of religious feeling, of beauty, of intuition, of passion; that is, of precisely those qualities which the Saint-Simonians were coming to value most highly. When they demanded the emancipation of women the Saint-Simonians were in fact seeking to liberate, for the enrichment of society, these supposedly feminine qualities.*

Taken separately, none of these ideas was particularly explosive; but when they coalesced they produced a detonation loud enough to startle the Parisian bourgeoisie of the 1830's. The myth which Saint-Simonism had conjured up was of a world which was wholly divine and ready, without more ado, to be 'reintroduced into God'; in which everything was good and nothing therefore could be condemned; in which 'love', 'sympathy' and 'intuition' were the supreme values, but in which material and bodily existence, in so far as it had been disdained by Christianity, was to undergo some strange apotheosis; in which the emancipation of women was to imply a liberation of the emotions. One might suppose that it would have been clear where all this was leading, but to the Saint-Simonians it was not at all clear. They accepted the new ideas piecemeal, without protest. When Enfantin made his synthesis and drew his conclusions many even of the most devoted were deeply shocked.

In a letter to his mother, in August 1831, Enfantin announced his discovery: 'The same man with the same woman for a whole lifetime, that is one form of this religion; divorce and a new union with a new

* This applies to the 'official doctrine' of the movement, which was that of the middle-class men. A moderate and quite unmythical feminism was advocated by Suzanne Voilquin and a few other working-class women in the periodicals which they founded, wrote and kept in being for eighteen months: *La Femme Libre*, later *La Femme de l'Avenir* and *La Femme Nouvelle*. Disdained by the leadership, this propaganda was the most positive contribution made by Saint-Simonism to the emancipation of women. Few Parisian working girls of the time can have had so adventurous a career as Suzanne Voilquin. She accompanied the Saint-Simonians to Egypt, where she entered harems and tried without success to convert the odalisques to feminism. The fullest account of Saint-Simonian activities in Egypt is to be found in her *Journal d'une fille du peuple*. Later she went to live in St Petersburg, and from there to America.

spouse, that is a second form of this religion.'* To the supervisory College of the Saint-Simonian church he explained that mankind consisted of two types: the naturally constant ('*les immobiles*') and the naturally inconstant ('*les mobiles*'). Both types of temperament were equally worthy of respect and consideration, in fact both were equally 'holy'. Therefore divorce must be recognized as an institution no less legitimate – or 'holy' – than marriage. Only so could justice be done to the needs of all mankind, and only so could adultery and prostitution be abolished. In themselves these general recommendations for a liberalization of the divorce laws would scarcely have caused a scandal, but when Enfantin fitted them into the framework of the Saint-Simonian religion they took on a very special significance. For divorce to be legitimate, he insisted, it must be proved that the new union would be an improvement on the old, that it would mark a progress both from the point of view of the individuals concerned and of society as a whole; and this was something which could be decided only by a married couple of Saint-Simonian priests. To this 'Couple-Prêtre' the regulation of the lives, and especially of the matrimonial lives, of the faithful was to be entrusted. The confessional must therefore be introduced. At the same time the priestly couple, itself the most loving of beings, must be bound to all members of the Saint-Simonian church by bonds of love. But in a world in which matter had been rehabilitated, this love would naturally find a physical expression. 'The Priest, Father of the universal family, does not at all desire within the private family to cherish or to adorn with prerogatives the pure and unimpaired transmission of his blood.'† What was true of the priest was true also of the priestess. Indeed it was the duty of both priest and priestess 'to charm, carry away, subjugate and ravish, and to deploy in their ambition for conquest, the impetus of passion and the ingenious tactics of coquetry.'‡

There were those amongst the Saint-Simonians who were prepared to outstrip Enfantin and to advocate complete free-love, the abolition of the family and of the status of parenthood, the replacement of mothers by state-employed 'social mothers.'§ But these radicals were few. Most of

* XXVII, 195. Unless otherwise stated references are to volume and page of the *Oeuvres complètes de Saint-Simon et d'Enfantin*, Paris, 1865–78. 47 vols.

† *Globe*, March 19th, 1832.

‡ Barrault, *Les trois Familles, Morale*, Paris, 1832, pp. 196–198.

§ Cf. Claire Démar, *Ma loi d'avenir*, Paris, 1833. This booklet was printed from a manuscript which was found beside the body of the authoress when, together with her lover, she committed suicide. It is interesting to note that it contains a tribute to that curious cosmopolitan 'the Chevalier Lawrence.' This Old Etonian and friend of Goethe was best known for his novel *The Empire of the Nairs*; or, *the Rights of Woman*, attacking marriage and advocating free-love, which appeared in German in 1801 under the auspices of Schiller, was translated into English by the

the Saint-Simonians were agreed that this was not at all what they had meant by 'the rehabilitation of matter'. The members of the College debated the new morality with an intensity which at least testifies to their sincerity. 'Often . . . the discussions lasted whole days, whole nights, without interruption, without distraction, without rest. It sometimes happened that young men . . . staggered and fainted: the bodies were removed without the discussion being held up on that account. One day M. Cazeaux went into an ecstasy for an hour and began to prophesy. Another day M. Olinde Rodrigues had a sort of apoplectic seizure because, when he asked of each member whether it was not true that the Holy Spirit dwelt in him (Rodrigues), M. Reynaud answered with words of disbelief.'* Bazard, with whom Enfantin had so far shared the office of Supreme Father, had a cerebral stroke from which he was to die the following year. All emerged hollow-eyed, broken, in despair. In the end the dispute had to be brought before the Saint-Simonian church as a whole. There were a score of resignations, which included all the veterans of the movement (though not all its outstanding members). The general view was expressed by the veteran Hippolyte Carnot: 'Your doctrine is the regulation of adultery.'

The Saint-Simonian church now entered on its last and most spectacular phase. So far Enfantin had taken little part in the public preaching. Now he delivered a whole series of sermons. An eloquence which once startled Europe (and particularly Metternich) deserves perhaps to be sampled at some length:

Today, the world is still so penetrated by the traditions of Christian morality that *profound, durable affections, sedate, cautious, meditative, reasonable* characters, and virtues such as *modesty, reserve, even abstinence, nay continence*, enjoy, if not in FACT at least in LAW, the privilege of taking precedence over the *lively and ardent passions, over energetic, boiling, enthusiastic, exalted* characters, over *assurance, self-confidence, ambition, glory*, finally over the love of *luxury, of pleasure, of éclat, of brilliance, of beauty* and of all the joys which the Church called profane. . . .

In the presence of these women, moved by their sorrow and by the disorders to which their revolt gives birth, struck by the prodigious power which is stifled and tortured in a thousand ways in these beings condemned by the Church, rebellious angels whom she has smitten low for eighteen centuries, daughters of Satan whom she has crucified in their *spirit*, being unable to crucify them in their *flesh*, demons whom she has disdained, vilified, damned, I have glorified GOD, SAINT-SIMON and MYSELF. . . .

But what is then that future which will give *satisfaction, justification*,

author in 1811 (when it attracted the enthusiastic admiration of the youthful Shelley), and into French in 1817.

* Louis Blanc, *Révolution française. Histoire de dix ans, 1830-1840*. Paris, 1843. Vol. III, pp. 128-129.

SANCTIFICATION to these eternal GENTILES whom Rome has been unable to convert and who have preferred to bow beneath the scimitar of Mahomet rather than kneel before the Cross where the flesh was martyred? What is that temple shining with riches and resounding with joy, to which religion will draw those ardent, passionate, enthusiastic hearts which the Christian priests sent, in contempt and anger, back to Satan, to punish them for not having renounced his pomp? What is that loving priesthood which shall understand what Jesus and his ministers, for all their love, did not and could not understand?

. . . One understands the truth of what has so often been said concerning the *fleshly* bastardization of the human race, since the fall of paganism and under the influence of Christianity, especially since the fall of what still remained of paganism in the Christian world, that is to say since the destruction of the nobility, of militarism and of the royal races. . . . Today humanity is in this respect in the most distressing critical situation; it bears the marks of the fasts and macerations of Christianity, and more and more it is prey to the disorders inseparable from the revolt of the FLESH against the law of a God who is PURE SPIRIT. Humanity has passed three centuries in criticizing its former *dogma* and in seeking a new *science*; it has *reasoned, discussed, argued, protested* without ceasing; the profane *spirit* has vanquished the sacred *spirit*; but it is still *spirit*, the *flesh* is deformed; humanity is ugly, it has a prodigious *head*; it is a monster like Asmodeus, which *reasons* terribly; it moves about, it talks, but it no longer loves.*

The disciples were enthralled. Henceforth, they proclaimed in their newspaper *Le Globe*, 'human affairs will be directed by beauty and love; egoism will no longer be a crime; pride and ambition, those aspects of God, will be rehabilitated. . . . Life will be dancing, joy, laughter, love.'† The dichotomy of Flesh and Spirit was extended by them into an all-embracing interpretation of politics, history and geography. 'The flesh' was equated to the principle of inconstancy, which in turn was equated to the Occident. The Orient, realm of absolutism, conservatism and 'the spirit', emerged also as the realm of fidelity in love. The two realms were at present struggling for supremacy, and the theatre of their war was the Mediterranean. Soon, however, they would be reconciled. Flesh and Spirit were about to mate, and then the Mediterranean would be their wedding-bed. To facilitate the mating *Le Globe* recommended the immediate setting-up of a network of banks and the laying of 6,000,000 metres of railway-track.‡

Nevertheless Enfantin would not take the responsibility of announcing that Emancipation of the Flesh which was to be the mark of the Golden Age. First, he declared, the new morality must be sanctioned by a

* XIV, 144, 152, 153, 160. The quotations are from Enfantin's fifth 'teaching,' on account of which he was later prosecuted.

† *Globe*, March 12th, 1832.

‡ XIV, 45 sq; and *Globe*, February 1st, 2nd, 5th and 15th, 1832.

Woman-Messiah. Although when this idea was first mooted it was perhaps merely a prudent tactical move, very soon it had completely fascinated both Enfantin and his male disciples (the women remained on the whole unmoved). Henceforth the great preoccupation of the Saint-Simonians was the *Attente*, the Awaiting of the Woman, the Cry to the Mother. Even the doctrine of free-love faded into the background. It was understood that the Coming of the Woman would itself be the great miracle, through which the world would be reborn. At all meetings Enfantin, the Supreme Father, now appeared with an empty chair beside his own: the Golden Age was to dawn when the Mother had taken her place upon that pontifical throne.

Pending that unique event all women Saint-Simonians were, to their surprise, expelled from the hierarchy of the Saint-Simonian church. At the beginning of 1832, Enfantin and forty male disciples even retired to lead a monastic life in a large house at Ménilmontant. Here total celibacy was the rule for all, even for the married; there were heartrending scenes when the men took leave of their wives, as they thought for ever. Private property was abolished: the community shared all things and did its own domestic work. If the hands of the disciples suffered, so much the better: 'When the proletariat presses them he will feel that these are calloused hands; we are innoculating ourselves with the proletariat nature.'^{*} In June the disciples ceremonially adopted a symbolic uniform designed by Enfantin: the tunic blue, for faith; the trousers white, for love; the waistcoat red, for work, bearing in front the name of the wearer, and buttoned behind to remind him of his dependence on his brethren. They also grew beards, Enfantin's being particularly luxuriant.[†] They held ceremonial festivals of work, carrying symbolic picks and shovels and singing symbolic songs beneath a symbolic flag, and watched on the one hand by selected workers from Paris and on the other hand by the police. In their idle moments they abandoned themselves to strange fantasies. Plans were made for the rebuilding of Paris and recorded in prose-poems:

Above the breast of my town, at the sympathetic centre from which diverge and on which converge all the passions, where sorrows and joys vibrate, I will build my temple, centre of life, solar plexus of the colossus. . . . MY TEMPLE IS A WOMAN! . . . Around her vast body, as far as the belt, galleries rise in a spiral, spaced out like the festoons of ball-dresses. . . . I will uproot from beside the boulevards . . . all the buildings consecrated to the ecstasies of the spirit and to the frenzies of the senses, they will move off like a troupe of male and female dancers, whose quiverings will spread to the

^{*} VII, 36.

[†] Portraits of the Saint-Simonians and relics of their uniforms can be seen, with the permission of the Director, at the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris. The immense Saint-Simonian Archives are also housed there.

very extremities of my colossus, and entwined around one another, they will group themselves around the Étoile. . . . Run then, run! All you peoples of the north and of the south, Prussians, Englishmen, Russians! . . . Come! Here the earth swells with its desire to live with the life of man; here the earth gives itself to man, like a woman to her lover. . . .^{*}

In August 1832 Enfantin and two of his lieutenants were brought to trial on a charge of offending against public morality. They were found guilty and sentenced to a fine and a year's imprisonment.[†] In December, Enfantin entered Sainte-Pélagie to serve his sentence, but amongst the disciples excitement continued to mount. It was felt that 1833, being the eighteenth centenary of the death of Christ, was destined to be the year of the Mother. Moreover, the world was full of signs: the death of Napoleon II, the plot by the Duchesse de Berry to effect a legitimist restoration, sundry volcanic eruptions, a comet – these things could have no other meaning. The Coming of the Woman was clearly imminent. Only her whereabouts was open to debate. Some argued for America, as lying outside the realm of the Father; some for Odessa, famous for its fertility; some for India, 'that land of child-bearing, where the egg has altars, where Fecundity is deified.'[‡] The matter was settled by two girls who in a trance announced the answer: the Woman-Messiah was in Constantinople.

The message was heard above all by Barrault, once chief orator of the movement. He was at once convinced. Had not the West produced the Father? 'It is enough for you, West; for you, East, the glory of giving birth to the Mother!'[§] 'Paris, Constantinople! God, on the vast keyboard of the world, has touched these two notes, and a sublime chord will spring from it!'^{||} The Mother was probably an odalisque in a harem: a new crusade must be organized to deliver her from that sepulchre. Barrault founded the Holy Order of the Companions of the Woman, with the device: 'Let us go to the Woman as the eagle to the light!' Missions were organized: one to remain in France, with its centre at Lyons; a mission of two for Cairo; the main 'Mission of the Mother,' under Barrault himself as 'the St Peter of the Mother,' to proceed to Constantinople. From prison Enfantin issued his orders for the operation: Barrault was to gather strong men about him, autocratically; they would sing a hymn to the Father each morning, to the Mother each evening. 'For you Constantinople! On the

^{*} VIII, 72 sq.

[†] A full account of this supremely comical trial is given in *Religion Saint-Simonienne. Procès en la Cours d'Assises de la Seine*. Paris, à la Librairie Saint-Simonienne, 1832.

[‡] Quoted by S. Charléty, *Histoire du Saint-Simonisme*, revised edition, Paris, 1931, p. 212.

[§] Barrault, *À Paris*, Paris, 1831, p. 1.

^{||} Barrault, *1833 ou l'Année de la Mère*, Lyon, 1833.

way, salute Rome, Jerusalem and the tomb of Byron! . . . Respect to all women, whoever they may be. . . . Salute them all, these daughters of the Orient, in my name, and aloud!'^{*} This would indeed be a mating of East and West: 'The great communion is at hand, the Mediterranean will be beautiful this year. From Gibraltar to Scutari: that burning coast rises and calls the West slumbering beneath the words of its political phrase-makers.'[†]

The mission had no funds at all, but this was no obstacle. The crusaders dressed themselves in white, took a vow of chastity and made their way from Paris to Marseilles on foot, working in the fields to earn their keep. At Lyons they were given a piano which accompanied them to Asia. Barrault made his entry into Marseilles at the head of a crowd (it is said) of more than 20,000. From Marseilles the crusaders worked their passage to Turkey. As the boat sailed from France their exultant hymns to the Woman, accompanied on the piano, sounded across the sea. Arrived in Constantinople, Barrault set up house in a ruined tomb; in the streets he greeted all women, with bared head, in the name of Enfantin. The other disciples preached Saint-Simonism at street corners, but unfortunately in French to a Turkish population. Arrested by order of the Sultan, the crusaders submitted from prison a summary of their principles, which this time they had taken the precaution of translating into Turkish. It read: 'Saint-Simon, the Supreme Father, God Father and Mother, Woman the equal of Man, art the equal of industry; . . . the Golden Age is not behind, as the poets have said, it is in front; on the day when the Woman shall speak the heavens will open, and God will be seen in His glory.'[‡] The Sultan, unperturbed, ordered the release of the prisoners.

Meanwhile Barrault had decided that the Woman-Messiah was bound to be a Jewess and accordingly launched an appeal 'To Jewish Women': 'Daughter of Abraham, pure blood of David, Ark of the final Covenant, redemptress of women and of the workers, unquenchable source of glory and pleasure, caressing Shulamite, well-beloved companion, holy spouse, appear, appear!'[§] But the appeal remained unanswered and disagreements began to spring up among the disciples. The second-in-command, Rigaud, had all along maintained that the Woman-Messiah would be found not in Constantinople, but in India. Barrault, unable to accept this view, suggested a compromise: the mission would proceed to the island of Rotumah, in Oceania, and establish there the Saint-Simonian religion

^{*} 'Lettre du Père à Barrault,' in 1833 ou l'Année de la Mère.

[†] 1833 ou l'Année de la Mère; cf. XXVIII, 144, Enfantin's letter of January 25th, 1833.

[‡] Maxime Du Camp, *Souvenirs littéraires*, Paris, 1882, Vol. II, p. 130.

[§] *Aux femmes juives*, quoted by Charléty, op. cit., pp. 212-213.

and a model government. 'The news of our happiness will reach Europe, the states will hasten to imitate us.' First, however, they would seek the Woman in Russia.* The disciples reached Russian territory, but were expelled the following day. Back in Constantinople they at last admitted defeat. The Cairo mission had meanwhile proved equally luckless. In Paris a young woman who had offered herself as Woman-Messiah had been promptly reclaimed by her mother. A mission which had been so rash, at Geneva, as to glorify the memory of Rousseau's mistress, Mme de Warens, had been thrown into the Rhône. The search had failed. In his prison Enfantin commented: 'It is a solemn mystery, the apostolic sense of which God does not reveal to me.'

So ended the Call to the Mother, the Awaiting of the Woman. In August 1833, Enfantin was amnestied and at the head of a large body of disciples joined the Cairo mission. But the days of the Woman-Messiah were over. During his imprisonment Enfantin had hit upon the idea of a Suez Canal, and this now occupied all his thoughts. Saint-Simonism returned with a jerk to the preoccupation with scientific and industrial development from which it had started out. In the next thirty years the prosperity of France increased greatly, and to this the Saint-Simonians contributed more than their share. Several of these strange visionaries proved themselves men of outstanding commercial and administrative ability. Enfantin's principal lieutenant, Michel Chevalier, became a power at the court of Napoleon III. Barrault, 'the St Peter of the Mother', concerned himself with the construction of railways in Spain and Russia. Even 'the poet of God', Duveyrier, who had been the wildest propagandist of free-love, wrote pamphlets on foreign policy for the Emperor and became an expert on the law of patents. The Crédit Mobilier was founded and staffed by Saint-Simonians. Enfantin himself did much to popularize the idea of the joint-stock company; he carried through the railway amalgamation which resulted in the *Paris-Lyon-Marseille*; in the 1840's he organized the Société des Études pour le Canal de Suez, and thereby launched the scheme which de Lesseps was later, without acknowledgment, to take over; and he ended as a prosperous and respected citizen. Long before that time the world had agreed to forget what nevertheless remains one of the most fantastic episodes in the history of quasi-religious extravagance.

* Du Camp, op. cit., p. 132.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE LATIN AMERICAN REVIEWS

George Pendle

To discuss all the periodicals that are published in the Spanish-speaking countries of America would be an impossible task. It is fortunate, therefore, that they do not all arrive regularly, and that some of them fail to reach us for months and years at a time. But there are several reviews whose punctual arrival we rely upon and whose disappearance would be regretted. Among these, is *Sur* (Buenos Aires), whose future seems uncertain. *Sur*'s patron and editor, Señora Victoria Ocampo, was only recently released from prison, having been arrested as a member of not merely one but two anti-Peronista groups: (a) the conservative 'Jockey Club', landowning class, and (b) the 'foreign-influenced', democratic highbrows. Usually these two sections of the Argentine population have little in common; but they both have reasons for disapproving of the present régime. Since General Perón came to power, however, *Sur* (to the disappointment of many of its supporters) has always been careful to avoid even indirect references to politics and the state of the nation. The cover of the issue published immediately after the death of Señora Eva Perón carried two (rather too small, perhaps?) mourning tabs.

Latin American reviews are frequently criticized by nationalists and regional enthusiasts for the amount of space which they give to contributions by foreign authors and for their neglect of local problems. An attack by the Chilean Communist, Pablo Neruda, whose lyrical poetry is admired throughout the continent, is quoted in *Sur* No. 221:

When we read the reviews published in our America, whether it be in Uruguay or Panama, we notice their cosmopolitan preoccupations, their anxiety that not a single issue shall appear without some reference to the Nazi ideology of Heidegger, or to the destructive Sartre. This is an indication of the cosmopolitanism and de-nationalization of the present leaders of South American society. The super-intellectual élite moves away from our problems and from the people's struggle. We find that reviews such as *Sur* devote whole numbers to international spies and colonialists, such as Lawrence of Arabia, and to traitors such as Drieu la Rochelle, who at the time of the liberation of Paris committed suicide rather than go to the gallows.

It is of some significance, perhaps, that when the President of Argentina paid an official visit to Santiago a few months ago, Pablo Neruda was among the Chilean cultural leaders who welcomed him: the Communist and the Peronista share certain enemies.

Many Latin Americans who are in neither of the extreme political camps wish their countries to adopt 'the third position': that is to say a position on the margin of the struggle between the U S A and the U S S R. This fact partly explains the present vogue of Arnold Toynbee. Chapters from Toynbee's *magnum opus* have appeared in a dozen or more periodicals, and the second number of the new Puerto Rican review *La Torre* contains a translation of his first two Reith lectures. It is easy to understand the attraction of these lectures for Latin Americans, who find in them evidence that their own hopes and fears have historical justification. Even those Latin Americans who are of recent European origin and who have no exaggerated nationalist sentiments, feel that Toynbee is writing as their champion when he warns 'The West':

A Westerner who wants to grapple with this subject, must try, for a few minutes, to slip out of his native Western skin and look at the encounter between the world and the West through the eyes of the great non-Western majority of mankind. Different though the non-Western peoples of the world may be from one another in race, language, civilization, and religion, if any Western inquirer asks them their opinion of the West, he will hear them all giving him the same answer. . . . The West, they will tell him, has been the arch-aggressor of modern times, and each will have their own experience of Western aggression to bring up against him.

Westerners invaded and plundered Middle and South America, and harnessed the continent's economy in the service of their own. Two world wars have encouraged the Latin Americans to seek 'economic independence', and they now have no desire to become involved in the struggle for power between the democratic nations and the Communist bloc. That contest, they feel, is a matter which exclusively concerns the peoples of the northern hemisphere. They do not consider the U S S R as a potential danger in the South, and Toynbee disposes of any qualms that they may have in this respect by reminding his readers that in the past Russia has never been guilty of aggression against the West. Professor Toynbee can thus be interpreted as advocating the 'third position'.

Authors in each of the Latin American republics are very conscious of their isolation, not only in regard to Europe but even within their own continent: usually, their work is almost unknown outside their national frontiers. This cultural parcellation has an economic parallel: trade between the Latin American republics is relatively slight, the great mountain ranges and jungles constituting formidable barriers to inter-regional commerce. There are of course certain notable exceptions to

the prevalent parochialism in literature: the poets Pablo Neruda, Gabriela Mistral (Chile) and Jorge Luis Borges (Argentina) have a continental reputation, and the two most widely diffused reviews – *Cuadernos Americanos* (Mexico) and *Sur* – are read in many countries. In general, however, the writer's audience is small and local. For this reason, in the Uruguayan weekly *Marcha* (No. 686) Manuel Pedro González suggests that it is absurd to speak as though a 'Latin American culture' already existed. 'To-day, he says, 'just as half a century ago, our intellectuals are better informed about the latest books published in France and the USA than about the literary production of our America'. The ethnic, cultural and economic complexity of Latin America has probably been underestimated by those who (since Bolívar) have proclaimed that the inhabitants of these republics are conscious of their essential unity. The local insurrections against Spain in the early decades of the nineteenth century were spontaneous popular risings, but González rightly asserts that there has never been any sign of a popular movement in favour of 'Hispanic-Americanism' or 'Latin-Americanism'. Publicists such as José Martí and José Enrique Rodó have sincerely and eloquently preached 'the American ideal', but they have failed to bring to life 'an American conscience'. Indeed, in the opinion of Manuel Pedro González, Hispanic America, in spite of a common language and religion, is composed of as many and varied elements as is Europe and, with the growth of nationalism, the various republics are becoming increasingly different from one another year by year. Therefore the local literatures are developing on divergent lines also. But the European reader, who, from his external point of view, notices in particular the qualities which the authors of these nineteen nationalities have in common, is unlikely to agree with the dictum that 'an Hispanic-American literature does not exist'.

That remarkable compatriot of General Perón's, Jorge Luis Borges, who has always had a taste for esoteric subjects, writes about isolation of another kind in one of his brief, densely-packed essays: 'The Scandinavian Destiny' (*Sur*, double number 219-220). 'The destiny of nations', he says, 'can be no less interesting and pathetic than that of individuals. . . . To have and to lose is the common fate of peoples'. Scandinavia was formerly the world's 'workshop' or the world's 'seed-pod'. The Vikings forced their way into London, compelled Paris to pay a tribute in silver, sacked the ports of Lisbon, Bordeaux and Sevilla, and invaded Northern Ireland. A Swede founded the kingdom of Russia. In about the year 1000, Scandinavians reached the coast of America. But all of these were isolated undertakings: the Vikings lacked political ambition. Within a century of settling in Normandy (to which province they gave their name) the men from the North had forgotten their own language and were

speaking French. The Scandinavian peoples have had a strange and sterile destiny, Borges concludes, and

as far as universal-history is concerned, their wars and books might just as well never have existed: everything of theirs was done in isolation and left no trace, as though it had occurred in a dream or in a fortune-teller's crystal ball. In the twelfth century the Icelanders discovered the novel (the art of Flaubert, the Norman) but this discovery was as private and fruitless as their discovery of America.

Even as Borges is troubled, cerebral and intense, so, by contrast, Juan Ramón Jiménez (the greatest living poet in the Spanish language) is serene and gentle. In the first issue of *La Torre* this wise old man (born in Andalucía in 1881) discusses the difference between 'closed' and 'open' poetry, illustrating his rambling argument with anecdotes and quotations.

Without the sea, life has no meaning. I owe my eternities to the sea. Life without the sea is a closed life, closed poetry. I do not like the Almighty and the Demon. I prefer Christ and the Devil. I am the friend of an enchanting little girl who imagines that God walks among the clouds with her black kitten, which she found dead in the street and which, said her mother, *se había ido con Dios*. Whenever I meet her I ask her: 'Well, have you seen God with your black kitten?' Sometimes she replies yes, and sometimes no. 'Today', she once told me, 'as it is such a beautiful day, the kitten was with Him'. And on another occasion when there was a great green tempest among the high clouds, with the sun shining below, she said that she could see God walking along the rainbow but without the kitten and she wondered where he had left it.

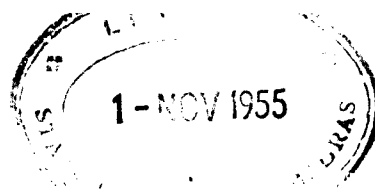
Apropos (it seems) of nothing, Juan Ramón Jiménez quotes a haunting but untranslatable popular song from ancient Spain, *La Garza Enamorada*:

Malherida iba la garza
enamorada;
sola va y gritos daba.
Donde la garza hace su nido,
ribericas de aquel río,
sola va y gritos daba.

Jiménez adds: 'I hear that girl crying in my dreams, and all the women of the people of Spain of her centuries'. In one of his recent poems (published in *Número*, Uruguay, No. 21) he appeals to God in his own very personal manner:

Sing me the song, God,
but do not explain it to me!

Número, under the supervision of the Uruguayan literary critic Emir Rodríguez Monegal, is produced with meticulous care and well-balanced judgement.



A CHILDHOOD IN THE OTHER PLACE

Naomi Mitchison

These Cambridge girls keep on writing their reminiscences, as though there was something special about Cambridge. Gwen Raverat, Margaret Cole, Sarah Campion, all out of the OTHER University that didn't even have the grace to give degrees to women till two or three years ago. When I was a girl one never went to Cambridge, in fact one hardly even went to Bletchley. And Bletchley is a lot nearer. To Oxford, I mean, naturally.

Places were a lot further away in those days, which was perhaps just as well because they could each have their own civilization, and the University Characters could flourish undisturbed. It is much harder to be a university character now. There don't seem to be nearly as many now – Maurice Bowra perhaps, but even he doesn't hang from his toes over the great gateway of Wadham. Nor can anyone nowadays have the vast area of impracticalness which was possible for a great man two generations ago. My own belief is that Maurice Bowra, for instance, can wash up as well as the next – better perhaps. But no Darwin or Postgate or Coulton male would have been able to do that.

My own father, Dr J. S. Haldane, must have been as much of a character as anyone, rather in the manner of Professor Braynstorm. He was liable to experiment all over the place. He was, I suppose, one of the last of the scientists to have his private laboratory and to do exceedingly valuable work there. Much of the apparatus was made of match-boxes and bits of elastic; but that, I think, is still true of biology; it is only the miserable physicists who have to have these vastly impressive and expensive pieces of cinema-background. My father, though, found material for his observations everywhere: permeability in a wine glass on the dining-room table, half full of sugar and water, which must not be disturbed: interesting gases in my mother's heating hay stack. I was walking with him through the parks and we stopped at the new lily pond. I was aesthetically excited by the lilies coming so clear of the richly muddy clayish water, but he was observing the buds which are floated up to the surface by – what? and how secreted from which cells? – and how to measure it in the living plant? The water lily buds come into a descrip-

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tion of the secret road in my *Corn King and Spring Queen*, but the experiment was never done, not at least by my father.

He was not what you call a good host, though a fascinating one if you happened to be, say, a young scientist struggling with ultimate whys, and when there were large noisy tea parties he used to pop his head out of the study door and rapidly disappear again like some rare animal, only coming out later for his piece of fruit cake. The host was supposed to carve, that is to say in the non-butler houses, but my father almost always left that to my mother, concentrating on whatever else of an easier nature there might be at his end of the table. 'Will anyone have any of this?' he said. 'It looks very nasty.' And, sure enough, he was left undisturbed.

His study opened into a small inner laboratory and a large outer one with the main apparatus, the chambers for studying the effects of gas and so on. They had small windows through which one could see what was going on inside and I remember well enough sitting there, watching him, with instructions to get the door open and pull him out whenever he lost consciousness. There were rows of delicious bottles; in those days I longed for a frock the colour of copper sulphate. My brother and I used to give one another whiffs of chloroform, but, sensibly enough, always standing up. When we got to the stage of needing a chair we knew we'd had enough. Breathing hydrogen was another good game, for one's voice went squeaky.

There were always friends and pupils working in that lab. In 1915 when the Germans first started using gas, and Kitchener, with that magnificent stupidity which characterized so many of his actions, called on the women of England to make utterly useless respirators, they were working full time in that laboratory to see what respirators would in fact stand up to chlorine. There was no time to do any experiments on animals; the house stank of chlorine and one after the other, my father and his assistants would stagger out, coughing hideously, sick, but determined to go back into the gas chambers the moment they could stand again. Everything woolly in the house was seized on and used for makeshift respirators, stockings and vests and blue knickers. But in the end they got it, and there was hectic ringing up of the War Office to stop sending out the useless, treacherous respirators and to get the right ones made. Every minute meant men dying in an agony which my father knew well, but which did not seem to affect the War Office or the telephone exchange. 'Damn you, I'm the Lord Chancellor!' he said, and got through.

After the war there was still much going on in the laboratory, but chlorine poisoning had done my father's lungs no good. As he got older he did more of his work in the study, which became deeper and deeper in papers. Could they, please, have the carpet up for a good spring clean?

Yes, certainly, if they did not disturb any of the piles of papers lying on top of it. The time came when he only went rarely into the old lab.; the original Haldane gas analysis apparatus was still there, and so were the chemicals. So, by that time, were my boys, with strict injunctions to ask before they used anything. My father, however, was deep in his writing and said yes without noticing. Then there would be a terrific bang, a slight loss of eyelashes by the boys, and a considerable gain of scientific knowledge.

But there were years of my childhood before the house at the end of Linton Road with the big laboratory. In those days all the work was done in the university lab., where I used to play on the floor, having delicious games with little bits of mercury. When I go back I can scarcely find that particular lab., so enormous has the network of science buildings grown. One of these new buildings was just finishing when I was in my teens. I had just made the annoying discovery that, instead of being able to walk along any edge without inconvenience to myself, whatever the grown-ups thought, I was beginning to be afflicted with height dizziness. So I thought I would walk along the coping of this building, well above the level of the trees. That ought to cure me. I managed it. But it didn't.

In those days my father was doing much of his work in connection with mine safety. Whenever there was a bad pit accident, he was sent for. He took his mine clothes, all ready packed, and his own safety lamp; by and by we would get a series of telegrams. 'All well', 'Quite safe', and each one obviously sent off within an hour or two of the others. This meant a certain degree of carbon monoxide poisoning with the peculiar loss of memory that goes with it. He developed a high respect and affection for the miners he worked with, and corresponding indignation when these men were killed through the greed and stupidity of those who made their working conditions. Often we would have miners and mine managers coming to stay with us and he knew most of the older generation of union leaders. He took me down my first pit when I was twelve or thirteen, probably because I was so furiously jealous of my brother who had already been going down with him for years! It was at Doncaster, fascinating, delicious Doncaster where we went in the evening to see a real melodrama with the audience throwing orange peel at the villain.

It was maddening to have a brother five years older than oneself who was big enough to go down a Cornish tin-mine on a man engine and big enough to go down to the bottom of Loch Fyne in a grown-up diving dress - even though it did leak at the wrists so that he was soaked by the time he came up. Big enough to do secret government work on a submarine at twelve years old. There had to be a technical assistant and Jack, naturally, could make soda lime. Was it altogether to be wondered at

when this boy, going to Eton after doing all these responsible, adult things, was hideously bullied by boys who were still at a pre-civilized stage?

I was also, of course, jealous of PRETTY little girls in pink frilly frocks. I never seem to have worn pink. The one really satisfactory party thing I remember was when I was Little Boy Blue at a fancy dress party. I had a horn, of course, and didn't I blow it! Jack, however, was made up with brown grease paint, smelling and tasting most pleasant, and had a real turban wound on to him by an Anglo-Indian cousin. Still, he didn't have a horn.

That was in Edinburgh where we usually went at Christmas so long as my grandfather - my mother's father, that is - was alive. It was bitterly cold, one's knees got chapped with the cold in spite of, or perhaps because of, gaiters, and there were enormous paving stones with cracks between them that one absolutely must not step on. One used to be lifted up to look over the Dean Bridge; people kept on jumping off and killing themselves, or so I supposed. Now it has a horrid little railing along the top to prevent people doing just that. Perhaps it has been put up by the Gas Board who prefer the citizens of Edinburgh to use gas ovens.

I must have been there quite a lot in summer too, because I remember always dragging my nurse along to see the flower clock, which is still there, I am glad to say; also still there are the puffs of lovely grey smoke from the trains which I liked so much but which must be less nice for those living directly above the railway. Edinburgh was very different from Oxford in those days when every town still had its own life and its own colour. The fishwives still came to my grandfather's house in Randolph Crescent with their creels on their backs and their skirts kilted over their striped petticoats. Prince's Street was really the most beautiful street in the world in those days, before the shops started competing with one another for which could put up the most plate glass and the highest, most inappropriate front.

Oxford had not suffered much from this form of competition either, and it was definitely a market town. On market days the streets were full of cattle and I used to be kept away from the cattle market, which was definitely not nice. Our trams scarcely disturbed the academic atmosphere. Like Gwen Raverat in Cambridge, we used to race the trams. The thing that really seems odd is that, as children, we walked all the way from St Margaret's Road to the Dragon School at the other end of Bardwell Road, crossing the main Banbury Road, which is now so full of traffic that one would not dream of letting a five-year-old cross by herself. But then one would hear the slow clapping of the hooves of a horse in a hired fly, or the quick clapping of the pony in the baker's van, and it would still

be a long way off and one would be across before it came. Once on my way to school I saw a BALLOON. I ran like mad all the way down Bardwell Road and rushed screaming to the headmaster who took the whole school out to look at this incredible phenomenon.

Motor cars came a lot later, churning up the dust of the country roads. We carriage folk yelled at them: Poop-poop – yah, stinker! And then, suddenly, there was nothing else. I saved up for years and bought an aged four-wheeled pony cart and harness for my pony, which I used to drive about, quite safely, until the day when I had it full of large and heavy things for a jumble sale, and it came in two in the middle, depositing my poor governess on the gravel. It was days before I really stopped laughing.

I expect my governess added quite a bit to her own education while she was supposed to be teaching me. She added little to mine. I learnt a lot at the Dragon School, but became hideously conceited, I expect; much of the time I was in a minority of two or three girls to a hundred boys, and naturally it was up to us to beat the majority, which we did because on the whole we were picked and the boys were average. Equally, it was up to us Agnostics to be better than the professed Christians, and to think very hard about morality, a habit it is difficult to get out of. This business of being Agnostics is something which people don't take seriously nowadays; it was different then. We had Montefiore's *Bible for Home Reading* which had all the dirty bits left out – however I read them with great avidity in the unexpurgated Bibles in Scotland. We had Huxley's *Lay Sermons* which were a kind of super pi-jaw. We didn't go to church in the normal way, but we did sometimes go to evening services at New College because of the music; even with the superb organ there and all the things to look at, I was madly bored, as presumably everyone is bound to be when they are completely unaware of what the thing is really about. I was of course an un-baptized bairn, but that didn't matter at all because dear Professor Alexander adopted me as his god-child, which he could not have done supposing I had really been christened, because he was a Jew. So that was all right.

Up at Cloan, at my other grandmother's house, we had something of a Sabbath. Sometimes we duly went to the kirk, and the interesting thing was that we did not always go to the same one, but to wherever Granniema thought that the Word was best preached. It was a two-mile walk, down the glen and up on to the ridge of Auchterarder, the long straggle of grey one-storey houses where the Disruption took place. That being so, there was no lack of a variety of kirks. There was also the main drain, going down the two sides of the street. Drainage was installed when I was a child, with a sewage plant which I was duly taken to see

and typically enjoyed. The services were less interesting. But family prayers on the Sabbath evening were full of incident. We would be engaged in some secular occupation like draughts. Bang-bang-boom went the enormous gong in the hall and everything was hastily shovelled away out of sight. Then in came the men servants carrying two plush-covered benches, while the family arranged themselves dourly on the arm chairs and sofa. Mrs Cook came in, wearing black, then the butler, my uncle's chauffeur (who was, I think, a Plymouth Brother but came in to these doubtless unorthodox prayers out of respect for his employer) and the various members of the household, in order, down to the lassie who was the current scullery maid. My aunt went to the piano and we sang a hymn, mostly the minor ones for which I still have a penchant: Sun of my Soul and As Pants the Hart. Then the senior male member of the family read a chapter and improvised prayer. My father did not hold with this, and read prayers out of a book, but he always read them in such a surprised voice that it sounded as if he was making them up. When my brother was a senior boy at Eton he used to improvise magnificently, though I should think the audience may have been a little surprised. If there was no male present my aunt read the chapter; I always used to hope that some day it would be me; I love reading the Bible aloud – some of it, anyhow. But that never happened.

On the Sabbath we were supposed, when we were children, to read suitable Sabbath books. As these included all Bunyan – *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War*, with illustrations to make your hair stand on end – and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we didn't do badly. But there were long and complex games of croquet which went on for days and days between us and the Foswell cousins; on the Sabbath we weren't supposed to play croquet. Instead we climbed up the roof of the vinery and stole grapes, a thing we would never have dreamt of doing on a week-day. Most of them used to be eaten in the lower branches of the lime tree, but I was a very bad climber and so was my cousin Archie; we used to stand underneath whimpering till they threw us down a few to stop the grown-ups hearing.

The other definitely naughty thing we did at Cloan was to chase the peacocks, partly because of the magnificent noise they made and partly to get the feathers. We scrambled about the roofs, of course, and burrowed into the big dog kennel. And, laudably enough, had exciting rat hunts with all the dogs, and the big St Bernard acting as long-stop; when we got the rats we threw them into the big sty and the old sow used to gobble them up; I can still see her with rat's tails hanging out of her mouth at each side.

I am not sure how good for children this completely non-religious upbringing is, or, shall I say, how good it is for *all* children. I might have

had less terrifying nightmares if I had been able to have the solace of saying a prayer at night. But, equally, one cannot teach children to do a thing one does not believe in oneself. Yet there must be something to keep the unprotected young out of the grip of devils and witches and archetypes, and making the kind of compact with them which would, at another time, have led to stake and gallows. As a child I was so deeply animist that I can't help feeling that is the normal thing to be. Everything had its character and the character was almost always threatening, something which had to be propitiated. Among the really terrifying things were the pigeon-house on a pole in the garden of St Margaret's Road – and I am sure this pigeon-house was put there mainly for the pleasure of the dear children – the metal finials on the roofs of most houses in North Oxford, and of course the knobs on my cot and various pieces of furniture. I can't now remember the quality of my fear of the finials, though I know it was there, but I am not very far even now from the old feeling about certain chairs and clocks. Some of the things could be propitiated easily and with a short ceremony. There was the De Morgan tile with a hoopoe on it. Here, all I had to do was to stand in front of it and say 'I am afraid this hoopoe will eat my dolly' and then everything was all right. But with some of the other powers it was not so easy. I wonder how much the child of to-day has this type of fear; or has it more rational fears, of atom bombs and such?

Perhaps the average North Oxford church-going would not have helped at all. From the outside it seemed formal and much occupied with bazaars. The bazaars of my own childhood seemed to be mostly in connection with such bodies as the Victoria League, and one often found fascinating colonial products for sale in them, sugar cane, for instance. It was probably a Victoria League bazaar that I was collecting for when my governess fell through the pony cart. I know that among the jumbles there was a little jug with a motto: Adventures to the Adventurous. I picked it out and bought it for twopence, deciding then and there that this was to be my own motto. Oddly enough, it has stood me in good stead ever since.

CHARLES DICKENS AND WOMEN

Jack Lindsay

I

An interesting development in our post-war literary scene is the way in which Charles Dickens has kept on coming into the picture.* Between the wars he was largely written off as a faulty and sentimental writer of genius with an unbalanced comic gift; and E. M. Forster could complain, without voices being raised in contradiction, that his world was an external three-dimensional one. But of recent years there has been an increasing sense that a writer who, for instance, meant so much for Dostoevski and Strindberg, is only to be described as lacking in psychological depths at the critic's peril. Barker Fairley wrote of Goethe's *Faust*, replying to Santayana's complaint that the hero did not develop, 'The development is in the poem as a whole, not in its supposed hero.' In the same way, in Dickens's novels we must look for the psychological definition, the artistic grasp of conflict and movement, not in any single character but in 'the poem as a whole'.

Once we make this sort of approach, we can understand why Bernard Shaw insisted that *Little Dorrit* was more revolutionary than *Das Kapital* and how the world of *The Old Curiosity Shop* needed only a sort of sharpening in the focus of the artistic lens to merge with the world of *Crime and Punishment*. We realize that Dickens was a very complex personality, both in art and life, and that his great comedic powers did not operate in a Chestertonian vacuum of gusto and could not have found expression without the powerful moral and emotional judgements which unify his works. This unifying element, a desperate effort and need to grasp life at the very heart of its suffering and exaltation, in turn provides artistic depth and subtlety. You can no more catch a novel of Dickens within a single frame of analysis than a play of Shakespeare; when you have said everything from one angle, you find that you have to begin all over again. I do not mean by this comment to elevate Dickens to Shakespeare's level; but I do wish to indicate the great poetic vitality and richness of his work, which we are now only beginning to discover.

One danger of the new line of approach is to substitute for the music-hall comic a demoniac figure driven by unapprehended compulsions.

* Biographies by Una Pope Hennessey, Hesketh Pearson, Jack Lindsay, Julian Symonds—and now Edgar Johnson's huge work.

Julian Symons, with his description of Dickens as a manic-depressive type, perhaps shows this danger most clearly; but it is liable to beset anyone who, while realizing something of the deep unifying intuitions in Dickens, ignores the large amount of hard and penetrating thought which went into the total product, along with the symbolic imagery.

The new approach to Dickens has begun to some extent through interest in the man rather than the work. The two writers who may be said to have done far more than anyone else to stimulate this interest are Thomas Wright* and Edmund Wilson, an oddly-assorted pair. Wright fastened on to the clues of Dickens's affair with Ellen Ternan and thus succeeded in exploding an effective bomb under the Dickens Myth - a myth which was far more than a projection of Dickens as an all-benevolent father. The false picture of Dickens relied on a false conception of his relation to Victorian society; hence the deep-seated resistances of the old type Dickensian to the new evaluations. In turning the myth into a human being the new criticism involved a series of thorough-going reconsiderations of the relations of art and society, and of the nature of Victorian society itself. Wright was fairly innocent of the consequences of his act; it was Wilson who made the first full exploration into the troubled spirit of the aging Dickens, in his essay in *The Wound and the Bow*.

It has been perhaps characteristic of our period that many of the great writers, who had seemed to lose their power of impact, have been rediscovered as persons: Byron and Shelley, for instance. There is nothing against this procedure unless it tails off in mere gossip mongering, in a game of psychological hide-and-seek, as it has tended to do with Byron or Ruskin. But there is no reason why the biographical approach should not lead to renewed insights into the purpose and achievements of writers whose work has gone stale in terms of the conventional judgements that have become mummy-wound round it. Some of the recent work on Browning, for example, promises to help us towards a better penetration into his creative process as well as his personal conflicts.

The relations of Dickens with women have a special interest in that the revelations about Ellen Ternan have been in fact the point of main argument between the old and the new interpretations. And there can be no doubt that in Dickens's relations with women we get an important

* I knew him slightly, a grave, kindly and patriarchal sort of figure who seemed to belong rather to the world of Cowper (his other great interest) than of Dickens. I owed to him the unlikely honour of once delivering an address on Blake from Wesley's pulpit near Bunhill Fields. Wilson started off from a critique of Ralph Straus's and T. A. Jackson's work: the latter a pioneer effort to relate organically Dickens's political thinking and his artistic method. The 1930's also saw the Nonesuch edition, which began the work of collecting Dickens's Letters.

clue both to his own deepest inner conflicts and to his social attitudes - hence in turn to his artistic problems and resolutions. The attitude to the family is important enough in all epochs; in the Victorian world it stood at the heart of all social thinking. In Dickens's acceptance and rejection of the family, as understood in his world, he worked out one of his central problems, a problem which pervaded his emotional imagery, his definition of people and society, at all points. That was why his breaking-up of his family-life and his alliance with the young actress Ellen Lawless Ternan were no mere casual event, no trivial whim of resentment and desire, but something that touched the inmost core of his discontent and his hopes, personally, socially and artistically alike.

The results are to be read in *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend* and *Edwin Drood*. The ghost of Mary Hogarth, taking incarnation in the series of child-women, is exorcized; there is no doubt whatever that the deep guilt-conflict which had been uttered in that series was ended, given an effective emotional and artistic objectivation, when Dickens acted a 'guilty' relation instead of suffering from the desire to act one. The unacted desire had kept him on uneasy peace-terms with Victorian society while tormenting him with forbidden images; when he broke through, he found another torment awaiting him, but he had to some extent projected his inner conflict in act and found the release that enabled him to move towards a more directly realistic grasp of the nature of his world and his place in it.

In 1855 he had written to Forster, 'Why is it that . . . a sense comes always crowding on me now, when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?' This deep inner loneliness had many ingredients; but he inevitably focused it in sexual terms. Our whole interpretation of his life and work thus depends on the way we grasp and analyse his sexual revolt, its full implications for his work and his attitude to society.

II

Only a lengthy analysis of his life and work can hope to deal with these problems at all effectively and convincingly. The most I can do here is to point out what seem to me the main lines along which we can best approach the subject. Apart from his mother, who at least ended as something like his ruthless picture of her as Mrs Nickleby, the two figures who seem to have most strongly affected his childhood were his sister Fanny and the nurse Mary Weller. That his desire to engross the affections of Fanny in place of his more evasive mother had very deep roots can be shown from many of his writings, perhaps most clearly from *The Haunted Man* and *The Child's Dream of a Star*, both written while he was deeply

moved by her recent death. The first tale directly confesses his inner split by its main theme: a chemist visited on Christmas Eve by his spirit double. The two halves of the man discuss what has wrecked the man's life, and decide that the causes have been the callousness of parents who excluded him from their love, and the death of a sister who had devoted herself to helping him on in life. The sister's death has turned his success into a tragic failure. In the second tale Dickens sets plainly out a fantasy of brother-sister union. The Star that the children have watched becomes the sister as she dies; the brother, a married man, sends into it the various members of his family as they too die, and then enters into it himself in death. In the Sister-Star the whole family is reunited.

The direct relation to actual childhood-experience is not in doubt. Forster tells us, 'His sister Fanny and himself, he told me long before this paper was written, used to wander at night about the churchyard near their house, looking up at the stars; and her early death . . . re-awakened all the childish associations which made her memory dear to him.'

The trail of this Star can be traced much further in his work; but at a glance we can see how *The Child's Dream* yields us a strong clue to the reason why the image of the child-woman, the dying girl, had such a shattering effect on Dickens, gathering all his deepest fears and hopes, his sense of homeless solitude and of family-reunion.

Mary Weller, the nurse-girl, who used to tell his fairy-tales and yarns, is a less morbid figure. He gave her name to the characters who established his fame in *Pickwick*; and when he chanced on another Miss Weller in 1844, at a concert in Liverpool, he was haunted by her 'angel face' and promptly fell in love with her. 'What a madman I should seem if the incredible feeling I have conceived for that girl should be made plain to anyone. Her face will be always in my sight.' Reluctantly he yielded her to his widowed friend Thompson.

No doubt he was not at all clear what he meant or hoped by the sudden 'madness' in which Miss Weller welmed him; but it is equally clear that the girl somehow awoke a deep childhood-image which threw him badly off his balance. If Fanny led to the anguished guilt-fantasies of Little Nell, Mary Weller led in due time to Ellen Ternan. The publications of the letters between Mary Weller and Dickens in 1906 caused a considerable scandal among Dickensians and prepared the way for the disclosures about Ellen.

III

With the strong concentration of his imagery of loss and union in family terms, it is not surprising that the two sisters of his wife played such an important part in his emotional life. Without some such background

as that given by the analysis of *The Child's Dream*, Dickens's terrible reaction to the sudden death of his wife's sister Mary is inexplicable. He had a bad breakdown and was haunted for long years by the girl's image – in fact as long as the spell of the child-woman held him. 'After she died, I dreamed of her every night for many months – I think for the better part of a year . . . always with a kind of quiet happiness, which became so pleasant to me that I never lay down at night without a hope of the vision coming back in one shape or other. And so it did. I went down into Yorkshire, and finding it still present to me, in a strange scene and a strange bed, I could not help mentioning the circumstance in a note I wrote home to Kate. From that moment I have never dreamed of her once, though she is so much in my thoughts at all times (especially when I am successful, and have prospered in anything) that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is'. He yearned to be buried at her side.

Yet this young girl had played only a slight part in his life. When he was married in April 1836, he had a short honeymoon – perhaps the only days when his wife ever had him quietly to herself. On returning to London and their rooms in Furnivall's Inn, he had his brother Fred with him and then Mary, who was aged about sixteen. In May the next year she died of a sudden attack. She seems to have been a pleasant amiable girl of no particular talent or character; but so strong was Dickens's need for the Sister-Star, and so strong his recoil from anything like genuine intimacy with his wife, that she left a deep-branded effect on his life. Her death seemed the end of all hope.

In 1842 the third sister Georgina, then aged fifteen, was incorporated into the family, where she stayed till the bitter end – and bitter indeed it must have been to her. Dickens felt that he had regained at least a part of Mary. 'I trace in many respects a strong resemblance between her (Mary's) mental features and Georgina's – so strange a one at times, that when she and Kate and I are sitting together, I seem to think that what has happened is a melancholy dream from which I am just awakening. The perfect like of what she was, will never be again, but so much of her spirit shines out of her sister, that the old time comes back again at some seasons, and I can hardly separate it from the present.'

In such a situation what hope had the unfortunate wife Kate, who lacked powers of self-assertion, to establish any close relations with Dickens? For him she was merely a social symbol and an actual bed-fellow, the wife, while her sisters claimed the individual face of love.

Dickens's inner agitation and discontent before such a false situation kept asserting itself. The divided selves of the hero of *The Haunted Man*

were embodied in the social Wife with whom no real harmony or union was possible, and the ideal Sister who held the dream of happiness, of a bond that the world could not break.

But this division of spheres, based in the split self of the Haunted Man, could not truly solve the problem, which needed a fusion of the broken halves and a more objective relation to reality. So we find that Dickens keeps breaking out in ebullitions of semi-fantasy, semi-revolt, as in the case of the Miss Weller of Liverpool. He writes in a mock-serious vein to his women-friends, exploding in joke-form the emotions which he fears and yet nurses. 'I am very miserable. I loathe domestic hearths. I yearn to be a vagabond,' he writes to Mrs Cowden Clarke. 'Why can't I marry Mary? Why have I seven children. . . . I am dying for excitement . . . Oh, Memory, Memory!' He sends a drawing with a pierced heart to Mrs Watson. 'I am in such an incapable state, that after executing the foregoing usual flourish I swooned, and remained for some time insensible. Ha, ha, ha! Why was I ever restored to consciousness?' This kind of high spirits shades off into hysteria, as when, during the preparations for the Queen's wedding, he let go in a wild series of japes.

I saw the Responsibilities this morning, and burst into tears. The presence of my wife aggravates me. I loathe my parents. I detest my house. I begin to have thoughts of the Serpentine, of the Regent's Canal, of the razors upstairs, of the chemist's down the street, of poisoning myself at Mrs. —'s table, of hanging myself upon the pear tree of the garden, of abstaining from food and starving myself to death, of being bled for my cold and tearing off the bandages, of falling under the feet of cab-horses in the New Road, of murdering Chapman and Hall, and becoming great in story (SHE must hear something of me then — perhaps sign the warrant, or is that a fable?), of turning Chartist, of heading some bloody assault upon the palace. . . .

And so on. At times the fantasies suddenly drove him into mock-action, as when one evening at Broadstairs he rushed a girl Eleanor to the edge of the jetty with his arm round her and held her out till the water came up to her knees, declaiming wildly, ' . . . the lovely E. P. drowned by Dickens in a fit of dementia! Don't struggle, poor little bird; you are powerless in the claws of such a kite as this, child.'

IV

There was no woman he treated with more respect than Angela Burdett-Coutts; and yet, as his inner revolt grew in the late 1850's, we find a strained note of gaiety intruding, 'Beauty and the Beast are therefore united, amidst the cheers of thousands as they are in the story.' She is the Beauty and he the Beast.

Professor Edgar Johnson's edition of the Letters between Dickens and Miss Burdett-Coutts enables us to get their relationship into full perspective.* In his Introduction he makes high claims for Dickens's letters in general and these in particular; and though we may agree that Dickens has been much undervalued as a letter-writer and at his best has an interest and vividness all his own, Professor Johnson goes too far in saying that his collection reveals the 'whole man'. (The American edition was entitled *Heart of Dickens*: a misleading phrase happily corrected in the English.) But certainly here we find an important aspect of the man and the book is a valuable addition to Dickens scholarship.

There was much about Angela Burdett-Coutts to interest Dickens. The daughter of one of the most courageous and outspoken of the early Radicals, she had inherited the fortune of her banker grandfather in 1837 and set herself a number of philanthropic tasks. Through the latter she became closely associated with Dickens. When almost sixty-seven she married a man of twenty-eight and lived until 1906.

The venture which brought Dickens into long and intimate connection with her was her project of Urania Cottage, a refuge for reclaimed prostitutes and other unhappy women, who were ultimately given a chance of aided emigration. Dickens enjoyed working for such a woman as Miss Coutts and the work itself deeply interested him; the many letters in which he details his inquiries about the candidates for the Cottage and his efforts to settle the various troubles that occurred there, are of first-rate significance for the understanding of his character. They show a mixture of tenderness, astuteness, thoroughness, wisdom, and sternness. After the aims and methods of the reclamation-process have been settled, he keeps carefully within the fixed bounds and treats all cases with the utmost unsentimental sympathy. At first he is rather careful to tone down some of his opinions for Miss Coutts; but as the relationship gains in confidence, he lets out his deepest emotions and thoughts, and describes powerfully how he feels the lot of the wretched women to be bound up with the central workings of the social system which has broken them. Here indeed we touch the Heart of Dickens in the truest sense of the term. We meet too the Dickens of what he calls 'nightly wanderings into strange places,' of the driven quest into the dark places of the city and of the soul; and at moments, the deep poetry of his emotion of estrangement and indignant pity:

No more roads than in an American swamp — odious sheds for horses, and donkeys, and vagrants, and rubbish, in front of the parlor windows —

* *Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts, 1841-65*, edited by Edgar Johnson, Jonathan Cape, 25s. The editing is thorough, though somewhat effusive in its comments.

wooden houses like horrible old packing cases full of fever for a countless number of years. In a broken-down gallery at the back of a row of these there was a wan child looking over at a starved old white horse who was making a last meal of oyster shells. The sun was going down and flaring out like an angry fire at the child – and the child, and I, and the pale horse, stared at one another in silence for some five minutes as if we were so many figures in a dismal allegory. I went round to look at the front of the house, but the windows were all broken, and the door was shut up as tight as anything so dismantled could be. Lord knows when anybody will go into the child, but I suppose it's looking over still – with a little wiry head of hair, as pale as the horse, all sticking up on its head – and an old weazen face – and two bony hands holding on the rail of the gallery, with little fingers like convulsed skewers.

Professor Johnson tries to argue that after the break-up of Dickens's marriage there was no collapse of the relations between Dickens and Miss Coutts; but is quite clear that she was extremely upset, made several efforts to reconcile the parties, and could not return to the old basis of friendship.

V

The increasing strain of the marriage can be read in several episodes, such as that of Mrs de la Rue, the wife of a Swiss banker, who was haunted by phantoms with veiled faces. Dickens hypnotized her and became so involved in the treatment that he was even called up in the middle of the night to hypnotize her out of an hysterical ball into which she had wound herself. 'I only knew where her head was by following her long hair to its source.' He went on treating her under olive trees, in vineyards, at wayside inns, till his wife Kate objected.

Georgina was proposed to by Augustus Egg, the painter, but refused. Dickens wrote two years later to Miss Coutts, in September 1853, saying that the problem keeps besetting him 'until it will persist in ravelling itself out on this paper.' He cannot make up his mind whether Georgina ought to have married Egg: 'whether it is, or is not a pity that she is all she is to me and mine. . . . That Georgina had earlier made some sort of declaration to him is proved by a cryptic passage in a letter to Mrs de la Rue, 'I have left the matter where it was; trusting to its wearing itself out, on her part, in due course.'

Again when his youthful love, Maria, now Mrs Beadnell, wrote to him in 1855 he was thrown into an exalted and fluttered state. He replied without telling his wife:

My entire devotion to you and the wasted tenderness of those hard years which I have ever since half-loved, half-dreaded to recall made so deep an impression on me, that I refer to it a habit of suppression, which now belongs to me, which I know is no part of my original nature, but which

makes me chary of showing any affection even to my children except when they are very young.

Maria suggested a rendezvous in Paternoster Row. He replied that 'he was a dangerous man to be seen with,' being so well known – especially in the Row. But he wanted to meet her first alone and gave detailed instructions how to call on a day when his wife would be out.

These tactics are not necessarily those of a man planning an affair, but they reveal a state of mind in which the idea of an affair is certainly not far distant.* All through these years we feel Dickens on the edge of an action which he half-toys with in fancy and yet never squarely confronts. The revenge he took in debasing the Maria-image from Dora to Flora shows how much he had emotionally staked on the reunion.

How terribly he felt closed-in is defined for us by the series of jail-images that issue from the period: the direct jail-pictures of Manette and Dorrit, the family-house as jail in the case of Mrs Clennam and Miss Havisham. With Dorrit the imprisonment is the source of a social shame that brings him down and is fused with the economic wreck of Merdle; with Manette it is the cause of a deep spiritual collapse, a subtle alienation of self, which demands retribution and fuses with the wrongs of a whole people. With Mrs Clennam the enclosing house represents all the privations and distortions of a society felt to base itself on money-getting and a repressive puritanic ethic; with Miss Havisham the inconsolable wound of memory which paralyzes life and issues in revenge-fantasy is set out. The profound significance of this succession of images for Dickens can hardly be in doubt; they reveal with remarkable clarity how he built universal symbols out of his personal pang. When we realize this point, we understand why the idea of *The Tale of Two Cities* gripped him in the midst of his break from Kate, born from his determination to escape from the dark walls at all costs.†

* There is clearly more to be found yet about the gallivantings of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, their relations with the 'periwinkles' whom they picked up. My own feeling is that such goings-on (mentioned in such of the letters as are available in the hyperbolic terms that can mean anything or nothing) did not go very far, but helped considerably in loosening the grip of the reigning moral taboos on Dickens.

† The falling house as the emblem of social crisis and breakdown can be traced through *Bleak House* to Dickens's childhood. Tom-all-alone's in the novel (the very title of which uses a house as the symbol of society) is the slum-area of horror and degradation. 'Twice, lately, there has been a crash and a cloud of dust, like the springing of a mine, in Tom-all-alone's, and, each time, a house has fallen.' (This house explosion links in turn with the spontaneous combustion of the emblem of corruption, the 'double' of the Lord Chancellor.) In fact, Tom-all-alone's was an area in Chatham where as a child Dickens had seen the soldiers exploding mines to bring houses down in their training operations.

When in 1936, after some preliminary statements in a newspaper, Wright published his *Life*, the official Dickensians roundly accused him of unscrupulous muck-raking. Then Miss Gladys Storey in 1939 set out the circumstantial tale as told to her by Dickens's daughter Katie; she was at once accused of having invented the whole thing or having taken advantage of Katie's old-age maunderings. That the disclosures made sense of Dickens's life for the first time did not affect the infuriated need to deny the facts. Even the conclusive researches of Miss Ada Nesbit have met with expressions of incredulity – though the deferences of the myth have been so thoroughly sapped that they now have only a psychological curiosity.

Miss Nesbit tells the whole story of the revelations, and, among other evidences, records what Dickens wrote in passages of his letters that were afterwards heavily inked-over. Infra-red photography was the method used; and now we can read what Dickens wrote about his 'Nelly' during his second American tour to the sub-editor of his weekly, W. H. Wills.* He refused two previous offers for such tours because he could not bear to leave her; and when he did tear himself away, he kept on hoping that she would join him in the States. His memoranda record how Wills was to help Nelly if she applied to him, and give the code-detail that he was to use about her in cables. He sent regular letters to his 'Darling' through Wills, and once remarked in an agony of yearning. 'I would give £3,000 down (and think it cheap) if you could forward me, for four and twenty hours only, instead of the letter.'

Though it would be too much to hope for Dickens's letters to Ellen to turn up, there is clearly much more that can yet be brought to light about their relations. So far the details about the child that is said to have died have eluded inquiry. (When I was working on the matter, I followed up the more obvious lines of research – vainly: perhaps because there were the obvious ones.) And there is the probability that another child was born to the pair, which did not die. Miss Nesbit remarks that the efforts to conceal the trails leading to this child may have done much to create the difficulties met by all explorers of the relationship between Dickens and Ellen. In Ellen Dickens did not meet the 'one friend and companion' of his dreams, who was to solve all his anxieties. The liaison helped him to overcome much of the deep inner conflict revealed in the episode of Mary Hogarth; it ended the fantasy of the Sister-Star – but at the cost of a sharp disillusion, a violent jarring against the structure of reality, which finds its clearest expression in the character of Estella in *Great*

* *Dickens and Ellen Ternan*, by Ada Nesbit, Foreword by Edmund Wilson (University of California Press: Cambridge, 1953), 215. A concise and highly scholarly work.

Expectations. In finding himself linked with an Ellen who had at least elements of Estella in her make-up, he felt finally cornered. But he could not draw back, and from the experience he gained the new elements of realism and penetration which showed in his work of the 1860's. The shock exhausted him and drove him into the frenetic world of his readings in which he sought to salve the pang in his life and art by a direct and immediate union with his audience.

Professor Edgar Johnson in his vast *Life* lags behind Miss Nesbit, but otherwise there is little of fact or fancy about Dickens which is not considered in his thorough and expansive pages.* An academic of the kind who responds to other people's ideas without quite getting inside them, he capably reveals the general level of Dickensian studies; and together with Forster's *Life* his book is now the indispensable basis for any further advances. To examine it in detail would be outside the scope of this essay; but it may be noted that, without in any way sinking to the uncritical level of the official Dickensians, he inclines to whitewash and a somewhat enthusiastic blurring of values. For instance, he tries to clear Georgina of complicity in the breakdown of Dickens's marriage. But we can hardly doubt that the girl who had clung so hard to Dickens, and who in maturity provided him with the social shield he needed against her own sister, was serving her own ends in an unscrupulous way. Indeed the proof of her malignity lies in the way she edited Dickens's letters to remove effects of tenderness for Kate. As Miss Nesbit comments, there seems a touch of subtle malice in Kate's bequeathing to her 'the blue enamel snake-ring.' For Kate, though slow and submissive, was clearly not lacking in intelligence; her last gift seems a polite way of naming the most effective snake in her garden. But the snake had her own bitterness of failure; for, after her sister's deposition, she maintained her place only at the cost of making possible Dickens's liaison with Ellen. When the authoritative edition of Dickens's letters is at last completed – it is now well under way – we shall be able to add it to Professor Johnson's book and signal the first important milestone in Dickensian studies since Forster. Even if further detective work on Ellen is baffled, we shall still have a first-rate chance of taking stock and proceeding to something like satisfactory judgements on Dickens's achievement.

In this essay I have sought only to sketch roughly what seems to me a deep pattern in Dickens's responses to life – a line of analysis which can help us in turn to understand his creative method. Mr V. S. Pritchett has recently written of him as an extraordinary instance 'of self-identification'

* *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, by Edgar Johnson (Gollancz, 2 vols., £3 10s., 1953). There is much general grasp of Dickens's central social positions.

with his age. That seems to me the worst kind of question-begging criticism. A writer's age or society is never a single piece in the sense implied: Dickens identified himself with part of his society and violently repudiated another part, and out of this conflict sought to apprehend the whole. The key to this aspect of his life and work lies in his youthful years, when the Radical movement had a broad and deep popular basis which after various crises and changes began falling away. It was with this popular element (from which his first audiences had largely derived) that he identified himself; and one aspect of his creative torments lay in his struggle to maintain the early and easy conviction of a large audience going his way, in conditions where the original forms of union were failing or had failed. He fought fiercely to find the images and symbols which would truthfully express both his 'self-identification' and his deepening rejection of the way that the world was going. Here lies at least one main clue to his demoniac element; here too lies the clue which can finally help us to understand the close relation of his personal 'tragedy and triumph' to the pattern of human experience so richly defined in his writing.

THE EARNEST AND THE SMART: PROVINCIALISM IN LETTERS

Donald Davie

Some weeks ago Mr G. S. Fraser, writing to *The New Statesman and Nation* about Mr John Wain's conduct of the radio-magazine, *First Reading*, suggested that Mr Wain would have got a better press if it had been realized that he was editing that magazine in the interests of a new literary generation that was predominantly academic and provincial in its habits. This plea seemed to be liked no better by Mr Wain and his contributors than by those who had criticized their productions; but it evoked in the next few weeks a correspondence lively enough to be called a controversy if only one could have seen what it was all about. Half-a-dozen different quarrels seemed to be going on at the same time, until in a flurry of innuendo the whole thing blew over as suddenly as it had come. Yet when all the dogs had gone to sleep again there seemed to be some reluctance about letting them lie. Mr V. S. Pritchett, for instance, has recently reverted to the matter in a teasing way, as if he thinks the sudden pother was not altogether the storm in a tea-cup that it appeared to be. I am inclined to agree with him.

One of the things that bedevilled the controversy from the first was that no one seemed to distinguish between the provincialism that consists in living a long way from the capital, and the other provincialism that is as common in Trafalgar Square and Knightsbridge as anywhere else.

The provincial spirit was described by Matthew Arnold:

The provincial spirit . . . exaggerates the value of its ideas for want of a high standard at hand by which to try them. Or rather, for want of such a standard, it gives one idea too much prominence at the expense of others; it orders its ideas amiss; it is hurried away by fancies; it likes and dislikes too passionately, too exclusively. Its admiration weeps hysterical tears, and its disapprobation foams at the mouth. So we get the *eruptive* and the *aggressive* manner in literature; the former prevails most in our criticism, the latter in our newspapers. For, not having the lucidity of a large and centrally placed intelligence, the provincial spirit has not its graciousness; it does not persuade, it makes war; it has not urbanity, the tone of the city, of the centre, the tone which always aims at a spiritual and intellectual effect, and not excluding the use of banter, never disjoins banter itself from

politeness, from felicity. But the provincial tone is more violent, and seems to aim rather at an effect upon the blood and senses than upon the spirit and intellect; it loves hard-hitting rather than persuading.

On this showing the most Arnoldian of the recent disputants was Mr John Lehmann, for whom provincialism was 'one of the blights that is always in danger of settling on our literature'. Mr Fraser retorted,

Provincialism need not be a blight. I am quite willing to be taken as saying that a provincial tradition running through writers like Bunyan and Burns and Mark Rutherford and George Eliot and Thomas Hardy and T. F. Powys and D. H. Lawrence has contributed as much to our literature as a metropolitan tradition running through writers like Congreve and Pope and W. H. Mallock and Henry James and Mr T. S. Eliot and Ronald Firbank and Mrs Woolf.

But it is plain that Mr Fraser and Mr Lehmann are not talking of the same thing. Mr Lehmann opposes the provincial to the urbane, Mr Fraser opposes it to the metropolitan.

Now Arnold finds no tradition of urbanity in English literature; that is the burden of his essay *The Literary Influence of Academies*. There can be no tradition, for there are no models. Scanning the whole English prose tradition (he omits the poets, for reasons that do not seem so good in our day as in his), he can find no such model at all; Addison comes nearest, but even he is not very near. According to Arnold, in fact, the whole English tradition is incurably provincial; that is just what is wrong with it. I do not think many people to-day would agree with him. Mr Lehmann, for instance, if challenged, might produce, as models of urbanity, Jane Austen or Gibbon or Horace Walpole, or (ignoring Arnold's proviso about poetry) Pope, say, or Marvell or Prior. And however we might want to quibble about one or other of these names I don't think we should want to reject them all, as apparently Arnold would.

But if this is so, it appears that we can't mean, by 'urbanity', what Arnold means. For Arnold urbanity was 'sweetness and light'; and I think it is true to say we can't use that phrase now without a half-smile. We put quotation-marks about it. Bridges called Arnold 'Mr Kidglove Cocksure'; and we may think that a cheap gibe while still recognizing some partial truth in it. There is something wrong with Arnold's tone of voice; he is not quite central, not quite a model of urbanity himself. The names just called over – Gibbon, Jane Austen, and the rest – indicate clearly enough how the current notion of urbanity in literature differs from Arnold's notion. All those writers named are *ironical* writers, ironical in a way not covered by Arnold's word 'banter'; their irony is more corrosive than that, sharper and nearer to sarcasm.

In fact, as urbanity is understood to-day, it is connected so closely with irony that it sometimes seems the terms in current usage are interchangeable. On the other hand we are chary of giving so much weight as Arnold does to persuasion. For Arnold urbanity is above all persuasive. But we distrust writing that is persuasive. Such writing, we often say, 'has designs upon us', in a way that art has not. Persuasion, we feel (and the feeling has traditional sanction) is the province of rhetoric not of art, certainly not of poetry. We like to see the artist's power, enclosed in his work, as a well, a pool, or a point of rest and equilibrium. The power, for us, is built up inside the work, not *carried by* it. It is not a thrust or an impetus – that would be 'tendentious', which is to say, false, or at least inferior. It is just here that the non-liberal critic, Roman Catholic for instance or Communist, throws down the gauntlet – in my view, very properly. Much art, much great art, is tendentious, at least in the sense that its power not merely vibrates inside it, but thrusts outside, and in one direction rather than another. It is in that way that a great work can have the effect of changing the direction of a whole life, or of many lives; whereas a pool is there to be visited for refreshment, and perhaps can be ignored when one is 'somewhere else'.

It is this liberalism in critics – the emasculated liberalism that thinks, by practising non-attachment, to escape guilt – which explains the high price we are prepared to pay in literature for irony. Nothing is so remarkable in contemporary criticism as the way it esteems the ironical, the oblique stance; recent examples are Mr Marvin Mudrick on Jane Austen, or Professor Cleanth Brooks on English poetry. And it is not hard to see why. For no literary tool is so handy for making the thrusts and stresses inside a literary work cancel themselves out like the two thrusts that meet in a Gothic arch. Impel the reader one way, then turn irony upon him and nip the impetus short; impel him the other way, and by irony seal off that impetus too. Thus the structure rises, in stress played off against stress, vertical, intricate, and vibrantly at rest; and we like that, but what we really like is that the whole thing is not going anywhere. If it shot away on a heroic parabola, who knows where it might take us in its train? Certainly to commitment, inevitably to guilt.

At bottom this is nothing new. It is that familiar phenomenon, an aestheticism that pretends to be preserving art from the rude hands of the moralist and zealot, while in fact denying it any moral bearing at all, that is, any meaning in terms of human conduct. But the new Art for Art's Sake is more sophisticated than the old. It recognizes that in most good art there is a persistent concern with moral questions, a continual discrimination between what is thought right and what is thought wrong; its problem is, while acknowledging this insistence in the work,

and the power with which the insistence is made, still to deny that the artist has any power over us, his admirers, except as we choose to 'switch it on'. The formula which permits this is the characteristic expression by which an author is said to 'canvass' such and such a question. That is to say, the question comes up for discussion, under 'the free play of disinterested intelligence', and the more subtle, penetrating and vigorous this is, the better; but having seen all sides of the question, we are invited to come down on no one of them. The author must commit neither himself nor us. The debate is interminable and therefore inconclusive. If, when it is broken off, the author leaves us suspended in an ambiguity, nothing pleases us better. It leaves us as far as ever from any possibility of action, and hence from taking over that power which can only 'corrupt'.

Admittedly, this is to make the case against irony as vigorously as possible; and of course there are equal dangers in any plea for *littérature engagée*. Still, there is sufficient truth in these reflections to make me, for one, suspicious of an urbanity that is first and foremost ironical, its emblem the quizzing-glass. If a true urbanity should have more weight and edge to it than Arnold allows for, and if sometimes that edge can be ironical, on the other hand not all irony is urbane, and a work can surely be urbane without being ironical at all. Is Pope as urbane in the *Essay on Man* as in *The Dunciad*? Is Jane Austen as urbane in *Mansfield Park* or *Persuasion*, as in *Pride and Prejudice*? We tend to think that these writers are urbane only so long as they are ironical; and I think that is wrong.

But we can let the eighteenth century take care of itself, and agree, as Arnold wouldn't, that it is the great age of English urbanity. What happens if we turn to the present century? Who are our models of urbane writing? Lytton Strachey? Mr Forster? Mr Eliot? I would say that Mr Forster has achieved urbanity in some of his novels, though not, or not often, in his criticism. But it does not matter whether others can concur in this. What I want to convey is my conviction that in our literature since the end of the eighteenth century, urbanity has been something very rare and difficult. Mr Lehmann's comment suggests (though I may be unjust to him) a more optimistic view, in which urbanity is the norm. I am sufficiently of Arnold's opinion to think that, since 1800, most of the great English writers have been provincial in tone and spirit. Even among the great writers of this period, urbanity is rather the exception than the rule.

For, of course, as Arnold very readily admitted, a writer can be great while being regrettably far from 'the tone and spirit of the centre'. Jeremy Taylor and Burke, Kinglake and Ruskin were Arnold's examples of this. Urbanity is only one of the literary virtues, and not a cardinal

virtue, though not to be under-rated either. When a writer just can't be bothered with it, as D. H. Lawrence couldn't, or Kipling, or Hardy, we just have to see what else they have to offer that may make up for the lack of it. We stand in more danger nowadays from writers who have nothing else to offer but urbanity, and that itself a sham – from poets, for instance, who, having nothing to say, say it with all the carefully contrived obliquities of Cavafy and Laforgue and J. Alfred Prufrock and Hugh Selwyn Mauberley; or from the essayist who is always cocking an eyebrow, tipping the wink, rubbing against the reader's leg, purring that he and the reader are coyly superior persons together. Potentially better writers deceive not their readers but themselves; and, having to express some quite straightforward vehement feeling, they go to work with it as if it were devious and fugitive, only to be glimpsed out of the corner of the eye. All this comes of running irony and urbanity together – as if it were not part of urbanity to be vehement and straightforward when that is called for.

This seems rather remote from the original controversy. That controversy seemed so unreal partly because that new 'provincial' generation which Mr Wain and Mr Fletcher chose to champion has not produced any considerable body of work to which either the writers themselves or their critics can refer; from such of their productions as I have heard on the Third Programme or seen elsewhere, I get the impression of the same false urbanity, the same indiscriminate overplaying of the ironical tone, as I detect in their predecessors. I don't mean that this is all that is worth saying about them; merely that there seems to be as much of this kind of thing in their work as anywhere else, and that, from this point of view at any rate, they are not provincial, except in the sense that they think they are being urbane when they are not.

Now this, certainly, can be called 'provincialism'; and if this is what Mr Lehmann means by it, then we can readily agree that it is 'a blight'. But the names of Lawrence and Kipling and Hardy will serve to indicate that there is another sort of provincialism, not the inadvertent provincialism that comes of trying to be urbane and failing, but a deliberate preference for the unfashionable. Lawrence chose to use, in prose and poetry alike, the rhetoric of Moody and Sankey; Kipling chose to use the music-hall song and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; Hardy chose a poetic diction deliberately quaint and uncouth. Mr Eliot presents us with two more:

We have the same respect for Blake's philosophy (and perhaps for that of Samuel Butler) that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture: we admire the man who has put it together out of the odds and ends about the house. England has produced a fair number of these

resourceful Robinson Crusoes; but we are not really so remote from the Continent, or from our own past, as to be deprived of the advantages of culture if we wish them.

The last tart and pained comment is natural from a writer who sets much greater store by 'urbanity' than Blake or Lawrence, Butler or Kipling or Hardy did. And of course one can sympathize; in particular, these writers contribute nothing to the tradition – they are quite deliberately eccentrics, and bad models. Still, as Mr Eliot says, England is peculiarly rich in such eccentrics (which is why, no doubt, a central tradition is so much harder to distinguish in English literature than in French, for instance); and if Mr Fraser, when he distinguished a new generation of provincials, had really caught a glimpse over the horizon of Robinson Crusoe's grass-umbrella, then he might have made us all sit up indeed. It turned out that he meant nothing of the kind. As a matter of fact, there are such quaint worthies to be found, though it is too soon yet to know if they will come to anything; Mr Thomas Blackburn and Mr Charles Causley are two young poets knocking together their home-made furniture out of unfashionable materials – but these were not, I think, the people that Mr Fraser had in mind.

Perhaps the most amusing contribution to the discussion came from a correspondent who said it all went to show how the earnest and the smart could never agree. The tone of this letter was playful; but insofar as any lesson could be drawn from so disorganized an affair, this seemed to be a fair summing-up. I thought it rather sad. In order to be 'smart', that is, urbane, one had never to be in earnest. To be in earnest was to convict oneself of being out of touch, that is, provincial. And truly, as things are, that is what it amounts to. From Arnold's urbanity banter was 'not excluded'. To urbanity, as we understand it, banter is so central that it excludes everything else. Again, this is to over-state the case, but only for the sake of emphasis.

An example may help. Mr. Auden, at his most 'urbane', writes a poem called, aptly enough, *Which side am I supposed to be on?* It includes the following lines:

There's Wrath, who has learnt every trick of guerilla-warfare,
The shamming dead, the night-raid, the feinted retreat;
Envy their brilliant pamphleteer, to lying
As husband true,
Expert impersonator and linguist, proud of his power
To hoodwink sentries.

Out of the calculated collision of traditional and contemporary images, of literary and colloquial turns of phrase, come beams of irony, criss-crossing and qualifying traditional and contemporary, literary and

colloquial alike. In a sense the pervasive irony is the only theme of the poem, for no one is to be persuaded of anything; a state of mind is being communicated, and only irony can cope with its complexities. But what happens when the poet's state of mind is relatively uncomplicated? One answer is suggested by Mr Auden's *Depravity. A Sermon*. In the *Collected Poetry*, the author prefaces this piece of poetic prose with an introductory note:

I can only hope that this piece will seem meaningless to those who are not professing Christians, and that those who are, and consequently know that it is precisely in their religious life that the worst effects of the Fall are manifested, will not interpret it as simple anticlericalism which always implies a flattery of the laity.

'I can only hope. . . .' The author is none too confident. Plainly the piece was intended to promote something more than the old impartial irony. That, nevertheless, is all that emerges from it:

Every schoolboy knows the result. To the rebels it was destruction. The reservoirs of the Divine Wrath were inexhaustible. Nothing was signed. There was no one left to discharge so unnecessary an office. Into the fosse of Hell they fell like water.

The phrasing of each sentence is ingeniously, deliberately, comically 'wrong'. The first sentence is the most ponderous of clichés. The second is consciously naive, a turn of phrase from that schoolboy's essay. In the third the image of 'reservoirs' is deliberately unfortunate. The fourth is a piece of journalese from the political thriller. The fifth is ponderous. And the powerful literary turn of the last sentence is made to waver uneasily on the deliberately mannered 'fosse'. It is possible to imagine an appropriate context for each of these sentences by itself. But used together, each sentence infects the other until each is deliciously and slightly out of focus. Mr Auden erects, in this place and that about the paragraph, effigies of himself in various disguises, now as preacher, now as journalist, now as cheeky schoolboy, now as English poet in the grand manner. And each effigy is seen to be preposterous when set beside the others. What then can emerge from this web of interlacing ironies but a pervasive irony which relieves Mr Auden of his embarrassment in addressing us at all? That we should be able to take seriously anything which the poet should say, in any one of his rôles, is out of the question. The method generates ironies and nothing else. The irony is genuine, not the romantic irony which makes room for self-indulgence, but critical and astringent. It is therefore valuable. But nothing else, no message of any sort, can be expected. And if Mr Auden expected something else to emerge for his reader, he proves himself to be the slave of his own technique.

This is not offered as a definitive judgment on Mr Auden. In later

work he has gone some way to clearing this hurdle. But this piece, so far as I can see, is a peculiarly obvious example of a writer trying to be earnest and only succeeding in being smart. And that is a predicament by no means peculiar to Mr Auden, for it is unavoidable so long as writers are too embarrassed to address their readers at all, except in a quizzical tone. There is no need to go back to the queer old notion that, in order to be serious, one has to be solemn. But it is just as ridiculous to think that to be anything but ironical is to be quaint. While our ideas of urbanity are so narrow and so uncritical, provincialism of one sort or another will be inevitable for all but the lucky few whose habit of mind is naturally ironical. And a deliberate provincialism, such as the late George Orwell's, may be, in those circumstances, something admirable.

It will be time to censure writers for their provincial spirit when we have a notion of urbanity less tied up with the oblique stance, when the *Essay on Man* is seen to be as urbane as *The Rape of the Lock*, or *Mansfield Park* as urbane as *Pride and Prejudice*. Dr Leavis has argued that that sombre and vehement poem, Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for all that it lacks irony, yet displays wit. To understand 'wit' in so wide a sense would go most of the way to a proper understanding of urbanity.

BOOK NOTES

PUBLISH AND BEDAMNED! ('The astonishing story of the *Daily Mirror*.') By Hugh Cudlipp. (Dakers, 12s. 6d.) Mr Cudlipp has published and we must certainly damn him. His book reads as if it had been dictated in snatches by someone going round in a revolving door. In other words, he uses the 'tabloid manner' of his paper. But this is a mistake, because here he is not serving out snippets to four million readers; fundamentally, he is trying to justify the *Daily Mirror* to himself and to more educated opinion, and he would have made a better job of it if he had aimed at coherence. Of course, his mind may actually work in this way; a clot of cynicism followed by a clot of sentiment, then a shred of statistics eked out by an anecdote. But it is hard to believe that his foolishness is not assumed. So many people nowadays use their brains to live down to their opinion of their audience.

Yet some noble principles survive. An endearing and very English feature of the book is that Mr Cudlipp obviously wishes to feel loyal to the *Daily Mirror*. He would like to think of the paper as an entity, although it has changed its character several times. It began in 1903 as a paper for gentlewomen, and it is now a paper such as no gentlewoman could read, were there any gentlewomen left. But, in the following typical passage, Mr Cudlipp tries to hypostatize a proper name,

Politically, the *Mirror's* history had been chequered. To the uninitiated, or to a Royal Commission, it would seem odd that a newspaper should be launched with no apparent political philosophy in 1903, support the Liberals on and off for six or seven years, conduct a violent anti-Socialist crusade from 1920 to 1934, support a Conservative 'National' Government in 1935, and help to throw out the Tories and put the Socialists in power in the next election of 1945.

The pattern is eccentric, but the reason is simply a change of proprietorship or control; inflexibility is in any case not necessarily healthy.

A motor car does not drive itself on the wrong side of the road, or dangerously, or under the influence of drink; the licence to be endorsed or withdrawn is the driver's. A newspaper and its controller are in a similar relationship.

Now even those last representatives of innocence, the members of Royal Commissions, know that a newspaper's policy can change according to its proprietor or according to circumstances. What Mr Cudlipp could have explained to us more clearly is the strange way in which a newspaper may not reflect its proprietor's views, or the ways in which those views may change – in fact the workings of 'capitalist liberty' or 'capitalist chaos'. A newspaper is a corporate undertaking; the person who puts up the money is rarely clever or persistent enough to get all his own way. The paper's policy, like the policy of a government, is in the end a wavering line on a graph representing the conflict between the interests and personalities of the people in charge. Instead of drawing the graph properly for us, Mr

Cudlipp leaves us to work it out from the jumble of his book. We gather that the 'tabloid revolution' was, on the whole, initiated against the wishes of the proprietors. Several people were involved, but the prime mover appears to have been Basil Nicholson who, like many pioneers, was ahead of his time,

Much of the gospel, or heresy, he preached contributed to the success of the newspaper he understood but which did not understand him.

He is now rated by Cecil H. King, Chairman of the Daily Mirror Company, as one of the cleverest men Mr King has ever met. We are given a summary of the pioneer's doctrine.

What was the use of worrying readers about obscure revolutions in Bolivia if they could not sleep at night through indigestion? Was a pregnant woman, whose husband could not possibly afford her fourth child, interested in a Parliamentary debate on foreign affairs which would obviously result in nothing at all? What was the point of publishing pompous articles by avaricious big-wigs, when figures proved that nobody would read them? Did newspapers really care what their customers read, or didn't they know how to find out? Why had the profession of journalism attracted such little talent and originality? Had it ever occurred to Fleet Street that people didn't want to read anything at all?

In other words, assume that the masses are too preoccupied and too self-centred ever to take an interest in anything that does not concern them directly, or is not presented spicily, and you will achieve that 'flexibility of policy' which, in Mr Cudlipp's view, constitutes newspaper health; that is, your circulation will go up. In your general treatment of life, adopt the practical psychology of the advertiser, that modern incarnation of the Tempter, and you will make a fortune. But it would be wrong for those of us who read *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* to sniff with superiority at the sight of Mr Cudlipp, Cassandra, Godfrey Winn, etc., rushing down every hill that offers, with the biggest possible herd of Gadarene swine. People have every right to be preoccupied and self-centred most of the time, and in England the shameless vulgarity of the very popular press – private enterprise battenning on the masses – serves a purpose. It expresses, independently of political opinion, and much better than the so-called Liberal and Socialist papers, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*, that dead weight of personal interest and stupidity which is the basis of any society. It is pagan demagoguery rampant. *Vox populi, vox diaboli.*

But the devil must be given his due; he is sometimes in the right when the angels are wrong. Mr Cudlipp makes the good point that the *Mirror* was violently anti-Fascist when *The Times* was politely referring to Hitler as a 'great patriot'. The *Mirror* was also right to adopt a blatantly anti-Governmental line during the war. The most interesting part of the book is, in fact, the account of the row between the editors and the Cabinet

in connection with the various campaigns run by the paper to combat inefficiency, to correct abuses, to defend the private soldier, etc. They were, no doubt, partly silly and partly dangerous; after all, it might be said, who is Cassandra to set up as a judge of Cabinet ministers and the British war effort? Are we not living under a scandalous régime of Parliamentary democracy tempered by an irresponsible press? Baldwin, beginning the attack which was continued the other day by Mr Randolph Churchill, spoke about 'power without responsibility, the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages'. It is a fine phrase, but of course politicians too, both in and out of power, can be as irresponsible as anyone. Baldwin, himself, could on occasions lead the British public by the nose as irresponsibly as that celebrated harlot, Madame de Pompadour, led Louis XV. It is right that politicians should feel public opinion always boiling up dangerously beneath them; it keeps them on their mettle. The popular press, with the *Daily Mirror* at its head, is a vast and permanent Saturnalian orgy, a rather shabby and synthetic one, perhaps, but genuinely democratic in that it represents all the bad and a little of the good that are latent in the masses. That is no doubt why Sir Winston Churchill (as we can see from the letters quoted here) treated the *Mirror* during the war with such great, if ironical, deference.

Mr Cudlipp could, then, have defended his paper along these lines. He could have said that the *Daily Mirror*, having only one ambition, which is to please the public, is a fair index of the state of a large part of Britain. His employer, Mr Cecil H. King, claimed as much in a letter to Sir Winston, where he wrote of the tabloid newspaper, with remarkable detachment, as a 'raw, crude medium but very typical of its day'. The sad thing about Mr Cudlipp is that he is so happy to be raw and crude. It does not seem to occur to him that England would be a better place if we had a newspaper which was both popular and intelligent.

ENCOUNTER, No. I, Vol. I, October 1953 (Secker and Warburg, 2s. 6d.). We give a fraternal salute to our bigger and glossier brother, *Encounter*, who has just been brought to birth through the efforts, and at the expense, of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. There is now a London counterpart of *Der Monat* in Berlin and *Preuves* in Paris. The first number assembles many powerful English names: Stephen Spender (a co-editor with Irving Kristol), Virginia Woolf, Edith Sitwell, Cecil Day Lewis and Christopher Isherwood. France is represented by Albert Camus, and there are several contributions from distinguished international intellectuals, such as Denis de Rougemont and Nicholas Nabokov. This adds up to a very good half-crown's worth. The basic tone of the review is, of course, frankly anti-Communist; financially, the paper owes its life to the laudable American desire to support non-Communist European culture; spiritually, this

American desire coincides with an often-expressed English longing to have a good literary review which can pay its contributors adequately. The spirit and the purse have, therefore, come happily together.

They have, perhaps, not quite harmonized. Just as in *Preuves* purely French articles stand, sometimes uncomfortably, side by side with more 'European' ones, so here Virginia Woolf, Edith Sitwell and Day Lewis, who are clearly intended as the plums of the issue, have no connection with their international setting. And, apart from the glory of their names, is their presence entirely defensible? The extracts from Virginia Woolf's diaries are superb, but they will appear in any case very shortly in book form. These particular poems by Dr Sitwell and Professor Day Lewis are no more than academically proficient. The genuine core of the number is elsewhere, in Isherwood's portrait of a political leader, in Fiedler's post-script to the Rosenberg case, in Camus' meditation on a ruin in the desert, in de Rougemont's impressions of India; that is, in the pieces written outside England. However, the impact of two at least of these important contributions is muffled by poor translation. How sad to find in a review which, precisely because of its international character, should be stylistically impeccable, such jargon as

Men die in spite of themselves, in spite of appearances. One says to them, 'When you are well . . . ' and they die. I do not want any of that. (Camus.)

The kind of curiosity, always edged with fervour, that the term *exotic* evokes – there is nothing more typically Western. (de Rougemont.)

Encounter has a double task; to encourage English writing and to create a European atmosphere in English, as *Der Monat* tries to do in German and *Preuves* in French. Normally a review has only one 'ethos'. *Encounter* is coping with two, both equally difficult to manage, so that naturally its first number is only a partial success. Perhaps one ethos will have to be sacrificed to the other. Let us hope, rather, that they will be reconciled. If *Encounter* can be genuinely international without lapses into pidgin English; if it can avoid the curious blankness of *Preuves* and of international organisms in general, it will—on behalf of America – do both England and Europe a great deal of good.

J. G. W.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS OF ROMANTIC POETRY. Edited by John Wain. (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) 'Reviewers', wrote Coleridge, 'resemble often the English Jury and the Italian Conclave, that they [are] incapable of eating till they have condemned or crowned'. He had every reason to know: for if *Blackwood's*, in 1819, spoke in exalted terms of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, describing it as a poem whose images had 'the beauty – the grandeur – the incoherence of some mighty vision', Hazlitt, in the *Edinburgh*, had earlier described *Kubla Khan* – 'a mixture of raving and driv'ling' – as 'one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which

the press has lately been guilty'. Coleridge was not likely to be unduly elated or cast down by either estimate. 'Reputation', he wrote, 'has no charm for me, except as a preventive of starving': an innate equanimity which, according to Henry Nelson Coleridge, markedly distinguished him from his own literary contemporaries. Such immunity is either constitutional, as in Coleridge's case, or gained, in high fever, through exposure to the virus of reviewer's ink. It is possible to see the reaction break out in various hues over the whole body of literature, and Mr Wain, who has offered us these empurpled patches from the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and *Blackwood's*, might with equal profit and entertainment compile a companion volume of *Contemporary Reactions to Reviews of Romantic Poetry*.

'Whither then', asked Wordsworth, 'shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value?' Not, at all events, to Adam Smith, whom Wordsworth, in a footnote, labelled 'the worst critic, David Hume excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced'. With no less gusto, the twenty-one year old Byron turned upon the

coward brood which mangle as they prey, and in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* loudly cracked the whip above the 'bloodhounds' of Arthur's Seat. Shelley, on the other hand, insulated, in exile, by distance and defective communications, seems more or less philosophically to have accepted attacks on his poetry and his personal morality alike, and without making any notable attempt to modify either. Keats, too, after hearing *Blackwood's* refer to the 'calm, settled imperturbable drivelling of Endymion', and the *Quarterly* describe him as a 'copyist' of Leigh Hunt who was 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype', far from being 'snuffed out by an article', could write calmly to a friend: 'Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own Works'. This was certainly not the case with Tennyson. The denigration of *Blackwood's* in May 1832, the even more scathing ridicule of the *Quarterly* in April 1833 (which Tennyson later affirmed 'almost crushed' him) were the prelude to ten years of silence on the part of the poet: and when the silence was finally broken with the *Poems* of 1842, it was found that, submissively, Tennyson had effaced or refashioned almost every line or phrase that had earlier aroused the displeasure of his critics. ('The alterations', wrote Browning, 'are insane. Whatever is touched is spoiled. There is some woeful mental infirmity in the man . . .')

Mr John Wain, who adds this useful volume to the *Life, Literature and Thought Library*, without losing scope or range has ably contracted the

dimensions of his subject so as to meet the requirements of the student for whom the book is designed. In a small compass and a convenient format will be found some of the most salient, or the most characteristic, extracts from the critical literature of 1800-30; extracts whose value to the student is enhanced by an agreeably lucid and informative introduction.

BETTY MILLER.

PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE REGENT. Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Methuen, 18s.). Does anyone nowadays take *The Four Georges* seriously? Surely not. I rather doubt, in fact, if any historically-minded person ever did. I read it myself at the age of fifteen (at that time I set great store by truth!) and it struck me as being not history at all, but just Thackeray, and rather poor Thackeray at that. Poor, but by no means uncharacteristic. For all his work – that great and glorious book, *Vanity Fair*, apart – is soiled here and there by irresponsible prejudice, and that streak of unkindness which led him to be vulgar at other people's expense without being funny.

As prosecuting counsel in the case for and against the Prince Regent he does not, therefore, cut much ice; and Miss Stuart's portrait of the fourth George may be better judged on its own merits than as a refutation of Thackeray's. The defensive element of her most agreeably written and entertaining book is not indeed of much importance; since most of us by now have accepted the fact that George was not as bad as all that, to belabour his good points is like flogging a horse, which, if not quite stone dead, is at any rate breathing its last.

Like many other books written to-day, this one – I am sure through no fault of the author – claims to offer rather more than in fact it does. Blurbs, though still more restrained than trailers, are often misleading enough to be classed among a writer's worst enemies; and in this case the announcement on the dust-jacket arouses expectations which the pages inside it defeat.

'The obvious sources', we are told, 'have been supplemented by a mass of fresh, or unfamiliar, material; and all these elements have been combined to produce a new and vivid portrait of the most intelligent English prince since Charles II.'

Now as to the first part of this statement, I can only say that Miss Stuart produces nothing startlingly 'fresh' or 'unfamiliar' in the way of anecdote or contemporary comment, but there is no doubt that, though it may not be 'new', the portrait Miss Stuart has drawn here is vivid, and also attractive. The claim that George IV was 'the most intelligent English prince since Charles II' staggered me quite a bit, until, on second thoughts, I realized that it's probably true. But what a reflection on the monarchs who came in between.

AUDREY LUCAS.

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EDITORIAL

The recent upheaval in British Guiana raises questions which have not been exhausted by party exchanges in the House of Commons, and which seem destined to stay with us for a long time. There is a widespread feeling that, whatever justification there may be for the Government's action and for the arguments set out in official speeches and documents, something vital has been left unsaid. Nor has the gap been filled by the Opposition's understandable attempt to pick a quarrel with the Government over the issue of constitutional development in Guiana, while supporting its measures to deprive the deposed Ministers of power for mischief. These are important topics, but they do not approach the real source of uneasiness.

The issue was casually tossed into the arena by Mr Lyttleton in the Commons debate on October 22nd, when he announced that the Government was not prepared to accept the establishment of Communist régimes anywhere in the Commonwealth. Leaving aside the, probably unintentional, confusion of Imperial and Commonwealth responsibilities — there is nothing in law which gives the United Kingdom Government any right to intervene in *Commonwealth* affairs, e.g. in India or Pakistan — this doctrine is probably accepted by the great majority of thinking people; but its implications have scarcely been thought out. So far as the Commonwealth is concerned, it may perhaps be said that while such a development in a sovereign republic (or monarchy) cannot be prevented it would in fact spell the end of Commonwealth membership for the country in question and, if the process were generalized, the end of the Commonwealth as such. But what is the position with regard to territories which are now moving from colonial to semi-independent and finally to sovereign status? Here Britain's obligation to 'maintain public order' is now generally defined so as to include the orderly process of assisting the development of genuine self-government. On this assumption, anything which disturbs orderly progress towards parliamentary democracy is to be regarded as justifying official opposition and, if necessary, intervention.

This doctrine presents no particular difficulty to constitutional lawyers, and it seems to have obtained the support of popular, nationalist and

socialist leaders in the West Indies and in West Africa who do not wish to have their work confused and hampered by Communist intrigue: a West Indian labour leader such as Mr Grantley Adams in Barbados has not hesitated to denounce the former Ministers in British Guiana as a menace to democratic (and socialist) progress in this part of the world. Dr Nkrumah in the Gold Coast, having just dispensed with the services of two colleagues who showed too much interest in Communist trade union activity, may be expected to hold similar views; and being the elected leader of a nationalist movement and himself a political 'radical' he is in a strong position to enforce them. The moral position of the Colonial Office in dealing with people like Dr Jagan and Mr Burnham in Guiana is somewhat less strong, and the new doctrine still needs to be put in language to which democratic leaders elsewhere in the Commonwealth can readily subscribe. Otherwise there is a danger that the United Nations will soon be treated to Arab-Asian diatribes against 'British imperialism' in yet another part of the world – to the accompaniment of the customary silence about Soviet imperialism in Central Asia and elsewhere.

The stock answer is to say that backward territories must be 'guided' towards independence; and this is true. The trouble is that official policy may not always be successful in finding popular allies. In Guiana it has manifestly failed. There the nationalist movement, or what passes for such, fell under Communist leadership, with the result that a democratically elected Ministry – the first in the history of the territory – set about abolishing democracy and instituting one-party control. This particular issue was not foreseen in the nineteenth century, when the classical doctrine of democratic liberalism took shape; it needed the Russian Revolution to show that a small body of revolutionaries can seize power more or less democratically, and then dispense with all further hindrances to their authority. The Guianese leaders appear to have been somewhat amateurish Communists – experienced plotters would not have made so many foolish statements, or disclosed their intentions so soon – but they were in the conspiratorial tradition: their present conversion to democracy is scarcely genuine and in any case comes too late. Mr Lyttleton would, however, have done well to make it clear that British intervention must not be directed simply to the 'restoration of order', whatever that may mean, but to the defence of the essential democratic freedoms which enable progress to take place: if necessary at the expense of 'order', if 'order' is to imply the perpetuation of typically colonial arrangements. And the Labour Party would occupy a stronger position in the present

controversy if during its term of office it had done more to dramatize its own conception of democratic socialism in the colonies. Alas, it has not even tackled the colour bar. A simple administrative decree, in the exalted atmosphere of 1945, doing away with racial discrimination in African territories, would in all probability have made the present Kenyan 'emergency' unnecessary and eased the path of Central African Federation. It sometimes pays to be courageous.

So far as the Communist issue in backward countries under British rule is concerned, official doctrine should try to keep in step with democratic theory as currently understood in Europe, which has had experience of anti-democratic mass movements. The new Constitution of the German Federal Republic contains safeguards against political parties that exploit democratic freedom in order to do away with democracy. This is not a complete innovation. 'No liberty for the enemies of liberty' is an old slogan of the French Revolution. Although at times misused to justify dictatorship it is essentially a sound principle. Its application may be dispensed with in countries like modern France where democracy, contrary to appearances, is not seriously threatened; but it should always be kept ready for an emergency. The only qualification must be to remember that the *status quo* is not sacred and that there is nothing immoral about revolution – provided it leaves liberty intact. The Government would have done well to emphasize the threat of totalitarianism latent in the behaviour of the Guianese Ministers, instead of dwelling upon their hostility to the Boy Scouts and their importation of Communist propaganda leaflets which can be bought in the Charing Cross Road as well as in Bucharest. There was in fact an aura of Blimpishness about some of the official pronouncements which made people suspect that a 'Red scare' was being worked up. The suspicion was unfounded, but the impression of heavy-handed and bewildered officials trying to deal with something they do not quite understand has stayed in the public mind. We need an assurance that the defence against totalitarianism will be conducted in full awareness of the real issues.

THE LURE OF TRIESTE AND ISTRIA

Sylvia Sprigge

The Cabinet Offices in Rome bring out a monthly pamphlet of documents on various subjects mainly concerned with reconstruction, minorities, trade, education and kindred subjects. It is a small volume called *Documenti di Vita Italiana*, and the November number is entirely devoted to 'Trieste, the Free Territory and Italy'. The most serious flaw in this current number is the gap between the text of the Treaty of Rapallo (November 12th, 1920) and the next sentence which begins 'In the early hours of the morning of April 30th, 1945 . . .' Signor de Gasperi never used to forget that gap of twenty-five years, and it would have been almost unthinkable that the *Documenti* pamphlet should have left the Cabinet Offices while he was Prime Minister, simply ignoring the whole Mussolini period, especially in a matter like Trieste.

The current number of *Documenti* reflects the present mood of Italy. The whole Mussolinian period tends to be shelved. The Italian declaration of war on Albania, Greece, Yugoslavia, Britain, France and America is just forgotten. The war was lost, so that's that, seems to be the argument. 'Anyway, Mussolini was fairly acceptable to the Allies during his reign, until he entered the war, so what is there to excuse?' The Allies are openly accused of 'betraying' Italy by not occupying the whole of Venezia Giulia according to the armistice terms in 1945, and thereby 'letting' Yugoslavia into Italian cities, which she annexed or is in the process of annexing, on the coast of Istria; places like Pola, Parenzo, Rovigno, Pirano, Capo d'Istria, not to mention Fiume, Zara and the rest. The Italians forget that some 45,000 British and Allied graves in Italy, and many British lives lost at sea and in the air over Italy, prevent such an easy forgetfulness in England. In the United States the case is slightly different. There, a very large voting population of Italian origin is still courted in any New York election, and the presence of 10 million persons of Italian origin in North and South America is said to govern much U S policy in both parts of the American continent. Hence by-gones are more easily by-gones. Also there are 30 million Roman Catholics in the United States: a strong link with Rome, stronger than anything of the kind in Britain. This partly explains the absurd attempt by the Mayor of Trieste, Signor Bartoli, to divide Britain and the U S in Trieste after the recent riots there; but only partly.

In the last volume of Sir Winston Churchill's memoirs (as indeed in Lord Alexander's account of the Italian campaign) the possibility of an Allied landing in Istria at the end of the war is recorded. Churchill describes how he mentioned it to a most unwilling Tito in Naples in 1944, and obtained the promise of a Dalmatian port for the purpose. Lord Alexander tells how all the equipment, landing craft and supplies which he was hoarding for this enterprise had to be deviated to the landing in Southern France, which Churchill describes as, after all, of very little use in the final French campaign. This matter, I remember, was a frequent subject of conversation at 8th Army H Q at Tricesimo just before New Zealand Second Division set off on its final great expedition at full speed (but not speedily enough) to Trieste. Tito's partisans reached Trieste twenty-four hours before General Freyberg. Undoubtedly an Allied occupation of Istria would have kept Slavs and Italians at arm's length, instead of which Zone A is about as far from Zone B as Glasgow is from Paisley, or Chelsea is from Piccadilly. General Freyberg's task in Trieste would have been easy, had he met an Allied force coming up from Pola and Fiume. What we all met was a revolutionary Serbo-Croat army bent not only on annexation (annexation was proclaimed again and again on the Belgrade and Trieste wireless) of Venezia Giulia right down to the Tagliamento river, but also determined to establish a Communist régime in the annexed lands. All the various frontier lines both made and suggested after that were makeshift and inadequate. No Italian will recognize them, and because no Italian will recognize them, a big campaign against them is whipped up in Yugoslavia, as though to prove that they are all unjust, for Yugoslavia believes these lands are Yugoslav by right of conquest.

Yet Yugoslavia has done incredibly well out of the Peace Treaty with Italy. She has occupied and incorporated 2,868 square miles of territory (excluding Zone B of the Free Territory) on which 180,000 Italians lived, some of them for centuries.* To-day there are still 120,000 Italians, including those in Zone B living under Yugoslav rule, and from pretty bad experience in Zone B, calling on dozens of these families, I can say that the present-day Yugoslavia has not a notion of how to treat non-national minorities. In that respect Italy has a cleaner record since 1945. The Savoyards in the Val d'Aosta have an autonomous council, their own press and French schools. The same is true of the Tyrolese below the Brenner frontier, where there are elementary and secondary schools for all German-speaking children, and a free German press. In Gorizia and district there are Slovene schools, primary and secondary, and of course

* Cf. Paolo Canali's letter in the *Manchester Guardian*, November 6th, 1953. Dr Canali was Signor de Gasperi's private secretary from 1945-53.

ample Slovene educational facilities under A M G in Trieste which Italy will have to continue to provide. But the Italian record in these matters needs watching. Signor de Gasperi made it his business (as a native of one of the provinces won back from Austria in 1918) to see that minority rights were respected. With hundreds of Fascists returning to Italian public life the same care may not be taken.

With the failure to reach Istria (let alone Trieste) before Tito's partisans arrived there in 1945, no reasonable frontier was or could be made. It would therefore seem that to base a permanent Italo-Yugoslav frontier on what was already a quite arbitrary line would have very little chance of success, and from my own ten years' experience of the whole region, I think the outlook is not hopeful. The *Documenti* referred to above suggests by hundreds of quotations that the sea-coast cities of Istria are quite Italian. Capo d'Istria, Pirano and Isola are such Italian portlets in Zone B. Rovigno and Parenzo, now inside Yugoslavia, just south of them are just as Italian. Pola at the southern tip of Istria was the chief naval base of the Habsburg Empire. The Yugoslavs at the end of the war sprang a 'Berlin tactic' on General Morgan, suggesting that Pola remain under Allied Military administration, but that the road to it and the surrounding countryside should be under Yugoslav Military administration. Of course this proved unworkable and on two days in 1947, just before Pola was handed over to Yugoslavia, the entire Italian population, some 23,000 souls, set sail with the Bishop of Parenzo and Pola for Italy, and the more than half deserted city became Yugoslav. I have seen only one visitor to Pola since this happened, and he reported that the city had never quite recovered. The Croats in it have somehow never managed to restore its former vitality. The Italians failed to draw the Slovene and Croat peasants into the life of their Venetian-Adriatic cities. The Yugoslavs without the Italians find these cities difficult to revive.

One sometimes wonders whether one is too prejudiced in favour of the Italians and the way they run their cities. In the *Glasgow Herald* of October 24th last there appeared an article called 'Greenock of the Adriatic' by a Mr Norman Bruce, who sounded as though he were a sea captain. He knows Trieste and Fiume, one gathered, from a seaman's point of view, and was in both again a year ago. He writes that he liked the Yugoslavs he met 'and liked them a lot better than the Italians I encountered in Trieste.' But he warns those of his readers who think Trieste 'ought' to go to Yugoslavia. 'You should have a look at Rijeka (Fiume) and see what Communism has done to a fine although a smaller city . . .' he writes. 'There, what was once a mansion house has become a stable, and the clock has gone back, not forward.' He states that in a three-hour walk in Fiume he met only five men 'dressed above artisan level'. The best-

dressed were the police. There was no laughter except of small children and the agency representative came on board 'accompanied by another to watch him . . . who took away his passport in case he would have liked to do a bunk.' He ends his article: 'If Trieste must be allotted to someone, then, for her own sake, let it be to those who can maintain this princess of cities in the state to which she is accustomed.'

It is, I think, significant that the 'Berlin' or 'Pola tactics' are now being repeated by President Tito in the shape of suggestions that Trieste should have an Italian administration, while the surrounding countryside should belong to Yugoslavia. Trieste has only one main road into Italy. Such an arrangement would mean starvation, for Trieste is fed from the Po valley. The rocky rough Carso high land round the city cannot possibly feed a quarter of a million people, and the brief Yugoslav occupation of the city was beginning to spell famine in May 1945, until the first food convoys arrived from Italy.

A 'Berlin tactic' sprung on Trieste would eventually mean Yugoslav rule there unless N A T O were to pledge its forces to such an 'island', as N A T O has done in the case of Berlin. But there is no question of Trieste being handed to Yugoslavia. There never was such a proposition in any British, American or French mind. What has upset the Italians beyond measure are the two unimplemented Allied promises to seek the restoration, first of the whole Free Territory to Italy on March 20th, 1948, and now that of Zone A of the Free Territory to Italy. The throwing out of these suggestions, unimplemented and each time followed by long consultations with Yugoslavia, is galling. The lives and fortunes of nearly 300,000 people are involved in such propositions, and when the majority of those people are your blood relatives, it is possible to get extremely angry. There is another explanation of the ferocity of recent anti-British outbursts. Inside Italy, Signor Scelba's mobile police in jeeps was somewhat trigger-happy immediately after he had formed it. There were deaths among peasants trying to occupy land in Calabria. There were even deaths through police firing in Modena during a strike in 1947. There were violent debates on this subject in the new and vigorous Italian parliament, and there was police reform and very definite instructions about not shooting without full and careful warning. Italy has thus been through the fearful question of how to deal with mob violence in post-war conditions, and the Italians seem to have arrived at a middle way: at least there have been no deaths due to street rioting for a long time. That a British-trained force in Trieste should have caused deaths is therefore more than severely criticized. The dead man, the martyr, is the supreme aim of many Mediterranean demonstrations. Dead men mean great funeral processions, national mourning, a national issue. The best

governments on the Mediterranean know this, and do everything possible to avoid firing at demonstrations.

The Venezia Giulia police is large. It numbers 5,000. There is one policeman to every fifty inhabitants. But the future of this force is a matter of grave concern to itself and to the Italians. In a pair of articles on Trieste in the *Manchester Guardian* this spring it was suggested by the writer that both the Venezia Giulia police force and the far more subtle, but more ruthless, Guardia del Popolo in Zone B would have to be disbanded in any satisfactory settlement of Zones A and B. And the suggestion was made that a new division of N A T O would offer alternative employment to many of these men. It has, I think, been significant that among the many new correspondents from British papers who have been 'covering' the tension in Trieste almost all have sung the praises of the V G police. This is, I think, a sure sign of cold feet. No police force is perfect. This one has one of the worst jobs in Europe and it would be only natural if it occasionally acted wantonly. The discovery of political gangs in Trieste, 'paid from abroad' (*The Times*, November 11th), throws some light, but not enough, on the foreign interests in this dispute.

The Trieste question in this autumn of 1953 is accompanied by two quite new factors. The first is the rearmament of Italy through N A T O equipment from the United States. This has taken three years to do and at the present moment Italy has four infantry and three armoured divisions which consist of a total of 750 heavy Sherman and Patton tanks (49 tonners). Two of these armoured divisions, complete with their bridge-laying equipment, telecommunications, all supplies and mobile guns are now ensconced on the Italo-Yugoslav frontier. The question has been raised in the French press and elsewhere whether a member of N A T O can freely move its divisions about without consultation of the overall Atlantic Command. The Italian reply is that France moved its divisions to Indo-China, outside N A T O areas, with N A T O Command consent, but that France does not consult General Gruenther or Field Marshal Montgomery every time a French division moves about inside France. Having seen these new Italian divisions, I can only refer to the remark of a British tank officer who was present during the review this spring: 'Thank heavens,' he said, 'the Italians had nothing like this at Alamein.'

It is customary in England to question Italian ability to fight a long war without changing sides. There is, from all my evidence, no side to change to in this new army of Italy. It is certainly burning with resentment about Zone B and the treatment of Italians there. It vaguely knows it belongs to N A T O, but unless and until N A T O tells it what N A T O frontiers in Europe really are, it will consider the north-east frontier of Italy as its proper sphere of activity. That frontier will have to

include Trieste, and the Italian and Yugoslav armies will have to know that this is a N A T O frontier. Thus Trieste would become what Berlin is now: a concern of the twelve N A T O members. There seems to be no way of getting round this, now that the idea of a Free Territory of Trieste has been abandoned and rejected as unfeasible, economically, politically and strategically.

Beyond Trieste and Lubiana lies the famous 'Lubiana Gap', the Drave valley access to Hungary and Rumania, or from Hungary and Rumania to the Plain of Lombardy. It has been the hope of Western strategists that this gap would be defended by Yugoslavia and Italy together, in the event of aggression from Eastern Europe. Only a great deal of Yugoslav and Italian statesmanship could make this dream come true. It is perhaps doubtful whether President Tito and his immediate advisors have any desire to 'defend N A T O', especially since frontier incidents between Yugoslavia and the Soviet bloc countries have died down, and negotiation machinery has now been set up on all these frontiers (by special agreements with Hungary and Rumania this summer). The presence of some 60,000 Yugoslav troops now, in and around Lubiana and in Zone B, makes the picture in this part of Europe no more reassuring.

How has the Comintern reacted to the conflict? The news that a Communist deputy and member of the executive of the Italian Communist Party (Signor Gian Carlo Pajetta) had travelled up to see Signor Vidali, head of the Trieste (Cominformist) Communist Party, immediately after the October 8th announcement that Zone A would be returned to Italy, spelt the usual and rapid co-ordination of policies at which Signor Togliatti is a past-master. The fruits of this encounter were rapidly borne. Signor Vidali held a large press conference to the many foreign journalists gathered in Trieste. President Tito had already voiced his strong disapproval and his threat 'to march' if Italian troops, or (later) Italian administrators took over Zone A.

Vidali announced that the Communist Party stood by the Peace Treaty and wanted the Free Territory constituted under a Governor appointed by U N O, but he added, 'I can assure you that if Tito were to set foot in Trieste, the Communists here would fight to a man to prevent that, alongside their Italian comrades.' What a long way this is from Togliatti's message to the 'comrades in Trieste' to welcome the forces of Yugoslavia in May 1945, and from his announcement after his visit to Marshal Tito in 1946 that he had paved the way for Trieste to be given to Italy, while Gorizia was to be given to Yugoslavia in exchange. (Gorizia never forgave him for this and has voted pretty solidly Christian Democrat ever since.)

Communist parties everywhere have climbed several rungs of the nationalist ladder since the end of the war! Almost all correspondents have reported the mingled cries of Communists and Fascists on the streets of Rome and many other Italian cities, in anti-British and anti-American demonstrations during the last few days and weeks. The Fascist movement in Italy is much too small to raise fighting crowds for two-hour street battles without strong Communist support. Schoolboys do not fight for two hours in such a strongly Communist district as the whole area of San Giovanni, in which the British Embassy in Rome is now housed, having taken over the former German Embassy at Villa Wolkonsky. The Embassy is a good three miles from the centre of Rome, and the crowd there was reported at 70,000. I should think a good half were Communists and Nenni Socialists. Trieste is a wonderful gift to the Communist Party and to the fellow-travelling Socialist Party in Italy – too wonderful to miss. Here is a fine opportunity for anti-Atlantic pact agitation, which is of course the basic platform of the Italian Communist Party's programme.

The new Italian army, and the new Communist-Fascist common cause in Italy, on the face of it, provide the setting for a national Italian rally of all parties in another 'sacred war' for Trieste, but the 'sacredness' would be false and the patriotism would be suspect, for no Communist can be a mere patriot, and it is not the present Italian Government headed by Signor Pella which would countenance such a war. This Cabinet is still composed of Italians who know what is best for an Italy which they want inside N A T O. It is surely as important to consult them as to consult President Tito? In fact, if one were an Italian, I think the announcement of October 8th, that British and American troops were shortly to withdraw from Trieste and that it was to be handed back to Italy, could have been dispensed with. Trieste is Italian beyond any doubt. To make this declaration, and then make its fulfilment dependent on Yugoslav approval, was and is a curious failure in diplomacy. It is the second time this has happened. The same fate befell the much more comprehensive declaration of March 20th, 1948. No wonder the Italians feel they are being made fools of. They want to know why these declarations are made and not carried out, and neither Mr Eden in the House of Commons, nor Sir Winston Churchill at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, has been able to tell them. Is it United States pressure? Is it simply the costliness of the Trieste occupation? Is it both? Neither are really good enough reasons for withdrawing from Trieste. The only good reason is the conviction that this city is Italian and that it is high time it were returned to Italy.

APPENDIX

Some relevant statistics

The last non-Fascist census to be taken in the whole area dates from 1921 (before Mussolini came to power in 1922):

Population of Trieste city (1921 Census)

Italian speaking	Slovene-speaking	Other nationalities
202,373	18,088 (of whom 16,426 also spoke Italian)	18,122

Under Fascism a census in Trieste recorded that the total resident population had risen to 248,307.

Under the Italian Peace Treaty of 1947 Yugoslavia acquired 2,868 square miles of former Italian land on which the resident population was divided as follows (according to the 1921 Census):

Italians	Slovenes and Croates	Other nationalities
180,630	302,695	18,799

Since the Italian Peace Treaty 10,545 Slovenes are left in Italian territory, while 50,000 Italians live in Zone B of the FTT under Yugoslav rule. These are over and above the 180,630 which Yugoslavia acquired, and of whom the entire Italian population of Pola, and one third of the Italian population of Fiume abandoned these places when they became Yugoslav.

Since the Italian Peace Treaty came into force Trieste's budget deficit has been reckoned at an average of about 11 milliard lire per annum or £6½ million. This deficit has been paid by the Italian Treasury to A M G Trieste every year. Italy's total contribution since 1947 has been £39 million. Further Italian contributions have taken the form of investments, both government and private, in local industry, shipbuilding and oil refining. In 1927 3,628 firms were registered in Trieste. In 1953 16,694 are registered. They employ 45,953 persons. There are some 18,000 unemployed.

Trieste dockyards build 16 per cent. of Italy's shipping and the Sant' Andrea yards in Trieste construct one third of Italy's marine engines.

The new 'Gaslini' oil refinery in Trieste can refine 35 per cent. of Italy's total oil requirements. The Trieste tinned fish industry supplies 36 per cent. of the Italian tinned fish, and Trieste beer 10 per cent. of the nation's production.

The Secret Treaty of London signed by Italy, Russia, France and Britain on April 26th, 1915, in London promised Italy the Brenner Frontier, the whole of Istria, Dalmatia and the Dodecanese, in return for her entry into the war at the side of the Allied and Associated Powers.

The Treaty of Versailles confirmed most of these promises in 1919.

The Treaty of Rapallo signed at Rapallo on November 12th, 1920, between Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (later called Yugoslavia) defined the frontier which gave the whole of Istria to Italy, including Trieste, Pola and the coal and bauxite mines inland. Fiume was to be an independent state. D'Annunzio formed a 'Legion' to capture it and did so in 1920.

THE RETREAT FROM STALINISM

Richard Lowenthal

Within a few months of Stalin's death, the depth of the crisis shaking the Soviet Empire has become unmistakable. The East German rising and the fall of Beria, Khrushchev's admissions about the results of twenty-five years of agricultural collectivization, and the quiet abandonment of Stalin's gigantic canal constructions from Soviet Asia to Rumania and Poland, are only a few of its most striking symptoms. Yet Western opinion on the character and historic tendencies of the crisis, its causes and its effect on the balance of world power remains divided, uncertain, often confused. That is not entirely, and perhaps not even chiefly, due to the inevitable limitations of our knowledge of developments behind the Iron Curtain: too often the Western onlooker, caught up in the well-worn patterns of his wishful or fearful thinking, fails to notice the really significant new trends simply because they become visible in an unexpected field. Thus, discussion of Russia after Stalin has so far centred either on the changes in Soviet foreign policy, which by themselves have been rather limited, or on the struggle for Stalin's succession and the changes in the régime itself, which, having not yet led to a final and decisive result naturally leave scope for widely divergent interpretations and forecasts. Meanwhile, far too little attention has been paid to a process which though in origin quite independent of Stalin's death and the struggle for power in the Kremlin, is bound to exercise a crucial influence both on the future of Soviet foreign policy and on the internal evolution of the régime: the breakdown of the policy of super-armament under the impact of the triple crisis produced by it – a crisis of agriculture, of fuel and raw materials, and of manpower.

Let us try to marshal the evidence for the extent of this failure, and the retreat from over-industrialization which followed its recognition. We can watch the process most clearly in the European satellite states of the Soviet Union. In 1950–52 the targets laid down for heavy industry in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and Eastern Germany were again and again subjected to upward revision under Soviet pressure; in the end annual increases of 15–18 per cent were demanded in highly developed Czechoslovakia, where rural labour reserves were practically exhausted. At the same time the more moderate targets for increasing the output

the consumer goods industries and of agriculture were not reduced: the higher total demands were to be met by all-round increases in productivity, accelerated proletarianization of the remnants of the middle classes (including speedier collectivization of agriculture) and increased employment of female labour in industry. The growing burden of armaments and the rising investment rate were to be financed by increased 'economy' in production, which meant in practice higher output norms for the workers and higher delivery quotas for the peasants, so as to get from both a bigger performance for the same real income. During the summer and autumn of 1953 one satellite government after another admitted that the fulfilment of these plans had proved impossible and announced a revision. The East German Government – the one most openly and directly depending on the Kremlin – was the first to confess, at the beginning of June, that it had tried to 'build socialism' at an exaggerated speed, without due regard to the fact that the existence of the Soviet Union made it unnecessary for them to develop all branches of heavy industry by themselves. This 'exaggeration' had during the past year led to a decline in the consumer goods industries and to a crisis in agriculture, accompanied by a flight from the land, and therefore to a fall in the standard of living. A new policy was now to be inaugurated which would put the raising of the people's standard of living first; to this end, concessions would be made to the peasants and the urban middle classes, the acute shortage of food, textiles and shoes relieved by releases from public reserve stocks and emergency imports, and the plans revised to reduce the emphasis on heavy industry in favour of consumer goods, housing and agriculture. Exactly parallel admissions and announcements were made in Hungary after a reconstruction of the Government at the beginning of July. Before the end of August, the head of the Rumanian Government had admitted the same mistakes, confessed that Rumanian agriculture was still below the pre-war level, and announced similar remedies. By the middle of September, the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia stated that his Government's revised targets for the expansion of heavy industry had been over-ambitious and had not been fulfilled; it was now necessary to cut down the number of projects under construction in order to concentrate on those that might result quickly in a strengthening of the country's raw material basis. In Czechoslovakia, too, agriculture was admitted to be still below the pre-war level. At the time of writing, Poland is the only Soviet satellite in Europe that has not yet announced a general cutting down of its plans, nor admitted a widespread failure.

Turn to Russia and you find the same picture. The present Plan, covering the period since the beginning of 1951, was announced only at the 19th Party Congress in October 1952; we do not know what changes

preceded its publication, and whether the climax of the frantic drive for industrial armament was already passed at that time. At any rate, Malenkov claimed in his speech to the Supreme Soviet on August 8th this year that the targets for heavy industry were being fulfilled, but demanded a greater concentration of effort on agriculture and the consumer goods industries, in order to improve the people's standard of living; while Khrushchev, in his report to the Central Committee one month later, announced a large catalogue of concessions to the collective farmers and a big drive to transfer both experts and skilled workers to agriculture, in order to obtain a 'steep increase' in its output between now and 1955. But for our purpose the salient point of his figures is that the 1955 targets he seeks to achieve by these extraordinary measures are no higher than the original targets of the present Five Year Plan: in other words, between last October and now the Soviet leaders have convinced themselves that Soviet agriculture is lagging so far behind that big concessions and labour transfers will be needed to achieve the 'steep increase' now required if the Plan is still to be fulfilled by 1955. Obviously, then, the new policy has been introduced not in order to usher in a new age of plenty, but to overcome a severe agricultural crisis caused by the same policy of over-industrialization which has caused a similar crisis throughout the satellite states. Obviously, too, the concessions to the collective farmers can only be financed, and the workers from industry only be spared for the new rural drive, if some other targets are correspondingly reduced. Malenkov's announcement that the production of heavy goods had reached 70 per cent of total industrial output and that a more balanced relation was now to be sought, shows that the retreat from over-industrialization in the satellites is only an expression of a new overall policy practised also at the centre: the reported stopping of canal construction in Central Asia may be one of its first measures. The retreat, then, is universal. Even in China, where industrialization in the Soviet style is just about to begin, and the creation of a heavy industrial force is firmly proclaimed as the chief objective of the first Five Year Plan, announcement of the Plan has been delayed while 'over-ambitious' projects were pruned with Soviet advice.

What does it all signify? Soviet propagandists contend that we are witnessing deeds of sheer benevolence, made possible by the achievements of industrialization to date and perhaps by an increased sense of international security. In the West, the optimists see in the new policy an expression of the spirit of the new team, while sceptics wonder whether the Russians cannot perhaps afford to relax the overall armament effort because they now have the hydrogen bomb. In contrast to both, it is here argued that the retreat has been forced on the Soviet Government because

its previous policy had come up against insurmountable economic, and indeed physical, obstacles.

The internal mechanism of modern industry sets no limit to the pace of expansion if only sufficient capital is invested; therefore totalitarian governments, free to invest according to their political needs, incline to think that they can expand industry at whatever rate they like. In fact, however, the expansion of some particular industries, and certainly that of industry as a whole, is limited by natural factors – manpower, agriculture, and mining (both of coal and raw materials). None of these are static, but none of them can be increased at an arbitrary speed. If the rhythm of industrial expansion is stepped up beyond the rate of growth of one or all of these factors, be it in a capitalist boom or in a Communist plan, nature applies the brake – in the first case through a gradual increase in costs, in the second through the physical impossibility of plan fulfilment.

This is what happened in the Soviet Empire in 1952–53. In the first place, there was not enough manpower available to fulfil all the plans at one and the same time. Even in the more backward satellite states, with their traditional agricultural over-population, reserves were nearing exhaustion – in the more advanced regions the scheduled increase in heavy industry was to come almost entirely out of an increase in productivity. Yet a productivity increase of, say, 15 per cent in one year in a developed country working at full capacity is a physical impossibility – even with the worst imaginable slave-driving methods. There was therefore only one way of meeting the priority demands for the increase of heavy industry – to draw so much manpower from agriculture that the latter was seriously damaged, and at the same time to leave nothing for the expansion of light industry. As we now know from official admissions, this was the solution actually chosen by desperate administrators in all the satellite states – and evidently also in the Soviet Union itself. The flight from the land was in fact encouraged by the methods applied in the collectivization drive – yet the agricultural machinery, fertiliser and feeding stuffs which were to make the new collective farms more productive with less labour were not available, because machine building and chemical capacities and foreign exchange reserves were earmarked for other priority tasks. The result was a continent-wide decline in agricultural production – and, as so easily happens in an agriculture without reserves, one bad harvest was sufficient to turn this into a continent-wide food crisis.

Yet a further limit was imposed by the difficulty of increasing the output of coal and iron ore from given mining resources. Poland and Czechoslovakia supply between them almost all the coal for satellite

Eastern Europe; Poland's coal surplus is, moreover, her only source of free foreign exchange for buying Western goods – including Swedish iron ore for herself and the other satellites. Yet Poland's coalmining plan could only barely be fulfilled by using up to 20 per cent forced labour in the mines, while Czechoslovakia's, even with some 15 per cent of forced labour, could not be fulfilled, owing to steadily growing absenteeism until the Army's 'Technical Aid Battalions' (sons of middle-class parents and other 'unreliable' elements conscripted for unarmed labour service) were sent down the pits this August. Of the coal so precariously mined, Russia herself has demanded a steeply growing percentage – this year 20 million tons from Poland against 14 million last year – leaving less and less for export to the West; yet at the same time Russia was unwilling or unable to replace the missing Swedish iron ore by increasing deliveries to the satellites from the Krivoi Rog field. The abandonment of the HUKO project and of the Danube-Black Sea canal, the decision to extinguish half the blast furnaces of Hungary's young steel industry, find their explanation here, as does Siroky's outcry about the need to broaden Czechoslovakia's raw material basis and to cut down other projects. Faced with the crying disproportion between demands and resources, the Kremlin planners have clearly decided to shut down those steel plants which have no sound local basis of either ore or coal.

Finally, the various shortages have mutually reinforced each other through their effect on the worker and the peasant. An ill-fed miner will after some time produce less coal, whatever threats and bribes the State applies to him; a farmer who gets no consumer goods for his money will produce and deliver less, and if pestered with impossible demands will finally quit; an industrial worker who shivers in a cold room, is harassed by electricity cuts and gets poor food, will turn out poor consumer goods. The downward spiral set in and proved irrefutably that the point had been passed beyond which increased use of force diminishes the economic yield instead of increasing it.

This may seem to be labouring the obvious. All the difficulties, all the factors of crisis here enumerated must have long been known to the Soviet leaders, as they were long known to Western students of the economics of the Soviet bloc. Yet the Kremlin hesitated for years to admit that its armament targets were impossible of achievement and to revise them, while Western observers were equally reluctant to predict outright failure. Both sides seem to have been hypnotized by the notion that nothing is economically impossible for a totalitarian state whose brutal determination is undiluted by scruples; both were agreed in the conviction that the economic limits of state power are an illusion from the by-gone age of liberalism, applicable only to states old-fashioned enough to count the

cost of their policy in terms of human lives. Both with the Soviet leaders and in the West, this faith in the almost supernatural power of the totalitarian state, even if it be a power for evil, dates from the experience of the first Five Year Plan and of forced collectivization: then, it will be remembered, Stalin achieved his 'revolution from above' by the starvation and deportation of millions, and did not blink at the catastrophic decline of livestock either. To-day we can see where the parallel was misleading: from 1928 to 1933 Stalin was chiefly concerned to change once for all the structure of Soviet agriculture in order to get the peasantry into the grip of the planning machine. The primary aim was a shift in social power which could be achieved if the state was prepared not only to sacrifice millions of human beings but also to put up with severe damage to the economy. But in 1950–53 the primary aim was the quickest possible increase in economic war potential. Even collectivization in the satellites was now chiefly a means for achieving the production targets. Here, valid economic limits *did* exist – quite apart from the calculable catastrophic effect of a policy of slave-driving and planned starvation on the willingness of the East European workers and peasants to defend 'their' People's Democracy.

There are reasons for thinking that top level discussions about the possibility of a simultaneous 'turn' in both home and foreign policy began in Stalin's lifetime and were even then mixed up with manoeuvring for position among the prospective heirs. Stalin's last pamphlet itself, published on the eve of the 19th Party Congress last year, showed that the decision was in the balance: on the one hand he went so far as to incorporate the primacy of the production of means of production in the very definition of socialism and even hinted at the need to overcome the agricultural delivery crisis not by concessions to the collective farms, but by destroying what was left of their independence; on the other, his analysis of the international situation, stressing conflicts among the 'imperialists', could be used as a justification for ending the Cold War and reducing the armament effort. Yet in the last months of Stalin's life the Cold War extremists, possibly strengthened by the shock of General Eisenhower's landslide victory, seemed once more to gain the upper hand. Late in November the trial of Slansky in Czechoslovakia, who had been overthrown and arrested as the head of the extremist wing, was suddenly turned into an indictment of any past attempts at a moderate economic policy and into an occasion for an antisemitic spy scare, and the arrest of the Kremlin doctors in January was used for a final effort to create an atmosphere of war hysteria and to make continuation of the Cold War, with its attendant economic sacrifices, appear inevitable. This campaign ended with Stalin's death; and it seems now that the decisive data

showing the impossibility of achieving the Cold War economic targets, and particularly the extent of the agricultural crisis, reached his heirs just during the succeeding weeks, in the spring of 1953. The decision to end the fighting in Korea (made visible in the sudden acceptance of the Indian proposal on the prisoners of war issue which Vyshinski had still rejected in December), to release the Kremlin doctors, and to order the economic retreat, seem all to have been taken within a few weeks of Stalin's death. Since then, there have been considerable oscillations in the attempt to work out a new and more flexible foreign policy, and convulsions in the internal struggle for power inside Russia; but the economic retreat has spread from country to country, though the political accompaniment has not everywhere been the same.

II

In the outlook of the present Soviet leaders, this double decision to try to reduce international tension and also to lower domestic economic tension by a slow-down of armament and concessions to demands for a higher standard of living, seems unconnected with any change in the basic character of the régime, or in its basic antagonism to the 'capitalist' world. On the contrary, it is linked with the hope that the new policy will enable them, in 'peaceful co-existence' with their opponents, to strengthen their own position and that of the Communist movements in the enemy camp over a long period, until the next opportunity arises for a revolutionary offensive without incurring major risks. It is apparently thought that the new policy will once again consolidate the totalitarian régime in the Soviet Union and its satellite states, while the armaments slow-down will provoke economic crises in the West and while the revolutionary movements in the under-developed countries continue to undermine the world position of the Western Great Powers. The Soviet leaders believe that, to-day as in the 'twenties and 'thirties, a slow-down of armaments, a calming down, if not a settlement, of outstanding issues of conflict such as Germany and Korea, and a normalization of diplomatic relations, will serve their basic purpose better than the keeping of international temperature at a fever pitch, with the attendant constant need for an armament effort that in the long run surpasses Russia's own strength.

But this turn in Soviet policy is taking place under conditions in which the intentions of the Soviet leaders are not the only relevant factor. It is a retreat born not of spontaneous insight but out of failure and economic compulsion; it takes place in an international setting where the solution of outstanding conflicts, and hence the liquidation of the Cold War, is no practicable without major Soviet concessions; and it therefore faces the Soviet leaders with the need for extremely difficult decisions at a time

when the régime itself is in a state of flux following Stalin's death and when the issue of supreme power in Russia is not yet finally settled. The question how far the Soviet leaders will have to retreat, and how far they can afford to retreat in both economic and foreign policy in search of a détente, therefore inevitably links up with the struggle for power among the leaders, and with the as yet undecided basic question of the trend of development of the post-Stalinist régime itself.

That question arises from the unique and highly artificial character of the Stalinist régime. In the horrible 'purges' of the 'thirties, Stalin decapitated both the Party which had carried him to power and the new bureaucratic stratum that had grown up with the new society; then, radically changing the social composition of the Party, he filled it with scared and obedient bureaucrats. The result was the forced incorporation of a new upper stratum naturally tending towards conservatism into a totalitarian organization which continued to maintain and justify its rule by permanent revolution – though now a permanent revolution from above. The question now is whether this unnatural fusion can outlive its creator, or whether its elements will dissociate themselves – a process which could only lead, through a series of intermediate stages, to the end of the Party régime and the emergence of the conservative bureaucratic régime which Western optimists already regard as a fact to-day.

There are indeed powerful forces pressing in this direction. Most of the present leaders, from Malenkov downwards, have had little or no connection with the Bolshevik revolution, but have been conditioned by managerial training and administrative experience to apply to any policy the test of efficiency rather than that of orthodoxy. And these leaders have been compelled by circumstances to inaugurate their régime with a retreat – a retreat that is bound to be immensely popular with their people, but could only be accomplished by an open break with Stalinist tradition, Stalinist ideology and the most intimate tools of Stalin's personal rule. It would seem that Stalin, after a period of indecision around the time of the 19th Party Congress, in the last months of his life turned against the advocates of a retreat in economic and foreign policy. Characteristically, the final device used in his lifetime for working up the hysterical atmosphere of the besieged fortress – the indictment of the Kremlin doctors – seemed to be the immediate prelude of a gigantic new purge. The opponents of retreat must have realized that the tide of social evolution was running against them, and that only another blood-bath could preserve their power after Stalin's death. But it is significant that this time the attempt collapsed as soon as the tyrant had closed his eyes.

In order to preserve control over the enormous Soviet state machine and to ensure the co-ordination of its various branches – party, police,

army, economy, administration – despite their often divergent interests, Stalin had developed his private *Apparat*, a personal secretariat with hundreds of members, closely linked with special sectors of the civilian and military secret service. Its personnel, entrenched in every branch of the administration, controlled their nominal superiors and ensured for the 'boss' the right to intervene effectively everywhere and at any time. There are reasons to believe that the indictment of the Kremlin doctors was prepared by this machine, and that the military leaders named as intended victims of the 'doctor-poisoners' were in sympathy with its aims, i.e. were strict opponents of any retreat in economic or foreign policy. Since Stalin's death, this personal organization of his has been displaced under the slogan of 'collective leadership'. The former head of his personal secretariat, Poskrebyshchev, has disappeared; the former chief of the Party's Control Commission, Shkiryatov, has been pensioned off with a high decoration; of the military leaders glorified as intended victims of the 'doctors plot', Marshal Koniev and the former Chief of Staff, Shtemenko, have vanished without trace, while Marshal Vassilievsky, then Minister of War, now ranks after Marshal Zhukov who had been kept down in Stalin's lifetime.

If the liquidation of Stalin's personal secretariat was needed to overcome resistance to the retreat, the abandonment of important aspects of Stalinist ideology was needed to justify it. Stalin had laid it down that priority for the production of capital goods was an essential part of socialism; Malenkov admits that the predominance of heavy industry over the production of consumer goods has reached absurd proportions and promises relief. Stalin demanded that the 'delivery resistance' of the collective farms be broken by gradually eliminating what remains of their nominal independence in the market, aiming to take away the collective farmers' right to dispose of their produce in favour of some form of organized distribution; Malenkov and Khrushchev offer increased incentives to the collective farmers, lower their delivery quotas and, after years of a disastrous struggle to reduce the scope for the collective farmers' individual plots, offer special tax concessions for those plots. Stalin outlined the perspective of further development towards Communism as characterized by the gradual disappearance of production for the market, i.e. of internal trade; Malenkov pays special attention to the need to improve internal trade, and Mikoyan, now specializing in this task, proclaims the need to learn from capitalism. But the most drastic breach with the Stalinist legend so far is the release, in Khrushchev's report to the Central Committee on Soviet agriculture, of figures showing that after 25 years of collectivization, the Soviet Union has fewer cows than in 1928 and indeed fewer than Tsarist Russia in 1916. No such damaging disclosure was

needed to justify the immediate policy changes announced by Khrushchev. For that, it would have been perfectly sufficient to admit the failures of the last year or two. The deliberate revelation of a fundamental fact that had been so long and so carefully hidden only makes sense as a preparation for more far-reaching policy changes – changes which this time would not only affect prices and delivery quotas, but the structure of relations between town and country itself. As the Soviet régime in its present state could not risk to loosen the collectives themselves without fear of immediate collapse, only one such structural change is conceivable – the gradual abolition of the system of compulsory deliveries at fixed prices. There are indeed indications in Khrushchev's speech itself that just such a change is being contemplated. The peasants' surplus over and above the delivery quotas is bought by the State and the co-operative system at market prices; and Khrushchev is not only bringing the fixed delivery prices much closer to the free ones by raising them drastically, but also speaks of the need to bring the free 'buy-up' into the form of contracts, so that the Government could calculate its yield in advance and the peasant receive cash advances on it. If the present acute shortages should be overcome, such a reorganization of the 'free' buy-up would evidently be sufficient to make the forced delivery system superfluous even for a planned economy. The new emphasis on improving the performance of internal trade also assumes a special significance in this context.

The system of compulsory deliveries in Russia is as old as the Five Year Plans, and the need to enforce deliveries was historically one of the reasons for driving the peasants into the kolkhozes at breakneck speed. But Tito's Yugoslavia succeeded in abolishing the system – and thereby greatly improving its relations with the peasants – before permission to dissolve the collectives was ever contemplated, and there is evidence that the new Soviet leaders have been quietly but carefully studying the Yugoslav experiment. For instance, the East German chief planner, Leuschner, discussing ways for improving the quality and variety of consumer goods in announcing the revised economic plan, suggested a number of measures for reducing detailed administrative planning from the centre, and increasing the scope for the initiative of managements in adapting themselves to the market, which are plain copies of 'Titoist' reforms; he could not have gone publicly on record with such proposals, and received the support of the East German Party Secretary, Ulbricht, if similar developments were not already under discussion in the Soviet Union. There is, indeed, a compelling inner logic in all this. Once the exclusive concentration on heavy industry and armaments is given up, once the need is recognized to improve the people's standard of living in order to obtain better results from them, it will soon become apparent that

a simple change in planning figures, a simple switch in the direction of investment is not enough. The *methods* of planning must be changed as well, in order to take account of human beings as they are. But the logic is compelling only when the dogmatic shell has been broken and eyes are opened to take in the evidence of daily experience, as was the case in Yugoslavia after the break with Stalinism. In Russia, the break is still far from being fundamental, but the pressure of events tends to deepen it. In the Soviet press to-day, technology tends to replace ideology; managerial proficiency, proved by results, is the test for the good Party man. But no ruling totalitarian Party can live without ideology: if the present leaders destroy the old dogma without putting anything in its place, they may save the people of Russia – but only by preparing their own ruin.

One thing, however, is certain: the road back from totalitarian dogmatism, the road of further relaxation and experiment cannot be smooth. The stalwarts of Stalinist orthodoxy, the irreconcilables of the permanent revolution and the periodic purge, have been defeated for the time being – they have not been destroyed. The weight of traditional authority, the institutional experience of a foreign service trained in Cold War tactics and an intelligence service steeped in uncompromising hostility to all 'capitalist' states, are on their side; so is the will to survival of the vast machine of propaganda and terrorism, both at home and in the satellite states. Some of the odd quirks of satellite policy, like the revival of Church persecution in Poland just now, or the publication of long articles in praise of Stalin's 'Short Course of History', and even of Zhdanov, in Eastern Germany, so bewildering to the Western onlooker, may be expressions of the resistance of these elements; behind the usual screen of outward conformity we may imagine them biding their time, waiting for the failure of the new masters, hoping for a chance to strike back. Above all, there is one sphere of Soviet policy in which this resistance seems still strong enough to prevent an effective and consistent implementation of the 'new course' and which may well become crucial for its entire fate: foreign policy.

How is one to explain the fact that a government which is in urgent and compelling need to achieve a relaxation of international tension should hesitate to make a fresh attempt at a settlement of outstanding questions? There seem to be two reasons for this, which we may sum up as Western rigidity and Western disunity. The settlement of the German and Korean questions has by now become extremely difficult, and even the most favourable compromise conceivable now would from the Russian point of view mean a costly and visible retreat; moreover, American policy, under the influence of American public opinion, shows little inclination to negotiate any compromise at all. On the other hand, such a costly and difficult settlement seems no longer necessary to the Russians

in order to achieve a relaxation of tension – for they find that the end of the Korean fighting, combined with their minor peace gestures, has already been sufficient to bring about resistance to continued armament in the West and to loosen up the Western diplomatic front.

If this analysis is correct, Western rigidity and Western disunity may prevent us from gathering the fruits of present Russian weakness – a double weakness caused by economic failure and by the crisis of the régime – at a time which otherwise would be ideal for 'negotiation from strength'. What is more, by preventing a real liquidation of the Cold War now, we may strengthen those elements in Russia who want to go back to Stalinist orthodoxy and the atmosphere of the besieged fortress, and weaken the forces making for the loosening of the Party régime. But what is the alternative? Should we keep sending conference invitations to the Russians which they reject? Should we offer them concessions at a moment when they are weaker than for years? Should we avoid everything that might 'provoke' them, for fear they might turn Stalinist again?

No. Unconditional 'softness' in dealing with the Soviet Government is as useless as unconditional 'toughness', and may be more harmful. The real problem is not to make concessions to the Russians, but to offer them a way in which they may obtain a settlement by making limited but real concessions to us. The Soviet leaders have been weakened; they have not been defeated. They are due for a retreat; they are not due for surrender. They need a relaxation of tension, and for once need it even more urgently than we do. They should be clearly told that they cannot obtain it by just sitting back doing nothing for a while, but that they can obtain it by consenting to a settlement which advances the frontiers of freedom at their expense – and that we are ready at any time to negotiate with them the exact price.

Now it is in the nature of all negotiated settlements that their results are limited and not total. But this does not mean that they are deprived of dynamic potentialities. There is no reason why the dynamism of success and failure, of advance and retreat, should not work in favour of successfully advancing democracy, as much as it worked in the past in favour of successfully advancing dictatorship. At a time when the Soviet régime is forced to retreat before its self-inflicted economic difficulties, when its need for an international détente is urgent, when its shell of dogmatic self-assurance is cracking and new forces make themselves felt under the surface, a negotiated advance of democracy may be the starting-point for repercussions of the greatest moment, both in the satellite empire and in the Soviet Union itself. It is the task of Western diplomacy to make that first step forward possible.

SOME SOURCES OF MODERN EUROPE

Franz Borkenau

I

The visitor to Rome may spend some time before he discovers that the church of S. Clemente, near the Lateran, contains a number of mural paintings belonging mostly to the ninth and the eleventh century, respectively; some minor pieces are believed to date from the eighth and the tenth century. They are well-known to students of Byzantine art, but their significance for the transition from Byzantine to Western civilization has not been fully appreciated, doubtless owing to the regrettable specialization of historical research which invariably breaks down at the essential points of cultural transition not classified under any conventional heading. At first sight one is tempted to query the accepted dating, especially of the earlier pieces; so violently do some of them contrast with the hieratic immutability of Byzantine sacred art. Yet few works of the period can be dated more unambiguously.

The most important of the earlier paintings, an Ascension of the Virgin, represents, on its left fringe, Pope Leo IV (847-55), with his name next to the figure and a green quadratic 'nimbus', familiar from Byzantine iconography, round his head. This piece, therefore, belongs almost exactly to the middle of the ninth century. Now the historical significance of this painting lies, to my mind, in the depicting of violent passion in a sacred story: a revolutionary innovation of far-reaching significance. This approach does not extend yet – as indeed it will not extend until the Romanesque period – to the divinity itself. At the top of the picture we see the traditional Byzantine Christ, young and masterful, sitting immobile on his throne, surrounded by floating angels; directly underneath him, Mary is standing erect in the sky, her wide-opened arms raised in a gesture of prayer and adoration which might be taken directly from a Catacomb painting of the third or fourth century. But what movement in the representation of the Apostles! True, they still fall into two sharply divided and roughly symmetrical groups of six each (the group on the left being much better preserved than that on the right). But the symmetry is no longer geometrical or formal. It is a symmetry of inner experience only, in the sense that, in each of the two groups, three of its members gaze upwards to behold the apparition (one of them so as almost to break his

neck), while one averts his face, one covers his eyes and one, in looking towards his companions, stiffly raises his right arm to point to the wonder. On both sides the Apostle who averts himself dominates the group. His position focuses the attention of the spectator. Deeply bowing, so as to cover in part the bodies of his companions, he raises his left hand to his heart, as if seized by a sudden attack; gesture and expression reveal that so much glory is intolerable to his mortal frame. The same is true of the one who shields his eyes, and also of the Apostle pointing upwards with his arm. But this arm, by reaching out like a signpost from the level of the earth to that of heaven – this arm which is, as it were, torn upwards, disrupting the zonal segmentation of the picture, resembles a trumpet-blow announcing the end of secular existence, the approach of a new aeon.

The Assunta of S. Clemente thus represents the climax of a development which started in the beginning of the eighth century. Previously, Roman art had been entirely dependent upon models from Ravenna and Byzantium. The independent development starting round A.D. 700 has more than one source. Rome had for centuries been intermittently quarrelling with Byzantium concerning theological questions. The latest of these quarrels, the monotheistic dispute of the seventh century, was, however, the first which led to a prolonged ecclesiastical rupture, while at the same time the Islamic onslaught weakened Byzantium, and the Byzantine bureaucracy in Italy was virtually replaced by the rule of local feudal lords. Towards the end of the seventh century the theological rupture was mended, and in the beginning of the eighth Byzantium finally repulsed the Arabs. But the breathing-space was short, for the iconoclastic movement had already started, and in A.D. 726 iconoclasm was proclaimed official policy in Byzantium. It is well known that Rome reacted violently, this time simultaneously in the religious and in the political field: Pope Gregory II, at the head of the Italian militia, led an open revolt against the Empire. His successor, Gregory III (731-41) appealed to the Franks for help. Rome thus exchanged its Eastern for a Western allegiance. And at the same time iconoclasm, in the field of art, deprived Byzantium of all those artistic activities which might have served as a model for Rome.

These facts amply explain why Rome, during the eighth century, became independent in the artistic as well as in the political field. They do not explain the development which led up to the Assunta of S. Clemente, a work not inspired by Italian regionalism but by a spirit entirely different from that of Byzantium. It is the thesis of this paper that this new trend cannot be understood without reference to the contents of the theological debates of the age, debates which are still reputed absurd and unintelligible but which in fact have a meaning accessible to our modern understanding.

II

The monotheletic dispute, which marks the real point of rupture between Rome and Byzantium – though Byzantium in the end accepted the Roman doctrine, thereby once more restoring formal relations – was originally an extension of the monophysite controversy, which in its turn was the basic issue inside the Eastern Church. Did Christ in His person unite two natures, the human and the divine? Or was He wholly divine, even in the flesh? The monophysites, the partisans of the 'one person, one nature' thesis (or of some similar but diluted formula), at bottom denied the significance of the Incarnation. Their adversaries upheld it. The dispute went right down to the problem, central to Christian religious experience, whether Jesus had actually suffered, physically and morally; whether, therefore, the acceptance of suffering could have a divine, hence a paradigmatic, character. Art necessarily interprets the problem much more graphically than dogma. Whereas Byzantium in the end, after much wavering, accepted the 'two natures' formula, thus driving Egypt, Syria, and Armenia into heresy, Byzantine art rejected any representation of the suffering Christ. Here Christ appears exclusively as the *Autocrat*, the youthful or mature, but in any case powerful and mighty Ruler in His glory, and all those depicted with Him, be they saints, emperors or bishops, acquire something of the same stately immutability and splendid majesty. Even in this form, pictorial representation of Christ remains somewhat suspect, and there exists a tendency (deriving, of course, from Catacomb art) to replace the figure of Christ by the symbol of the Lamb or that of the Cross (with, incredible as it may seem, *no* Christ on it). Martyrs, too, appear only in their glory, bearing the instruments of torture in their hands as signs of triumph.

The monotheletic dispute restates the monophysite controversy in almost identical terms, with this difference that for the general problem of the 'two natures' there is now substituted the rather narrower problem of the 'two wills' in Christ. Clearly, if Christ had had only a divine will, totally identical with that of the Father, He could still have suffered physical pain but not moral conflict. The Mount of Olives, the anguish of the Cross, dissolved into irrelevance. Now it is, I think, important to realize that the new formula, which to the Christian East might seem a milder version of monophysitism, was to Rome a particularly obnoxious one. For to a Roman the notion of *voluntas* was central. It was inherent in the fundamental notions of Roman law, the core of the Roman administration, the whole Roman way of life which the Church had inherited. A human nature in Christ deprived of human will appeared as something blasphemous, a kind of repulsive doll. The protagonist of the Roman viewpoint, Maximus Confessor, insisted above all on the importance of the

moral conflict within Christ. How otherwise could the temptation in the desert have had a meaning? Rome, in proclaiming the full human nature of Christ, 'completely God, completely Man', insisted upon the positive religious value of the human person, capable not only of being saved but also able to do something to save itself. Few incidents of the period are more characteristic than the decision of the Synod of Constantinople in A.D. 682 (the so-called first Trullanum) which enthroned the Roman viewpoint as dogma, at the same time prohibiting the symbolic representation of Christ and insisting upon his representation in the flesh. It is against this background that the iconoclastic movement, which erupted almost immediately afterwards, must be understood. The question of the ikons was the question of accepting or denying the divine element in the flesh.

It would be a mistake, however, to see the human will, which was now accepted as a positive religious value, in the light in which the modern world regards it. Maximus Confessor was himself a Byzantine who had found a new abode in Rome – the not infrequent example of the man who, in breaking with his native civilization, becomes the protagonist of a rival one. Yet, again quite typically, he carried a great deal of the Byzantine heritage with him. Compare him to some authentic Roman, let us say Pope Gregory the Great, and one quickly realizes that the latter's casual use of the notions of free-will and personal responsibility has no counterpart in the writings of Maximus; to say nothing of the unceasing effort of will so emphatically preached centuries later by the Miltons and Bunyans of Puritanism. Maximus has left a 'Tractatus Asceticus' which shows that human will, to him, was entirely a matter of negation. The asceticism he preaches is summed up in the one virtue of loving one's enemies, and that virtue can indeed be achieved, but only by a total repudiation of the love of the world for the sake of the love of God. Will, then, can exert itself only in denying itself. It is characteristic of this attitude that in the ascetic treatise the only being which appears to be endowed with dynamic energy is the devil, whereas God is in possession of the stable, unchanging qualities of strength and power. This philosophy clearly derives from the pre-Christian doctrine, both Platonic and Aristotelian, which regards immutability as the essential quality of the divine, and from its Christian amplification identifying change and changeability with the state of sin and with actual sin. In Maximus' teaching this doctrine has been joined to the Roman concept of human *voluntas* in such a way that the will appears as an essential instrument of salvation, but only in so far as it is necessary to lead man out of the realm of mutability, where alone free will can have a meaning.

To these theological concepts the Roman art of the eighth century

provides a close correspondence. Its development can best be studied in the remains of Sta Maria l'Antiqua, on the Forum, which contains mural paintings from the fifth or sixth to the eighth century, and is well known to art historians and tourists. The theological significance of its paintings, especially those of the later phase (which, incidentally, have their counterpart in some smaller Roman churches of the period) has not to my knowledge so far attracted attention. Yet it is there that we find, dated from Pope John VII (705-7) the first direct Occidental representation of the Crucifixion, though it is not yet a Crucifixion in the later Western sense. Christ is on the Cross, but only symbolically, surrounded by a host of angels bowing down before Him in graceful and harmonious gestures, whereas lower down an immense human throng, so thick that the movements of individuals are indistinguishable, looks up to Him. The angels are very Byzantine, but the human throng is an innovation. Christ on the Cross, even in this symbolic interpretation, is a revolutionary conception. Nothing of the kind had been envisaged by the Trullanum decisions fifteen years earlier.

If this symbolic representation of the Crucifixion still remains timid in its attempt to convey a new religious experience, its unrestrained representation was not long in coming. In the Quiricus chapel of Sta Maria l'Antiqua, which dates from the middle of the eighth century (probably a little earlier rather than a little later), Christ on the Cross is represented in the full Western sense, in a fresco dominating the whole room. The moment chosen is that of Christ's death, when darkness falls over the earth. Above the Cross we see sun and moon, as it were, taking flight. The expression of Christ is impassive. He is suspended on the Cross without any sign of previous suffering. John, too, stands stiffly on the right, whereas the Virgin, on the left, shows faint traces of emotion. Next to the Cross we have the two soldiers, one on each side, driving their spears into Christ's body, the blood and water gushing out. Here then we are suddenly transferred from the Eastern to the Western sphere of pictorial art; we are confronted with a subject which would still have been depicted in much the same way in the nineteenth century.

Colour and design, too, call for comment. The sky is dark-blue, spreading an atmosphere of intense gloom over the whole scene. In this the fresco hardly differs from the mosaics of the period, characterized as they are by the almost complete abandonment of the luscious green so predominant in the Ravenna mosaics. But the function of the gloomy colouring of the Crucifixion of St Quirinus differs from that of the still very Byzantine mosaics of the period. In their case, the dark colours produce an effect of solemn immutability beyond both joy and grief; in the Crucifixion they reflect the terrible darkness of a tragic moment, also

represented by the simultaneous 'flight' of sun and moon. The gloom, in the mosaics of Sta Prassede or Sta Maria in Dominica, is ontological; in the Crucifixion of St Quirinus it is dynamic, hence tragic. Let us remember that centuries later Western drama begins to unfold with the passion plays. Here again we can grasp, visually, the transition from Eastern to Western civilization. Byzantine mural paintings of the late sixth and of the seventh century are characterized by a gradual reduction of the colour scheme. In contrast to the mosaics, which more and more approach (without ever fully reaching it) a two-colour setting, dark or golden background against white or brown figures, the frescoes of the period are gradually reduced to various shades of a nondescript brown. Simultaneously, the limbs of the human figures atrophy, as if embodying the nothingness of all flesh; the rich vestments of the Ravenna period are reduced to rigid, almost sack-like hues segmented by equally rigid folds. The total spiritualizing of the relevant part of existence, which is the essence of the monophysite world view, cannot but express itself in the almost total desincarnation of the irrelevant, the material part of existence, to the point where pictorial art almost ceases to depict anything.

We shall not be surprised to find this trend violently, though still clumsily, reversed in the Crucifixion of St Quirinus. The Cross there stands against two rocks which are depicted in violent green and purple, respectively, adding another element of grim contrast and fierce passion to the gloomy background. Mary is in blue, though John and the soldiers still wear different kinds of brown. The folds are rigid, but the vestments are wide and the lines indicating the folds are broad. The figures are still stiff, but no longer disembodied. Suffering here takes the place of glory, sharp contrasts appear instead of an ever more monotonous harmony, reality usurps the place of symbolism, dynamics the place of statics. But the new dynamics do not express themselves in physical movement. Through the colour scheme, they reflect directly an inner experience: another basic element of Western thought and art has thus come into existence.

III

Historically, 'nothing comes out of nothing.' The most revolutionary innovator is always starting from something against which he revolts, and whose features are, albeit negatively, reflected in his work. Where the gap between the old and the new seems too wide, or where the new seems not opposed to, but disparate from, the old, we shall suspect the presence of a second, as yet undetected, influence. It is of course a mistake to treat historical development simply as a series of 'influences', disregarding the tutelage of every piece of human creation. But it is equally thoughtless to make some absolute spontaneity the source of all that is new, whereas the

essence of the historical process lies in the work of each new generation developing a new attitude: new not in relation to an empty world but to what has been handed down to it. The sudden emergence of the fully-developed representation of the Crucifixion, in the absence of any Byzantine models, at first sight seems unintelligible – such a development should take centuries, not decades. The search for possible models, however, discloses the existence of almost exactly the same pattern of representation in Syrian art. It is no doubt surprising and at first a little puzzling, but the fact seems to be that the great transition which brought into being some of the essential elements of Western religious experience and art is due to an exchange of Syrian for Byzantine models.

These models were well-known in Rome. One of them exists in the *sacra sacrorum* of the Lateran: a representation of the Crucifixion identical, but for the colours, with that of St Quirinus. Only, in the Syrian piece we have the traditional three crosses, where the creator of St Quirinus, presumably so as to concentrate the effect, has left out the two sinners. The Syrian piece is painted on the inside of the cover of a wooden casket containing relics from Palestine which was in the possession of Pope Leo III – the Pope who crowned Charlemagne. The latter event of course took place half a century after St Quirinus was covered with frescoes, but experts date the Syrian piece to the beginning of the seventh century. It was certainly not an isolated piece. We know that while Byzantine art consistently represented the divine only in its immutable glory, Syrian art never abandoned the representation of the Crucifixion, and its pictorial works quite generally represent passion, and care much less for æsthetic harmony.

In comparing the Syrian with the Roman piece one can see that Rome has made certain concessions to the Byzantine viewpoint. The soldiers in the Syrian piece drive their spears violently into Christ's body, while in the Roman piece they perform this action timidly, as it were. In the Syrian piece, too, the body hangs limply from the Cross, dragged down by its weight, revealing in the artist a knowledge of the real physical effects of crucifixion; in the Roman piece, the arms lie parallel to the wood of the Cross, so that no physical effect of the torture, and in consequence no indication of suffering, is visible. In the struggle against Byzantium the Roman artist has found an ally in the mind of the non-Hellenic East, but he seems still to shudder before its implications.

If this analysis of the situation seems far-fetched, let it be remembered that the first half of the eighth century saw a succession of Popes from the East. Gregory III, who called in the Franks as an ally against Byzantium and the Lombards, was himself a Syrian. His successor Zacharias (741–52), in whose Pontificate the paintings of St Quirinus should probably be

placed, was another Easterner, and his Pontificate proceeded under the towering influence of the tradition of Gregory III. That a Syrian Pope, in his insurgence against Byzantium, should have turned to his native country for spiritual support can hardly seem surprising. Besides, the affinity between the Syrian and the Roman approach was real, at least in what divided them from Byzantium. The Antioch theological school, regardless of the many internal divisions which finally reduced it to political impotence within the Roman Empire, was united in a realistic approach to the Christian tradition, insisting upon the underlying historical facts, stressing the human aspects of the person of Christ (Arianism had its origin in the Antioch school), rejecting an entirely symbolical interpretation of the Gospels. Closer contact between Rome and Antioch might have brought out deep differences in the interpretation of the human will (in both Christ and man), but that was not to happen. In the matter of representing religious drama, and in particular Christ's suffering, Antioch and Rome thought along parallel, if not identical, lines. Only at a later stage, represented no longer by the paintings of S. Maria l'Antiqua but by those of S. Clemente, were the ways of Rome and those of the non-Hellenic East to part. Before this occurred, however, there was a period of very marked Syrian influence upon Roman art, revealing Rome's still unrelieved incapacity to express fully what was forming in her womb; yet Rome was all the time drawing nearer and nearer to this goal, with the help of the Syrian tradition of depicting realistically, not so much the outward movements of the body analysed by Hellenic and Roman sculptors, but the inner movements of the soul. More subjects are now relieved of the taboo imposed upon them by the Byzantines. Dependence on the Syrian viewpoint increases, but dependence upon immediate Syrian models is lessening, or at least it would seem to be so; too much of Syrian art is lost to allow of definite conclusions in this matter.

We find an early specimen of the new art, preceding even the St Quirinus Crucifixion, in a fresco representing the Mount of Olives. It dates from the Pontificate of Gregory III. Since the taboo on such scenes was not remotely as strong as that upon the Crucifixion, the presentation of the event is much more uninhibited. Nothing remains of the harmony of posture and movement invariably sought by the Byzantines. Jesus, clad in a robe of glaring red, is kneeling in a position almost to be described as 'crouching', His disproportionate hands outstretched in a passionate gesture of imploring the Father. It must be borne in mind that the Mount of Olives, with the 'Let this chalice pass, but not my will but Thine be done', was the *locus classicus* of all those who defended the existence of a purely human will, and of moral conflict and suffering in the person of Jesus. Farther behind, in sharpest contrast, we watch the

three Apostles, not simply sleeping but almost visibly snoring, in positions much more appropriate to their abject human failure than to their Apostolic dignity. Clearly the painter was aware of that characteristically Western experience, the loneliness of a tortured soul amidst the indifference of the world.

And then there are, suddenly appearing and almost immediately pullulating, the endless strips of martyr stories covering the walls of Roman churches of the period and, in the first place, of Sta Maria l'Antiqua. Here again a Byzantine taboo is broken, following, if I am not mistaken, Syrian models. The number of representations constantly augments down to the age of Charlemagne, until one seems to witness a kind of sado-masochistic orgy, not pleasing to the psychologically alert mind of modern man. That should not prevent us from analysing the purely theological aspect. We need no longer insist upon the acceptance of actual realistic suffering as part of religious experience, a basic event in the emergence of Western religion and art. It is more relevant to point out that this acceptance is still limited. For while the torturers in these paintings are employing every kind of devilish device, there is no sign of real suffering among their victims. What they display is not so much fortitude but 'patience', that virtue so much lauded by Maximus Confessor in his *Tractatus Asceticus*. Their impassivity remains untouched, and at the same time meek and passive. We are still in a phase where energy is the realm of the devil alone, hence are not yet within the realm of a fully developed Western way of life. This, incidentally, is the period of the last great Roman mosaics, the last representations of divine immutability, coincident with the age of Charlemagne and of his sons.

And then comes the Assunta of S. Clemente. The preceding study of the historical background now enables us to state precisely in what consists its great innovation. It lies again, primarily, in the field of inner experience, not of outward presentation. And how could it be otherwise? The art of the Christian era is never *l'art pour l'art*, it always serves to illustrate a religious concept which cannot be fully expressed in words. What is new in the Assunta is this central fact: in it, for the first time since the emergence of the Byzantine style, a Western work of art represents action, energy, passion, as something not belonging to the realm of the devil but of the divine. True, the divinity itself remains in its old impassivity, but the Apostles, saints among the saints, are here overwhelmed by the most violent emotion. For the first time, then, emotion is sanctified, is made a key element in religious experience. It would be difficult to conceive a more fundamental change. Also, whereas in Byzantine art any sign of feeling is always tamed by the harmonious movement in which it expresses itself, here the distorted necks, the arms wildly raised, the faces torn by emotion transgress every æsthetic code. Clearly the painter conceived of

this disruption of outward harmony as the test of genuine religious experience. It is true that the experience itself is still entirely passive – but that is a feature which does not disappear completely down to the beginning of the Renaissance. Regardless of this qualification, therefore, we are here confronted with the completion of a new world in which depth of inner feeling is the paradigmatic attitude, replacing Oriental impassivity; in which the æsthetic code has been shattered by the irruption of this fierce religious emotion; in which, consequently, a new key subject of art, the inner man, has emerged.

The jump, again, seems too great to be completely unprepared. And again an Oriental model is not lacking. This time it comes from Armenia. The illuminated gospel of Queen Mle, of the ninth century, contains an Assunta which, almost point for point, resembles that of S. Clemente. The gospel, admittedly, is a few years earlier than the Assunta of S. Clemente (probably A.D. 868); but again, as in the case of the Syrian models of the Quirinus chapel, dates matter little, since the Oriental pieces, as distinct from their Western counterparts, must be regarded as specimens of a fairly rigid type. In the Armenian gospel we have, as in S. Clemente, the position of Christ right above the head of Mary. We have the same floating angels supporting Christ (though, in the upper two corners of the Armenian miniature two angels are standing stiffly on Christ's side). The Apostles are grouped into two sections of six each, again as in S. Clemente; and here, too, they show considerable emotion.

If Syrian influence upon Rome in the age of Gregory III and Zacharias is obvious, Armenian influence in the ninth century seems less easy to account for. The explanation presumably is that Armenia, during this period, was the only Eastern Christian country spared by the iconoclastic crisis, hence the only place in the East to which Roman painters could turn for models. But one should not trust too much to the coincidence in time of the two pieces. The date of the Armenian gospel is controversial; it may be later, and also, while our knowledge of Oriental Christian art is sufficient to guide us at once to a really major innovation, we do not know remotely enough to be positive about the limits in time and space of certain iconographic types. In other words, there is no certainty that the way in which the Assunta is here presented is peculiar to the ninth century or peculiar to Armenia. All we can be sure of is that it is an Eastern, non-Byzantine type belonging to the post-Justinian period. That it influenced the master of S. Clemente does not seem to admit of any doubt, so direct are the points of comparison.

This, however, renders the more significant the changes he has introduced into his Oriental model. Far outstripping all others in importance is the change in the relation between heaven and earth. In the Armenian miniature, Mary stands in the midst of the Apostles, dividing the two

groups. In S. Clemente, she is raised high above them, into an intermediate zone between heaven and earth. The Armenian painting, though meant as an Assunta, gives no real conception of a rise. The division of the fresco of S. Clemente, by creating three superimposed sections instead of two, does give such an impression, and everything possible is done by the artist to strengthen it. In the gospel of Queen Mtle, the Virgin timidly raises her hands and arms. In S. Clemente her arms are wide-open, passionately outstretched towards the sky and Christ enthroned in it. The two stiff angels of the Armenian models are replaced by two more floating angels above Christ's head. But it is the group of the Apostles which, in consonance with the general religious tendency of the fresco, is most intimately affected by the change. In the Armenian gospel the two Apostles nearest to Mary kneel before her almost gracefully; four in each group look surprised, perhaps amazed. The two Apostles on the outward fringes avert their faces a little. No bowing of bodies in awed terror; no craned necks, no faces distorted by the incomprehensible, and, most important of all, no distorted arms pointing wildly to heaven. It is the mutual adjustment of the deeply stirred Apostles and of the raised arms of Mary which gives to S. Clemente a grandiose movement, only to be expressed in the term 'sursum'. It is this 'uplift' – to use the rather cheap modern term for something which was not cheap in the ninth century, when it was born – which separates by a whole world the Assunta of S. Clemente from the Assunta of the gospel of Queen Mtle. It separates the entirely passive *emotion* of the non-Hellenic East – reflecting itself chiefly in a readiness for martyrdom – from the active *dynamics* of the West. The Assunta of S. Clemente is not simply full of movement; the movement also has a clear-cut unified direction ('sursum'). What is perhaps most noteworthy is the painter's preference for the straight line – so sharply contrasting not only with Byzantine art but also with Carolingian and Ottonian liking for the soft curve. It is as if he had understood that the straight line, being suggestive of an overcoming of gravitation, is the ideal symbol of the total victory of spiritual force over the gravitation of the body. This time indeed the Western spiritual world is present, complete and unqualified.

We seem to encounter at this point the rarest of all historical events: real independent creation; though even this artist, doubtless one of the great figures in the history of art, started from Eastern models. It would be vain, however, to attempt an interpretation of his work as a synthesis of Oriental traditions with others deriving from elsewhere, perhaps from the barbarian North. Admittedly this was also the age of a great early blossoming of French art. And there, too, not unnaturally, passion, martyrdom, drama, play a part unknown only a short time before. Yet if one compares the S. Clemente frescoes with their nearest contemporary

French counterpart, the frescoes of the Crypt of St Germain in Auxerre, where the martyrdom of St Stephen is depicted, one realizes at once that Auxerre is much nearer to the Byzantine tradition: aesthetic harmony is nowhere broken, the attitude of the Saint is still one of meek suffering. Rome, not the Carolingian Court, is in the vanguard during this era. What the artist of the Assunta of S. Clemente has added to his Oriental models is entirely his own.

IV

Let us attempt to visualise the background which enabled this creation to emerge. The middle of the ninth century was one of the great ages of the Papacy. Leo IV drove the Sarazens out of central Italy and built the Leonine City. His second successor, Nicolaus I (858–67), was the first to assert Papal political supremacy over the Frankish Court, to exert in a new way Papal ecclesiastical supremacy over the French bishops, and his conflict with the Byzantine patriarch Photius marks a new stage in the rupture with Byzantium. Again it was Nicolaus who, during the two preceding Pontificates, increasingly directed the whole policy of the Holy See. This short-lived phase was in every respect an anticipation of the great Gregorian reform movement of the eleventh century. It was a flash in the dark, anticipating the civilization led by the medieval Church. No wonder that it was accompanied by the sudden eruption of a pictorial style anticipating the essentials of medieval art. When it was over, Roman painting relapsed into utter insignificance, only to re-emerge in the eleventh century.

Nicolaus has no independent theological contribution to his credit, nor did Rome during that age boast any leading theologian. Yet the intimate contact existing between Nicolaus and the leading French theologians of the period leaves no doubt of the interest Rome took in the first exploits of Western theology just then proceeding in the Isle-de-France and Champagne, as well as east of the Rhine. There is no space here to deal with this whole subject. This much, however, can be said: from the very beginning, moral good and evil, and man's effort in combating the latter and achieving the former, plays a predominant part quite unknown to the Eastern church. The dynamic 'sursum' of the Assunta of S. Clemente has its spiritual counterpart in this early French theology. Thus, while it would be a mistake to suppose any direct influence upon the artist of S. Clemente other than that of the East and to a minor extent of Byzantium, his artistic achievement could very well be described as a refraction of the new Northern theology through the prism of non-Hellenic Eastern pictorial art. The age of Nicolaus I marks a definite turning away on Rome's part from Byzantium, and a merging of Roman and Northern ecclesiastical affairs, a culminating point in a development proceeding over centuries;

it is only natural that, somewhat timidly in the light of the possibilities involved, but daring by contrast with tradition, art should follow in the wake of ecclesiastical policy. With a great hallelujah the West is born, a hallelujah no longer only to heaven reaching down to man, but also to man reaching up to heaven, a hallelujah no longer to the static immutable verities but to the creative possibilities of a struggling soul.

It may be fitting in conclusion to essay some more general remarks. Professor Toynbee in his writings is no doubt right in opposing to Spengler's concept of civilizations rigidly and monadically divided from one another the concept of cultural affiliation. An attempt has here been made to investigate a clear-cut case of such affiliation, and it may be suggested that the result throws doubt on the notion of the affiliation of one particular younger culture to an older. Such instances do probably occur – Hindu civilization is a direct revival of the old Aryan civilization, and there are other phenomena of the same kind. But they are phenomena characterized by a certain sterility. The great creative civilizations seem to have a more complex origin. If the arts are taken as a measuring stick, our Western culture is hardly at all affiliated to classical Antiquity. Assuming that the arts are a very fair choice for measuring Hellenic influence, Spengler's dictum that classical Antiquity is, to the West, really the strangest civilization of all seems fully borne out.

The present essay deals with only one aspect of a regionally limited segment of Western civilization, the one most closely linked to Byzantium. But it may be suggested that this region, namely Central Italy, at the decisive moment when for the first time Western civilization comes within sight, played a greater part than is generally recognized. In the course of this investigation, something like a casuistry of affiliation, or to use a more old-fashioned term, of cultural influence, has emerged. Part of the solution of the problem of cultural affiliation does, in my opinion, reside in a detailed analysis of various types of such influence.

During the period here under discussion, the specifically Roman way of life was submerged, though not destroyed, by the barbarian invasions. Rome in consequence was subjected to the towering influence of Byzantium. This, the domination and permeation of a weaker by a stronger civilization, is one type of affiliation. The weakening of Byzantium, much more than any spontaneous revival of her own forces, later enabled Rome to re-emphasize her own values. A conflict between Rome and Byzantium ensued, in which Rome, unable as yet to stand upon her own feet, looked for guiding models abroad. It was a matter entirely of choice, as distinct from the irresistible and overwhelming influence of Byzantium, that Rome in this emergency turned to the non-Hellenic East for spiritual help. With this help she could reassert, though only in part, her own conception of *voluntas*. Further events obliged Rome to stand entirely on her own feet,

a task for which her own local forces were quite insufficient. In this new emergency the distant East proved not only geographically and politically remote, but also spiritually inadequate. Syria could be helpful in repulsing the purely symbolic, inhuman Christianity of Byzantium, but she lagged far behind the potentialities of the Roman notion of *voluntas* as the core of a new religious experience. Then Rome, in circumstances not here to be discussed in detail, turned to the young Northern nations. It was neither a completely free choice nor a case of irresistible pressure. Rather, it was a case of a voluntary alliance, necessary if Rome wanted to maintain herself as a first-rate power. Northern political protection of the Roman See was short-lived and unreliable. But the North gave Rome an instinctive, yet half-mute, conception of the dynamic human personality as a central religious factor which, integrated into Christianity, could break through the impasse in which Byzantium had involved itself. A Byzantine inheritance critically revised in the light of the Roman notion of *voluntas*, and then fertilized by Northern individualism – is the formula emerging from this brief study of the origins of the West. Naturally it found its first fully explicit statement – not yet in words but only in pictures – in Rome and not in the North. It is an almost general rule in the emergence of new civilizations that the explicit formulation of their main tenets starts in the border regions where they rub shoulders with opposing ways of life. It is conflict, and conflict alone, which brings out the great creative forces.

More specifically, France – as witnessed by the art of the ninth century – was at that time still busy trying to prove that she had successfully overcame Merovingian barbarism and become a civilized country; and what could be a more complete proof of full civilization than the integration into the incipient French tradition of models taken from the graceful forms of Byzantium, then the only repository of 'cultured refinement'? Rome of Byzantium, then the only repository of her heritage, she did not care for none of these things. Ancient and proud of her heritage, she did not bother about the barbarian elements in her own make-up, but turned resolutely towards the great twofold task: to lay the foundations of her own, un-Byzantine and now already fully anti-Byzantine civilization, and to secure for it spiritual and, in no small measure, political domination of the new world of the Northern barbarians. Thus it was that Rome in her art proclaimed the new values coming from the North with a lack of inhibition which was certainly pleasing to the great Leo and the greater Nicolaus, but would have shocked the recently civilized gentlemen of the Court of the Western Carolingians. Before France could fully join in the new movement she must first replace the Carolingian Court, with its self-conscious imitation of Byzantium, by something less refined and more national. Only when this task had been achieved during the tenth century could France act her true role and almost at once predominate in the rise of Western civilization.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH IN PAKISTAN

Lois Mitchison

Macaulay started it all. His 1835 minute on education marks the change in India from a vernacular, artistic and religious education to an English, semi-scientific and quite secular one. The new British government wanted clerks who understood their governors' language, could read and write it, and do simple sums. They should obey and respect their superiors, and not have too many ideas of their own. The English language (so the government thought) would bring Christianity, progress and a higher way of life.

The Indian people agreed with the government. At first the Hindus were more enthusiastic than the Moslem ruling class. But gradually the Moslems too accepted the idea that their intellectual and material future depended on the new education. So the old mosque and temple schools, and the private tutors of the wealthy, were replaced, first by missions and then by government schools. English was the teaching language, and the text-books were those used in the English grammar and public schools of the time. Beyond these schools were the universities with the same language and type of books.

To-day the government primary schools teach in Urdu or the provincial language. In the government grammar schools English is learnt as a second language, until the last two or three years, when it may be used for all teaching. There is, however, a great shortage of government schools with low fees or none at all. There are too few teachers. Primary school teachers get the wages of a good cook – five to seven pounds a month – without the cook's shopping perquisites. Their prestige is not much higher. As in nineteenth-century England, visiting committees of ladies go into the schools at the times most convenient to themselves, and try to supplement the teacher's instructions, particularly on religion and the children's duty towards their country. Secondary school teachers generally have university qualifications, and are rather better thought of and paid. But their salaries are still much less than those of a university teacher or administrative civil servant.

The consequent shortage of schools is particularly sad, as Pakistan children and their parents have a great belief in education. Any employer is asked to write notes to headmasters or mistresses to admit their servants'

children to free places. A play centre for children was started in a refugee camp; but the children did not want to play and used the slates, not to draw pictures with coloured chalks, but to write out alphabets and do sums. There was much greater competition for these slates than for balls or skipping ropes. One small girl hugged hers for two hours, doing long division sums as fast as she could, and refusing to be diverted to fractions or decimals or anything easier than long division to correct! Children who could not read or write their own language, still wanted to know the English alphabet first, and exciting, glamorous English words like 'cat' or 'bus'.

This play centre was eventually taken over as a proper school by the All-Pakistan Women's Association, which runs some other free primary schools. But most parents have to pay fees if they want their children to be educated. The fees vary from five or ten shillings a month, in some of the government schools, to the high, boarding-school fees of the girls' convents and the boys' public schools. These private schools do nearly all their teaching in English, and their children may sit for the English School Certificate exams. The most famous of the boys' schools is Aitchison College, Lahore – still known to the Lahore tonga drivers as 'Chiefs' College' because of its original foundation in 1886 for the sons and nominees of the princes only. It has a house system, blazers and a school mosque; and its buildings are a red brick cross between Victorian Gothic and eighteenth-century Indian architecture.

University students must know English. All their subjects are taught in English and they must themselves speak and write it. So students from the English-speaking schools start with a great advantage; other first-year students may hear and understand nothing of their lectures and are far too frightened of their silly-sounding accents and grammar to ask or answer questions in English. Sometimes they never catch up, and intelligent students without much language ability may fail hopelessly in their University courses. English is after all a foreign language. Pakistani students' ability to read, write and talk it varies as much as English students' ability to read, write and talk French. If anything, the task is more difficult for Pakistani students. Urdu script is based on Arabic and not Roman letters, and it is written from right to left. So students have to alter their basic hand and eye direction, and this slows up their reading and writing more than anything else.

It is always difficult to learn a foreign language. Even if one's speech is grammatically correct, it may sound wrong, like the English of Kipling's babu in *Kim*. There is a charming example of this English in the acknowledgments of a book of nineteenth-century Moslem tracts: 'it would be simply ungrateful on our part to totally omit this venerable gentleman, a

particular friend and great patron of the author whose general success and well-being in all departments, shades and walks of life do invariably form his favourite subjects.' There is very little grammatically wrong except for the perennial difficulties of a split infinitive, and the difference between totally, altogether, entirely and wholly. But the author was not interested in the undertones of English words like venerable, nor did he share the English feeling that over-emphasis is odd and comic. The Indian continent favours over-emphasis: great heat and great cold in the weather, great riches and poverty, bright clothes and natural colours encourage the writer to like extremes. The Pakistanis, like the English Elizabethans, have all their pride in their new country, with its religious and historical revival, to encourage them to strong and colourful language.

With this pleasure in emphasis goes a love of idioms, proverbs, slang and quotations. The same set of acknowledgments in the Moslem tracts has an excellent example. The author is using the idiom 'through thick and thin' - he writes 'the deceased Moulvie's thickness and thinness with the author and the mutual highest affectionate regard . . .' Or the idiom may seem impolite, like the English letter endings. Few university students signed themselves 'Yours sincerely' or 'Yours truly' when they wrote to me as a college lecturer. Instead they wrote 'I remain, Madam (or honoured Professor), your respectful and obedient pupil.'

Proverbs and quotations sound very exciting in a foreign language. Pakistani students admire them in other people's work and like to use them in their own. Their favourite seems to be:

Lives of great men all remind us
We must make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Slang dates even more quickly than proverbs and quotations; and because they hear it so seldom, students tend to use it with the wrong intensity - 'Golly,' murmured the murderer'.

What generally happens to-day, then, is that as the student learns to use English easily, he also uses it more quietly, without a great riot of adjectives, idioms, proverbs and quotations. It is in some ways a pity. The old Indian English had enormous vigour and great charm, even though it was not the English of England. I suggested to one group of students that perhaps they were making a language with more vigour and more poetry in it than ordinary English had. But the students wanted to write strictly correct English, and they did not want to be laughed at, as the older generation of Indian students had been. They have other reasons: English is still the language of government, business and some social life in Pakistan; and of the Universities and firms in England and America

where Pakistani students may be sent to complete their training. Again, the old-fashioned Indian English is rich but not very clear; and a clear language is wanted for the scientific and industrial development almost everybody in Pakistan desires.

The way the students write English depends on what they read. English literature is a compulsory subject for all university students, and their love of quotations, moral sentiments and long complicated sentences is encouraged by the reading in their university courses. Novels were chosen from the Victorians and near Victorians - generally Scott, Hardy, Dickens and Thackeray. The two novels prescribed when I was lecturing were Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* and Hardy's *The Trumpet Major*. Meanwhile the two senior years were reading Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*, Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* and Ruskin's *Unto This Last*. The poetry text-books were mostly anthologies, beginning with Shakespeare and ending with Rupert Brooke. Or for English specialists, anthologies of longer poems with a lot of Milton or the selected works of Matthew Arnold. Only in the essays and biographical sketches students are supposed to read are there touches of modernity - little extracts from Lytton Strachey, Robert Lynd and J. B. Priestley.

The subjects of these text-books were curiously remote from the students' lives. The poetry, of course, included a great deal of straight nature poetry. The first year anthology had Shakespeare's sonnet

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date. . . .

So 'Summer', wrote the first-year in their examination notebooks, 'is a pleasant season in the U.K. It very seldom gets hot (only about seventy-five degrees). May is the beginning of summer and is as much liked in the U.K. as December, the beginning of winter, is in Karachi.' The rough winds had to be explained; they were not strong steady winds from Quetta and the Sind Desert, carrying dust and sand storms down the Karachi streets, nor the summer monsoon gales. Buds are not an easy idea: there is very little room for gardens in Karachi, most of the commonest plants are evergreens, and everything has a way of becoming suddenly green and flowering overnight when the first rains fall.

Later on the students read Keats - 'To one who has been long in city pent.' But it was difficult to imagine Keats's pleasure in the country. Around Karachi there is rolling desert, scattered with camel thorns, and occasional mineral rocks in streaked greens and pinks. In the Punjab and U.P. there is very intensive farming of crops like sugar-cane and millet, with no room for pasture, hedges or trees. In the north the country is

barren, with rocky hills and dangerous tribal villages. Only round a few hill resorts is there anything like the English countryside; but the resorts are expensive and far away, so very few of the students know them.

Flowers are another difficulty; Wordsworth among the daffodils is a favourite of all anthologists. When I was lecturing on it I tried, at first, to draw daffodils, but I don't draw very well and it seemed kinder to leave the students their mental pictures of unearthly yellow bushes with great round flowers. Other subjects are equally remote. The oddest essay I ever saw was one in 'the first year anthology' on the public school system in England. The students were roused to a most educational fury by the essayist's statement that the public schools produce men ideally fitted to rule other races. But there were so many strange English ideas. Matthew Arnold's 'Lines written in Rugby Chapel' – what is a chapel and what does it look like? The *Pickwick Papers* – an English inn does sell alcohol, but it is not a scene of wild debauchery and wickedness. The love poetry of Keats – Keats often saw his fiancée, sometimes alone, but he was not an immoral man.

The students did not dislike their English courses. Their picture of England worried them no more than English schoolboys are worried by their pictures of classical Greece and Rome. Daffodils are as imaginable to them as Asphodel is to English boys, and Rugby Chapel and its rites as real as the Parthenon and the Dionysian mysteries. For the imaginative it at least makes a pretty picture.

Pakistani students have many of the Victorian virtues – conscientiousness, industry, ambition and a contempt for frivolity. These virtues are encouraged by their text-books, the religious revival of Islam, and the speeches of national leaders stressing that it is their duty to work and sacrifice themselves for their country. So, in their education, they look for useful knowledge and moral inspiration. Knowledge they note down from the Greek mythology of Shelley, the lives of Florence Nightingale and the more suitable Victorian scientists. Moral inspiration they find everywhere. Character, particularly uncomplicated character, is what they find most interesting. They prefer Brutus to Mark Antony, Portia to Hamlet. They look for the virtues they understand: Portia, Brutus' loyal and devoted wife, Brutus' patriotism and Florence Nightingale's struggle against her parents and society to follow her own career. Most of them were less interested in Brutus' feelings about liberty in the state, or the sexual tension between Hamlet and Ophelia.

They think poetry, too, should be edifying. This is partly the fault of school teachers and anthologies, which include no poems which are not edifying. School children never read the more frivolous pieces of Donne, Herrick, Marvell or Pope. When the students do meet them, they tend

not to like them and not to see the point of them. At the College I worked in we used occasionally to have Literary Society meetings at which students read aloud their favourite poems. The authors everybody seemed to like were Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Newbolt and Wordsworth. Wordsworth's peasant characters like 'Lucy', 'the forsaken violet' and 'old Michael' were particularly admired. This liking for moral sentiment may be helped by the fact that it is fairly easy to set and write an exam question, or an essay, and also, perhaps, to give meaning to a poem in one's own mind when you can give a character sketch or list a neat moral lesson. But it is not so easy to try to feel and understand the emotions roused by foreign words placed against a foreign background and set in a foreign form.

If the students ever do like lyrical poetry, it is naturally about things they know or are interested in. Byron is very much admired:

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

The picture of the ideal Pakistani beauty: and there is a neat moral twist too. The poem ends:

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

During their university courses some students find it easier to read for pleasure in English rather than Urdu. Very often they read more poetry – more Wordsworth, Byron, Scott or Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Modern poetry with its emphasis on character might appeal to them, but its allusions are generally too difficult, and its ideas of rhyme and metre too divorced from their own. A lot of them read, or tried to read, biography, particularly of the encyclopaedic *A Hundred Great Lives* type. Otherwise they read novels; the most popular are violent and moral: Marie Corelli, Baroness Orczy and a favourite book of mine which was lent to a great many students, *East Lynne* by Mrs. Henry Wood. Most of the women students read and enjoy *Pride and Prejudice*, and sometimes Jane Austen's other novels. The life of early nineteenth-century ladies seems very like their own. What is not liked is the English or American novel concerned with conventions and people they do not understand – Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and Upton Sinclair. But P. G. Wodehouse is enormously popular.

The language difficulties and the foreign subjects make their education meaningless to most students. Their own experience comes from their

Urdu speaking, Pakistani homes; and it is extremely difficult to translate this experience into English phrases and put it against an English background. A student may have a lot of ideas about why things are beautiful: ideas thought out in Urdu with the help of Urdu poetry, and objects in the student's home and surroundings – carpets or inlaid cabinet work or clothes and embroidery; but these ideas have little to do with, say, Ruskin's nineteenth-century Anglo-Italian background and standards of art. In the same way the student may make Urdu phrases in his head to describe the flowers and people he knows; but he cannot turn these ideas into English words and connect them with English objects, to help him to understand what Shelley and Keats are saying. Naturally students are not going to think about their books, or criticize them, when what they read is so divorced from their own experience and ideas. So they learn their text-books by heart; and, when they are older, bits of standard exam questions and books of criticism. It is altogether the easiest thing to do, particularly when the books are written in the turgid and complicated style of most of the Victorian thinkers.

This is easier for the examiners and teachers too. People learning to think are difficult to teach and examine; it is simpler to dictate notes to be learnt by heart, and then to examine to see if these notes and the text-books have been learnt. So most students and most teachers think about education in terms of lessons, and lessons are to be learnt by heart: lessons of geographical or historical fact, perhaps, with each point neatly docketed and no room for discussion. Tradition stops discussion too. The traditional education of Moslem countries is to learn the Koran by heart, and then recite it led by a teacher, who is often also the holy man and priest of the district. The teacher may give his pupils some of the traditional amplifications and explanations of the text, but neither the Book nor the teacher can be argued with.

All this produces the ideal bureaucratic clerk – the man or woman who has learnt the rules of the office by heart, and who sees no reason to relax them or to understand their purpose. But it also means that the best students find the arts course barren and unsatisfying. Science seems to offer more scope for individual reasoning. There is less stress on language; the students' books are written in English, but once the scientific terms are understood, the language is easier than it is in the arts subjects. Then the logical links of science are more easily grasped than the philosophical and psychological links of the arts subjects; and scientific experience does not depend to anything like the same extent as artistic experience on background and words. So most of the best students are scientists. Of the arts students, the apparently more rational subjects like psychology and philosophy attract the people who want to use their brains; and

English and history are generally left to duller students who do not want to have to criticize or consider the meaning of what they read but only to learn by heart.

Their reading leaves all the students with a romantic picture of Britain and the west generally. They see it as Arnold's Oxford, Shakespeare's Warwickshire, Carlyle's Manchester and Shelley's Italy. People live either in feudal castles, nineteenth-century slums or Lake District cottages. They talk like Bertie Wooster, Charles Lamb or Elizabeth Bennet. It is a picture which can only be compared with the Westerner's picture of Pakistan – mine was the Arabian Nights, the Moghul miniature paintings and Kipling, all rolled into one.

This picture of the West may be rudely torn, if students realize their great ambition of 'studying abroad', particularly as so many go to places like the Hammersmith Post-graduate School of Medicine, or the Universities of Glasgow or Birmingham. The British university authorities occasionally complain that Pakistani students carry abroad their habits of thoughtless learning by heart. But it is amazing how much difference foreign universities make to students' abilities to think for themselves and tolerate other people's opinions. Their ability to profit intellectually and to enjoy their stay abroad is greatly to the student's credit. The foreign universities have new methods, ideas and backgrounds which might hopelessly muddle foolish or unstable people. Nor are the foreign towns always as kind to Pakistani students as they might be. There is some colour prejudice and a great deal of ignorance and tactlessness. The existence of Pakistan as a separate country from India is unknown, or it is vaguely confused with Palestine. Moslems are lumped with Hindus, as 'heathens' and 'idol worshippers'; and at parties alcohol and ham sandwiches are offered to orthodox Moslems. But the students returning from Britain or America nearly always bring back pleasant memories of their foreign university, and a greater understanding of the people and the country.

There is sharp division in Pakistan between the educated, whether or not they have been abroad, and the ordinary people of the country. There are the usual distinctions of the white-collar worker – a salary, generally, though not always, above the average, greater cleanliness, more expensive furniture and clothes, and all the rest. But in Pakistan this is added to by the language difference. English is the snob language. To be heard talking it is to show that you are a man of culture. Small boys call out in the streets 'Good morning, Madam, O.K. hullo, good morning', partly to tease, but partly to show themselves grown-up educated people. Most Pakistanis, even if they talk Urdu in their homes, would find it hard to discuss government and scientific ideas in any other

language than English. The educated use English proverbs and quotations instead of the proverbs of their own country; and their ideas on clothing, furniture and how to treat their wives will all be influenced by their foreign education. Even their ideas on food may be different; instead of highly flavoured curries, chipattas and rice, they may eat expensive and soggy baker's bread, boiled meat and imported baked beans on especially formal occasions.

These differences are made more apparent because there are so few technicians in Pakistan to bridge the class gap. Arts students, according to how well they do in their exams, and whether or not they go abroad, become clerks, school teachers, businessmen, journalists, lawyers, army, navy or air force officers, or civil servants. Most science students want to become doctors – a profession which they feel combines glamour and profit; if they fail to qualify they take up the same sort of job as the arts students. There are far too few pure scientists, accountants, archaeologists or engineers. It is difficult for them to get even a basic training in Pakistan, and there is a strong feeling among the educated that these jobs are too practical. It is not really dignified to labour with your hands for tangible, visible results.

No state can survive without engineers and accountants, so Pakistan statesmen are determined to recruit more people for these professions. There are speeches from important men on the dignity of labour and the brotherhood of man – particularly Pakistani man. More effective is the policy of sending people abroad to train technically. The status of these professions is bound to rise if it involves the greatest educational cachet – leaving Pakistan.

Pakistanis are aware of all these problems. The official solution is a change-over from English to Urdu as the language of higher education and government. But there are various difficulties. Urdu was originally the language coined by the followers of the Moghul emperors out of their own Persian and the dialects of the various natives they had to deal with, mainly the people of Delhi. But the Delhi dialect was only one among the several quite separate languages people spoke in the Indian peninsula. These vary from Tamil, the ancient literary language of south India and Ceylon, to Pushtu of the Pathan tribes in the north.

Urdu took words from various of these native languages. Later on it took them from English, mostly military words like 'adjutant' and 'platoon'. But the native languages did not die out. In West Pakistan they are Pushtu, Persian, Punjabi, Sindhi and Baluchi. Refugees have brought in other languages, like Gujarati from Bombay, and Kashmiri. These are the first languages of many people, and in the villages sometimes the only language. In the towns, particularly in Karachi and Lahore, most

people will speak some sort of Urdu; and their provincial tongue may be forgotten or spoken very badly.

In East Pakistan the situation is different. There are ballads in Punjabi and Pushtu, and lyric poetry in Sindhi, but none of these languages are as developed as the Bengali of East Pakistan: it is an older language than Urdu and with at least as much literature. In the East, Urdu is hardly used at all, and Bengali is the language of the towns as well as the country. So the new policy will mean that all over East Pakistan, and in the villages in the west, future school children will still not be taught their mother-tongue; but instead of being taught Urdu and English, they will only have to learn Urdu.

Languages other than Urdu have been suggested for Pakistan's national language. The claims of Bengali, in particular, have been pressed again and again. The students of Dacca University rioted about the language question, and were only pacified by the assurance that Bengali would continue to be the language of provincial government in the east, just as Pushtu will probably be the provincial government language in the North-west Frontier Province. Persian has also been suggested as a national language. It has a far greater literature than Urdu, and was the language of the Moghul court and educated Moslems up to the last century – the equivalent, perhaps, of French in fifteenth-century England. It is the language nowadays of Pakistan's fellow-Moslems and most-favoured neighbour. Arabic is another language traditionally taught to Moslems; and the Aga Khan suggested this as the national language. It is, he pointed out, the language of the Koran, and the majority of the other Moslem countries. Its adoption would encourage religious reading and the political cause of Pan-Islam in Pakistan.

But the Government's choice of Urdu has the authority of Jinnah's advice behind it, and will almost certainly be adhered to. At the moment the age at which a student has to learn English and use it is being steadily raised. Within the last four years the Karachi student, although taught in English, has been given the option of writing his first-year university examination papers in English or Urdu. The education authorities reckon that it will take up to ten years to complete the change from English to Urdu. This slow change means that the present generation of students gets the worst of both worlds. All the difficulties of an education in English are accentuated when the students learn the language so late and so badly; and, since English is still the main university language, they will not be compensated by the ability to think, speak and read easily and well in Urdu. Urdu is a difficult language to speak well even if it is your mother-tongue. Pronunciations vary; there are polite forms and verb endings which distinguish 'kitchen Urdu' – the sort the memsahibs

talk to their servants – from the well-finished language of the educated man.

In the future, officials and businessmen who deal with the Government will have to speak Urdu. So there is a great vested interest in English to be attacked. These senior men are still sometimes English by birth; and even when they are Pakistanis they have generally been trained for their jobs under Englishmen, and educated in English-speaking schools and often in British universities. They may find it difficult to speak Urdu socially, and impossible to write and speak it in their official lives. They do not look forward to having entirely Urdu-speaking juniors and clerks. Someone has suggested that Arabic was proposed as the official language because it is so difficult to write and speak correctly that the Government would in the end have to abandon it and go back to English.

University teachers will find the changeover from English to Urdu extremely difficult. They will have to transpose their ideas and teaching methods into a new language, and find technical terms in Urdu to replace English philosophical, psychological and scientific terms. The teachers say that this is particularly difficult as all university text-books are in English and would be very hard to translate. Perhaps technical terms could be left in their Latin/English forms and so used in Urdu sentences.

These translation questions depend on what sort of language Pakistanis want to make for themselves. Some extreme nationalists say that the Pakistani language must be kept untainted by words and constructions either from English, or from Sanskrit and the Indian dialects. They want to find Urdu words for motor car, atom and Yogi. Other Pakistanis think they might do better to encourage Urdu to change as much as possible, to use all the foreign words and idioms it can; so that the language will be able to express new philosophical and scientific ideas, and perhaps in literature keep some of the charm and vigour of the old 'Babu' English.

Although the simple change of language will solve some of Pakistan's educational problems, others depend on a change in the text-books and courses to something nearer to the students' own lives and experience. In some subjects this is already happening. The history courses in the universities are substituting Islamic history or Indo/British history for the institutions of ancient Greece or the constitutional history of England. The students enjoy the Islamic and Indian history much more; but this sort of changeover may be dangerous. A popular history period in Karachi university is *The Life of the Prophet and the Holy Caliphates*. Islam is a revealed religion; so this period must be studied as making a complete break with the past, marked too by miracles and the appearance of people of unimpeachable sanctity. The students' religious zeal may well be nourished

by studying this period; but not his critical faculties or his ability as a historian to judge people and relate the past to the present. Other periods of mediæval Islamic history suffer from some of the same disadvantages. The middle ages do not have the same sanctity; but Pakistan's strong need to foster patriotism, and provide a background for the new state means that the glories of the Islamic past will be stressed. The rise and fall of its civilization will be given a religious rather than a political or economic background, and its contributions to European science and learning may be shown as greater and more conclusive than they were.

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE IMPERIAL CLOACA

Michael Edwardes

The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot . . . only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: *It is meet to be here. Let us construct a water-closet.*

James Joyce: *Ulysses*

Florence Nightingale has, through the years, been charged with, and, in some cases, convicted of, a diversity of 'crimes', but this is, probably, the first occasion on which it has been suggested that she was an accessory to a murder. The case is not simple. There is more than one accessory and, apparently, no murderer. No one, that is, that struck the final annihilating blow. Furthermore, I am myself an accessory, *after the fact*. The charge is the poisoning, slow, and strangely unspectacular, of the Imperial Hero. Arraigned with us are the directors of the P. & O., the inventor of the Electric Telegraph and many others. But Miss Nightingale is a principal. Her position is also one of some irony, for her contribution to the poisoning of the Hero was her work to prevent poisoning the man.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three is a date of some consequence in the history of India. It is, fundamentally, more important than that of the Battle of Plassey, the Siege of Delhi, or the Queen's proclamation that destroyed the East India Company. It is the year in which was published the report of a Commission which had been appointed to examine the sanitary state of the Army in India.*

This report makes nauseating but instructive reading. It is diffuse, wordy and unpleasant. It reveals a state of affairs in India about which little was known in England then and to which little importance has been attached by the historians of the Empire. It gives the background to British rule, meaning to the myth of the hero, 'dying young'. Its mortality tables are the loss side of the balance sheet of Empire. The place, if one so chooses, to count the cost.

Throughout India there lie scattered the cemeteries of the British. Pathetic, not because they are neglected, the real necropolis of the Empire

* The Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army in India. *Report of the Commissioners*, Ldn. 1863. It is referred to in the rest of this article as the *Report*.

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being still in use at New Delhi, but because of the tender ages recorded so often on the decaying stone.

Examples abound in Anglo-Indian literature, of the atmosphere of the charnel house. Private Mulvaney before describing a cholera-camp, put it with simple honesty.

Whin the childher wasn't bornin', they was dying; for av our childher die like sheep in these days, they died like flies thin.*

Anglo-Indian society was inevitably made up of the young. Those who could, on growing older, retired to England. The British lived in a caravanserai – a stopping place on a journey from where many went no further. Mrs Lushington in her book, *Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Europe*, published in 1827, sums up the tragedy for those at home.

Among the Europeans in India there are scarcely any old persons as almost everybody is a temporary resident. Here, if you search the well tenanted burying grounds of the large cities, you will discover few besides the graves of the youthful, who have been cut off by some violent disease amid the buoyancy of health, or the tombs of those of middle age arrested by death when just about to reap the fruit of long toil and privation by retiring to their native land. It is this which renders our Indian cemeteries so peculiarly melancholy: for though we bow to the decree which summons away the aged and the infirm, yet, humanly speaking, and in our blindness we are apt to pronounce the death of the young to be premature, and a fit subject of aggravated regret.†

The routine heroism of every Englishman in India was the heroism of exile. Of being cut off from the crisp beauties of England's fields and streams. The exile of the earlier Empire-builder was not just the temporary nostalgia for the momentarily inaccessible, for that is something we carry with us always on our travels. The tragedy lies in the immanence of death, the fatal permanence of exile, the early grave, and the often unfulfilled longing for 'home'. There is always an undertone of fatalistic melancholy in the outbursts of Anglo-Indian literature. Comrades dead 'before their prime'. Obscure deaths far from the flood-lighting of battle. The very insecurity of life that is reflected in so much of the 'heroic' actions of the Victorian Hero. The arrogance of the short life, but a dynamic one. Always the necessity of getting things done before the country forced breath from the body. Throughout the early days of our rule in India there is always the sense of a race against time.

* Kipling, *The Daughter of the Regiment*. Or for something from the real world, an entry in a diary: 'Oct. 28. 1826. Poor Mrs Ducat died yesterday morning and was buried, her death I have no doubt hastened by the loss of three of her children in the last ten months.' Lady West, *Journal and Letters* 1823-8.

† Quoted by Hilton Brown, *The Sahibs*, London, 1948.

Disease was the true enemy of the British in India. It was responsible for much of the madness in high places, for the megalomania that passed for heroism. The Victorian pantheon-builders constructed their heroes with sword in hand, glorified the results of feeble judgment into canons of statesmanship, and ignored the true heroism because it was commonplace. The very elements of day-to-day living were more terrible than the Sikhs. The open-drain, surface drainage, the pullulating bazaar, and the invisible bacilli – all more deadly than the Afghan passes or the ridge at Delhi. But there is no romance in drains, no glamour in the cholera camp. The literature of heroism is a selective documentation. Blood is stronger than carbolic.

To know something of an act we must at least have some idea of the motive behind it. We cannot by losing a dimension hope to increase reality. The Victorian hero must stand within his landscape. In that landscape there are no triumphal arches, no irrelevant, concealing pomp. The hero stands in a cesspool, surrounded by crosses. A description, perhaps, of exaggerated and unpoetic license, but if ever men walked 'hand in hand with Death', it was the lot of the British in India until the work of Ross and Haffkine. But to the nineteenth-century composer on Imperial themes, the portrait of the Hero is always placed against a stylized background like the paintings of eighteenth-century generals in which, surrounded by vignettes of battle, there is no way of knowing if there is lice in their wigs.

I have maintained, elsewhere, that the 'primary heroism of the nineteenth century was the committal to exile'. It was almost penal banishment in a prison. A place in which justice was arbitrary and without reason, like Kafka's, twenty-five years and then release – or, death in chains. Anglo-Indian melancholy is the melancholy of the Bastille, the writ of habeas corpus no longer applies. But it is a *conscious* melancholy in which it is difficult to separate passion from contrivance. It became an attitude, another of the imperial gestures, but this time with meaning. For of all the scenes in the pageant of Empire, those of the hero dying of cholera, the comrades lying dead in obscure cemeteries, have a sickening reality. Although such things are muted in the works of the hero-builders, they are always threateningly present, like agents of the Eumenides, unresolved and inchoate. In the poetry of Empire, however, they have shape and reality if only to draw a tear.

Still as I cheer I can't expel the sorrow from my mind,
I cannot drown the memory of those we leave behind.
I wave my cap to India, fast sinking in the blue
But the shadows of my comrades seem to wave me their adieu.

Goodbye, my friends: although the bullet did not lay you low,
A thought, a tear upon your graves, at least your brothers owe;
Ye died for England, though ye died not 'mid the cannon's boom,
Nor any 'mention in despatches' glorified your tomb.*

Poets, particularly bad ones, have a habit of speaking from the heart, with the emotions of things transmuted by fear, delight, or even resignation as so often with the laureates of Anglo-India. But there is here a sound statistical background. There might, for example, be doubts on whether the number in the notorious charge at Balaklava was exactly six hundred. The mortality tables leave us with unsettlingly accurate facts on the toll of lives in India.

The average death-rate from the commencement of records in 1770 until 1856 was 69 per 1,000. The *Report* gives average figures for three periods.

1770-1799: 55 per 1,000
1800-1829: 85 per 1,000
1830-1856: 58 per 1,000

It shows there to be little advance in prophylactic and therapeutic medicine in over eighty years. This belief is reinforced by the statement that deaths in Calcutta in 1856 were the same percentage as they were in 1772.

In the analysis of causes of death the highest percentage is for those of zymotic origin, i.e. diseases caused by multiplication of germs introduced from without. These are given separately for the period 1830-1845 as 58 per 1,000.

The figures given in the *Report* are, by its terms of reference, only concerned with officers and men of the European force maintained in India. The mortality rates of officers are, of course, lower than for the soldier. Better living conditions and, possibly, moral attitudes account for this. The average for officers is given as 38 per 1,000 and as low as 16 per 1,000 in 1861.

Briefly, in the summary of evidence, is given another side to the conquest of India. The expenditure against dubious returns. The cost, amongst the lower strata, of the great palaces of Calcutta and the arrogant wealth of the 'Nabob' at home. Disease was no particular respecter of persons, but the chances of the ranks of the European troops for survival were pitifully small.

Of the troops brought to Bombay in 1662, a force of 500 men, only 93 survived in 1664.

In 1759 only five survived out of a body of 250 Europeans landed in India in 1758.

* *For England Ho!*: 'Aliph Cheem' *Lays of Ind.*, London, 1866.

Out of 1,064 men who arrived at Moultmein in 1842 only 93 returned to England in 1859.

The figures are implacable and their continual reiteration almost drains meaning from them. Their reality can, perhaps, be grasped more readily when put in another form.

The equivalent of one company of every regiment was sacrificed every twenty months.

Or, even more startlingly, as:

*The European Army in India disappeared in about thirteen and a half years.**

The life expectation of European soldiers in India was tragically short even when compared with the comparatively short one for England. At the age of twenty, the *Report* shows it to be:

India	17.7 years
England	39.5 years

No better index can be found for any danger to life than the premiums on life assurance demanded by the insurance companies. The comparison is instructive. The premium per £100 at the age of thirty for England was £2 14s.; for India, £4.

From these figures emerges certain information which puts rather a different colour on some of the more common facts of war in India. The sword is used less often than one might have thought for the tables show that twenty times as many soldiers died from disease than died on active service.

Even the finest hour of British courage in India, the Siege of Delhi in 1857, is a somewhat different affair from what our historians would have us believe.† More perished on the Ridge from the ubiquitous baccilli than from shot or sword. The action of Nicholson at the Kashmir Gate when he met his death sprang from the consecutive deaths from cholera of two commanders, General Anson and Sir Henry Barnard and their replacement by an incompetent Brigadier after their successor had retired sick also.

* To give a correct perspective to these numbers it is necessary to know something of the figures for the European population in India. Those given are from the Census of 1861. Naturally, earlier in the history of the British in India, the numbers were much smaller, particularly those of women.

Civilians	22,556
Soldiers (including officers)	84,083
Women	19,306

† Whatever one's attitude to the 'Indian Mutiny' might be, there can be no denying the great physical courage shown by most of those that fought through it, a courage by no means restricted to the side of the British. It was a time of horror and moral abandon, in fact the British-Indian equivalent of the Thirty Years War of Callot's terrifying engravings, *Les Misères de la Guerre*.

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The *Report* again translates the nightmare of the mutiny into the cold horror of statistics.

Out of the men sent to India prior to and including the Mutiny, 9,467 died. But only 586 men were actually killed in action. The rest succumbed to disease and the effects of a tropic sun.

And the cost of death in hard cash? £588,000 per annum, no small sum in the currency of a hundred years and more ago.

It is little wonder that the lives of some of the heroes of Victorian England make unpleasant reading to us to-day. In our world of antibiotics and DDT, of the jab in the arm, the abracadabra of inoculation and vaccination, there is a solid unreality about these men and their actions. Truth seems more improbable than fiction. But there is reason for it. The atmosphere in which these men lived was as brittle as fine porcelain. Environmental factors are much played with by contemporary sociologists. A good field for study would be the lives of the early British in India. They existed in a continuous state of siege. Their reactions are the neuroses of persecution.

Why was the record so terrible? Miss Nightingale has the answer.* Drains and dram-drinking. The first she put with her rather sharp humour as:

When asked about Drains the Army in India was like the London woman who replied, 'No, thank God, we have none of them foul, stinking things here!'

The barracks, bungalows, and towns of India were without drains. Water-supplies in pipes were non-existent. The station reports on their drinking water are hair-raising. Filtration was virtually unknown.

Bombay it is true, has a better water supply; but it has no drainage. Calcutta is being drained but it has no water supply. Two of the seats of Government have thus each one half of a sanitary improvement, which halves ought never to be separated. Madras has neither.

The Indian towns were even worse than the cantonments of the British. The country around the Bazaars is described in the *Report* as 'one immense privy'.

At Agra it is proof of respectability to have cess-pools. The inhabitants (152,000) generally resort to fields.

The life of the European soldier fits into the pattern of the nightmare.

* All further quotations unless otherwise assigned are from 'Observations by Miss Nightingale on the Evidence contained in Stational Returns sent to her by the Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army in India' published in Volume One of the *Report*, op. cit.

Stuffed into old and inadequate barracks, watching his comrades die.* Engulfed in the boredom of a soldier's day in the tropics. Miss Nightingale gives his daily routine as:

bed till daybreak,
drill for an hour,
breakfast, served to him by native servants,
bed,
dinner, served to him by native servants,
bed,
tea, served to him by native servants,
drink,
tea – and *da capo*

There can be little surprise that they turned to drink. They were not different from their officers or civilians in their action and hope for forgetfulness. Furthermore, drinking was actually encouraged by the authorities for vast quantities of liquor were sold in the canteens. And though the sale of spirits to soldiers was strictly forbidden in the Bazaars, everyone could get as much as he wanted.

For, as might be expected, it is practically impossible to encourage and restrict an evil at the same time. Government sells the license to sell drink in the bazaar, and orders the men not to profit by it. The present law is like lighting a fire and charging it not to burn anything.

Under pressure, of course, the Government denies any such intention and all agree that spirit-selling should be abolished. But Miss Nightingale is not to be placated by fine phrases.

The only plea on the other side is a very old one, which has been used to justify other vices besides dram-drinking, viz. that 'if we do not give spirits in the canteen, which we all believe to be bad for health and discipline, the men will get worse spirits in the bazaar'. Thus the men are killed by liver-disease on canteen spirits to save them from being killed by liver-disease on bazaar spirits, Government in either case benefiting pecuniarily, as is supposed, by the transaction. May there not be some middle course whereby men may be killed by neither bazaar nor canteen spirits?

Miss Nightingale in her 'Observations' put her finger on many tender spots – and probed. The Government at home reacts by omitting her contribution from the abridged public version of the *Report* and disperses the type of the full edition. Miss Nightingale responds by printing her 'Observations' separately and sending a copy to everyone of note in England and to every medical man in India.

The battle for Indian sanitary improvements has begun. Powerful

* 'At Prome (in Burma) in 1853 there were five or six burials daily out of a European force of a little more than a thousand men . . .' Cited in the *Report* as an extract from Dr M'Clelland's *The Medical Topography of Bengal*.

allies appear. Sir John Lawrence before leaving for India as Viceroy in 1863, comes to see her. He had met her previously in 1861. Slowly the Englishman's home in India ceases to be his castle, and becomes his water-closet. The background of heroism unobtrusively trickles away down the smooth bore of the Imperial cloacae. A revolution takes place in living. It is a slow one, however. Improvements are made, but they take time and money. Malaria and cholera must wait to be conquered. But soon the haste borne of impermanence and fear will give way to lethargy and the proliferation of the minutiae of Government. The civil service is consolidated. Telephone and telegram and 'reference to higher authority' displace the immediacy of decision. Home is not only nearer, with air-conditioning one can pretend it is here.

The last mortality table of all is dated August 15th, 1947. But this time it is the Indian Empire itself that is dead.

THE AUTUMNAL STAGE

Richard Findlater

One of the most significant theatrical events in the Coronation autumn of 1953 was the performance of yet another scene in that characteristically English farce, 'The National Theatre: or, Where's That Stone?' Throughout the last hundred years, the revolutionary notion of a *Comédie Anglaise* has been the subject of a solemn and repetitive debate: its supporters, a passionate minority, had to meet not only the active opposition of Chadbands and Gradgrinds, but the vast, inarticulate conviction of their fellow-countrymen that the theatre must not be taken seriously. A victory was at last secured in 1949, when Parliament voted a conditional promise of a million pounds towards erecting and equipping a national theatre. The principle was thus recognized by both political parties and therefore, according to constitutional theory, by the British people. In practice, however, the *Comédie Anglaise* is still a chimera. Approved as morally desirable, generations after every other European country had instituted its own national theatre, it now seems to be materially unrealizable.

To build such a theatre, it is necessary to find some land and some money. The quest for these has continued, throughout the century, past Philistine dragons and sloughs of insular despond. Sites were selected in Bloomsbury, Kensington, Westminster – indeed, all over London – until at last, in 1942, the mirage settled down across the Thames, by courtesy of the L.C.C. A place on the South Bank was swapped by County Hall for the Kensington property. After the war plans were prepared, and in the summer of 1951 the Queen Mother laid a foundation stone near the new Festival Hall. There, under black matchboarding, it remained – a symbol of the nation's empirical policy towards the arts – until the autumn of 1953. It has now been announced that this site, in turn, is unsuitable; yet another foundation stone will shortly be laid, no doubt, by another royal personage, a little further up the river, and yet another plan has already been prepared. This may well prove to be the last resting-place of the national theatre dream; for even if the L.C.C.'s plot of earth remains consecrated ground, it is unlikely to support a playhouse. Who would pay for it? In present economic conditions, the million pounds from Parliament would scarcely provide enough bricks and mortar – and,

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indeed, in present economic conditions such a payment, always electorally dangerous, might be indefinitely deferred. The National Theatre Committee has only some £75,000 in the kitty, and the English public is unlikely to subscribe the large sums needed to build, equip and maintain a full-scale theatre. Appeals to the Commonwealth and the U.S.A. might prove successful – it was, after all, largely American money which built the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, our effective deputy for the stone on the South Bank. Yet such a foundation for a national theatre might seem incongruous and even insupportable to a proud anti-theatrical people like the British; and there are, moreover, such powerful rivals for private alms as Westminster Abbey and Cancer Research.

This story of the wandering stone is one clue to the state of the London stage in the autumn of Coronation year. It is not only the building that is missing, but the drama: where can the national theatre be seen to-day? Seventy-three years ago Henry James wrote:

There are a great many theatres in London, enjoying various degrees of credit and prosperity; but there is nothing cynical in saying that there is no such thing in existence as an English stage. The stage is a collective organism, composed of the harmonious vitality diffused through a number of individual playhouses, which are nourished by a dramatic literature native to the country, and expressing its manners and feelings, and which work together to an effective end. When it substantially exists, it is usually summed up, typified to the world, in a theatre more distinguished than the rest, in which the education of the actor has reached its highest point, and in which it is the supreme ambition of the dramatic authors of the country to see their productions represented.

James was, of course, a notorious perfectionist and, in matters of theatrical taste, a slave to Parisian ideals. Yet his definition underlines the deficiencies of the 'new Elizabethan' theatre: can any sign of such a national stage be found in the vicinity of the West End, or even in the Waterloo Road?

* * * *

Recent events at the Old Vic, indeed, mirror some characteristic problems of our mid-century stage. After a stormy succession of indifferent seasons, marked by individual successes in acting and direction, the theatre in the Waterloo Road has declared the arrival of yet another new order. With Michael Benthall, for the moment, in control – a temporary, æsthetic authority, subject to the administrative suprema, the Board of Governors, and other interested parties – the whole Shakespearian corpus is to be performed during the next five years. The advantages of such a long-term plan and of continuity in policy are obvious – when Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson were dismissed from the Old

Vic in 1948, they had drawn up plans for twelve years ahead – but until now they have not been favoured by the Old Vic, which has had to bump along on a short-term strategy of more or less effective improvisation, while a succession of eminent men have tasted the dangers of divided rule. The new régime has also had the sense and courage to challenge playgoers' laziness by introducing a true repertory system of billing, with a nightly change of performance. This method of staging is common across the Channel, and has long been in force at Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells and Stratford-on-Avon, but it has long been resisted at the Old Vic because the management believed that it added an unnecessary complexity to playgoing. Productions can now be planned as parts of a series, and can be retained in the repertory instead of being limited to a few weeks' run, as was common in previous seasons. These are all hopeful signs. So, for the future of the Old Vic, are the successes of Richard Burton and Claire Bloom, the stars of the new season. Everyone concerned about the welfare of the English stage wishes that Mr Benthall's enterprise may thrive.

Yet there are some obvious obstacles to continuity. First and foremost of these is the question of solvency. The Old Vic has edged close to financial disaster in recent years: nobody can predict its fortunes in the next five years, especially if the Arts Council's subsidy should, in any fit of Scroogish economy, be substantially reduced. One insurance against half-full houses is to head the bill with stars, especially stars of the cinema and, perhaps, the television screens: there is no doubt that Mr Burton and Miss Bloom help to fill the Old Vic as much by name as by virtue. Yet this raises, in a concrete shape, the question of *aesthetic* continuity; and here the Old Vic's new season sharply reflects a general problem of our stage.

The pioneers of the national theatre movement dreamed of permanent companies, with repertories of forty and fifty plays, but the facts of theatrical life to-day discourage such ambitions. Mr Burton and Miss Bloom have, with commendable dedication, sacrificed lucrative film contracts in order to act at the Old Vic, where their salaries represent a tenth or even a twentieth of their possible Hollywood earnings. Such a sacrifice has been justified not only for the Old Vic box-office, but also for their own reputations. It is, however, unlikely to be permanent. For future seasons Mr Benthall must find new stars, and a new supporting company; small-part players may continue from one season to another, but the thirty-sixth production in the cycle is unlikely to have anything in common with the first but the author's name. Under such conditions, is it possible to implement a policy of continuity by a continuity of method? The first productions suggest that the answer to this question is 'No.' From the evidence of *Hamlet*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *King John*, it

seems to me that the new project has been heavily handicapped from the start – whatever its financial success may be.

This handicap is not, primarily, in Mr Benthall's first company, which – though not especially distinguished – has done good work up to date. Although there are wide variations in skill and experience, the players are – generally speaking – naturalists; they are members of the majority sect, not products of the classical school; and there are none of the glaring contrasts in style, or non-style, often seen in previous Shakespearian revivals at this theatre. Thus, Mr Burton – whose Sir Toby I await with eager interest – gives a strong, honest and limited, performance of Hamlet; manly, but prosaic; athletic, but unshocked; clear and resonant, but inclined to be monotonous and unmusical. Miss Bloom and Miss Compton provide creditable, rather flat studies of Ophelia and the Queen; though Miss Bloom's beautiful passivity is often unruffled with too deliberate an effort, and Miss Compton's singularly unlecherous Gertrude seemed – on my second view – to be too much of an English mater. The shining star of this season, in terms of merit, is Mr Michael Hordern, who is an admirable Polonius (once the excessive naturalism of Edinburgh was removed) and whose performance of Parolles almost made the revival of *All's Well That Ends Well* seem worth while.

For a more important handicap to Mr Benthall's plan is the quality of some of the plays which he is committed to produce. Only the most pig-headed bardolater could defend the value of large chunks of *King John* or *All's Well*, and only the most brilliant production and performance could, perhaps, make them seem worthy of resuscitation, when better works lie upon the library shelves, unstaged. The Old Vic, it must be said, does not provide such production and performance. Mr John Neville is a caricature of the Gielgud smell-under-the-nose aristocrat, and Mr Laurence Hardy is a caricature of Mr Laurence Hardy. Mr Osbert Lancaster's sets for *All's Well* are fussy, cumbersome and unpleasing, while Motley's costumes for *King John* are dull when they are not absurd. And though Mr George Devine and Mr Benthall, producers of *King John* and *All's Well* respectively, have tried to translate these imperfect pieces into modern theatrical terms, they have frequently succeeded in making the plays' weaknesses more obvious. The root of the trouble, however, lies in the nature of the Old Vic stage.

Three years ago the theatre was redesigned by Pierre Sonrel, but already this design has been revised. (Is there something inevitably tentative about modern theatrical architecture?) James Bailey has now created a permanent set to provide more storage space for the scenery and, also perhaps, to suggest a continuity for which audiences may look in vain to the directors and the actors. It is characteristic of our theatrical

anarchy that the Old Vic should be obliged to store its scenery at scattered spots throughout the capital, and that in order to improve this state of affairs the stage itself should be re-designed for a five year plan. I do not know how much space Mr Bailey's structure has saved, but it already seems to me to have lost something of greater urgency – a free stage – and to retain it through the next thirty-three Shakespearian revivals is inviting suicide. This façade appears not only to have reduced the acting area, but also to have standardized the acting patterns. It looks massive, inflexible and indestructible; it includes no upper balcony or tarras; and it will inevitably, I feel, impose upon the director and his company a much narrower choice of action than is necessary or desirable. Permanent sets are, of course, dangerous to handle; yet Miss Tanya Moisewitsch's design for the Stratford-on-Avon history cycle proved triumphantly successful in its adaptable variety, largely because, I believe, of its approximation to the Elizabethan original. Even Miss Moisewitsch's set would have lost its value if it had been maintained throughout another season; how, then, can we regard the perpetuation of Mr Bailey's monument until 1958!

* * * *

The decisive importance of stage-forms in Shakespearian revival is illustrated negatively by Donald Wolfit, in his Hammersmith season. A positive example was provided by Glen Byam Shaw – an erstwhile member of the Old Vic triumvirate – in his Stratford-on-Avon production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, brought to London for a short run in November. Byam Shaw solved the problems of rapid scene changing and varying scenic rhythm, while maintaining the play's essential unity, by an inspired simplicity and economy of design. As in his Old Vic production of *Henry V* (1951), he used a bare stage with liberating effect: Motley's bold but simply coloured costumes were silhouetted against a stage-infinity of sky, and the producer achieved the necessary variations swiftly and subtly by music, lighting, or lowered columns and drapes, colouring or adjusting space to the mood of Rome or Alexandria. This *Antony and Cleopatra* was also remarkable for a great performance by Michael Redgrave, whose second Stratford season has confirmed his place with Gielgud and Olivier at the head of the English stage, and for a gallant, memorable but ultimately irrelevant impersonation of Cleopatra by Peggy Ashcroft.

The success of this production was a reminder to the West End of other values – in art and trade – outside the recipes of current show business; and it was a reminder, too, that Stratford is still, in effect, our national

theatre. It took the lead from the Old Vic some six years ago, and it retains that lead to-day. One substantial reason for its success is the talent of Anthony Quayle, as an actor, director, diplomat, manager and leader: until the arrival of Byam Shaw last year, Quayle has enjoyed relatively undivided control (subject to a Board of Governors), and his continuity of leadership – a continuity which the Old Vic has lacked – has created the nearest approach in Britain to a truly national repertory theatre. Stratford also enjoys unique advantages in back stage organization. It is not only the one British theatre with a green room, but it has its own painting-room, property workshops, and permanent wardrobe staff; and its self-sufficiency as a theatrical unit illustrates the absurdly inadequate resources of most British playhouses.

In the West End of London, the central problem of our theatre – the need to make new stages from the old – is not apparent; nor, indeed, are any other central problems of our time, except for those reflected in *The Living Room* (should a Catholic girl Sin with an agnostic psychiatrist?), *The Bad Samaritan* (should a Catholic girl Sin with a Protestant curate?), *The Confidential Clerk* (should we follow in father's footsteps, and if so, who's Father?), *Carrington, V.C.* (should an army officer make a temporary loan from the impres?), and *Escapade*, a play about peace, parents and the press which seems to be the most recognizable picture of life in the 1950's now on exhibition in London. The autumn of 1953, in fact, presents the playgoer with the usual theatrical allsorts. Since I described the scene in THE TWENTIETH CENTURY last May, the choice has altered here and there; and I have already discussed in this journal at some length the most important arrivals, *The Living Room* and *The Confidential Clerk*. Yet similar trends are evident, and there is the same notable deficiency – Mr Greene and Mr Eliot notwithstanding – of what Henry James would acknowledge as a national stage.

A quarter of the current London productions derive from Broadway; 6 out of 36 playhouses are presenting musicals, revues, comedies and thrillers; and most of these 36 playhouses are occupied by the Light Programme. Show business is still in power, and show business is still doing well – whatever the justified fears of provincial theatre owners about television's effects upon the box-office. Service comedies (*Seagulls over Sorrento* and *Reluctant Heroes* advance like automata towards their fifth year); sophisticated New York comedies (*Affairs of State*, *The Even Year Itch*, *The Moon is Blue*); Anglo-French comedies (*The Private Life of Helen*, *Dear Charles*); traditional English romps (*As Long as They're Happy*, *For Better, For Worse*, *Trial and Error*); Agatha Christie thrillers (*The Mousetrap*, *Witness for the Prosecution*); court-room plays (*Carrington, V.C.*, *Blind Man's Buff*); American musicals (*Guys and Dolls*,

The King and I, *Wish You Were Here*, *Paint Your Wagon*) – all these marketable brands have their audiences, and occasional televising of selected scenes assists them to recruit more customers.

One unusual fact about the London scene is that, as I write, only two productions are revivals – Lonsdale's *Aren't We All?* and *The Two Bouquets*, the English musical at the Piccadilly. The rest of the shows are new – new, that is, to London – and we critics might well adjust the slogan of 'no more revivals' to current realities, after careful consideration of the new plays set out for our delight. *Aren't We All?* is a prime but lonely specimen of Tennents' Revivalism. Care and money have obviously been lavished on the production, which exploits the nostalgia of the world before the 1914 war (a useful Tennent property) with the aid of Cecil Beaton's opulent costumes and scenery and the admirable acting of Ronald Squire, Marjorie Fielding and Marie Lohr. But where, in all this prodigal expenditure of time and talent, is the play? Frederick Lonsdale wrote *Aren't We All?* in 1923, and thirty years ago it earned him a considerable reputation. Its principal interest to-day is its illustration of just how easily a considerable reputation could be made, thirty years ago. The management has done the play a disservice by putting the clock back ten years – in spite of the pictorial advantages which rank so high in the Tennents' priorities – for this brings Mr Lonsdale nearer to his theatrical parent, Oscar Wilde, and by so doing suggests the abyss of talent that lies between them. The success of Mr Squire, a master of timing, is achieved – as so often in the London theatre – in spite of the play, by virtue of his own familiar and delightful exercises in Debrettery.

The Two Bouquets, another period piece, is a more profitable exhumation. This dainty, cheerful trifle by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon has all the intrinsic Englishness for which other authors and managers strive with such lamentable results. Nostalgic prettiness and jolly humour are served up with style, in a pleasant pastiche of a notorious genre, and it suffers from little of that strenuous wistfulness, that hollow heartiness, that rouged English rose peculiar to our native costume musicals. Yet its description by a daily paper as 'the English *Oklahoma!*' serves to illustrate the anæmia of our musical theatre. This is confirmed, in a different way, by the performance of Herbert Lom and Valerie Hobson in *The King and I*, the new Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play at Drury Lane. Mr Lom, who plays the Siamese King with energy and intelligence, yells his way through the score in a fierce but forlorn attempt to conceal the fact that he cannot sing. Miss Hobson, in the role created on Broadway by Gertrude Lawrence, suffers – in a less conspicuous degree – from the same complaint: her voice is reedy, small and expendable. In view of the keen competition for these roles, it must apparently be assumed that – in spite

of our Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, to which *The King and I* is indebted – we have no available artists who can both act and sing at the Lane.

Nor, it seems, have we any classical roles worth the attention of Sir Laurence Olivier, who has returned to the London stage after an absence of two years in 'an occasional fairy-tale' by Terence Rattigan, *The Sleeping Prince*. This play provides a triumphal solo for Vivien Leigh: but for her husband it provides a second-rate charade. Sir Laurence has become increasingly interested in directing plays, in theatre management, and in film-making, at the expense of acting; and he has found great difficulty in selecting suitable starring parts for his wife and himself. When the plans failed for a Festival year revival of *The School for Scandal* (which the Oliviers had staged two years before) with Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson in the cast, Sir Laurence despaired. According to his recent biographer, Mr Felix Barker, 'With the whole world of drama and two thousand years of plays to choose from, nothing seemed to force itself to the front and demand production.' He himself favoured *Mary Rose*, but then the Shaw-Shakespeare bill of Cleopatra plays was adopted, as 'the outcome of a casual pleasantry' – and in these productions it seemed to many observers, including the writer, that Sir Laurence was consistently underplaying in favour of his wife, who scored a personal triumph. For Coronation year, this great actor again chose a Barrie play, *The Admirable Crichton*, as his first selection, but Mr Rattigan's new piece, with its appropriately royal flavour, was offered – and accepted. This again provides Vivien Leigh with splendid opportunities, while her husband – the creator of a famous Oedipus and Crookback – plays hard against his charm, in the masquerading moustache of a Balkan Grand Duke at the Coronation of George V.

Sir Laurence's dilemma illustrates a common problem of our leading actors; where is the new drama for them to play? Yet the outlook, at the moment, is brighter for his compeers. Sir John Gielgud, who has appeared with honour in revivals for some years, is shortly arriving in a new play by N. C. Hunter, the author of *Waters of the Moon*: whatever its superiority to that piece of theatrical flimsy, it also provides roles for Sir Lewis Casson, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Miss Irene Vorth. Dame Edith Evans will return to the stage in Christopher Fry's new play; and Michael Redgrave, with a new solution to the problem, is to appear in a play of his own composition. Only Mr Guinness remains loaf and unequipped, while Sir Laurence squanders his talent on a West End soufflé.

Meanwhile, new stars appear on the horizon – in the vicinity of Lime Grove. Television may well play an increasingly important role in the casting and selection of plays, as well as in competing with their possible

audiences. This year, for example, has seen the great stage success of *Dial M for Murder*, refused by theatre managements but victorious after its televised performance, and the less marked success of *Anastasia*, also introduced by the B B C. Moreover, the new celebrity which Elizabeth Allan gained in the national parlour game of *What's My Line?* obviously influenced her selection for a starring role in *Blind Man's Buff*, Miss Frances Day's first venture into management. Miss Allan shared the top billing with Mr Dennis Price, who has won a merited reputation on the cinema screen. In the theatre, however, Mr Price has one notable disadvantage – he does not act – and Miss Allan's quiet neutrality, though more natural than Mr Price's uneasy blankness, could scarcely be described as a stage performance. They are supported, however, by a number of admirable actors and an interesting enough play; and though I hope that managers will recognize the crying need for detailed production and training before they release such personalities on the stage, Mr Price and Miss Allan are likely to be followed by other stars from the screens, high, wide, or fourteen-inch.

The outlook for 1954 remains unsettled. Christopher Fry, Charles Morgan, Emlyn Williams, Peter Ustinov and Roger Macdougall are promising new plays; and, adding Mr Eliot and Mr Greene, some people take these names as signs that the new Elizabethan drama has already arrived. I await these plays with eagerness but without excessive hope. It seems to me that the characteristic products of our stage are the little Hunter play, with its glittering freight of knights, the little Rattigan play, with its conspicuous waste in sacrifice, and the promised English musical which Noel Coward is making out of the little Wilde play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. It seems to me that no real change in our theatre will occur, that no national stage will drift into view, until we take active measures to reform the industry and the art. Meanwhile, it is with gratitude that we watch the throng of fine players on this doubly autumnal stage.

LOOK UPON CÆSAR

Roy Walker

Three successive versions of *Romeo and Juliet* illustrate the progress that has been made in the formidable task of filming Shakespeare. The play was seen but not heard in a British silent picture made in 1906, with the late Sir Godfrey Tearle as Romeo. The advent of the talkies brought a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer version between the wars, with the poetry treated as prose. Now Arthur Rank and an Italian film company are about to offer a Technicolor treatment of the tragedy, made in Verona by Renato Castellani. To the same inter-war period as the M G M *Romeo and Juliet* belong a Fairbanks-Pickford *Taming of the Shrew* and Max Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, both made in Hollywood, and a rather Teutonic *As You Like It* was produced in this country, with Olivier as Orlando. None of these amounted to much more than exploration of possibilities of turning poetry into pictures, but since the War two famous actors have produced screen Shakespeare that merits more serious consideration. Olivier stormed the breach for England with *Henry V* in colour, and then a monochrome *Hamlet*, to be followed next year by a film of *King Lear*. Orson Welles, independently of Hollywood, magnificently murdered *Macbeth* and what he afterwards did to *Othello* we know only indirectly through his subsequent stage performance in London. Not to be out-manceuvred, England is to use the so-called three-dimensional technique of Cinemascope for a colour film of *The Tempest*, which Robert Helpmann is to direct next year. Meanwhile, Hollywood has returned to the field with M G M's impressive monochrome film of *Julius Cæsar*. This play too has a screen history. The first version, appropriately enough, was made in Italy, in 1914. More recently a university unit shot a 16 mm. sound version in and around Chicago, with something of the abandon of Orson Welles himself. It would be interesting to know if that helped to arouse M G M's interest, but at any rate their *Julius Cæsar*, which brings back Sir John Gielgud to the screen, as Cassius, is on the whole the best Shakespearean film to date and as such deserves the compliment of careful criticism.

How far is it theoretically possible to succeed in filming Shakespeare? Something of the essence of any great poetic drama is lost if the actors are not in the presence of the living audience. Where classic drama is con-

cerned films, like radio, television and other canned goods, are useful only if you cannot get fresh. But that applies to all the people some of the time, and to most people all the time, particularly if we consider only outstanding performances. Moreover, the development of the theatre since Shakespeare's day has raised other problems, particularly in the case of a play like *Julius Caesar*, where the action constantly moves from place to place. Indeed, the M G M publicity department rushes in where scholars fear to tread with the assertion that:

From the day of its premiere (about 1599 in London) *Julius Caesar* seemed to await its complete realization in a wider medium. While remaining immensely popular with the audience of four centuries, the play had arguable defects due to limitations of the stage itself.

On Shakespeare's stage, with several acting areas and almost no scenery, there was no problem, the play was communicated by suiting the action to the word and leaving the rest to the poetry and to the imagination of a responsive audience. A work of art is such because of the particulars it omits as well as those it chooses, but the tendency of Shakespearian production before Poel's time and even since has been to gild the lily. If modern audiences consequently expect to see where they are supposed to be going, and become lazier listeners in the process, with *Julius Caesar* nowadays it is often a question of, well here we are – and now where are we? Designers no longer allowed to bring the front curtain down while the scenery is changed have to show in rapid succession a Roman street, Brutus' orchard, the interior of Caesar's house, another street, the Senate – and so on. When Gielgud played Cassius at Stratford three years ago, we had what is called a semi-permanent set, and a most handsome one. Never have I seen Caesar's first entry make a finer stage picture, but after that Brutus had to meditate in the street, Caesar apparently entertained callers in the gutter, and the Senate met in a huge purple tent visibly rigged up in the same thoroughfare while the senators were assembling in it. These conventions, if doubtfully superior to the Elizabethan one of leaving it to the poetry and the players to paint the scene, are at any rate far better than the archaeological addictions of the Kean-Irving tradition. Tree's famous 1898 *Julius Caesar* lasted four hours with heavy cuts to make up for the time taken in changing the scenery, but its fundamental mistake was in allowing Alma-Tadema to reconstruct Rome in detail. The poetic drama does not thrive on photographic realism. Rapid movement from place to place with plenty of outdoor scenes is the sort of shooting script the film studios want and that dramatists, who usually have a distant acquaintance with the unities, seldom provide. But the cinema also has a bias towards realism, and even towards the archaeological accuracy that was the besetting sin of Beerbohm Tree. Imaginative response to Shake-

peare in the cinema can be distracted not only by too many sights but by the wrong sort of visible surroundings. The virtue of Orson Welles's *Macbeth* was its rejection of realism, though the substitute was not in an imaginative key that harmonized with Shakespeare's poetry.

We are informed that in designing the settings for the *Julius Caesar* film the emphasis was on dramatic effect rather than architectural or archaeological detail, but although the steep stone steps of the Capitol might indeed have been in Washington the total impression is still of generalized realism which has the effect of making the poetry sound unnatural and self-conscious. Valiant efforts have been made to prevent this background from competing with the verse, at any rate until the final battle, where the text receives the unkindest cut of all. (A military ambush along familiar Western lines is a poor consolation for the loss of the last angry parley between the Roman adversaries.) However carefully the camera is used it may still betray the poetry precisely when it is hoping to be most helpful. Calphurnia's famous line, 'The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes' is broken after 'blaze forth' by a cut from the speaker's face to Caesar's and imagination is thereby diverted at the critical moment from the poetic statement to the new visual subject. But the director is constantly at war with the omens in this film. Cassius does not defy the lightning or confess at last that he can now 'partly credit things that do presage'. What is more strange is that there is no attempt to compensate pictorially for the cutting of some of the most obviously photogenic descriptions. Surely the cameras could have made something of Cassius's missing lines:

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

The same speaker's 'Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?' was lamely altered from fire to 'light' and we see the remains but not the burning camp itself. Nor had we seen or heard how Brutus and Cassius 'rid like madmen through the gates of Rome'. But that was due to a lengthy excision influenced by the interpretation of the play.

The dominant influence in dramatic interpretation of *Julius Caesar*, though not in cinematic technique, was that of Orson Welles. In 1937, writes the producer of the film, John Houseman, Welles put on a produc-

tion of the play that used movie technique, modern costume and modern associations:

For audiences whose daily news diet was being poisoned by the unchecked growth of Fascist and Nazi power, Orson Welles prepared a script that was as sharp and violent as his production.

And of his own film Houseman says that:

While never deliberately exploiting the historic parallels, there are certain emotional patterns arising from political events of the immediate past that we were prepared to evoke. . . . Hitler at Nuremberg and Compiègne, and later in the Berlin rubble; Mussolini on his balcony with that same docile mob massed below which later watched him hanging by his feet, dead. These sights are as much a part of our contemporary consciousness – in the black and white of news-reel and TV screens – as, to Elizabethan audiences, were the personal and political conflicts and tragedies of Essex, Bacon, Leicester and the Cecils.

Houseman might also have argued that in bringing the Romans up to date he was only doing what Shakespeare did in his own day. As Dover Wilson remarks, Plutarch's sixteenth-century translators had put them into the doublet and hose of English gentlemen, and in this respect Shakespeare followed his source, as was well illustrated by the Roman-Tudor production of *Julius Caesar* by the Marlowe Society at Cambridge last year. Moreover, Orson Welles's example had been approved on the English stage and in the study. In the first winter of the war there was a modern-dress production of *Julius Caesar* at His Majesty's, set in a Fascist state, and since the War Donald Wolfit has appeared as the white sheep of a family of Blackshirts. Dover Wilson, in his 1949 edition, declares that 'the play's theme is the single one of Liberty versus Tyranny . . . the Caesar who falls on Shakespeare's Capitol is the universal Dictator' and the death of Brutus 'is but the symbol of a greater disaster, the death of liberty.' Napoleon, the Fuehrer and the general secretary of the Communist Party all come in for dishonourable mention. John Houseman and the director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, are at any rate in good company.

Nevertheless they are wrong. The Elizabethan age believed in the personal ruler as a terrestrial analogue of deity and, as reference to the assassination of Caesar in other Shakespeare plays emphasizes, that particular murder was the classic example of outrage, the greatest secular crime in history. This is the light in which it is presented in *Julius Caesar*, and before two world wars darkened counsel this was well understood. The only full study of the Roman plays, MacCallum's in 1910, says that in *Julius Caesar* 'Shakespeare makes it abundantly clear that the rule of the single master-mind is the only admissible solution for the problem of the time'. One of the very latest American studies of *Shakespeare's Use of Learning*, by V. K. Whitaker, points out that the poet gave a loftier moral

character to the dictator than he found in Plutarch, and made him physically weaker. But, says Dr Whitaker, neatly demonstrating that modern parallels will cut both ways, no one thought that President Roosevelt's paralysis detracted from his greatness. It is not, of course, a question of politics but of poetry. Yet even on the political level it is worth remarking that a play which shows the indictment and defeat of the 'liberators' and the triumph of the spirit of the dead dictator is of dubious service to democratic self-esteem. The Shakespearian tragedy of *Julius Caesar* will not work to the Welles formula, and the attempt to make it do so blurs the real outlines of a great work of art. The Shakespearian moral, if we must try to find one, is rather that, as one of the other great tragedies puts it:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Not, of course, that the play simply shows a good dictator and bad liberators. Parliamentary power was growing in the Elizabethan world and was shortly to challenge royal absolutism to the point of civil war. But in *Julius Caesar* the rise of this new attitude is still contained in the older pattern of social order.

The Houseman-Mankiewicz treatment of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* does not crudely invert the values to match them to present political assumptions, but the bias is there all the same. Louis Calhern's Caesar is an 'unsympathetic' character, vain and overbearing, and it is a fault of the performance rather than of the interpretation that he never impresses us as a man of whom wise citizens would go in dread. The violence of the Roman mob has been limited to overturning a few stalls, pulling down awnings and lighting a bonfire. The lynching of an innocent poet and the firing of the houses, expressions of public indignation in which democratic peoples would not care to see themselves, have been cut, and with them the urgent reason for the mad speed of Brutus' and Cassius' flight from Rome.

It remains to speak of the principal performances, the quality of three of which, together with great merits in direction and production, combine to establish *Julius Caesar* as the best Shakespearian film to date. The faults that Shakespeare attributes to Cassius, though they do not eclipse his better qualities, are more dishonourable than it is now customary to confess. At the very outset he is mixing foul means with fair words, the forged letters thrown in at Brutus' window are a trick akin to that of the ambitious villain Edmund in *King Lear*, and the itching palm so soon after the murder suggests an unscrupulous adventurer rather than a crusader for civil liberties. At Stratford, Sir John Gielgud romanticized Cassius almost to heroic proportions, we loved him for his great faults as much as we were persuaded to detest Caesar for his lesser ones.

Gielgud's nobility of mien and beauty of voice still go far to cover Cassius's vices, but there is a dangerous implacability in his film performance that impresses me as even finer than his stage interpretation and truer to Shakespeare's Cassius (who has now, I am glad to see, given up the bad habit of biting his fingernails in moments of exasperation). James Mason gives us a warm-hearted and sensitive Brutus, whose failure to weigh up Cassius is incredible. The abstract idealism that is misled into a course disastrous to Rome and to Brutus too is not suggested, but on its own ground Mason's performance is moving enough. Marlon Brando has eliminated his American accent to an extent that makes his speaking fully acceptable to ears attuned to English Shakespearian acting – indeed, Casca is the only offender in this respect – but although he brings a fine passion to the funeral oration, it is meaningless to stress the first word of 'Lend me your ears', and he misses the conscious manipulation of the mob. But his eyes blaze superbly in the earlier scene in the Capitol over Caesar's body and one of the film's great moments is when Brutus' speech to the crowd culminates in 'Then *none* have I offended' just as the doors open before Antony, bearing in his arms his murdered friend. Greer Garson is adequate as Calphurnia, though the part needed the oracular passion of such an actress as Katina Paxinou. Deborah Kerr, denied both her proof of valour and her second scene, cannot complete the portrait of Portia that she begins with notable sincerity. Among other cuts, the first hint of the rift between Antony and Octavius, which confirms MacCallum's point that the rule of the single master-mind is the *only* admissible solution and also prepares the way for *Antony and Cleopatra* where the dissolution of the victorious triumvirate is followed to the end, is the more unfortunate because that tragedy is also to be filmed next year, in Italy, with Michael Redgrave as the Antony who wept at the deaths of both Caesar and Brutus.

DYLAN THOMAS

John Davenport

Dylan Thomas, originally attacked for incomprehensibility, had become before his death a popular writer. He fulfilled a need; he was needed by the young, who cut through the verbal difficulties to the vital core of his work.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages,
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms,
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my art or craft.

It is difficult, and undesirable, to assess a poet's 'position' so soon after his death. But it seems likely, in the case of Dylan Thomas, that the position is unassailable; not because of his popularity nor because of the acclaim from critics, but because of the attitude towards him of his fellow-poets. The sense of loss is acute. The censers swing, the ranks close in; but this is no ordinary death. The gap is immense. He wrote of humped Ann:

Whose hooded, fountain heart once fell in puddles
Round the parched worlds of Wales and drowned each sun
(Though this for her is a monstrous image blindly
Magnified out of praise . . .)

It is difficult in writing of him not blindly to magnify out of praise.

Much has been – and will be – written of his craftsmanship. There is no space here to write of that. He was a daring technical innovator with a mastery of traditional forms. His knowledge of the whole of English poetry was deep and wide. By the whole I mean from Chaucer down to his own contemporaries. His taste was catholic. His own style may be said to stem from late Shakespeare; his admiration for Milton was profound – he particularly admired the *Nativity Ode*; Blake he loved; Keats; and early Wordsworth; more immediate influences were Hopkins, Yeats, and Pound. None of this is illuminating – genealogies rarely are. His evocations of childhood are unique. He was Dylan Thomas. It may be worth mentioning, however, that the elaborately complicated structure of his own work did not prevent him from appreciating every sort of poetry that was good.

Some unimaginative persons were astonished by his passion for the verse of Thomas Hardy, and his love for such clear-textured poets as Edward Thomas, say, and Andrew Young. The least literary of men, he had a litmus-paper quality as a critic, although I think he had never read a complete work of criticism in his life. He knew the whole corpus of English poetry; otherwise his favourite reading was various: the Welsh and Irish storytellers, Dickens, detective stories – preferably transatlantic – such fantasies as those of Ray Bradbury, and odd books like Lindsay's *Voyage to Arcturus*. One thing only I would like to say about his conscious pleasure in his own virtuosity. Some solemn ass was complaining that the 'Author's Prologue' to the *Collected Poems* was absurdly simple – it represented a falling-off, a laziness, or laxness, as it were. After the man had bumbled off, having scored his pedantic point, Dylan seemed tickled. He asked me if I had ever examined the poem. If I bothered to do so, he said, I would find that it was 102 lines long, in two halves of fifty-one lines, the fifty-first line rhyming with the fifty-second, the fifty-third with the fiftieth, and so on cyclically until line 102 would be seen to rhyme with line one. The poem is indeed a simple one.

Just as he had no religious or political creed, he was not literary. He preferred life to literature. In Italy he preferred the ironworkers of Elba to the literary cliques of Florence or Rome, and even went so far on one occasion as to lock himself in a cupboard to avoid the famous representative of one coterie. The wise and the kind respected this quality in him. No great man had fewer enemies, although no doubt he was an object of envy to jealous poetasters, and may have scandalized a middle-class prig or two. I had the privilege of being his intimate for twenty years. After such a length of time one loves no man except this side idolatry. He had idolators, but deprecated them, although boundlessly tolerant. A violent man, he was destructive of nothing except himself.

This tolerance has led to a good deal of misunderstanding. Certain journalists have made much of his drinking habits. I think it is worth while to deal with this legend now, at the risk of offending in some quarters. Dylan Thomas was a heavy drinker. But – and this must be stated categorically – his attitude towards his art was hieratic. He never composed a line except when raptly sober. He was no Hart Crane, whipping up a failing talent with Sibelius and whisky. Journalists and hangers-on who met him on his trips to London and had the inestimable privilege of enjoying his Rabelaisian company – Rabelaisian in the true sense, witty, imaginative, all-embracing, noble, and bawdy – had no notion of the devoted artist in the Carmarthenshire village, working with the greatest concentration, alone. As the work grew more lucid the rate of composition became slower. It is even conceivable that he had worked one vein out.

He never worked easily, in spite of being the greatest improvisatore of his time. The little men should be silent, knowing nothing. He would have laughed – it matters little; but it is well to keep the record straight.

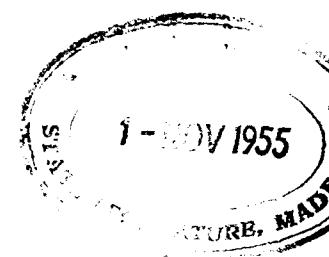
The last work he completed was the second half of his verse play, for radio, called, at first, *Llareggub*, the imaginary name of a backward Welsh village. It is a fitting swan-song. The B B C will perform it next year. It will be an intolerably moving occasion for his innumerable friends and admirers. Its final title is "*Under Milk Wood*."

He was not unaware that death might be near. The boy who hit London – rather as Rimbaud hit Paris – like an atom bomb twenty years ago had travelled far. He was no longer the divine child of Augustus John's portrait. The prospect of age had no charms for him. This may seem paradoxical in the case of a man with such a gigantic appetite for existence, who accepted every created thing, who was such a fountain of energy. At the same time he had, like all truly great artists, the tragic sense of life. Thirty-nine seems a proper age for him to die.

I do not suggest that his work was completed. The libretto he was planning for Igor Stravinsky might have opened up new fields. His imagination was fresh as ever – bubbling over with ideas for the radio, for films, and so forth. Yet his work is in a sense complete – with *Under Milk Wood*, *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, and the *Collected Poems* there is a perfect body of work. We all mourn when a great writer dies, but in the case of Dylan Thomas it is the man one grieves for. One remembers the lobsters eaten in the shack above Fishguard, long days in the Cotswolds, the herons standing below the house at Langharne on Carmarthen Bay, the oysters at Wheeler's, the nights bright with laughter, the endless stream of humanity he galvanized, from the noseless man selling papers to Louis MacNeice, Daniel Jones, Vernon Watkins, William MacAlpine, Robert Pockock, and Harry Lock. One thinks of the golden Caithin, the child Aeronwy, the two boys Llewellyn and Colum. This is the death of a lifetime.

He has the last word. Here is the first verse of the poem:

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night,
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages,
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.



BOOK NOTES

QUESTIONS OF EAST AND WEST: Studies in Current History. By G. F. Hudson (Odhams Press, 15s.). Mr Hudson is that rare thing, a convinced Liberal who is thoroughly at home in the world of power politics; and that rarer thing, a democrat who thoroughly understands the workings of totalitarian power. As an interpreter of Communism he has few equals, for few combine such wide knowledge with so great an analytical capacity and so balanced a judgment. All these eighteen essays (some of which were first published in this periodical) are concerned with the direct or indirect effects of the Russian Revolution. Taken together they would be a political education in themselves, but for the fact that they will be read by few of those who most need educating.

Five essays deal with the internal workings of the Soviet regime – with the purpose of the great purges of 1936–39, with the methods used in extracting confessions for the show trials, with the extent and function of forced labour. Here a job that has long needed doing is done at last, and done excellently. Although since the war there have appeared almost too many volumes dealing with the more appalling aspects of Soviet life, the information available has seldom received so concentrated and convincing an interpretation as it receives here. Anyone who still has doubts about what Soviet terror means to those who have to live under it cannot do better than to turn to these sober, judicious and damning summaries. (And, incidentally, anyone who is still intrigued by the mystery of the great Red Army purge will find here an ingenious and plausible explanation.)

In a further series of essays dealing with the Communist Revolution in China – a field which he has made peculiarly his own – Mr Hudson has some curious revelations to make. The extent to which American policy abetted that revolution is still seldom appreciated in Britain. After reading the essays on the 'Haichow Plan' and the 'Amerasia' Affair nobody is likely to feel perplexed by the heat with which during the past few years the United States has been debating that lamentable policy. But although the particular kind of folly which made such episodes possible has long since been dispelled in the United States, Mr Hudson is convinced that an ill-considered idealism can still hamper the Western powers in working out an effective Far Eastern policy. In his view the policy, favoured at present by so many liberally-minded Europeans and

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Americans, of supplying economic aid and 'backing progressive groups' will certainly not stem the advance of Communism in the Far East. Nothing, he points out, can be done about Asia's fundamental grievance against the West, which springs from the fact that during the three or four centuries when Europe was creating the modern world, Asia stayed behind.

Moreover, in Asia as elsewhere the appeal of Communism springs in part from the existence of a spiritual vacuum – a vacuum created in this case by the disruptive effect which contact with the West has had upon the great Asian religions and the systems of social organization based upon them. This is not to suggest that Mr Hudson would join Professor Toynbee in looking to religion – either an old religion or a new one – to solve this or any social problem. But he would have us, while upholding the predominantly humanistic values now characteristic of Western civilization, realize that it will take time for the Far East to assimilate them; and bear in mind that 'it was always foolish to imagine that the kinds of society and mental life that have been normal for the vast majority of mankind since the pyramids were built could be supplanted overnight, or that they could not reappear in up-to-date costume.' On this view the correct policy for the Western powers in the necessary struggle against Communism in the Far East is a severely empirical one: for the present they must employ whatever tactics they can devise and accept whatever allies they can find. If this is uninspiring advice it is at least the outcome of mature political thinking. It is not the least of Mr Hudson's merits that, for all his liberalism, he never for a moment forgets that if Western civilization survives, that will not be because it is liberal but because (like every civilization that ever has survived) it knows how to look after itself.

To British readers the most poignant essays will be those dealing with the treatment of the Poles by British and American statesmen during and immediately after the war. The suppression by the British and United States Governments of the information which they possessed concerning the massacre by the Russians of 11,000 unarmed prisoners-of-war at Katyn could perhaps be justified on grounds of immediate expediency (though not of long-term expediency); but the final betrayal of the Polish cause at Yalta and the recognition of the 'Lublin Government' cannot be justified on any grounds at all. This was an occasion when the honour and the national interest of Britain were in complete harmony. It was essential for British security that the independence of Poland should be secured, and it was a matter of honour that the one country besides Britain which has fought from the first day of the war to the last – and at what cost! – should be protected from the ghastly fate of Russian

domination. Although most of the responsibility for the Yalta Agreement rests with the United States Government, much rests with the British Government too. Was everything possible really done to bring Roosevelt to his senses? And if the President's delusions were unshakable, was the Prime Minister really obliged to endorse that super-Munich? And if the Prime Minister had indeed no choice, how far was that because he was by then the prisoner of a public opinion which not only the 'progressive' Press but the Coalition Government itself had disastrously misled? To the many to whom the 'Polish Settlement' has always seemed a matter for shame, Mr Hudson's indictment – thoroughly well-documented, cogently argued, and most moving – must necessarily make bitter reading. But it makes refreshing reading too: for it is an encouraging thing to find so realistic a Liberal and so liberal a realist.

NORMAN COHN.

ENGLISH RADICALISM, 1886-1914. By S. Maccoby (George Allen and Unwin, pp. 540, 42s.). Dr Maccoby's new volume is an account of parliamentary struggles in which 'Radical' or 'advanced Liberal' politicians were involved between 1886 and 1914. The last eight years of that period are treated only cursorily in a final chapter and an appendix; anyone who wants a clear picture of the problems of the Campbell-Bannermann and Asquith governments will have to go to George Dangerfield's *The Strange Death of Liberal England*. For the earlier years, however, Dr Maccoby is a useful guide. His method is to describe the main course of politics in the first part of his book and then to discuss, in the second part, some special issues – Labour representation, India, London and questions of religion – which he has not been able to follow out in detail. He is in sympathy with the Radicals, but apt to be gruff with them when he finds them guilty of hypocrisy or humbug. He makes no notable discoveries, but he unfolds the facts in good order. This is the main merit of his book.

Unfortunately it is also a defect. The book is a chronicle, not an analysis. The author seems to be saying 'This is what the Radicals in Parliament said and did. It is not my job to suggest why, or to ask what Radicalism was. These are the facts; interpret them as you wish.' There is no attempt to correlate changes in Radical opinion with changes in social pattern; no attempt even to trace the repercussions in the National Liberal Federation, the extra-parliamentary body of the Liberal Party, of what happened in Parliament. There is little or nothing about the peculiar influence the Webbs and their cronies were having upon Conservative as well as Liberal opinion. The Fabian Society gets a mention here and there, but appears nowhere as a factor of importance. The stirrings of Liberal social

conscience, which sent the young Oxford undergraduate Herbert Samuel to take part in Radical political meetings and later impelled him to write his book on the 'New Liberalism', are neither acknowledged nor explained. The uncertain sense of social advance, so ably pictured by Wells in *The New Machiavelli*, is not mirrored in Dr Maccoby's pages. Of necessity, perhaps, he is so busy following Radical parliamentarians through their agitations for temperance reform, Home Rule, marriage with deceased wife's sister, and so on, that he has no time to stop and sort out the elements which went to make the Radicalism of the 1890's and 1900's. He does, indeed, make clear the fragmentary nature of the Liberal Parliamentary Party, and quotes some scornful comments by Chamberlain to the effect that the Newcastle Programme of 1891 was arrived at only because 'every section of the Party agreed to swallow the mixture upon the condition that each was allowed to put its own ingredients into the mess.' But while it is important to realize how many pressure-groups were represented in the Liberal Party, it is also important to remember that Radicalism has always been more an attitude of mind than a political programme, and that one must have some idea of the general beliefs and ideals actuating the Party as a whole – what remained of Gladstonian fervour and what was added by the growing sense of social conscience. It is to this lack of penetration into the climate of Liberal opinion that one may attribute the curiously lifeless quality of the Liberal politicians as Dr Maccoby draws them. Chamberlain and even Salisbury come alive as opponents, but Morley, Harcourt, Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman and Haldane – even Lloyd George – remain figures of wood. It is a pity. These were complicated and fascinating people; and their personal views were more significant in deciding the course of events than Dr Maccoby's narrative might lead one to believe.

Yet he gives his readers much of value. It is worthwhile to be reminded in such detail of the strength and brutality of Chamberlain's character, and to ask oneself what would have happened if Gladstone had died earlier and Chamberlain been enabled to swing Radical opinion round to his own views on Irish self-government. It is good to be shown how uncertain was the Liberal expectation of votes from the working-man, and to read a comment by St Loe Strachey in the *Nineteenth Century* of February 1895, which could serve as text for a long historical sermon:

We will suppose for the sake of argument that the working man is a person of discontented mind and inclined to range himself against those above him in the social scale. Would that throw him into the arms of the Gladstonians? Most assuredly not. If he let his dislike of those above him be his guide, he would become a Tory, for in all probability the majority of the people above him in his own immediate circle would be Gladstonians.

People are apt to talk as if the working man, when he thought of the rich, thought of some conspicuous duke, or of this or that millionaire. But in most instances these are to him mere shadows. . . . When the working man thinks of the rich he thinks of his employer, of the big general dealer in his quarter of the town, of the miller or middleman who has thriven. . . . But these visible, tangible rich men, the rich men of the workman's four-mile radius . . . the pushing successful men of business in a small way, are generally inclined to the Home Rule side. . . .

It is useful also to be reminded of conflicts between the 'New' and the 'Old' trade unionism, and of the fervour with which the Nonconformists refused to pay to put 'the Church on the rates'. (Here Dr Maccoby is at his best in making a tangled issue clear.) These are all matters which helped to shape the politics of succeeding periods. The student will neglect them at his peril. But he will have to make his own attempt to get them into historical perspective, one against another; Dr Maccoby, having handed him some of the tools, will let him finish the job.

BRUCE MILLER.

A WRITER'S DIARY. *Being Extracts from the Diary of Virginia Woolf*. Edited by Leonard Woolf. (The Hogarth Press. Pp. 372. 18s.). Between 1915 and her death in 1941 Virginia Woolf kept a diary in which she recorded at frequent intervals the events of her daily life, the people she saw, the progress of her writing, and her reflections on all these things. Mr Leonard Woolf has now edited this diary, presenting extracts from it which have been sufficiently censored to avoid giving offence to living people, yet which are full enough to give a remarkably clear picture of the progress of Virginia Woolf's life and thought and particularly of her thoughts about her art and her development as a novelist. The result is a document of extraordinary interest not only to those who admire Mrs Woolf's novels but to everybody concerned with the life of the artist. For this book is primarily the record of an artist's life, an account of the way in which daily living and the vision and preoccupations of the artist confront each other, a first-hand contribution to the psychology of literary creation. It is, of course, many other things as well, including a portrait gallery of Mrs Woolf's friends, an autobiography, a scrap-book; it makes clear the importance to her of human relationships and at the same time the paramount necessity for her to be herself at all costs. Above all, it illuminates the nature and sources of her art and in a way that no external commentator has done or could do.

The interest of the diary will be more personal and perhaps more trivial to those who do not regard Virginia Woolf as an outstanding novelist than to those who do. It has become fashionable in certain quarters to deny real stature to Virginia Woolf and to talk of her failure to achieve any

central understanding of the human situation. Mr Angus Wilson, who cannot be accused of not being always abreast of critical fashion, has referred patronizingly to what he considers the confusion of values and overweight of imagery in her novels and to her dependence on the male Bloomsbury world for her literary, political and philosophical opinions. This curious misunderstanding of both her novels and her diary seems to derive from the simple failure to read properly. Mrs Woolf's finest novels – *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, for example – are about the relationship between loneliness and love, about the possibility of significant human contacts in a world in which each personality is conditioned by its private experience, its own unique train of associations. How can we communicate when reality is something grasped by the individual in a wholly personal way? This is one of the great modern problems: with the disintegration of a stable background of values and the increasing awareness of the uniqueness of consciousness, the artist has become more and more concerned to find a way of combining personal vision with public significance. That, indeed, is the central concern of modern life and modern art, and Virginia Woolf saw it and concerned herself with it seriously and brilliantly.

The documentation of this concern is fascinating. One must come to terms with life, with reality, before one can come to terms with art; yet art must not be confused with life, and sometimes living in the twin worlds of life and art becomes altogether too much of a strain.

Life [Virginia Woolf noted, when she was in the middle of writing *To the Lighthouse*] is, soberly and accurately, the oddest affair; has in it the essence of reality. I used to feel this as a child – couldn't step across a puddle once, I remember, for thinking how strange – what am I?

And two months later:

I am now and then haunted by some semi-mystic very profound life of a woman, which shall all be told on one occasion; and time shall be utterly obliterated; future shall somehow blossom out of the past. One incident – say the fall of a flower – might contain it.

These tentative generalizations are, however, of less interest than the detailed accounts of the progress of individual works and the problems connected with their gestation. But the generalizations do suggest the nature of the problem, the final objective and the difficulties of reaching it. Is art the arresting of life into a pattern, as Keats seems to be saying in the 'Grecian Urn' ode – life frozen, the 'cold Pastoral' of the urn, being less subject to decay than the fresh variety? Or is the artist's vision achieved by depth rather than pattern, penetrating to the meaning of the situation by contemplating it with sufficient intensity until it becomes luminous and infinitely suggestive? Should the artist try to 'squeeze the

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December 1953

BOOK NOTES

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moment'? ('What a dream life is to be sure . . . I sometimes feel it is an illusion — gone so fast; lived so quickly; and nothing to show for it but these little books. But that makes me dig my feet in and squeeze the moment.') The squeezed moment or the cold pastoral? Vision or design? Or could one achieve both? Virginia Woolf's ambition was to achieve the former through the latter. The vision came first, but she tried to express it through design.

How she set about this, and the various kinds of problems she had to solve, will be found faithfully set out in this remarkable diary. Again and again the reader sees her seeking to fix the truth of her own vision. That she depended on the verdict of her husband and a few friends for her knowledge of whether she had succeeded does not mean (as Mr Angus Wilson thought) that she took her literary opinions from them; no reader of the diary or of her own criticism could possibly think that. It simply means that an artist engaged in the objectification of a personal vision of reality cannot be certain of success until he knows how his work looks from the other side, as it were. Virginia Woolf knew that art grows from the private vision into the public design, and she chose as representative of her public a few friends who she was sure knew how to read. For her achievement was unique and novel, 'I am an outsider,' she wrote in 1938. 'I can take my way: experiment in my own imagination in my own way.' An outsider, perhaps; but she saw that the central fact about modern sensibility concerned the relation between personality and contact, between loneliness and love, and this was more than most of those on the inside managed to see.

DAVID DAICHES.

THE HEART IN EXILE. By Rodney Garland (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) Here is the guidebook to homosexuality that some of us have been waiting for, with curiosity, for the last few years. It is presented in the form of a detective story, so skilfully put together that one immediately supposes, perhaps wrongly, that the name Rodney Garland conceals a writer with a list of novels already to his credit. We learn a great deal about the various types of homosexual, from the accidental and the bi-sexual to the housewifely and the screamingly feminine. The narrator belongs to the more masculine end of the scale, and the thesis of the book seems to be that while homosexual love is sometimes 'magical' and 'beautiful', stable happiness is very difficult to achieve because of the frequent psychological sterility of the relationship. Therefore, the incurable homosexual himself accepts his fate with regret, independently of the condemnation of society. But society should not condemn; it should rather seek to cure, and when cure is impossible, tolerate or turn a blind eye.

This appears to be the generally accepted opinion nowadays, and it is to be hoped that this book will strengthen the movement in favour of altering the present law.

As a work of propaganda, *The Heart in Exile* is clever and discrete. All through the bias is against homosexuality (in the absolute) rather than for it. The discussion of each aspect of the subject is neatly engineered through the introduction of plausible episodes. The narrator, a psychiatrist, tells how he investigates the suicide of a former lover of his, a lawyer, at the request of the woman the dead man was on the point of marrying. It turns out that the marriage was a half-hearted attempt to escape from a series of short-lived love affairs with working-class boys and that the crisis was caused by the fact that the lawyer's father had discovered the truth about his habits. Using this story as a peg, Mr Garland presents us with discussions between psychologists, gives a detailed description of habitat and pick-up techniques and, most interestingly, discusses sex and class relationships.

The drawback of the work is that it is little more than a sincere and ingenious guidebook. Its very slickness prevents it from being literature. It is not without the homosexual fault of infantilism; this affects the book itself, instead of being only part of the subject. The characters seem to fall in and out of 'love' with extraordinary ease, and they are not studied in depth. The central figure, in particular, is a blank and his death does not manage to be in the least tragic. The 'good' homosexuals are all beautiful, brave and charming; the 'bad' are shifty, withered and unpleasant. We are put off, too, by traces of that girl-about-town peripatetic which is the curse of all facile English novels and a special weakness of inverts:

Pity you didn't ring up before, Weblen said, I had *chicken à la reine*, artichokes and *crêpe suzette*.

There is above all the oppressive humourlessness which often goes with psychiatry. The reader cannot repress an inopportune smile when one of the characters exclaims excitedly,

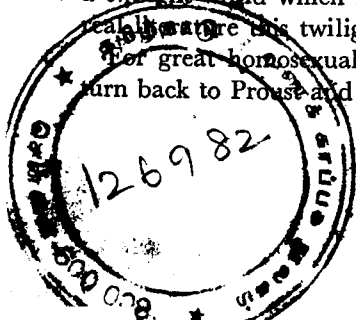
I am in love . . . with a woman!

The only important female character in the book is remarkably unlikeable.

These defects certainly serve a purpose; they give us an impression of a twilight world which no one would willingly enter. But, of course, in real literature this twilight world is also one of flesh and blood.

For great homosexual writing - tragi-comic and universal - one must turn back to Proust and to the better chapters of Jean Genêt's works.

J. G. W.



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